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INDEX

TO

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXXVIII. NEW SERIES: VOL. XVI.

PAGE
AFRICA. See "Dark Continent, The."
ANTIETAM, AN ECHO OF .... *Edward Bellamy* 374
APPARITIONS, VISIONS, AND PRESENTIMENTS .... *J. M. Buckley* 453
APPLAUSE, THE ABUSE OF .... *Philip G. Hubert, Jr* 158
ARTIST WANDERINGS AMONG THE CHEYENNES. See "Indians."
ASTRONOMER, AN AMERICAN AMATEUR .... *John Fraser* 300
  With portrait of S. W. Burnham and drawings.
ASTRONOMY. See "Moon" and "Herschels."
BALLOT REFORM PROGRESS .... *Editorial* 793
BASE-BALL — FOR THE SPECTATOR .... *Walter Camp* 831
  With drawings by H. A. Ogden from his instantaneous photographs.
BEN AND JUDAS .... *Maurice Thompson* 893
  With illustrations by E. W. Kemble.
BIBLE STUDY. See "Jerusalem" and "Jewish Kings."
BIRD MUSIC .... *Simeon Pease Cheney* 234
BLOODHOUND, THE .... *Edwin Brough* 189
  With illustrations by R. H. Moore.
BLUE, THE, AND THE GRAY .... *George L. Kilmer* 157
BOTANISTS, WINGED .... *W. Hamilton Gibson* 643
  With illustrations by the author.
BRIGHT, JOHN .... *Editorial* 310
BURNHAM, SHERBURNE WESLEY. See "Astronomer."
BUTTERFLIES. See "Botanists."
BY THE SEA .... Drawing by *E. W. Kemble* 959
"CALVARY, THE PLACE CALLED" .... *Charles S. Robinson* 319
CANADA. See "United States."
CATHEDRAL. See "Winchester."
CONFEDERACY FROM THE INSIDE, A VIEW OF THE .... *Judge John A. Campbell* ... 950
CONFISCATION NO REMEDY. (See also p. 955) .... *W. M. Dickson* 479
COOPER, FENIMORE, THE CENTENARY OF .... *Brander Matthews* 796
COQUELIN, C. See "Molière."
COROT .... *Mrs. Schuyler van Rensselaer* 255
  With paintings by Corot, engraved by Elbridge Kingsley, and a drawing by Wyatt Eaton after a photograph by Desavary — Dutilleux. Also Frontispiece portrait (facing page 163).
COUNTRY ROADS .... *R. A. Learned* 956

PAGE

DARK CONTINENT, THE .... *Editorial* 313
DISASTERS .... *Editorial* 948
EDITORIAL, THE DECLINE OF THE .... *W. T. Hunt* 478
EDUCATION.
  With illustrations by I. R. Wiles, F. Day, J. Alden Weir, and W. Taber.
  The Training of the Teacher .... *Nicholas Murray Butler* 915
  Manual Training as a Factor in Modern Education .... *Francis Newton Thorpe* 920
  The Democratic Ideal in Education .... *Felix Adler* 927
  A New College for Women .... *Editorial* 949
EIGHT HOURS A DAY .... *Editorial* 794
ENGRAVING. See Wood-Engraving.
FABRIANO. See "Italian Old Masters."
FENCE, CORNER ORATION, A .... *Harry Stillwell Edwards* 639
  With an illustration by E. W. Kemble.
FILIPPO LIPPI. See "Italian Old Masters."
FORESTS, HOW TO PRESERVE THE .... *Editorial* 312
FRA ANGELICO. See "Italian Old Masters."
FRANKLIN, A QUESTION OF COMMAND AT 310
FRATERNIZATION — THE BLUE AND THE GRAY .... *George L. Kilmer* 157
GENTILE DA FABRIANO. See "Italian Old Masters."
GETTYSBURG, STRENGTH OF THE CONFEDERATE ARMY AT .... *Col. E. C. Dawes* 309
GRAY, THE, AND THE BLUE .... *George L. Kilmer* 157
HARPER'S FERRY, STONEWALL JACKSON'S INTENTIONS AT .... *William A. Smith* 310
HERSCHELS, REMINISCENCES OF THE .... *Maria Mitchell* 903
  With a portrait of the author and a picture of her observatory.
HISTORY AND CURRENT POLITICS .... *Editorial* 948
ISLAND NO. 10, THE CANAL AT .... *General Schuyler Hamilton* . 308
INDEPENDENCE, THE DAY OF .... *Editorial* 468
INDIA, THE TEMPERANCE QUESTION IN. (See also 959) .... *Bishop John F. Hurst* 443
INDIAN RESERVATIONS, ON THE .... *Frederic Remington* 394, 536
  With illustrations by the author.
INDIANS, AND INDIANS .... *Hamilton Wright Mabie* 471
IOWA EXPERIMENT, THE .... *Johnson Brigham* 957
IRELAND .... *Charles de Kay.*
  With illustrations by J. W. Alexander, W. H. Drake, E. J. Meeker, W. J. Baer, A. B. Davies, O. H. Bacher, W. Taber, H. D. Nichols, A. Brennan, and after photographs by W. G. Moore, and W. Lawrence (Fort of the Wolves, from O'Curry's "Manners and Customs of Ancient Irish," published by Williams & Norgate).
  The Monasteries of Ireland 113
  Early Heroes of Ireland 198
  Women in Early Ireland 433
IRISH ESTATES .... *George W. Ruxton* 959
ITALIAN OLD MASTERS .... *W. J. Stillman.*
  With engravings and notes by T. Cole.
  Orcagna 4
  Spinello 229
  Gentile da Fabriano. With frontispiece engraving (facing page 323) 450
  Fra Angelico 616
  Masaccio 653
  Filippo Lippi 857
JACKSON (STONEWALL). See "Harper's Ferry."
JAPAN, AN AMERICAN ARTIST IN .... *Theodore Wores* 670
  With illustrations by the author.
JERUSALEM, ROUND ABOUT .... *Edward L. Wilson* 42
  Illustrations drawn by Harry Fenn, W. J. Fenn, O. H. Bacher, and I. R. Wiles, from photographs by the author.
JEWISH KINGS, THREE .... *Edward L. Wilson* 863
  Illustrations drawn by Irving R. Wiles, George Wharton Edwards, J. D. Woodward, C. A. Vanderhoof, Otto H. Bacher, Alexander Schilling, after photographs by the author.
JOHNSTON (ALEXANDER), THE LATE PROFESSOR 948
JUFROW VAN STEEN .... *Anna Eichberg King* 757
  With drawings by George Wharton Edwards.
KENNAN, GEORGE, PAPERS BY. See "Siberia."

PAGE

KING SOLOMON OF KENTUCKY .... *James Lane Allen* 244
With illustrations by E. W. Kemble.

LAST ASSEMBLY BALL, THE. (Conclusion) .... *Mary Hallock Foote* 105, 180
LEE (GENERAL ROBERT E.) AFTER THE WAR .... *Margaret J. Preston* 271
"LIBRARY OF AMERICAN LITERATURE, A." See "Literature."
LINCOLN, ABRAHAM: A HISTORY .... *J. G. Nicolay, John Hay.*
With portraits.

The President and the Draft 123
Vallandigham 127
The Defeat of the Peace Party at the Polls 137
The Pomeroy Circular 278
The Cleveland Convention 283
The Resignation of Chase 290
Lincoln Renominated 406
The Wade-Davis Manifesto 414
Horace Greeley's Peace Mission 421
The Chicago Surrender 546
Conspiracies in the North 551
Lincoln and the Churches 559
Cabinet Changes 687
Lincoln Reëlected 692
Chase as Chief Justice 702
Blair's Mexican Project 838
The Hampton Roads Conference 846
The XIIIth Amendment 852

LINCOLN, OPEN LETTERS ON.
Buchanan, Lincoln, and Duff Green .... *Benjamin E. Green* 317
Salmon P. Chase's Training for Finance .... *W. M. Dickson* 474
Retaliation in Missouri .... *General John McNeil* 475
Governor Seymour During the Draft Riot .... *Everett P. Wheeler* 476
A View of the Confederacy from the Inside .... *J. A. Campbell* 950

LITERATURE, AMERICAN .... *Henry A. Beers* 314
LONGWORTH MYSTERY, THE .... *Young E. Allison* 875
With illustrations by C. Dana Gibson.

LOUISIANA, STRANGE TRUE STORIES OF.
Salome Müller .... Edited by *George W. Cable* 56, 798
War Diary of a Union Woman in the South .... " " " " 931
"Haunted House" in Royal Street, The .... *George W. Cable* 590
Attalie Brouillard .... " " 749

MCCLELLAN'S (GEN.) BAGGAGE DESTROYING ORDER .... *Gen. James F. Rusling* 157
George E. Corson 158

MASACCIO. See "Italian Old Masters."
MARSHALL, SAINT-MÉMIN'S PORTRAIT OF .... *Joseph P. Bradley* 778
With frontispiece engraving (facing page 643).

MEMORIAL SERVICES, SOLDIERS' .... *Editorial* 156
MILLET, JEAN FRANÇOIS, RECOLLECTIONS OF. With some account of his drawing for his children and grandchildren .... *Wyatt Eaton* 90
With a portrait by Wyatt Eaton, a drawing by Lyell Carr, and drawings by Millet.

MITCHELL, MARIA .... *Anna C. Brackett* 954
MITCHELL'S (MARIA) REMINISCENCES OF THE HERSCHELS 903
With a portrait of Maria Mitchell and a picture of her observatory.

MOLIÈRE AND SHAKSPERE .... *C. Coquelin* 819
With frontispiece portrait of Molière (facing page 803) and picture of the author as *Mascarille.*

MOON, HOW MAN'S MESSENGER OUTRAN THE .... *David P. Todd* 602
With illustrations by E. B. Child.

NAPOLEON IN EXILE. Described in Unpublished Letters by British Officers. *Eleanor C. Price* 660
NAVIGATION, INLAND, OF THE UNITED STATES .... *Charles Barnard* 353
Illustrations by A. Brennan, W. Taber, A. Will, Otto H. Bacher, and S. How.

NAVIGATION, INLAND. The Advance in Steamboat Decoration .... *Mrs. Schuyler van Rensselaer* 372

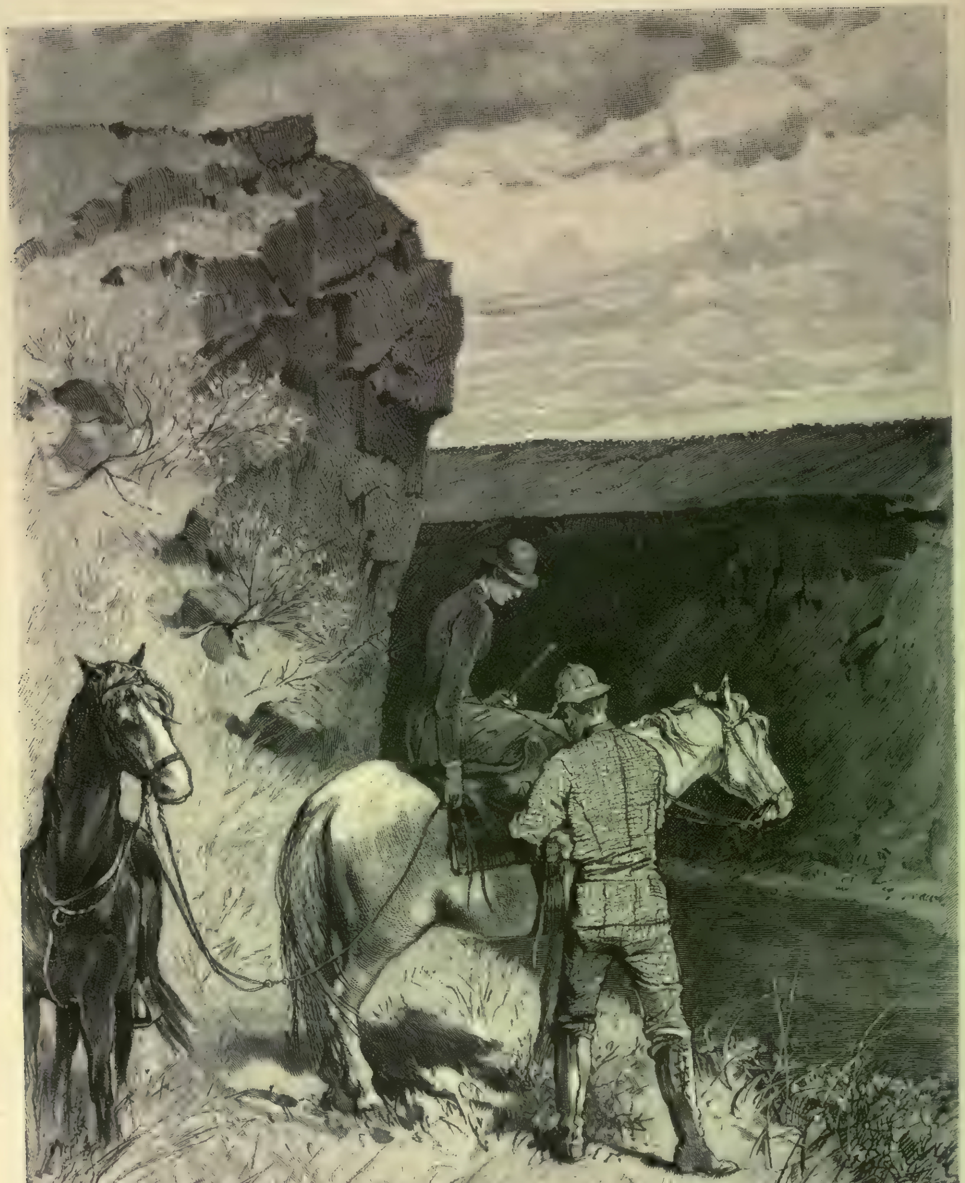
		PAGE
NEGRO, INDUSTRIAL EDUCATION FOR THE	*S. W. Powell*	472
NEGROES FOR THE CONFEDERACY, AN EARLY SUGGESTION TO ARM	*General Daniel Ruggles*	308
NEW STATES, THE	*Editorial*	311
NILS'S GARDEN	*Thos. Wentworth Higginson*	426
OFFICE SEEKING THE MAN	*Editorial*	156
"OIL TO STILL THE WAVES, THE USE OF."	*George Gladstone*	638
OLD BASCOM PLACE, THE With illustrations by E. W. Kemble.	*Joel Chandler Harris*	607, 768, 909
ORCAGNA. See "Italian Old Masters."		
PENSIONS, UNION VETERANS AND THEIR	*George L. Kilmer*	636
PHARAOH OF THE EXODUS, THE, AND HIS SON, IN THE LIGHT OF THEIR MONUMENTS Illustrated with twenty-nine engravings and fac-similes.	*John A. Paine*	708
POLITICS, CURRENT, AND HISTORY	*Editorial*	948
POSITIVE ROMANCE, A	*Edward Bellamy*	625
PRESENTIMENTS, VISIONS, AND APPARITIONS	*J. M. Buckley*	453
PROHIBITION. See "Iowa."		
RATTLESNAKES. See "Serpents."		
REFLECTIONS	*J. A. Macon*	319, 799, 959
ROADS, COUNTRY	*R. A. Learned*	956
ROBY'S CHRISTIAN CHARITY	*James T. McKay*	37
RUSSIA. See "Siberia."		
SAINT-MÉMIN'S PORTRAIT OF MARSHALL With frontispiece engraving (facing page 643).	*Joseph P. Bradley*	778
SAMOA: THE ISLES OF THE NAVIGATORS With illustrations by I. R. Wiles, W. H. Drake, W. Taber, J. D. Woodward, A. Brennan, C. A. Vanderhoof, H. C. Edwards, A. B. Davies, O. H. Bacher, H. D. Nichols, Kenyon Cox, and A. M. Turner, from photographs by J. Davis and the author.	*Harvey W. Whitaker*	12
SAMOA, OUR RELATIONS TO. By the Commissioner sent to Samoa in 1886	*George H. Bates*	25
SAMOA, THE TUSCARORA'S MISSION TO	*Captain Henry Erben*	34
SAN ANTONIO OF THE GARDENS	*Thomas A. Janvier*	343
SECTIONAL DIVISION, NO NEW	*Editorial*	154
SEA-COAST, AND LAKE DEFENSES	*R. H. Thurston*	318
SERPENTS, THE POISON OF With illustrations by James C. Beard, from Smithsonian photographs.	*S. Weir Mitchell*	503
SHAKSPERE AND MOLIÈRE With frontispiece portrait of Molière (facing page 803) and picture of the author as *Mascarille*.	*C. Coquelin*	819
SHERIDAN, GENERAL, AND HIS TROOPS	*C. L. Gabrilson*	479
SIBERIA AND THE EXILE SYSTEM. (See also preceding volumes) Illustrations by George A. Frost and Henry Sandham. Maps by Jacob Wells.	*George Kennan.*	
A Ride Through the Trans-Baikal		69
The Convict Mines of Kara		163
The Free Command at the Mines of Kara		383
State Criminals at the Kara Mines		522
The History of the Kara Political Prison		732
The East Siberian Silver Mines		803
SOLDIER, THE WESTERN	*Henry King*	148
SOLDIERS' MEMORIAL SERVICES	*Editorial*	156
SPINELLO. See "Italian Old Masters."		
SPORTS, OUTDOOR	*Editorial*	470
STATES, THE NEW	*Editorial*	311
STEAMBOATS. See "Navigation."		
STREAM OF PLEASURE, THE. The River Thames With illustrations by Joseph Pennell.	*Elizabeth Robins Pennell*	483
SUMMER EXODUS AND WHAT IT TESTIFIES	*Editorial*	469
SUMMER TRAVEL, THE LESSONS OF	*Editorial*	633
TAX, THE SINGLE, ON LAND VALUES	*William S. Kahnweiler*	955
TAXES. See "Confiscation."		
TEMPERANCE QUESTION IN INDIA, THE. (See also 959)	*Bishop John F. Hurst*	443

Page
Telegraphing in Battle ... *J. Emmet O'Brien* ... 782
With drawings by W. Taber and Thomas Hogan, from war-time photographs by C. E. Keifer and Gardner.
Tennyson, The Bible in ... *Henry van Dyke* ... 515
With frontispiece portrait (facing page 483).
Tenor Farm, A ... *G. H. Wilson* ... 958
Thames River. See "Stream."
Thomson, Charles, Secretary of Continental Congress ... *Horatio Gates Jones* ... 473
Tipping ... *Editorial* ... 634
Tom's Strategy ... *Harry Stillwell Edwards* ... 84
Illustrations by C. D. Gibson.
United States and Canada, The Relations of the.
  A Canadian View ... *Charles H. Lugrin* ... 236
  Imperial Federation ... *Arthur A. Loring* ... 474
Visions, Presentiments, and Apparitions ... *J. M. Buckley* ... 453
Washington Memorial Arch, The ... *Editorial* ... 635
West, Far, Pictures of the ... * * *
Illustrations by Mary Hallock Foote.
  Cinching Up ... 3
  The Irrigating Ditch ... 298
  The Last Trip In ... 341
  Afternoon at a Ranch ... 501
  The Pretty Girls in the West ... 872
Western Soldier, The. (See also 479) ... *Henry King* ... 148
Women, A New College for ... *Editorial* ... 949
Winchester Cathedral ... *Mrs. Schuyler van Rensselaer.* 323
Illustrations by Joseph Pennell and after photographs by C. Norman and T. Valentine.
Woman in the Case, The ... *George A. Hibbard* ... 209
Woman's Work for Woman, Certain Forms of ... *Helen Campbell* ... 217
Illustrations by Harry Fenn and Irving R. Wiles.
Women's Work, One Reason for the Inefficiency of ... *Mary A. Johnson* ... 477
Wood-engraving.
With engravings by the authors.
  Wood-engravers in Camp ... *Frank French* ... 569
  Originality in Wood-engraving ... *Elbridge Kingsley* ... 576
  Painter-engraving ... *W. B. Closson* ... 583
  The New School of Engraving ... *John P. Davis* ... 587
Young Women's Christian Association, The, of New York City. See "Woman's Work."

POETRY.

Across the Fields to Anne ... *Richard E. Burton* ... 545
Ad Astra ... *Frank Dempster Sherman* ... 160
"Albemarle" Cushing ... *James Jeffrey Roche* ... 730
A l'Empire ... *M. E. W.* ... 320
Apple, The ... *George Birdseye* ... 800
Arcady ... *Harrison S. Morris* ... 160
At Break of Day ... *Dora Read Goodale* ... 89
At the Door ... *Walter Learned* ... 480
At the Sign of the Blind Cupid ... *Walter Learned* ... 160
Bloody Brook, The Lamentable Ballad of the ... *Edward Everett Hale* ... 122
Broadway ... *Edith M. Thomas* ... 382
Brook Song ... *James Herbert Morse* ... 589
Casco Bay ... *Benjamin S. Parker* ... 405
Chloris and Corydon ... *Clinton Scollard* ... 800
Compensation ... *Stuart Sterne* ... 890
Constancy ... *George Birdseye* ... 640
Cushing, "Albemarle" ... *James Jeffrey Roche* ... 730
Decoration Day ... *Langdon Elwyn Mitchell* ... 235

		Page
Dialect Tale, The	*Margaret Vandegrift*	960
Dog's Memory, To a	*Louise Imogen Guiney*	947
Dog Stealer's Story, The	*Maria Bowen Chapin*	800
Emperor, Can the, Forget	*Louise Morgan-Smith*	277
Flag of Truce, A	*G. Preston*	480
Forest River, A	*Langdon Elwyn Mitchell*	669
Forgotten Books	*Frank Dempster Sherman*	640
Galvanism, The Elder	*Dora Read Goodale*	959
Illusions	*H. S. Sanford, Jr*	930
In the Orchard	*James B. Kenyon*	686
Ireland, Songs of	*Jennie E. T. Dowe*	891
Just Bloomed	*Rose Hawthorne Lathrop*	480
Kennan, George, To	*Nathan Haskell Dole*	707
King's Diary, The	*John W. Chadwick*	467
Life	*Louise Morgan-Smith*	707
Love after Life	*Langdon Elwyn Mitchell*	669
Martens, The	*C. A. Bartol*	830
May Idyl, A	*M. L. Murdock*	320
Moore, Thomas, An Unpublished Song by		640
My Muse	*Annie D. Hanks*	320
Neighbors	*R. T. W. Duke, Jr.*	320
Netzsche (Friedrich) Paragraphs from the German of	*Helen Watterson*	160
Ol' Pickett's Nell	*Mather Dean Kimball*	960
On a Great Poet's Obscurity	*Robert Underwood Johnson*	874
Over Their Graves	*Henry Jerome Stockard*	871
Painter, To a	*Celia Thaxter*	568
Peter-Bird, The	*Henry Thompson Stanton*	589
Phryne in Hades	*William Young*	902
Poet, The	*Richard E. Burton*	731
Purpose, A	*Margaret Vandegrift*	480
Reason, The	*George Birdseye*	480
Rose, Mistress, To	*Louise Chandler Moulton*	640
Security	*Alice Wellington Rollins*	606
Sensitive Visitor, The	*Orelia Key Bell*	639
Shortest and Longest	*George Birdseye*	320
Sleep	*Thomas Nelson Page*	449
Something Wrong	*Julia G. Skinner*	545
Song of a Blue-Bird's Egg	*Eli Shepperd*	800
Song of the Road, A	*Julie M. Lippmann*	480
Song of the Woodland Spirit, A	*Robert Burns Wilson*	630
Sunrise	*Alice Wellington Rollins*	914
Teddy	*William Zachary Gladwin*	960
Toast, The	*Margaret Crosby*	160
Two Loves	*Cora Stuart Wheeler*	640
Uncalendared	*Charlotte Fiske Bates*	609
Unhindered	*Charlotte Fiske Bates*	104
Vapor and Blue	*William Wilfred Campbell*	352
Villanelle, A	*Charles Henry Webb*	319
Water-Seeker, The	*Edith M. Thomas*	298
When Polly Goes By	*M. E. W.*	959



DRAWN BY MARY HALLOCK FOOTE.

ENGRAVED BY J. H. E. WHITNEY.

CINCHING UP.

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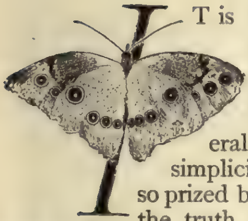
CINCHING UP.

PICTURES OF THE FAR WEST.—VI.



IT is difficult to define the charm of a day's riding in the West where the sun is hot, the country barren, the horses generally bad. It must be the simplicity, the touch of reality so prized by children in their play, the truth to circumstances, that distinguish it, as a pursuit, from showy meets of town and country clubs, anise-seed hunts, and masquerading of one sort or another in the saddle.

One must go far to find the indispensable conditions: they are usually the reward of a rather bad time in other ways. The play must be played in earnest, not with an eye to spectators. If possible, it should be part of the business of one's life, yet only lately so, for novelty is one of the conditions; good company, and not too much of it, is another.

One should start early in the morning, with serious intentions. The horses should know their business as well as the men, and for this reason the horses of the country are the best. If there is a woman in the party, she should return in spirit to her primitive condition of dependence upon direct masculine protection and leadership: by the abandonment of her rights she will receive a corresponding measure of her privileges. There should be food in the saddle-bags; for women cannot travel as men can, hour after hour without eating, however sure of their powers in this respect they may be at the start. Without food a woman's courage in the saddle, and frequently her temper, give out; and it is not wisdom on a journey to strain either the one or the other more than is necessary. An inevitable strain a woman will endure with dignity, while a trifling but needless one irritates her.

There should be no definite picture of the country in the minds of the adventurers beyond such suggestions as the local names afford — Robie's Gulch, Sour-dough Dick's, the Idaho City road, the road to Silver Mountain. There should be some discomfort to remember with complacency when the ride is over, and the stages should be long enough to give the women of the party the simple pride of showing that they can keep the pace beside the men, with the odds against them of a side-saddle instead of a pair of stirrups. There should be important changes of scenery by the way, such as every few hundred feet of elevation will give in the West, from plain or treeless park to lightly wooded foothills; from these to the deep old timber upon the flanks of the range; and from this again to the crooked trees and dwarfish vegetation on the borders of the snow.

But a journey from valley to valley across the divides between, if not so sensational, is more beautiful and less severe than a steady climb; for in every valley there will be a cabin or a ranch, if not a settlement, and the sight of new faces and strange interiors is part of the rest.

Montaigne, who seems to have been one of the most sensible as well as (by his own account) hardiest of horsemen, says: "I have learnt to frame my journeyes after the Spanish fashion, all at once and outright, great or reasonable. And in extreme heats I travell at night, from sunne-set to sunne rising."

It is impossible to read the mere statement and think of the countries he traversed in this manner without a vivid conception of his wisdom. No woman who has ridden in the blazing West but can sympathize with him when he says, "No weather is to me so contrary as the scorching heat of the parching sunne; for those umbrels or riding canopies which, since

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the ancient Romans the Italians use, doe more weary the armes than ease the head."

Have we not dreamed — all of us who are amateurs, and not proud, like the cowboy, of wearing upon our cheeks "the shadowed livery of the burnished sun"— of cool night marches during the season of unvarying weather, when Perseus is striding up the east, and Lyra the beautiful hangs like a lamp in the heavens? That lack of atmosphere which leaves the traveler at the sun's mercy by day gives wonderful brilliancy to the spectacle of the night sky. Soon after sunset the dry summer gale begins to blow; the stars "rush out"; the cloudless sky is dark as on frosty winter nights. Or if there be a moon, the breadth and tenderness of her light in a wide and treeless landscape will be a revelation to those who only know moonlight beset by shadows.

All the night journeys in the fiction of one's early reading come back to revive the restlessness such nights will bring: Sir Kenneth, exiled from honor and slave of the Arab physician, looking back at the Crusaders' camp, at the tents and banners glimmering in the moonlight, as he rides away into the desert; Quentin Durward mustering his little troop of lances at the hour of midnight beneath the Dauphin's tower. The days of errant heiresses, of Lady Ediths in Palestine, are no more: the Kenneths and the Quentins are engaged in earning their individual livings, instead of guarding banners or convoying disguised ladies across unscientific frontiers. Yet there are nights of the dry season as haunting in their lonely beauty as the nights of Palestine or that hour of the rendezvous at the Dauphin's tower; there are stretches of uncelebrated country as lovely by moonlight as the Syrian desert or the majestic plain of the Loire. And there may be a man, now and then, in the West, though he rides a shock-haired cayuse instead of a stately war-horse, as brave in his way and as simply true as the young gentlemen to whom those important undertakings were intrusted so long ago. And it is to be hoped that such confidence as that of the noble ladies of Croye, who asked but the name of their knight, his degree, and one look at his face, may be ready when called for in the women of the West.

* * *

ORCAGNA (ANDREA DI CIONE). 1308–1368.

(ITALIAN OLD MASTERS.)

WHATEVER difficulty there might be in determining the relative position of Giotto and Memmi, the contemporary chiefs of the Florentine and Sienese schools, through the unfortunate destruction of the work of the latter, there should be no question as to the rank of Orcagna; and if we do not put him higher than either of the other great painters mentioned, it is because the general progress of art had made it possible for him to do what a greater mind could not do in the state of the arts in which Giotto found them; and we might give him credit for what was due purely to the general development. But of all those who follow in the succession of time and work Orcagna stands, like Saul, head and shoulders above the crowd — great in all the great qualities of art.

Andrea di Cione was the second of four brothers, all architects, sculptors, or painters, though the others were incomparably his inferiors. During his lifetime he was always known as Arcagnolo, of which Orcagna is a corruption. He was at once painter, sculptor, architect, and master in every branch of art, and had so thoroughly assimilated Giotto's great maxims that he took painting where that master left it and carried it on to new triumphs.

Orcagna came to the front in a time when art had greatly degenerated in the hands of the Giottesques, and by recurring to the principles on which Giotto had founded his art, with the aid of all the light that the rival school of Siena threw upon it and a profoundly original insight into nature,— a healthy objective imagination,— he raised his school from what seems like the Byzantine conventionalism of his immediate predecessors. This is the dangerous tendency of all subjective art, to drop into formalities and conventional iteration.

Orcagna was by nature versatile, and had he lived in an era when nature asserted the influence over art which it exercised in the later schools, he certainly would have ranked among the greatest painters of that age. Vasari says that Stefano Fiorentino and Giottino surpassed Giotto in perspective; but Orcagna deserves this praise far more than they, for, owing to his studious scrutiny of Nature, he was better able to conquer the difficulties of rendering her. In his frescos we find the figure drawn and foreshortened with much boldness, and

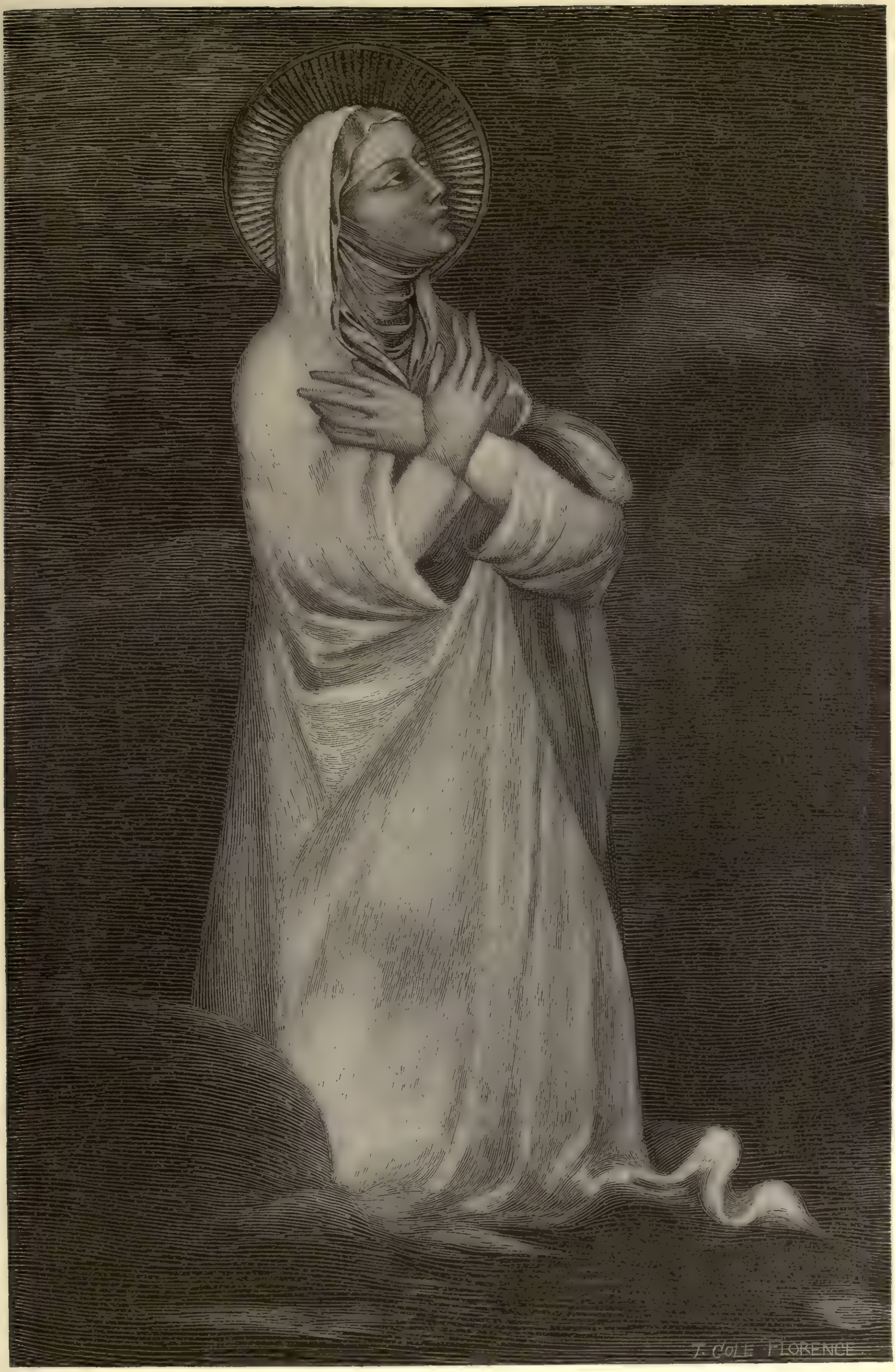


FIGURE OF THE VIRGIN, BY ANDREA ORCAGNA.

(FROM THE "LAST JUDGMENT," SANTA MARIA NOVELLA, FLORENCE.)

they bear the impress of his genius far more clearly than his panels, though unfortunately, like most frescos of the fourteenth century, they have suffered much from the ravages of time — enough of them remaining, however, to enable a critic to judge of the artist's power.

Vasari mentions Andrea Pisano as the master of Orcagna, and the tabernacle of Or San Michele makes the statement probable. It would have been impossible to find any teacher fitter to train, in that severe style which his work developed, a man of such comprehensive genius as Orcagna; and it is perhaps in part due to the influence of sculpture on the general evolution of painting that Orcagna's pictures possess the measure of plastic quality, unprecedented at that time, which he shows. It has been remarked that the sculptors of the centuries from the twelfth to the fifteenth were in advance of the painters; and in fact it was not until the Venetian genius became an element in the art of Italy that the balance was restored. It is only necessary to compare the work of old Niccola Pisano with any contemporary painting to see how far beyond the painters of his day that sculptor was in the perception and expression of the essentials of art — apart from color. The dealing with forms as they are felt, and not as they seem, is characteristic of all genuine art, and this was the character of Niccola's work. Who was Orcagna's master in painting is neither certain nor important, for the art education of that epoch was so "all round" that the passing from one branch of it to another was not a difficult matter. The world of Florence breathed an atmosphere of art, by which even Dante was greatly influenced.

What Orcagna did beyond the attainment of the sculpturesque qualities of painting was to unite with the Florentine traditions something of the elements of Sienese art, then in its fullest vigor. Cavalcaselle says that he united the dramatic qualities of Florentine art with the more vivid coloring of the Sienese school; but it is difficult to accept any such distinction, for what Giotto had shown of dramatic power could hardly be said to have been handed down to the Giottesques, whose work remaining to us is mainly tame repetition of Giotto's types. The Florentine school was in decadence when Orcagna came on the stage, and he naturally turned for comparisons to Siena, where art had not been thus depressed, and as the works of Memmi were then accessible, he came under the influence of Giotto's great rival and his own only other great predecessor.

Sacchetti makes mention of a banquet given by a number of artists at San Miniato, where, much wine having been drunk, Orcagna proposed the question, Who was the greatest painter after Giotto? That the jury disagreed is tolerably certain as well as that the palm was not then awarded to Orcagna himself, though he had then executed his principal frescos — the entire chief chapel of Santa Maria Novella, besides the retro-choir and the altar-piece in the same church. In 1357 we find as members of the commission of architects and painters summoned to decide on the completion of the Duomo of Florence, Orcagna, Taddeo Gaddi, and six other painters. After repeated trials and competitions the model of Orcagna was accepted. In 1358 he was called to Orvieto to design the mosaics for the ornamentation of the façade of the cathedral there,— a church destined to commemorate the miracle of the mass of Bolsena,— in which it was intended to employ the highest talent of the day.

We have no clue as to the time when Orcagna painted the retro-choir of Santa Maria Novella. Baldinucci mentions the fact of his pictures there having been injured by a storm in 1358, and a century later Ghirlandaio repainted them and repeated many of the subjects treated by his predecessors. The altar-piece of Santa Maria Novella was painted in 1357, but it is not known whether the frescos in the Strozzi Chapel were executed before or after that date. The first, representing the Last Judgment, occupies the partition behind the altar. The Christ appears in an oblong aureole, half hidden by clouds, surrounded by rays, and with his arms outstretched. Three angels on each side play on musical instruments and hold the symbols of the passion, while the Virgin and St. John kneel lower down, gazing at the Saviour in adoration, each with six apostles seated on the clouds behind them. Below are patriarchs, prophets, saints, kings, and popes, and a group of women dancing for joy. In one corner an angel helps one of the elect to leave his tomb. The elect looks steadfastly towards Paradise, which is painted on the wall to the right. Sinners tear their hair and gnash their teeth, and a demon is dragging off a lost soul to Hell, which is painted on the wall to the left, opposite the Paradise.

The expression of the Christ in the "Last Judgment" is noble, and that of the Virgin is sweet and gracious, while St. John is thin and austere. The apostles are grave and majestic. These are the best preserved portions of the fresco. The group of dancing women is most graceful in design and action, and may be looked upon as the original conception of the heavenly dances which so delight us in the pictures of Beato Angelico. In this splendid composition Orcagna has scrupulously obeyed the laws of composition then recognized; the fingers are well proportioned and full of movement, and the foreshortening is masterly.

In the "Paradise" the Saviour and the Virgin, crowned and surrounded by aureoles, are seated on a throne upheld by clouds. On each side are angels, cherubim, and seraphim in adoration. Below the throne are two angels singing and playing, and on each side of them stand saints and martyrs, apostles and prophets, each carrying the symbol of his or her martyrdom, and accompanied by a guardian angel in the act of playing, singing, or praying. On the clouds are men and women dancing, while an angel invites a woman to take part.

The "Hell" has been entirely repainted, and we can hardly guess at the original design.

Under these three frescos is a false base, painted in imitation of white marble, and surrounded by a frame. It is upheld by columns, between which are painted busts in chiaroscuro. On the ceiling are figures of various saints, the symbols of the four Evangelists, and the arms of the Strozzi. The stained window was probably designed by Orcagna also.

This chapel must have been decorated before 1354, the date on which Orcagna received the commission to paint the altar-piece for Tommaso di Rosselli. Part of the agreement was that the picture should be completed within a year and eight months, but we learn that Orcagna failed to comply with the contract. The panel is in five parts, with a predella. In the center, surrounded by an oval ring of cherubim and seraphim, sits the Christ, offering with his right hand the gospel to St. Thomas Aquinas, and with his left the key to St. Peter. The two kneel before him, the former presented by the Virgin, at whose right stand St. Catherine and St. Michael; the latter by St. John the Baptist, with St. Paul and St. Laurence on his left. The predella is painted with three legends: a priest in ecstasy before the altar, Christ saving Peter on the waves, and a dispute between St. Michael and a demon for the soul of a dead king.

In this work there is much energy and vivacity of action, and the color is clear and vivacious, but there is not the mastery which we find in Orcagna's frescos. The same is the case with his other easel paintings; for example, the panel in Santa Maria del Fiore, representing St. Zenobius, patron of the city of Florence, treading under foot Pride and Cruelty, while Charity and Humility hold a canopy over his throne, and two minor saints kneel on each side of him.

The painting by Orcagna which once hung in S. Pietro Maggiore in Florence is now in the National Gallery of London. The central panel represents the Madonna being crowned; two angels stand beside her, and ten others kneel before her, playing on various instruments. On the side panels are twenty-four saints kneeling, among them St. Peter, holding on his knees the model of the Church of S. Pietro Maggiore designed by Orcagna.

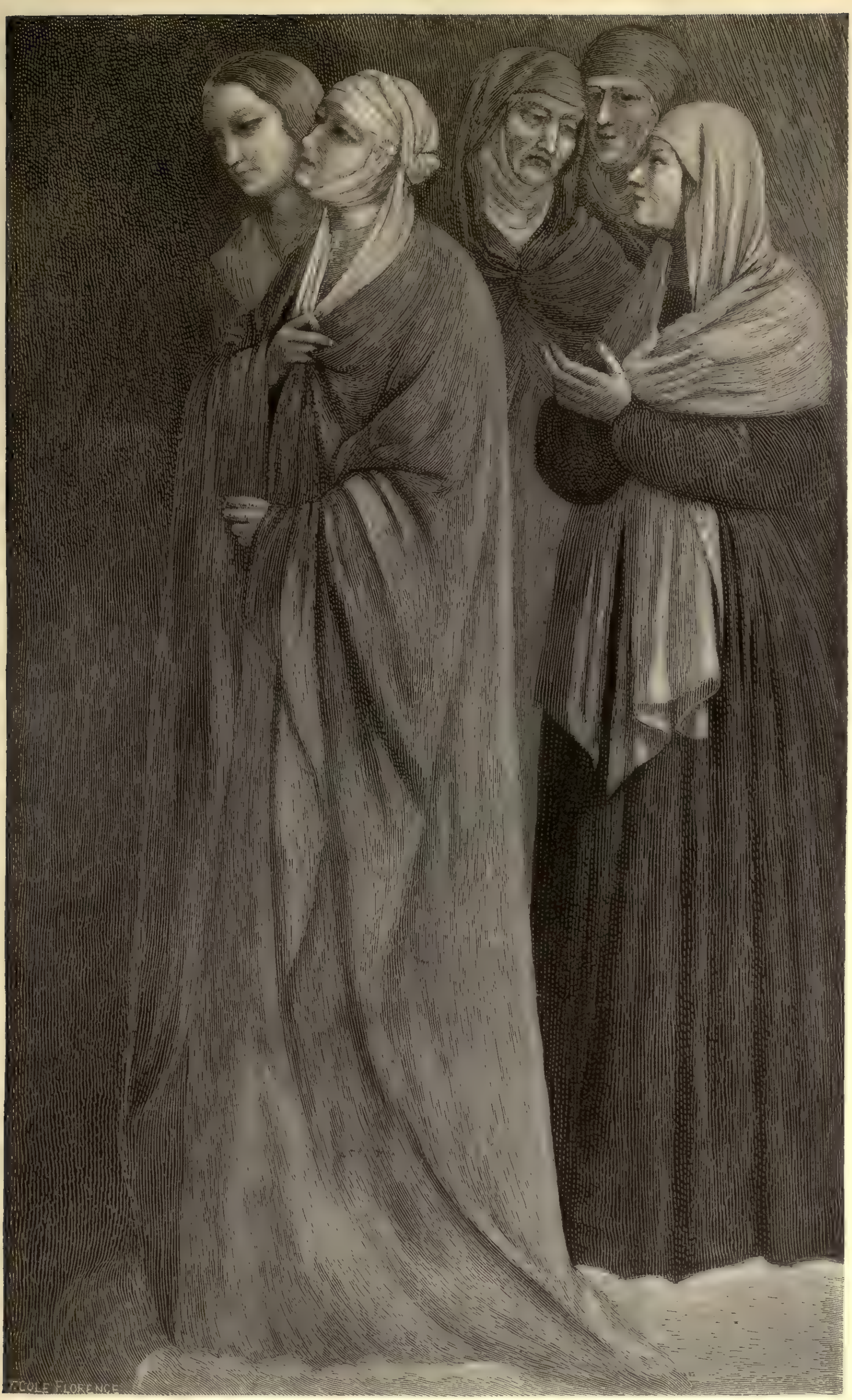
In 1355 he set to work on the Church of Or San Michele, one of the noblest examples of architecture, sculpture, and mosaic of the day. The bas-reliefs here show that Orcagna was even a better sculptor than painter. They are full of energy and delicacy, and possess the grandeur of composition and grace of type which distinguish his frescos.

In 1364 and 1366 we find Orcagna again called in to give his advice on the completion of the Duomo. Vasari says that he lived till 1389; but this is certainly incorrect, for in 1376 we find one Ristori named guardian to his two daughters, Tessa and Romola. The last certain date concerning him is 1368, in which year he was dangerously ill.

According to Vasari, Orcagna painted in the Campo Santo of Pisa the great frescos of the Triumph of Death and the Universal Judgment; but this assertion is open to doubt, if indeed not certainly wrong. Modern research has shown that some of the frescos are by Andrea di Firenze, a painter who lived some years longer than Orcagna. It is more than probable that Vasari confused the two painters, and, not knowing which frescos this Andrea had painted, chose these two without considering whether the style and technical execution were attributable to Orcagna.

It is very probable that Nardo Cione, elder brother to Orcagna, was his assistant in many of his labors, and that even in executing commissions on his own account Nardo got help from the younger brother, who was the artistic head of the family. It is quite natural that both Nardo and Jacopo, painting with Andrea, should follow his style, both in painting on his frescos and in their own works. This is the case in the frescos in Santa Croce and the Badia of Florence, in which we recognize the conception of Orcagna, but not his execution. Another follower of Orcagna, to whom may be attributed many of the paintings wrongly considered to be by his master, is Niccolo Tommaso, who took part with Orcagna and Taddeo Gaddi in the council of painters consulted about the Duomo.

In dramatic conception Orcagna can hardly be said to rival Giotto; but without in any way falling into the modern manner of following Nature through the use of the model, it is certain that he had a far more delicate perception of her beauty than any of his predecessors, and some of the female heads in the Spanish chapel are not surpassed in subtile spiritual qualities by anything in later art, certainly not



GROUP, BY ANDREA ORCAGNA.

(FROM THE "PARADISE," SANTA MARIA NOVELLA, FLORENCE.)

by anything of Fra Angelico's, while in plastic qualities — in the modeling of the heads and flesh — they are far beyond the suggestions of any of his contemporaries or predecessors.

Orcagna, as we have seen, designed the mosaics for the façade of the duomo of Orvieto, but they have long been replaced by more modern work, and even the designs have perished, for I could find no trace of them in the archives of the cathedral.

W. J. Stillman.

NOTES BY TIMOTHY COLE, ENGRAVER.

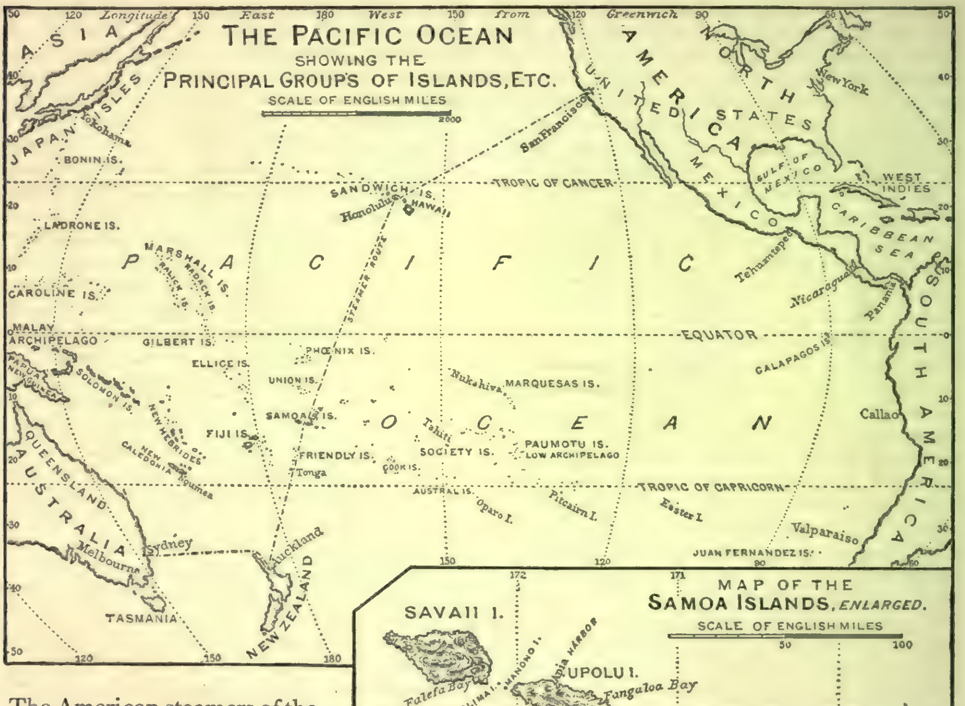
ORCAGNA'S fresco of the "Last Judgment," from which the detail of the kneeling figure of the Virgin is taken, is represented above and on the sides of the window of the Strozzi Chapel in the north transept of the Church of Santa Maria Novella, Florence. Above is seen the Son of Man in glory, half of his figure visible above the clouds, that portion surrounded by light almond or heart-aureole, from which radiate sharper beams. His head is crowned with the celestial diadem, and encircled by a golden nimbus in which appears the figure of the Cross. His aspect is full of majesty and grave almost to sadness, as with his left hand he condemns the wicked, turning softly from them with a glance and action befitting the words "Depart from me." His right hand is less consciously extended in blessing towards the good. The fresco thence extends downward on each side of the window, terminating at the dado, and is symmetrical in its distribution, side answering to side. Issuing from the clouds on each side below Christ are his attendant angels sounding the trumpet of the dead and exhibiting the emblems of the crucifixion — three on each side. Below these are seated the apostles upon the clouds, six on each side in two rows of three each: preceding the group on the left of Christ is John the Baptist, kneeling in adoration; and in like attitude preceding the group on the right of Christ is the Virgin,— the subject of the engraving,— her countenance full of veneration and as though inspired. Underneath these groups, and separated by the thick bright cloud on which the apostles sit, is shown the "Resurrection," which occupies the lower portion of the fresco. The condemned represent the rich and powerful wicked ones of the earth, and are made up of kings and emperors, popes and cardinals, princes and princesses, arch heretics, false prophets, and the like. Among the blessed on the right hand of Christ are kings and princes, popes and cardinals, martyrs and saints, and the poor of this world, rich in faith, among whom the head of Dante in profile appears unmistakable, his hands together as in prayer, looking up towards the Virgin. How beautiful is the action of her hands, and what an unconscious expression of purity there is about her countenance! The peculiar adjustment of the veil over the chin and forehead and about the neck seems to be a favorite fashion with Orcagna. Fra Angelico sometimes uses the same costume. The background to the Virgin is a deep blue.

THE detail of the group of women is from Orcagna's fresco of "Paradise," which adorns the entire western wall of the same chapel. It measures about twenty-six feet wide by about thirty-three feet high, not including the frescoed border or frame which runs around it. The top is arched and terminates at the ceiling of the chapel. It is disposed into three divisions, running from top to bottom, which are filled in the following manner: In the upper portion of the central division (which measures seven and a half feet wide) are seated Christ and the Virgin Mary side by side — the Virgin upon the right hand of Christ — upon a magnificent throne. They are colossal in size, being about three times larger than the other figures about them. This occupies about fifteen feet down of the middle division. Underneath this and down for about ten feet is a clear space in the center of which are two angels upon the clouds. One is playing upon a viol and the other is in an attitude of adoration looking up towards the throne. Below this is the company of the redeemed men and women in the dress of the times — from which the detail is taken. The divisions on each side of this central one are filled from top to bottom with the saints and angels of heaven, twelve rows each and seven in a row, an angel and a saint alternately, but the two lower rows on each side are of female saints only. Most of them are distinguishable by the emblems which they bear. In front of the lower row of the right-hand division an angel is seen leading a woman to join the central group of the redeemed, who seem to be about forming into a stately dance. These figures measure about five and a half feet high. The figures become larger as they near the top, and approach the colossal forms of Christ and the Virgin. The coloring is a delightful play of cool gray tones, enlivened here and there with sweet clear bits, the whole delicate and unobtrusive and yet gay in its tints, with shimmerings of golden halos around the heads of the saints, which are engraved in rays radiating from the center. A finer wall-decoration could not well be conceived. Wonderful and magnificent as this is, it is not the thing that would appeal to the ordinary tourist, who, unfortunately, has no time to lose, and gets not a glimmer of its beauty. One must come prepared to see it in a calm state of mind and ready to devote at least two hours to it. The morning light is the best, for then the sun shines upon the opposite wall and reflects a pleasant glow over all. The attitudes of the figures are graceful; they have a noble bearing and a quiet dignity, and their faces are sweet and refined, expressing in some instances a glow of subdued rapture.

SAMOA: THE ISLES OF THE NAVIGATORS.

CIRCUMSTANCES which were entirely unexpected compelled us to visit Polynesia in the early part of 1886, and the greater portion of that year was passed in visiting the various groups of islands scattered throughout the Pacific.

Again, in the beginning of 1887, we found ourselves sailing away to the South seas, with fair prospects of a prolonged sojourn among those remote and interesting islands. It was our good fortune that much of the time was passed in the Samoan group.



The American steamers of the Oceanic line running monthly between San Francisco, Auckland (New Zealand) and Sydney, Australia, call en route at Honolulu in the Sandwich Islands, situated a little over two thousand miles in a south-westerly direction from California. Leaving Honolulu, the steamers continue in much the same course for a distance of twenty-two hundred miles before reaching the Samoan group of islands, which are in the direct line of the steamer's route.

The group is made up of three large islands, Savaii, Upolu, and Tutuila, and of five others of inferior size, Manuua, Oloosenga, Ofu, Manono, Apolima, making a total area of about three thousand square miles, and containing at the present date not over forty thousand inhabitants, although at one time it is said to have been peopled by over fifty thousand souls.

The position of these islands has been known since 1722, when the Dutch navigator Roggewein visited the Pacific with his three ships; but his explorations in this particular group were of little importance. Nothing was definitely known of them until the renowned French navigators Bougainville and La Pérouse visited them, the former in 1768 and the latter in 1787. It was Bougainville who, observing the skill of the natives in paddling canoes, aptly gave to the group the name of the "Isles of the Navigators."

A.C.COLLINS Sc.

APIA, THE CAPITAL OF SAMOA.

During La Pérouse's visit to Samoa an unfortunate occurrence took place on board the ship *Astrolabe*. While some natives were inspecting the vessel an accidental discharge of firearms caused the death of a native. The savages were so provoked that a few days after the accident they attacked a boat-load of sailors, among whom were the Comte de Langle and M. de Lamanon, a naturalist who accompanied the expedition, and massacred almost the whole crew. On account of this ferocious act the natives were supposed to be generally cruel and warlike, and they were accordingly feared and avoided until about 1830, when the London Missionary Society established a mission among them, and found them to be a gentle and peaceable race, with few if any atrocious acts of violence such as were characteristic of cannibalistic Fiji. This mission continues in operation up to this time, and has accomplished much good for the people.

The steamers of the Oceanic line pass through the group but do not stop, merely "slowing down" off the western end of the island of Tutuila sufficiently to transfer the European and American mails to the small cutter which is used for the purpose of transporting to Apia the monthly mail matter.

Savaii, the westernmost and largest of the group, is some forty miles long by twenty in width, and is unmistakably of volcanic origin. It is ridged with lofty, cloud-encircled mountains, which are covered with a mantle of dense rich tropical foliage, giving to them an evenness of outline and a softness which delight the eye of the new-comer.

Ten miles to the eastward of Savaii is the beautiful island of Upolu, perhaps the most important of the group, having an area of five hundred and sixty square miles, diversified by mountain peaks three thousand feet high, volcanic caverns of symmetrical shapes, plateaus of remarkable fertility, and many valleys of exceeding beauty. The volcanic fires having been extinct perhaps for many centuries, the three craters on Upolu have been curiously changed into lakes of great depth and beauty, unknown except to those bold enough and strong enough to climb the rugged mountain trails through a trackless growth of tropical foliage.

The seat of government, Apia, a town of fifteen hundred inhabitants, is situated about the bay of the same name, on the northwestern side of Upolu. Here the various ruling monarchs have from time immemorial lived, ruled, and held their court. The bay is an incomplete semicircle in form, extending from Matautu point on the east to Mulunuu, a low point of land stretching away to the westward over a distance of two miles. The ever busy coral insects have thrown up a barrier reef, ex-

U. S. CONSULATE AT APIA.

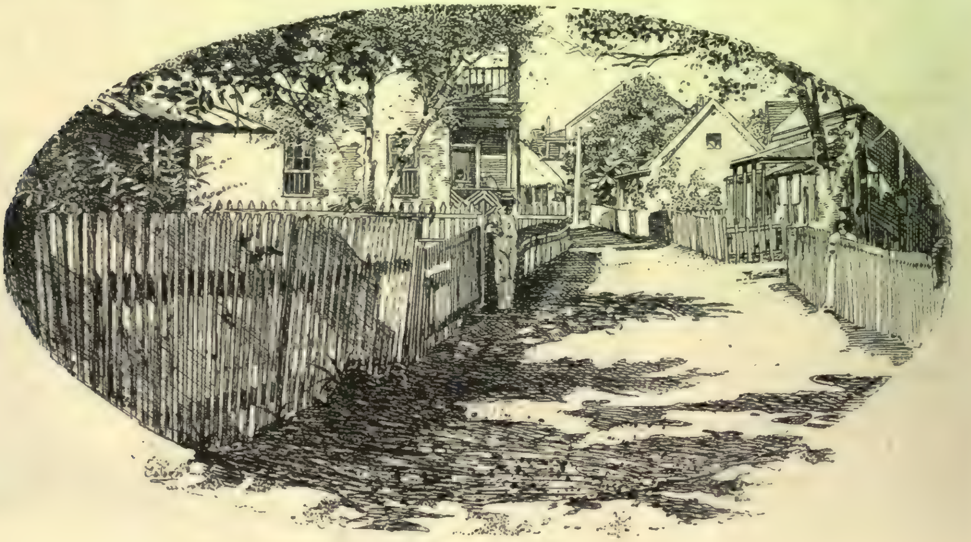
Kenyon Cox after Photograph - 1889.

SAMOAN SISTERS OF CHARITY.

tending from point to point, which receives and dissipates the huge swells of the Pacific, whereby under ordinary conditions of the weather protection is secured to ships at anchor in the bay. During certain seasons of the year, however, when hurricanes prevail, the anchorage becomes unsafe.

In Apia the California redwood cottages of the foreigners built along the thoroughfares, which extend parallel with the outlines of the beach from Matautu to Mulunuu, are surrounded with flowers and tropical plants. One of the old landmarks by which ships steer their course into the harbor is the Catholic mission church, situated near the center of the town, built entirely of coral blocks cut from reefs near by, and inclosed within a wall of the same material. Half a mile distant, on a hill in the rear of the church, stand a college and a chapel belonging to the same Church, in which native men are educated for missionary purposes. The mission also possesses a convent school for the education and training of Samoan girls. Some of the native women renounce the world, take the same vows and assume the same garb as their white sisters, and devote their lives to acts of charity and mercy.

Continuing forty miles to the eastward, we come to Tutuila, a mountainous island nearly a hundred miles in circumference and containing eight thousand inhabitants. The interior of Tutuila is so rugged and the jungle is so dense that it is seldom visited by the natives. There are comparatively few inland villages, most of the inhabitants living in proximity to the sea. On the south side of Tutuila is the entrance to the magnificent harbor of Pago-Pago. The natural beauty and grandeur of this bay are extensively known throughout all Polynesia. Being land-locked, and bounded by mountains on one side and a perpendicular wall of solid rock fifteen hundred feet in height on another, it affords the safest refuge to ships of all sizes during the hurricane season. It was



THE STREET OF APIA.

NATIVE CHURCH BUILT OF CORAL.

conceded to the United States by King Malietoa in the treaty of 1872, for the purpose of establishing and maintaining a coaling station for ships of war, and for a number of years past the United States naval vessels cruising in the South seas have drawn their supply of coal from this place.

Sixty miles to the eastward of Tutuila we find what is generally known as the Manuua group, which comprises Oloosenga, Manuua, and Ofu. These are as much a part of Samoa as are any of the other islands mentioned; but it is a curious fact that the inhabitants of these three islands live apart from the others, have a king of their own, make laws to suit themselves, take no hand in the political differences of the others, and will not submit to any interference by them.

It is from this group that the royal family of Samoa is supposed to have sprung. The inhabitants still retain many pagan customs and superstitions regarding their king, whom they do not allow to drink water, to bathe in the sea, or to walk from place to place.

Three miles off the westward end of Upolu are situated the two small islands of Manono and Apolima. The latter is an extinct volcano projecting out of the sea, one side of which has tumbled into the water and forms an entrance into the interior.

PAGO-PAGO BAY FROM THE U. S. COALING STATION.

COCOANUTS.

The people of Manono have long held the reputation of being the most proficient seamen, while those of Apolima have the distinction of being the bravest and finest warriors among the islanders.

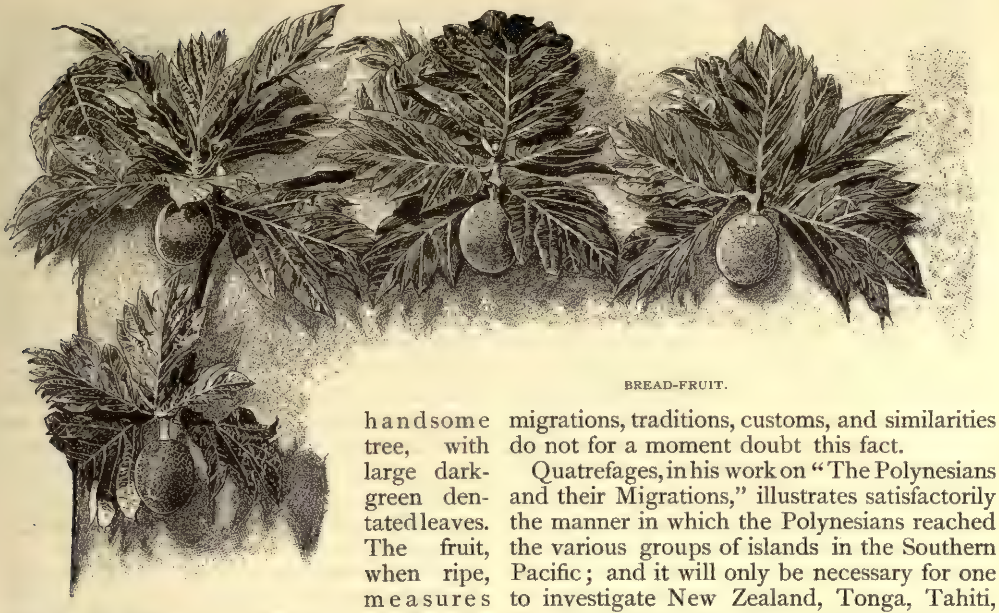
The islands of Tutuila, Upolu, and Savaii bear a striking resemblance to one another. The mountain peaks are clothed in perpetual green, and all are surrounded by barrier reefs of coral, over which the breakers, never ceasing, dash into spray. The rivers are simply tortuous mountain streams, which at times of heavy rainfall become turbulent torrents, frequently uprooting and carrying away large forest trees. As they rush down to the sea, many cascades, falls, and cataracts of impressive beauty and grandeur are formed; one of the latter plunges over a precipice three hundred feet in height.

The cocoanut, bread-fruit, taro, and banana form the mainstay and daily food of the people. In the economy of a Samoan household nothing enters so largely or assumes such conspicuous importance as the cocoanut. The Samoan chiefs affirm that it was sent direct from heaven. Nothing is more acceptable to a tongue parched with tropical heat than its cool, palatable, and refreshing milk, while its soft, tender meat is fit for a meal. Although these trees grow naturally and abundantly, and to a perfection perhaps unknown in any other part of the world, still, in order that the demand shall never equal the supply, a number of nuts are planted each year. Of later years cocoanuts have been largely cultivated for commercial purposes.

The bread-fruit tree is distributed throughout Polynesia and furnishes food for thousands of inhabitants of the various islands. It is a

Otto H. Bacher 89.

MATAUTU, EASTERN END OF APIA.



BREAD-FRUIT.

handsome tree, with large dark-green dentated leaves. The fruit, when ripe, measures about six inches in diameter and is of a bright golden yellow, with a rough and pitted surface. When roasted — the usual way of cooking it — it is not a bad substitute for bread, and its taste and merits soon become appreciated by strangers. Next in importance after bread-fruit is taro, or *arum*, which grows in thirty-odd varieties. This is a tuber, oblong in shape, that frequently grows to be fifteen inches long and six in diameter. Its large-ribbed, heart-shaped, heavy leaves, growing from the top of the root, are always conspicuous in Pacific island landscapes.

Although the Samoans now have a written language, the old chiefs, who possess fertile imaginations, rich in resource and abundant in material, delight in recounting the wonderful deeds of valor of their ancestral chiefs and heroes, all of which traditions have been passed to the chief when a boy by word of mouth from his fathers, and he in turn passes them in the same way to his descendants.

Like all other races of eastern Polynesia, this people originally sprung from the Malay Archipelago. Those who have studied Polynesian migrations, traditions, customs, and similarities do not for a moment doubt this fact.

Quatrefages, in his work on "The Polynesians and their Migrations," illustrates satisfactorily the manner in which the Polynesians reached the various groups of islands in the Southern Pacific; and it will only be necessary for one to investigate New Zealand, Tonga, Tahiti, the Marquesas, the Sandwich Islands, and Samoa to find convincing proofs in both the physical and philological characteristics of their inhabitants that clearly indicate one com-

A COCOANUT AVENUE.

mon origin. The changes in features, form, and color, as well as in customs, traditions, and language, are but slight, and are the natural result of long separation and various modifying influences introduced from different directions.

In color the Samoans are the lightest, in physique the most perfect and imposing as well as the most graceful. In disposition they are the most gentle, and in manners the most attractive, while mentally and morally they are much the superior of their neighbors. Their color varies through shades ranging from a dark brown to a light copper, and occasionally to a shade of olive which is exceedingly pretty. Their hair is straight, coarse, and black, although one daily meets a number of bleached red-heads, artificially produced by the application of coral lime, which is used to stiffen the hair so that it will the more easily stand erect — a style greatly admired. The hair is generally worn short, combed upward towards the crown, and receives frequent and liberal applications of cocoanut oil. Varieties of adornment prevail according to the fancy of the individual; these usually express themselves in the use of flowers and leaves, which are twined into wreaths and garlands and worn with becoming effect.

Their language, containing thirteen letters, is, like all the Polynesian dialects, soft and liquid, but not musical, although by some it has been called the Italian of the Pacific. A superficial knowledge of it, answering for ordinary requirements, may be easily attained; but as it is virtually a language of idioms, it would take years of study to master a sufficient command of it for anything approaching oratory.

Previous to the arrival of the missionaries in the year 1830, these people were supposed to be destitute of religious belief, and by some were called the "godless Samoans." This idea was, however, found to be erroneous, and it was discovered that they possessed a religious belief peculiar to themselves. At the time of his birth each individual Samoan was dedicated to some imaginary god, who kept constant watch over his daily actions and guided his destiny. This god was supposed to appear in some visible incarnation, which to that individual remained forever afterwards an object of veneration. They believed in a soul, or disembodied spirit, which they called Anganga, meaning a going and coming. This to them was represented in the functions of sleeping and waking. When sleep overtook one they supposed his soul had been called away to wander with other spirits in the lower regions, the location of which they referred to as being under the sea; and when the Anganga returned, awakening was the result. They possessed also a system of mythology of their own, in which everything relative to themselves was intimately connected; and by this means they were able to explain, to their own perfect satisfaction, the origin and cause of every obscure phenomenon.

Notwithstanding the influences of Christianity at the present time, the greater number of Samoans of to-day live under the powerful influence and constant dread of some of their old deities. This induces them to perform strange acts of heathenism.

Hospitality is a part of the Samoan religion, politeness one of their chief characteristics, and a dishonest act the exception. Food and shelter are vouchsafed to every one entering their homes or villages, and the stranger has but to consult his own wishes when he is ready to depart. Attached to every village is a *Faletale*, or guest-house, set apart for the reception, lodging, and entertainment of visitors. Generally this is situated in the middle of the village, and is also used as a council-house on occasions when the chief and the people assemble to discuss subjects of importance. Foreigners and visitors from other villages are at once conducted to this house set apart for their occupation, a journey of considerable distance often being made especially to meet them, when they are received by the chief of the town and the maid whose duty it is to look after the welfare of

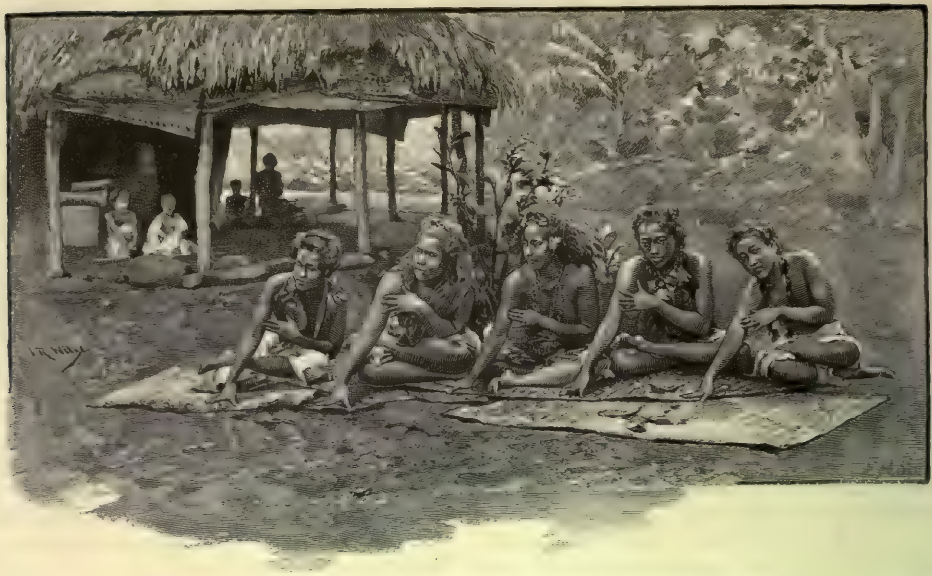
the guests. During the preliminary conversation, in which the compliments of the day are exchanged with a lavish expenditure of personal flattery, the kava-bowl is produced, and while the free interchange of compliments continues, the bewitching nut-brown maid, with the assistance of her dusky attendants, begins to masticate the seductive root. In the meantime the villagers, being advised of the arrival of the visitors, have assembled in another part of the village, collected articles of food, and begun to sing and march in procession towards the *Faletale*. Boys and girls, young and old, making a festive display, their persons anointed with cocoanut oil and arrayed in scanty toilets of leaves and flowers, join in demonstration of songs of praise and welcome. The music of their well-attuned voices, first heard faintly in the distance and increasing in sweetness and volume as they approach nearer and nearer, produces a charming effect, the impression of which is long retained by strangers. In the meantime the guests, who have remained seated and silent, as if unconscious of what is going on, preserve a wonderful solemnity of countenance as each donor in turn modestly places his offering at the feet of the most honored one, with salutations inimitable in gracefulness. On such occasions food, consisting of fruits, fish, and sucking-pigs, is sometimes given in sufficient quantities to sustain a visiting party for days and weeks.

No occasion of ceremony or importance takes place without the use of kava, a root of the pepper family, and all exchanges of sociability are conducted under its influence. The concoction of the seductive beverage made from this root is attended with so many ceremonious observances and acclamations of approval that an account of the customs of these people would be incomplete without reference to the manner in which the drink is prepared.

KAVA-BOWL.

A wooden bowl, a cocoanut cup, and a strainer are the implements used in making the brew. That personage of the chief social importance in Samoa, "the maid of the village," is invariably called upon to brew the beverage, which ceremony, with her attendants, she conducts with becoming dignity. After carefully washing out her mouth in the presence of all assembled, she seats herself upon the matted floor with the bowl in front of her, and with resigned manner and preoccupied countenance begins to masticate the bits of root handed her by the attendants. Piece after piece is chewed until the mouth is full and the cheeks bulging, when the mass is ejected into the palm of her hand and with a graceful swing deposited in the bowl. This operation is repeated until the proper quantity of the root is secured. Then her hands are washed scrupulously clean, and an attendant having poured the required amount of water into the bowl, the maid proceeds with the compounding. With a graceful rolling and twisting movement of the hands she mixes all the undissolved portions of the root in the "fou," or strainer, which, after wringing, is shaken out, and the straining repeated until the brew is finished.

A vigorous clapping of hands three times announces that it is ready to be served, whereupon the highest chief, or toast-master, in a loud, monotonous tone, exclaims: "Ah, here is kava! Let it be served." Then one of the attendants produces the cup and presents it at the bowl to be filled by the maid, which she does by plunging the strainer in the liquid and afterwards squeezing it over the cup. She will then, says a writer on Samoan customs, face about, and with the cup held delicately by the outer rim, level with her dimpled chin, and with her arm raised, stand in the most charming attitude of expectation, awaiting the crier's instructions as to whom she is to take the cup. The toast-master, having decided who is to be honored by taking the first cup, calls out his name with a loud, sing-song voice. The louder and more prolonged the name is pronounced the greater the compliment. The maid bows with dignity and presents the cup to the honored one with her most irresistible grace of manner, then stands with a becoming air of simplicity awaiting the command of the person whom she has just favored, who either returns the cup to her with a gracious acknowledgment, or with dexterity spins it along the floor-mats towards the bowl, the perfection of which practice is to cause the cup to stop immediately in front of the bowl. The



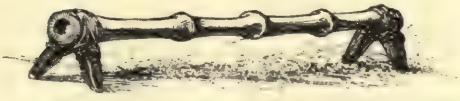
THE SIVA DANCE.

accuracy with which this feat is sometimes accomplished is surprising.

The cup is again filled, and in the same manner the Samoan nectar is presented to the person next in rank, until all the chiefs have been served. Kava is tabooed to women, so they never partake of it except upon occasions of very great ceremony, and then only to touch it to their lips. The effect of kava is slightly exhilarating to the mental faculties, and under its influence the imagination becomes active and poetical, while a happy feeling of indifference to surroundings is experienced. It never intoxicates, but when consumed in excessive quantities it has a paralytic effect on the lower extremities, which is sometimes sufficiently pronounced to prevent the individual from standing erect and walking.

The Samoans are a joyous, fun-loving people, and under the slightest pretext for an excuse they gladly indulge their buoyant natures in singing and dancing. The latter is a pleasure largely indulged in by all ages and classes. Among the young people a number have reputations for the grace of movement displayed in the "Siva," a dance of a variety of figures made up of graceful posturing, executed to the time of humdrum music and accompanied by singing in high-pitched notes.

An experience in which every stranger visiting Apia is invited to indulge is a jaunt of about three miles to what is known as *Papaaseaa*, a sheet of water falling over smooth rocks, where he is introduced to the novelties of a Samoan picnic, which is in reality a day's frolic in the water.



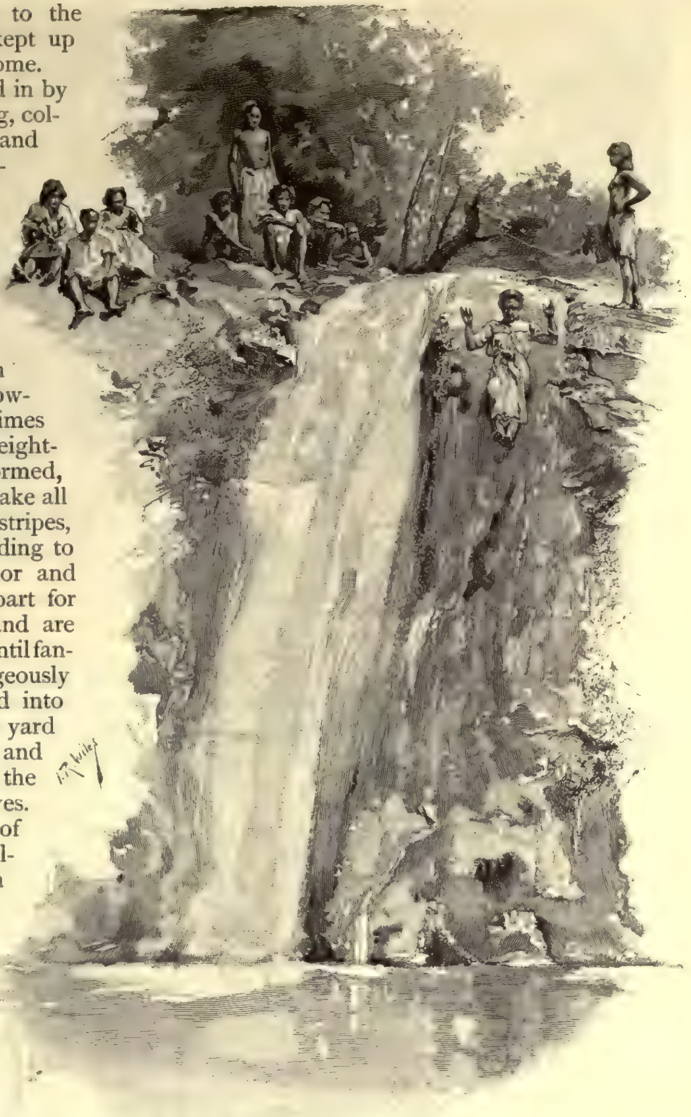
BAMBOO PILLOW.

Generally the party is decided upon several days previously, so that an ample supply of refreshments may be prepared and sent ahead early in the morning, cooked in the Samoan fashion, with hot stones, in the ground.

At about 8 o'clock, while the dew is still on the leaves, dusky maidens, resplendent with cocoanut oil and attired in festal wreaths of flowers and bright-colored *lava-lava*, assemble with the young men and invited guests at the appointed place preparatory to the march. Shouting, laughing, and singing they spring lightly along the path leading to the falls, and as soon as they arrive one after another eagerly jump into the clear cool pool of water at the base of the falls, diving and splashing in the water with screams of laughter and delight that make the valley ring with their enthusiasm. The greatest feat, which, when first attempted, fairly takes the breath away, is to go above the rocks over which the stream rushes, and with three or four seated together, toboggan-fashion, slide over the smooth rock for a distance of eighteen feet at an angle of forty degrees and plunge into the pool below. The sensation produced is indescribable, and can hardly be imagined unless realized. After spending a few hours in the water it is forsaken to partake of dinner, served upon banana leaves for plates, and with fingers for forks. Then all return to the aquatic sports, which are kept up until it is time to return home.

The only industry engaged in by the people, aside from fishing, collecting copra, planting taro, and cultivating fruit, is the making of *tapa*, or cloth from the inner bark of the paper mulberry tree, and since the introduction of cotton prints among them its production is annually decreasing.

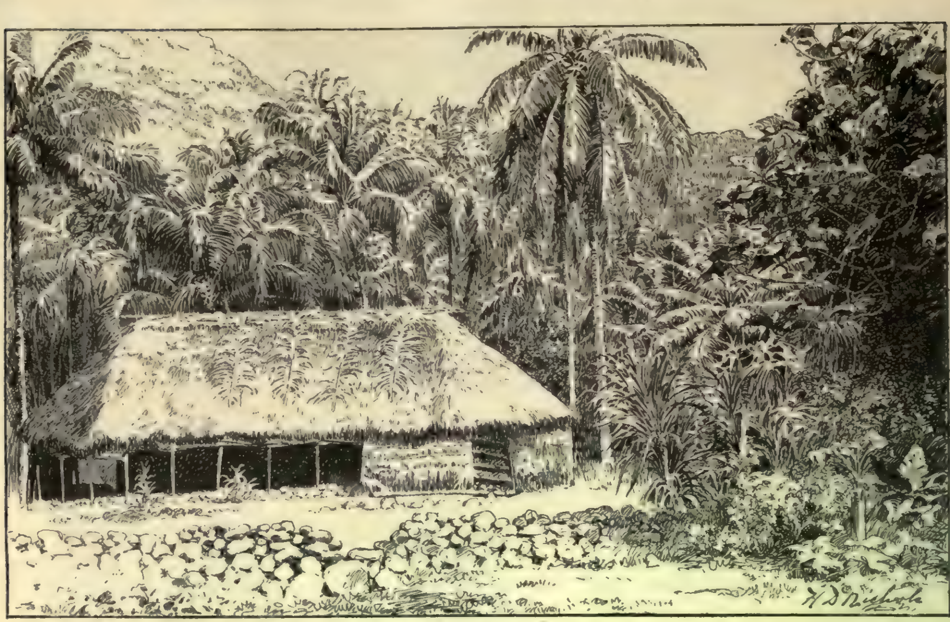
The various pieces of cloth are glued together with arrowroot paste until pieces sometimes a hundred feet in length by eighteen feet in width are formed, which the old women, who make all the tapa, color and figure into stripes, squares, triangles, etc., according to their wishes. A certain color and figure, however, are set apart for high chiefs and royalties, and are never used by commoners. Until fantastically figured and gorgeously colored prints were imported into the island, a piece of tapa a yard square, worn about the loins and called a "lava-lava," was all the clothing used by the natives. Fine mats of straw and of twisted fiber of the paper mulberry, the elaboration of which frequently consumes years, are considered the most valuable of Samoan possessions, and are handed down from one generation to another. A fictitious value is placed upon these mats, and only occasionally can they be purchased.



THE PAPAASEAA.

The Samoans have not varied the architectural features of their houses for many generations. A fairly correct idea of a Samoan house is represented by a huge beehive, forty feet in diameter, raised from the ground by a number of posts, varying from four to six feet in height, according to the size of the structure, and separated one from another around the circle at intervals of four or five feet. In the center are two and sometimes three main posts sunk into the ground to support the roof, and securely braced to give stability to the structure. To these the rafters are lashed, curving gracefully downwards and outwards to the circle of posts. The rafters are made of pieces of bread-fruit wood, and, in order that they may have the necessary curves, are made of pieces spliced and lashed together with sennit, a rope made from the twisted fibers of the cocoanut leaf. The rafters are crossed with ribs about two inches wide, made of the same kind of wood, and are lashed to the rafters with sennit.

The roof is thatched with sugar-cane leaves strung on pieces of reed four or five feet long, and secured to it by overlapping one end of the leaves and piercing them with small ribs of cocoanut leaf fiber, the whole being lashed down with sennit. The process is slow, but when properly done a roof is formed which lasts for

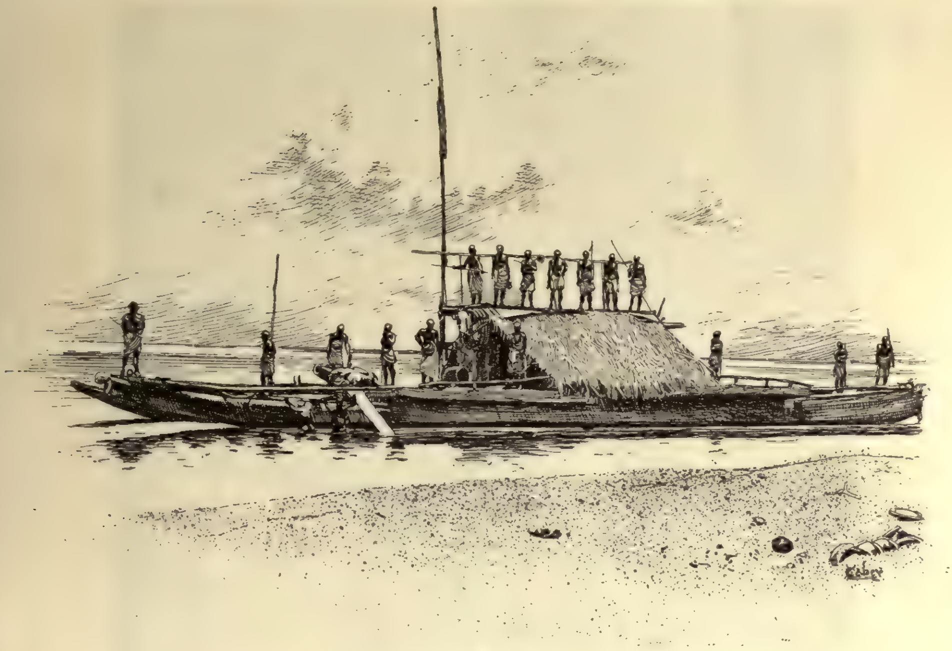


A SAMOAN HOMESTEAD.

years, notwithstanding the heavy rains prevailing at certain seasons. Cocoanut leaves plaited together, forming mats four feet long by eighteen inches wide, fastened with sennit, inclose the sides of the house at night. The floor of the house is made of smooth pebbles and pieces of coral brought from the sea, over which are spread coarse mats for ordinary requirements. The interior of the house is one large apartment used for all purposes except cooking, which is done in an adjoining hut used exclusively for that purpose. For sleeping purposes the room is divided into a number of apartments by means of tapa, swung on sennit ropes, as curtains. Folded tapa and a few mats form a comfortable bed, which is removed in the morning and the curtains lifted. For a pillow, bamboo of various sizes and lengths, raised a few inches on short wooden feet, is used. This crude device serves an admirable purpose in the tropics, but it can, however, during one night's effort to sleep, cause more annoyance to one unaccustomed to its use than anything the writer can recall, unless perhaps it be the indomitable energy of the Polynesian mosquito. Fire being unnecessary for heating purposes, the Samoans never have fireplaces, but in their stead possess a "family hearth"—a small excavation in the floor, walled with rocks, where formerly flaming fires of dried cocoanut shells and leaves were made as offerings to their gods, and around which, after the evening meal, the family gathered, bowed their heads and prayed to the gods, great and small, for prosperity and happiness.

The negotiations between the skilled and wily carpenter and the prospective Samoan house owner would amuse, but hardly meet the approval of, the business man of to-day. Under the propitiating influences of kava, the necessary presents are produced to induce the carpenter to undertake the construction of a house. It is begun at once, without any terms of agreement, and the work advances until the carpenter thinks more presents necessary, and he ceases work. Additional gifts being made, the carpenter continues the construction until he deems it necessary to demand another contribution, when he again stops work. If the contribution is not forthcoming, labor is suspended on the incompleted house, never to be undertaken for completion by another of the craft; and forever afterwards it remains unfinished and a public reproach to the good name of the unfortunate owner, who, at the time of its beginning, not knowing what may be the ideas of the carpenter as to the

A SAMOAN CANOE.



A WAR CANOE.

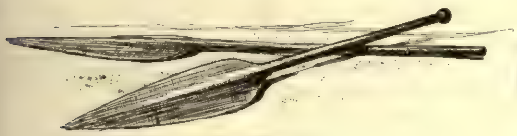
cost of its construction, must either call upon the community for aid, which is generally freely extended, or suffer the humiliation of this unfinished monument.

In the construction of their large canoes these people have shown great ingenuity and skill. Their smaller canoes are made after the pattern of outriggers, which is the prevailing form used throughout Polynesia.

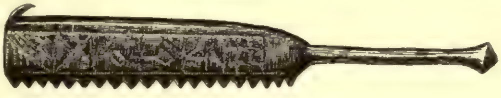
The larger canoes, capable of making inter-island passages, and carrying from fifty to seventy-five persons, are models of aboriginal skill and patient labor. Unlike the smaller ones, they are made of many small pieces accurately fitted and sewed together with sennit on the inner side by a novel process of sewing which leaves the outer surface perfectly smooth. A small deck in the bow is the seat of honor, and is occupied by chiefs and the pilot, who stands erect and directs the course of the canoe as it passes through the many small and dangerous openings in the coral reefs. The helmsman occupies a corresponding deck in the stern, where, sitting cross-legged, with the aid of a long pole he steers the boat with remarkable accuracy and dexterity. Four persons occupy each thwart of these sea canoes. Sitting cross-legged and facing the bow of the boat, with short, heart-shaped paddles they literally dig their way along at a rate of speed varying from one to five miles an hour, keeping perfect time in stroke to the music of the songs they sing. By lashing together two or more canoes and building a thatched deck-house over them, accommodation for two hundred warriors is secured. In time of war these boats cruise from island to island, using cocoanut leaves woven together for sails.

The government of Samoa is a limited monarchy, presided over by a king and a vice-king, and, since 1873, by a parliament of chiefs, divided into an upper and a lower house which is called the *malo*. In the year 1873 Malietoa Laupepa, the noblest born of all Samoans, a direct descendant through twenty-three generations of Savea Malietoa I., was proclaimed king, and recognized by England, Germany, and the United States. At the same time Tamasese, a high chief, was made vice-king.

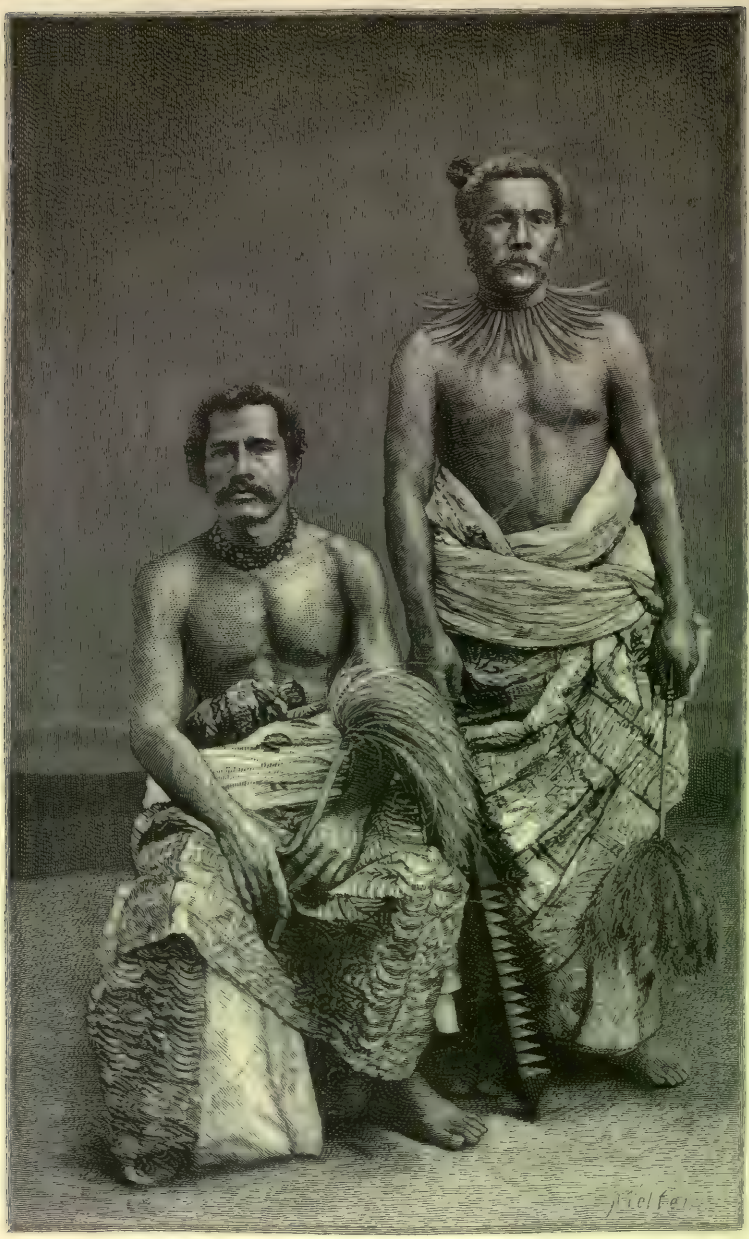
Malietoa was carefully educated in the mission school. Personally he was retiring and unassuming. He was of studious habits, and among his subjects was considered a man of



PADDLES.



ANCIENT WAR CLUB.



Malietoa

KING MALIETOA, AND ORATOR.

much learning, and by them revered and beloved. His reign was quiet and peaceful until the close of 1884, when conniving intrigue became active, which finally resulted in Germany's attaching the king's sovereign rights to the municipality of Apia. About that time, Tamasese, the vice-king, became prominent as a rebel, and being openly supported by foreign representatives, who conceived the idea of overthrowing Malietoa for their personal interests, he was induced to revolt against the legitimate king, who was eventually seized and deported in January, 1888.

The most respected and honored personages among the people, next to the chiefs, are the orators, or "talking men," who are the mouthpieces of the chiefs. This is a profession aspired to by only the few who become proficient in rhetoric, which they use with telling effect when addressing an assemblage according to the dictates of the chiefs whom they represent.

RESIDENCE OF MALIETOA.

There is an established communism among the people. To go among their friends, take up their abode, and remain with them as long as they please is a liberty that all enjoy alike; and with aboriginal naïveté they borrow or beg of one another whatever may please their fancy.

Stingy or disobliging are epithets so opprobrious and insulting to Samoans that they will give almost anything they possess, or will adroitly perpetrate an untruth, rather than acquire so repugnant a distinction. No matter how energetically one may labor, his earnings soon pass from his possession to his family or clan, who consider that they possess equal rights in their distribution. So long as this condition of affairs exists the individual distinction acquired by personal wealth is impossible, and they will never progress to the state of those nations where the reign of personal interest is supreme.

It would be unnatural for the visitor who understands these brave, generous, and noble-hearted people not to feel great sympathy for their future and welfare. "*Talofaa*" ("Love to you") is their word of greeting to him, always accompanied by a smile and an honest handshake. "*Tofaa*" ("God be with you") is their parting benediction, the significance of which was never appreciated until the hour arrived when with regret we took leave of our dusky friends who had assembled on the beach and at the boat landing, and heard their gracious last parting, "*Tofaa alii, alii tofaa*" ("Good-bye, chief; chief, good-bye"), which lingers like a melody in our memory after months of separation.

Hervey W. Whitaker.

OUR RELATIONS TO SAMOA.

BY THE COMMISSIONER SENT TO SAMOA BY THE UNITED STATES IN 1886.

WITHIN the last few months the agitation of the subject in Congress and in the press has made known to the country a group of islands superior in location, in natural advantages, and in the character and intelligence of its people to the rest of Polynesia; and we have learned that we possess treaty rights of the utmost value, including the opportunity to control the most magnificent harbor in the Pacific, the loss of which to the British Empire was long ago bewailed by the most intelligent Englishmen. The change of sentiment in this country on this subject is well reflected by the action of

VICE-KING TAMASESE AND ORATOR.

Congress with respect to it. Though hitherto suggestions from the Navy Department as to the necessity of an appropriation for the improvement of this harbor and for the establishment of a naval station received no attention whatever, a substantial sum has recently been voted in both Houses for that purpose, and the attention of Congress and of the country has been thoroughly aroused to the necessity of asserting and maintaining our right to the permanent neutralization of Samoa and the establishment of its autonomy on a firm foundation.

Mr. John Williams, the martyr missionary, who claimed to be the first Englishman to visit the group, found the Samoans peculiarly susceptible to the influence and teachings of the missionaries, and he relates that in less than twenty months chapels were erected and the people ready and anxious for instruction. The islanders are now generally Christians by profession, and their consistency in practice is quite up to the standard of more civilized people. They are particularly rigid in their observance of Sunday, and cannot be induced to engage in any work on that day.

Nine years after the first visit of Williams, Commander Wilkes not only touched at the islands during the course of his famous expedition, but made a thorough examination and survey, and his narrative contains an extremely interesting report of the group and its inhabitants. He was much struck with the manliness and intelligence of the natives, and found that the greatest restraint on the conduct of the chiefs appeared to be the fear of losing the good name of their ancestors, and of not handing it down to posterity pure and unspotted. His conclusion was that with instruction and civilization they would probably become a thriving people.

After the visit of Wilkes the attention of our Government was again attracted to the group by the report made by Commander Meade, United States Navy, of his agreement with the chief of Tutuila in 1872. About the same time the attention of President Grant was directed to Samoa by a report of an investigation of the resources of the islands by private individuals on the Pacific coast, and the result was the appointment of Colonel Steinberger as a special commissioner of the United States.

The commissioner sailed from San Francisco June 29, 1873, and on February 9, 1874, transmitted a long and interesting report covering the subject matter of his instructions.[1]

Having won the confidence not only of the natives but of the foreign residents, Steinberger returned to Samoa in a man-of-war in 1874 as a special agent of our Government, to serve without pay. He was the bearer of certain presents from our Government to the king of Samoa; and his instructions, dated December 11, 1874, expressly limited his functions "to observing and reporting upon Samoan affairs, and to impressing those in authority there with the lively interest which we take in their happiness."

During his second visit Steinberger resigned his position as an agent of our Government and became premier of a Samoan government, formed under his direction. His prominence and influence excited the apprehensions of the English; and our own consul being also hostile to him, the king was induced to ask his deportation, which was accomplished by a British man-of-war.

TAMASESE'S RESIDENCE.

Among his papers, which were seized, was found a secret agreement with the German firm at Apia, which was used as evidence that he was acting in its interest. The causes of his losing influence have been the subject of much discussion, which is now of less interest than the existing situation.

It was after Steinberger's term that the treaties of 1878 and 1879 were made, and the present chapter of Samoan history began when first the German and then the American flag was raised, both acts being disavowed by the respective governments.

The agreement between Great Britain, Germany, and the United States that each should send to Samoa a confidential agent to make an investigation and report grew out of a suggestion of our Government for a conference at Washington between representatives of the three treaty powers. The proposition was accepted, with a modification, previously suggested by Germany, that before the conference each power should send a representative to investigate the political condition of the islands and report thereupon, with suggestions

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[1] Ex. Doc. No. 161, H. R. 44 Cong., 1st Sess.

KING MALIETOA AT HOME.

as to the best remedies for the troubles existing there. The essential basis of all negotiations, prior to that time and since, has been the preservation of Samoan autonomy; and the neutrality of the group was treated throughout as something which could not be interfered with without the violation of rights possessed by the Government of the United States and considered valuable enough to be maintained. After the German flag had been raised at Apia, under date of January 12, 1886, the Secretary of State telegraphed to our Minister at Berlin:

> You will temperately but decidedly, in oral conference, notify the German Minister for Foreign Affairs that we expect nothing will be done to impair the rights of the United States under existing treaty with Samoa, and anticipated fulfillment of solemn assurances heretofore and recently given that Germany seeks no exclusive control in Samoa.

In reply to this Count Bismarck said to Mr. Pendleton, January 16, 1886:

> Whatever may have occurred, we intend to maintain the *status* as it has heretofore existed. We have been satisfied with that; it has been satisfactory to the three governments; we have neither interest nor desire to change it; but if we had, we would take no step, make no movement, without frankly consulting in advance the United States and Great Britain. If any wrong has been done, it shall be righted and reparation shall be made, and nothing shall be allowed to change the relative positions of these governments.

In the same interview Mr. Pendleton said "that the United States have a treaty with Samoa, antedating that of Germany or England, securing to their citizens great advantages in the way of trade and whatever further benefits might, at any time, be granted to the most favored nation, and would not look with composure on an attempt from any quarter whatsoever to interfere with the provisions of that treaty, or to acquire any exclusive rights or privileges of occupancy or trade." "To all of which," Mr. Pendleton writes, "Count Bismarck assented very appreciatively." The first suggestion of joint control by the three treaty powers was made by the Secretary of State in the dispatch to Mr. Pendleton, June 1, 1886, proposing the conference which contemplated absolute equality of action and control among the three powers. The proposition of a conference, and prior to it an investigation by the commissioners, was in the line of this purpose alone.

The instructions to the American commissioner, under date of July 22, 1886, after referring to the provisions and assurances of the three powers, "of their positive abstention from schemes of annexation or sole protection of the islands," proceeded to recognize that "the temporary situation in the islands may prove to be such as to require the joint effort of the treaty powers to preserve order and insure stable government, in which native interests should be under autonomous control." It is asserted that

> Each [power] has its treaty with the native Government, and their several rights run side by side, so that any predominance of one would clash with the interests of the others. This is admitted by the treaties themselves. Those of Germany and Great Britain each recognize the prior treaty with the United States, and both, by implication and in terms, bind those powers to respect it. This is especially true of the right to maintain coaling stations on the islands, which was first secured by the United States by their treaty of 1878, a portion of the harbor of Pago-Pago being set apart for the purpose. The British and German treaties followed with similar provisions, the former expressly recognizing the prior right of the United States in the premises by providing that their national stations should not encroach on that portion of the harbor already secured to the United States. We have here the principle of neutralization distinctly enunciated, and this circumstance has had an important influence on all that has since transpired. It is of special importance to the United States, for in no other part of Polynesia is a right of this nature possessed by them.

Under these circumstances and with these instructions I went to Samoa. Leaving San Francisco on the mail steamer July 31, 1886, I reached Tutuila on Sunday, August 15, having spent a night and a day at Honolulu. It was about noon when the island was reported, and very soon it rose out of the sea, lofty and precipitous and clad in a singularly beautiful garb of green, which was an agreeable surprise after having fed the imagination for a week upon the bare and blackened appearance of the Hawaiian group. It was not long before I and my belongings were put over the side of the steamer and transferred to a small German schooner which had taken the place of the German mail cutter. The voyage of sixty miles from the westerly end of Tutuila to Apia occupied the afternoon and night. By daybreak we were sailing around the eastern end of Upolu, and as the dawn progressed the beautifully wooded slopes of the island, rising from the sea by gradual ascent to the height of four or five thousand feet, came out in bold relief. Before 8 o'clock we rounded the point at the entrance to the harbor, and as we slowly approached our anchorage there was ample time to observe the beauty of Apia, nestling under the hills and stretched along the shore in a semicircle from Matautu Point to Mulinuu, until recently the traditional seat of Samoan government.

The United States steamer *Mohican* had been ordered by cable to Auckland to meet me, and it was a disappointment not to find her at Tutuila. I learned later that she had been in Fiji, beyond the reach of the cable; and it was some time after my arrival before I had the satisfaction of seeing her steam into Apia. Meanwhile, in the absence of the consul, I found myself comfortably ensconced at the American consulate, taking my meals for a few days at the International Hotel, kept by an American. Afterwards, in view of its distance, I was fortunate enough to make an arrangement for meals nearer the consulate until the *Mohican* should arrive. The German officials have most excellent quarters, and Mr. Travers, the German special commissioner, was kind enough to invite me to take up my abode there, and the British consul and his wife also threw open their very attractive and comfortable house to me. Both these invitations, however, I was obliged to decline, as the acceptance of either would have given a false impression to the natives, who are easily affected by the most trifling circumstances.

On the morning of my arrival, after breakfasting at the hotel I started out in quest of the American consulate, and stopped to inquire the way at the store of an American merchant, to whom I had brought letters and messages from his friends in the United States. While talking with him, he suddenly turned and beckoned to a fine-looking native who was passing, saying to me at the same time, "Let me introduce you to the Secretary of State." It proved to be Mamea,[1] who came to Washington in 1878, and who was a cosignatory with Mr. Evarts of the treaty between the United States and Samoa. I had already become somewhat accustomed to seeing the natives walking along the street with only a breech-cloth, or lava-lava, except that many of the women wore some loose garment about the shoulders; but it required a readjustment of preconceived ideas to stand as I did, shaking hands with Mamea and observing a Secretary of State barefooted, bareheaded, with a loose doublet around his legs reaching to the knees, and a blouse or jacket, which, I afterwards observed, was rather characteristic of high officials, who usually wear either such a garment or a shirt hanging loose over the lava-lava. I found Mamea affable and intelligent and able to speak English moderately well. He walked with me to the consulate, near which I saw, flying from a flag-staff lashed to the top of a large tree in front of the Government building, the Samoan flag, and waving over it the little American flag which

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[1] It turned out that he was really Secretary of the Interior; but it made little difference, as there was then practically an interregnum and the offices were merely nominal.

Consul Greenebaum had raised the May previous. Captain E. L. Hamilton, the American vice-consul, received me very courteously, as did also Mr. Travers, the German commissioner, on whom I called a little later. Captain Hamilton has resided in the islands over thirty years, has accumulated property there, and both personally and officially was a creditable representative of this country. His wife is a Samoan woman of high rank, very attractive in person and manners, whose hospitality is doubtless remembered by all Americans who have visited Apia within the last few years.

Soon after my arrival at Apia, the English commissioner, Mr. (now Sir John B.) Thurston, arrived, and he and Mr. Travers and I became absorbed in the investigation which was the object of our visit. Very soon after my arrival, though I had no official relation to the Government there, I made a call of courtesy upon the king and found him to be a man of fine personal appearance, with an intelligent and benignant countenance, and great dignity of bearing, which the extreme simplicity of his native dress did not lessen. Mr. Thurston also called upon the king, but Mr. Travers did not, giving as his reason the strained relations between the local German officials and Malietoa, which were afterwards made the pretext for a declaration of war by Germany against Malietoa personally. The king shortly afterwards made an appointment with Mr. Thurston and me to return our calls, and we received him together. I afterwards saw him frequently without any reason to change my opinion.

This king presents a figure humble but heroic. Monarchs of prouder name and more extended sway might emulate the singleness of heart with which he devoted himself to his one object in life — the good of his people. It was impossible to converse with him frequently without being deeply impressed by this as his leading characteristic. Conscious of his own limitations, but of extreme rectitude of purpose, he lent a willing ear to those who could unfold the better ways of higher civilization and adapt them to the growing needs of a people strong in native stock and promising in capability of development under stable government and enlightened contact; even his apparent vacillation at times, as he sought annexation or protection from one or other of the great powers, was due to a lofty preference for the welfare of his country at the expense of his own sovereignty. When at last confusion, disappointment, and treachery closed around him, Malietoa gave himself up, in the vain hope that the abnegation of all that made life dear, his personal hope of being the medium of reform and advancement to the Samoans, might spare them the cruelty of further outrage and suffering. Calm, Christian, and in a certain sense statesmanlike, from his exile home in strange islands of the western Pacific, Malietoa Laupepa, the rightful and recognized king of Samoa, has a call upon our high consideration and active remembrance. Three other chiefs deserve special mention. Mataafa, since chosen king and surnamed Malietoa, was, during my visit, in the party of Tamasese, though the latter was his inferior both in lineage and capacity. Mataafa is a man of great force of character, as he has recently demonstrated to the world. He is, in common with many of his countrymen, a devout Roman Catholic, of which church there is a flourishing branch in Apia under the care of French missionaries. In my report, since published, I referred to Mataafa in connection with a prediction which I ventured to make that the recognition of Tamasese would result in immediate divisions among his followers as to future leadership. Seumana was the governor or head chief of the Tuamasaga district, in which Apia is situated. He seemed to me, taking in the whole range of physical, mental, and moral attributes, a man of as fine nature as can be produced anywhere. The highest civilization has not revealed a more attractive picture of domestic happiness than that of Seumana and his wife, Faatolia, and their baby. In the stirring time prior to Malietoa's deportation Faatolia was, probably with truth, suspected of being a medium of communication between Apia and her friends in the bush. Consequently she was taken to the German barracks and placed under a guard, who are said to have refused to permit her to go out of their sight, even under the most extreme necessity.

Asi was the great war chief on the side of Malietoa. Having a physical frame unsurpassed by any I have ever seen, he was at times as gentle in manner as a woman. He conversed with fluency and force and emphasized his words with the right forefinger extended, which often came down upon a table in front of him with a force which made one tremble to think what would be the power of his uplifted arm with club or ax in battle. Asi's daughter, Faapeia, was the most graceful and beautiful Samoan dancing girl, with a figure which might excite the envy of any woman. She never moved about without a train of attendants, and in this style frequently visited the American ships and danced for the amusement of the officers. At the time of greatest stress she was asked to dance on the German ship, and her father refused to allow it. Her dancing in the United States ship *Adams* immediately after made the German officers very angry, and soon afterwards Asi was deported. The other native chief whom I specially recall was Selu, the Secretary of State. Slight in stature and frame, he was keenly intellectual and fertile in resources, with courtly bearing and mild, though persuasive, speech; it often seemed to me that a high degree of education would make him capable of winning great social triumphs anywhere.

Tamasese, the leader of the insurgents, I did not see, he being with his forces at a distance from Apia; but there was a general concurrence of opinion, except among those who were engaged actively in supporting him, that he was a man inferior in capacity to the chiefs just mentioned; and although entitled to be treated as a chosen head of the Tupua family, it is hardly likely that he could have maintained himself as a leader except under the tutelage and with the active support of a foreign power.

The climate of Apia is not at all trying. The temperature does not vary the year round two degrees from 80° F., and there is always the trade-wind blowing with such regularity that the residents speak of going to windward or leeward instead of to east or west. The atmosphere is moist, and out of the breeze one perspires freely; but it is always easy to find a breeze by going out of doors. An umbrella is a constant companion, for protection not only from the sun, but also from frequent and sudden showers, which come without any premonition and are often over before shelter can be reached. The natives always run under shelter from these showers, not because they have any clothes to be injured, but because they object to having their hair wet after it has been dressed; and they present a comical appearance walking along naked above the waist, bareheaded, and holding an umbrella over them. The ease with which foreigners become accustomed to seeing the natives in scanty costume makes it doubtful whether the efforts of the missionaries to induce them to wear clothing like foreigners have been entirely judicious. Their natural costume, besides its inexpensiveness, is well suited to the climate. In Tonga, where the natives are compelled by law to wear clothes, they utilize every available fabric from old coffee-bags up; and the result is not conducive to cleanliness, which is a marked characteristic of the Samoans. The latter are greatly favored by having, all around the coast at short distances, beautiful freshwater rivers, which find their way from the mountains of the interior to the sea over pebbly beds; and in these, at all hours of the day, the natives of both sexes disport themselves like ducks, whose equals they are in managing themselves in the water.

It is the presence in Samoa of a relatively large foreign population, with more or less of the greed and selfishness usually characteristic of the relations of white people to aboriginal races, that has made difficult the problem of government, and that necessitates the well-considered assistance of the great powers whose citizens and subjects have acquired residence and property interests in the islands.

Having immediately after my arrival settled down to work, after a short sojourn on the shore I had the satisfaction early one morning of seeing the *Mohican* steam around the point and into the harbor; and thereafter I found myself in most comfortable quarters on board, where I enjoyed to the fullest extent the unwearying hospitality of Captain Day and the cordial coöperation, with respect to the objects of my mission, of himself and his officers.

With the exception of two weeks' absence on a trip to Tonga, on the *Mohican*, I was unremittingly engaged in the investigations which I was required to make, and in the course of them found all the foreign residents not only willing but eager to impart information and opinions, all of which had to be carefully weighed with due regard to their source. At last I was transferred from the *Mohican* to the San Francisco mail steamer, and reluctantly bade farewell to Samoa. The 17th of October, on which I left the kingdom, was Sunday in east longitude time. This is observed in Samoa, although it is in west longitude, because the early missionaries carried with them New Zealand time. Consequently as I stepped on board the mail steamer I found myself in the middle of Saturday, October 16, and the following day enjoyed the novelty of a second Sunday, October 17. This made me even again, as I left the out-going steamer on Sunday, August 15, and on the following day found myself in Tuesday, August 17. Monday, August 16, 1886, was a day entirely lost to me, and in place of it I had in that year a second edition of Sunday, October 17.

The commissioners had reported to their governments early in 1887, extracts from their reports were exchanged, and in June and July of that year the conference met at Washington, the Secretary of State representing the United States, and the German and British ministers their respective governments. The protocols of the conference, recently sent to Congress, have fully disclosed its internal history. Its failure of immediate practical result was due to the insistence by the American representative upon the principle of equality of control which had theretofore been uniformly admitted in every reference to the subject by representatives of the treaty powers, while the German representative for the first time set up a claim to mandatory control for Germany, in violation of the understanding upon which the negotiations had proceeded. This divergence of opinion and the surprise occasioned by it were forcibly expressed by the American representative at the time.

> It may therefore be regarded as fully recognized and established that the object of the United States in proposing the present conference, and of all three powers in sending commissioners to the Samoan Islands to report on the condition of affairs, was to maintain autonomy and independence of the islands under a native government. Such being the declared object of the conference, I have listened with regret to plans and suggestions that appear to me to depend upon the recognition of an inequality of interest of the three powers in the political, moral, and commercial welfare of the islands, and to look unequivocally to the prompt suppression of the native government.[1]
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> They embarked upon the conference with a declaration of the absolute equality of the three powers, and that they were acting in an advisory capacity towards the Samoan people, and that they desired to preserve the independence and autonomy of the islands and absolute equality of treatment in respect of commerce, navigation, jurisdiction, etc., and it is further stated that it was intended that there was to be no inequality whatever in respect to the influence to be exerted by the three governments upon this community; that, whether their interest was little or large, the basis of their approach to this question was the equality of the three treaty powers in dealing with the subject of Samoan government. . . . They approached it with equal responsibility and equal right to deal with it. It was understood that they all had agreements in the form of treaties with this people and were disposed to stand by them. This is found in the united representation of the three powers that the existing treaties were to remain.[2]

The conference was adjourned, not concluded, on motion of Mr. Bayard, to permit the consultation of its members with their governments upon the subject of their differences; and in a dispatch, dated August 7, 1887, Prince von Bismarck, after restating the different views expressed in the conference, admitted that the position taken by the German minister could not be maintained except with the cordial concurrence of both of the other treaty powers, and he reiterated in the most unqualified terms the often expressed understanding as to equality of interest and control.

> The Imperial Government does not see in the American counter-proposition any redress of the now existing evils; it does not aim, notwithstanding the preponderance of German interests over those of other nations in Samoa, at the exercise of a stronger influence with regard to the affairs of the islands than England and America, unless such influence would, in the common interest of the three nations, be willingly conceded to it, as has been done by Great Britain, and, as we were in hopes, would be done by the United States too. This hope having proved to be erroneous, we consider, as we have done hitherto, the now existing equality of rights of the three nations as the acknowledged basis of their relations to Samoa. . . .
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> The Imperial Government is, of course, far from intending to bring about any change in the political relations which the three powers represented there and connected by friendship entertain to Samoa; on the contrary, we maintain unaltered the existing treaties and stipulations between us and the Government of Great Britain and the United States with regard to that group of islands, as well as the equality of rights of the treaty powers. We shall also in the future continue our endeavors to arrive at an understanding about the necessary reforms in order to establish lasting peace on the Samoan Islands, in the interest of the foreign and native population.

A solemn recognition of the equality of the three treaty powers is found in the Municipal Convention of 1879, which was composed of the three consuls and an additional representative from each nationality; and so carefully were the rights of each power preserved that no business could be transacted at any meeting of the municipal board unless a representative of each power was present. Even after the deposition of Malietoa, and the setting up of a pretended native government by the Germans, the German Minister of Foreign Affairs, as reported by a dispatch from Mr. Pendleton, dated October 13, 1887, professed to recognize that equality between the powers which the action of his government's authorized local representatives had done all that was in their power to destroy. Mr. Pendleton quotes Count Bismarck as saying "that the German Government desired to maintain the good *entente* between the powers in regard to Samoa *upon the principles so well known to them all*." And while at this time the German officials had assumed practical control of the Government of Samoa, the minister suggested "that there seemed to be no reason for haste just now; and that with new light on the *status*, as it should then appear, all the governments would go forward in the same spirit which had actuated them heretofore."

And it would almost seem as if it was with the view of diverting the attention of our Government from the German operations in Samoa that Prince von Bismarck, on November 18, 1887, addressed to the German minister a dispatch to be communicated to the Department of State, commenting on the alleged "Anti-German attitude" of our consul-general and his predecessors. Even in this paper is reiterated the principle of equality, notwithstanding the asserted "mercantile preponderance" of Germany, when it says: "We have always maintained the principle of equality of rights of nations in Samoa, and never aspired to political advantages."

To this dispatch the Secretary of State, in a comprehensive view of the whole subject, on the 17th of January, 1888, refuted the charges made against our consular officers, and concluded with this emphatic repetition of the American position:

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[1] Protocol, sixth day.

[2] Protocol, fifth day.

> But, for the very reason that the native Government of Samoa is weak, it has seemed all the more clear to the United States that the control of the islands by any strong foreign power, or its representatives, would defeat the great object of securing native independence and autonomy, and the practical neutralization of the group. Under such control a native government would necessarily cease to have more than a nominal existence; the native element in the islands, deprived of voice and influence in the management of their affairs, would quickly succumb to the aggressive and exclusive tendencies of the foreign residents; and, under these circumstances, the islands would inevitably become a colony of the foreign power by which, or by whose representatives, the Government was actually administered.

To this no direct reply appears to have been ever received.

Since the popular interest awakened in the subject in this country and in Congress, Prince Bismarck (January 13) reiterated his assurances of due regard to the treaty rights of America and England with respect to Samoa, and subsequently (February 1) informed our Government that the German consul had been instructed to withdraw his demand for temporary administration of the islands, such "demand not being in conformity to our [German] previous promises regarding the neutrality and independence of Samoa."

It was therefore upon the same basis of neutrality and autonomy for Samoa and equality of rights and influence for the treaty powers, which underlies the entire negotiation, that the renewal of the conference at Berlin was agreed to. The diplomatic assurances from Berlin have been fair from beginning to end. If doubts are entertained as to their fulfillment, they arise from the contrast between previous promises and the progress of events at Apia, as disclosed by the official papers sent to Congress. On August 23, less than a month after the adjournment of the conference, without notice to this Government, war was declared by Germany against Malietoa because of his inability, on twenty-four hours' notice, to pay a large indemnity for alleged thefts of fruit during four years, and for the injury to a German who had his nose broken in a brawl on the Emperor's birthday in March previous. At once, upon the declaration of war, Apia was filled with German sailors, who were ostentatious in their disregard of the most ordinary personal and property rights of Americans and Englishmen. The German flag was raised over the Government house of Samoa. Tamasese was brought to Apia by a German ship, saluted, landed, and installed as king by the German forces. A so-called government was set up, under control of a clerk of the German trading house as Premier, who early in August had circulated reports anticipating what did occur. Malietoa, having surrendered himself to avoid bloodshed, was deported, and for months the local German officials and naval officers controlled affairs through the nominal government of Tamasese, disregarding the rights of all other foreigners and levying taxes to a point at which the Samoans could no longer pay them and live. The chiefs were summoned, under threats of war, and forced to sign an acknowledgment of Tamasese at a *fono*, held under the guns of the German fleet, at which all discussion was forbidden; and our Government was congratulated upon this result as carrying into effect its suggestion for the election of a king. The office of the Premier was in the German consulate, and thence all Tamasese's orders were issued. Finally the municipal government was broken up.

This condition of affairs grew worse and worse until it was ended by the revolt of the Samoans under Mataafa, the conquest of Tamasese's forces by him, and the awakening of interest in the United States, when the whole subject was brought by the President to the attention of Congress.

For the first time the German Government seemed to understand that there was a limit to the violation by local officials of its promises to us beyond which our Government would not remain quiescent, and a renewal of the conference was proposed with new assurances of good intentions for the future.

Such was the situation when the approaching end of the term of President Cleveland naturally suggested a pause until the new Administration could take up the question.

The position to which we should adhere has been laid down both in the long correspondence and in the attitude of Mr. Bayard in the conference of 1887. The justice of that position has been admitted by Germany and England. Recent events indicate that Prince Bismarck for the first time appreciates that the United States will submit to no less. He understands, as every one does, that Germany cannot go to war about Samoa, and that in such a war she would have an indefensible position upon the facts. Hence it is much to be desired that these two great nations, which ought to be not only at peace, but friendly, will now make a settlement of the vexed question which will conserve all the treaty rights of the United States and at the same time contain the fulfillment of our implied promises to Samoa.

George H. Bates.

THE "TUSCARORA'S" MISSION TO SAMOA.

DURING General Grant's Administration attention was called to the necessity of the United States having coaling stations or places of call for its cruisers in case of war. During the cruise of the Confederate steamer *Shenandoah* in the South Pacific, where she destroyed our whalers, our vessels sent in pursuit were unable to get coal or to go anywhere for repairs. The President, seeing that it was desirable that we should have some point in the South Pacific where our navy in time of need could find shelter and a depot for supplies, and our mercantile marine a place for trade with the surrounding groups of islands, sent Colonel A. B. Steinberger to the Samoan Islands in 1873.[1] Steinberger remained among them long enough to make a thorough investigation bearing upon the commercial value of the islands, their harbors, and the facilities for coaling stations for our cruisers. He made his report, which was sent to Congress by President Grant April 21, 1874. The Samoans addressed a letter to President Grant asking that we would aid them in forming a government, praying for our support, and offering annexation to the United States. The President sent Steinberger back to Samoa as American commissioner. He took passage from San Francisco in the flag-ship *Pensacola* to Honolulu, where he was transferred to the United States ship *Tuscarora*, Commander Henry Erben. A large quantity of freight in shape of arms, some of the very newest pattern, was also taken on board the *Tuscarora*. Commander Erben was ordered by the Navy Department under date of 11th January, 1875, to receive Colonel Steinberger, with his clerk, and convey him in the *Tuscarora* to Samoa, and "to extend to him any facility that you can for the execution of his mission." In March, 1875, the *Tuscarora* arrived at Apia. Commander Erben informed the chiefs of his arrival, also the object of the visit of Colonel Steinberger, also that he was the bearer of a letter from President Grant to the chiefs. The chiefs appointed April 1 for receiving the United States commissioner. They asked that time be given them to get the petty chiefs together and properly to receive President Grant's sealed letter. Twenty-two days were needed. Before the council adjourned a present was made to the *Tuscarora* of 450 chickens, 17 pigs, and about a ton of yams and potatoes. The schooner *Peerless* arrived at Apia from San Francisco shortly after the *Tuscarora*. She had been purchased by Steinberger in San Francisco for his personal use, and a battery of one twenty-four pounder put aboard of her, with the usual number of small-arms. She was sent to the islands of the group to bring up the chiefs to be present at the *fono*, or reception, on the 22d of April; she also did surveying work about the other harbors of the group.

The days before the *fono* were spent in daily conventions explaining to the chiefs in council the Constitution; every article was gone over, and they thoroughly understood each. The Samoans are a superior race of aborigines, intelligent, all having been taught by the missionaries to read and write their own language. The Government was based upon the Taimua, seven chiefs chosen by the other chiefs to serve for one year each. A king was elected, Malietoa. This was not done hastily by any means, but mature deliberation was given, and each candidate's fitness fully considered. On the 22d of April Commander Erben with the officers of the *Tuscarora* attended the council. The sealed letter from President Grant was delivered to King Malietoa, who handed it to Commander Erben to read. A translation was also read by Dr. George A. Turner of the London Missionary Society medical mission. The greatest enthusiasm was manifested. Colonel Steinberger explained to the people the importance of the occasion and the meaning of the articles of the Constitution. The new flag brought out in the *Tuscarora* was shown, and he proposed that it be adopted as a national emblem. The flag consists of seven stripes, red and white, each representing an island, and a white star in a blue ground, representing the Government island of Upolu. It was adopted by the Government, hoisted in the square, and saluted with twenty-one guns by the ship, and the foreign officials were notified of the adoption of both Constitution and flag. The parade that day was a grand and picturesque affair. Fully eight thousand persons were in line, all dressed in fancy costumes, marching splendidly, each village by itself, preceded by beautiful village maidens dressed in their prettiest feather robes of all colors. The men performed athletic feats and feats of arms, showing their war manœuvres as they advanced. The Samoans are a fine-looking race, and different from any of the other Pacific islanders. This parade will never be forgotten by those who viewed it. As they passed by, presents to the *Tuscarora* were deposited before Commander Erben and officers; these, when received on board, amounted to 700 chickens, 70 hogs, and tons of yams and cocoanuts. The cocoanuts were necessary to feed the chickens and hogs, as the chickens would not eat corn. The cocoanut-fed hog furnished a delicate pork for the table. After the parade and ceremonies the foreign consuls and missionaries called on Commander Erben and promised their aid in giving strength to the newly formed Government. In this way the Government of Samoa was inaugurated. The great chiefs remained at Apia for some little time, until a code of laws was made. These were simple in their nature, relating to murder, assault, theft, perjury, revenue and trading, and trespass. The laws regarding liquor selling were well defined, the restrictions being regarded by the liquor sellers as very arbitrary. The *Tuscarora* remained at Samoa long enough to see everything working smoothly and then sailed for Honolulu. Before leaving, the Taimua of Samoa addressed a letter to Captain Erben and to Colonel Steinberger, and a letter was sent at the same time to President Grant.

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[1] While President Grant was looking for a naval station in the South Pacific, he at the same time was having the harbor of Pearl River, near Honolulu, Sandwich Islands, in the North Pacific, examined or surveyed by a commission composed of Major-General J. M. Schofield, United States Army, Major Alexander, United States Engineers, and a naval officer, with the view of our obtaining possession of it and using it as a naval station, with dry dock, etc. [This is the harbor recently ceded to us for such use by treaty with Hawaii.]

In this connection I may state that Mr. William H. Webb, the eminent ship-builder of New York, in 1870 established a line of steamers from San Francisco, via Honolulu, to Australia. Looking about for a place in the South Pacific where his vessels could stop and take coal, he, after a personal inspection, selected the Samoan group as the one offering the best facilities and being nearer the route followed by his ships. He made arrangements with the petty chiefs for a spot to establish a depot and fly the American flag, Pago-Pago being the port selected. Our Government never appreciated the work of Mr. Webb, and that it failed to take advantage of the opportunity of opening up a trade with the South Pacific there is no doubt, but the names of the gentlemen engaged in the enterprise show that the company was formed of San Francisco's most respectable men. That their business would be carried on with greater security and their capital better protected under a settled and recognized Government was a fact well recognized by them.

The following letters are given here because they do not appear in the printed Government records.

TRANSLATION BY GEORGE A. TURNER, M. D.

HOUSE OF THE TAIMUA OF SAMOA,
MULINUU, May 12, 1875.

TO ULYSSES S. GRANT,
The President of the United States of America.

GREAT AND EXCELLENTLY GOOD SIR: We have received from Colonel A. B. Steinberger your very excellent letter, which was written on the 11th December, 1874.

Our joy is very great, and our thankfulness to your Excellency, in that you have been pleased to regard us, and accept our letter and our petition, which was sent to you.

That was indeed a red letter day for us, and all the people of Samoa, on which Colonel Steinberger first gave us your letter and we perused it; and we also again looked upon the person of Colonel Steinberger, who had returned to Samoa then. Thus was our thanksgiving, "the will of God is good"; it is he who has enabled you to regard us, and to appoint him to Samoa to become a source of light in all matters which will give right and solidity to our Government and the laws which have been set up in Samoa. You are aware our weakness and ignorance is very great; our land has not been accustomed to these affairs; it is, as it were, a new thing to us.

Our anxiety was very great during the time that we had not received an answer whether you would accept our wish or not, as also from false stories of vagrants in Samoa. But now these stories are things of the past; we have no longer any doubts; our thoughts are only those of thanks and rejoicing because of your letter and Colonel Steinberger, who is the full pledge of your kindness towards us; on account of this we are now of good courage, and have confidence and also great strength.

All the encouraging words of your letter are very good, to our thinking; we will heed them.

We are very grateful indeed for the present from your Excellency and your Government, the weapons which were brought by Colonel Steinberger to us to strengthen our Government, because, since he reached us and gave us these weapons, our Government has not been hampered in any way; no one has attempted to originate quarrels, as was our foolish custom in days gone by.

Although we are well aware that we can be of no use to you and your Government, it is right for you thus to show friendship to us; but it is on account of your free will to us and our land that you have given us these handsome presents.

We have received from Colonel Steinberger the new flag, which was made for our Government; we deliberated whether we would receive it. We have resolved to accept it gratefully, because it is a very beautiful flag, and we have now adopted it as a sign that our country is one and desirous of establishing a new government.

We are also very desirous of keeping steadfast our present prosperity, and that by God's will it may not again be interrupted. We are about to commence this year fresh plans, which we hope will give unity to our Government; we are now, in fact, beginning this with Colonel Steinberger.

His zeal is very great in helping us and showing us things that are right and useful.

We shall esteem this gentleman very highly on account of his love and humility and great forbearance, inasmuch as great is our inexperience and slowness of comprehension at present. But he is not disheartened on that account; on the contrary, it is as though our darkness and slowness are the cause of his being more zealous and energetic, by night and by day, to make things plain to us, just as is the true love of a father to his children.

Our pleasure in Colonel Steinberger is still very great, and our prayer to God is that he may be pleased that nothing in his providence may happen to cause his speedy removal from among us, but that he may remain with us in Samoa till his death. Our reason for this is that we are well aware that this gentleman is very useful indeed to our land; through him our Government is for the first time strong and able, as it were, to stand and walk about, so also with all arrangements regarding our laws.

Captain Erben, the commander of the war-ship *Tuscarora*, has also been with us for some time; the zeal of that gentleman in encouraging us was indeed great; the behavior also of the officers and all his crew were excellent before us and all the Samoan people; all that they did in Samoa was very good indeed.

The words which we have written in this letter are not many, lest you should get weary in reading it; but your letter we shall preserve, that future generations of Samoans may peruse it.

We send our best respects to your Excellency. May the ever-living God be pleased to preserve your Government forever.

(Signed) TAIMUA OF SAMOA.
TAGALOA.
TUIA.
FUATAGA.
MATAUTIA.
TAUPAU.
SAMOA.
LEMANA.
MISA.
LETUFUGA.
AUFAI.
TIA.
MATAAFA.
ASIATA.
LAVEA.

Written by order of the Taimua.
(Signed) LEMAMEA.

HOUSE OF THE TAIMUA OF SAMOA,
MULINUU, May 12, 1875.

TO HENRY ERBEN,
Captain of the American war-ship "Tuscarora":

We write this letter in reply to your address, and your encouraging words to us which were written on the 9th April, 1875, and were read in our presence at our meeting at Mulinuu on the 22d of the same month.

We are very thankful that God has been pleased to permit your present mission to be carried out so that we have met, and we once more look upon the person of Colonel Steinberger, who has returned.

We are very grateful to the President and Government of the United States of America, in that they have been pleased to reappoint Colonel Steinberger to live in Samoa, because it is true he is a gentleman who has a great deal of true love, and is very useful to our Government, and in all matters regarding our laws. Our minds are quite made up that he will dwell with us in Samoa if God wills it; only if he were to die, that is the only thing that will separate us.

All the directions given to us by Colonel Steinberger are, to our thinking, very right and useful.

Your mission also is excellent, and the behavior of all the people in your vessel before all the people of Samoa is very good indeed. Nothing whatever unseemly has been done by any of your crew since you came to Samoa. But our fear is very great lest any Samoan behave badly, and cause your displeasure and your return with bad tales to the Representatives and the President of the American Government. You are aware that the Samoans are not accustomed to foreign manners; probably they will become acquainted with them, however, ere long.

All the words of encouragement which are written in your letter, and which you spoke to us on that day, we shall never forget; we shall preserve them, and make ourselves familiar with them, and put them past that future generations of Samoans may see them.

We also pray to God that he may hasten the time when Samoa shall carry out all the directions that you have given us, and that you may hear reports some other day regarding the Government of Samoa whether the good seed which you have sown on their account bears fruit or not. All this will take place if the Lord pleases.

We are very much pleased at the present time because we have got a good flag for our Government; we are glad, and admire it because the sign of enlightened nations has been set up in this our land.

We are very much pleased and thankful for the weapons given us by the great Government of America, to make our Government respected. We are indeed strong on account of them.

Our Government and our laws were very much hindered during these years which passed since we parted with Colonel Steinberger up till the time of his return now, but all these hinderances have now passed away; no sound of quarreling or proposals for war are any longer heard, such as were the foolish customs of this our land in former days.

Now we cultivate friendship with all foreigners living with us in Samoa, provided they do what is right in accordance with the laws of our Government.

Our friendship is still great towards the great Government of the United States of America, on account of the true friendship towards us who are ignorant and weak.

With these few words we desire to reply to your address and your encouragement to us. But your letter, with all that it contains, and this, our reply to it, will be, as it were, the means of our having intercourse together in the future when we look at them.

May you have health and strength from God, and may your voyage end happily.

(Signed) TAIMUA OF SAMOA.
LETUFUGA.
TIA.
MATAAFA.
AUFAI.
LAVEA.
ASIATA.
TAUPAU.
LEMANA.
MISA.
TUIA.
SAMOA.
FUATAGA.
TAGALOA.
MATAUTIA.

Written by order of the Taimua.
(Signed) LEMAMEA.

HOUSE OF THE TAIMUA OF SAMOA,
MULINUU, May 13, 1875.

TO THE CHIEF COLONEL A. B. STEINBERGER,
Who is now living in Apia:

We have already written a few words in acknowledgment of the many encouraging and kind words addressed to us by Captain Erben, the commander of the war-ship *Tuscarora*, at our meeting at Mulinuu on the 22d day of April, 1875.

We have also written a letter of thanks in reply to the letter of his Excellency the President of the United States of America — thanks because he has been pleased to entertain our desires which we made known to him. We are going to preserve his letter as, in our sight, precious property, in order that we may constantly look at it, as also future generations of Samoans. We beg you to be kind enough to give our letter to Captain Erben, in order that he may take it to the President of the United States of America, if the Lord be pleased to permit his safe return.

Our joy and thankfulness is very great indeed because you have come back to Samoa, with your true love to us. On this account you have left the good and pleasant things of your own land and your family, in order to come and assist us.

Our fears were very great indeed during the time now gone by when we were far distant from one another; we thought you had forgotten Samoa. But now that we again look upon you, great are our thanks to God, and our thoughts are that our Government and our laws will now be thoroughly consolidated, because you have returned; for although the Samoans have been well trained by the missionaries in reading, and the word of God, and many other good things, with the modes of government and law-making we are not conversant.

We think that we and all the Samoan people at the present time are blessed, and are about to obtain permanent peace by legislation and through God's blessing, whereas former generations of Samoa have passed away in darkness and distress.

And now, with reference to the presents from your Government which you have given to us, our pleasure is very great indeed, and you have the thanks of all the people of Samoa, because what you said is true. Samoans can do many things for the Government, but it is impossible for any one in Samoa to manufacture guns. The Samoan Government has been greatly strengthened since you came and gave us these cannon, and the arms and clothes for the police, all which things Samoans are observing.

Samoa was on the point of again getting into trouble, if God had not been pleased to bring you quickly back to Samoa, but now there is no longer to be heard the sound of war or any other thing to cause trouble to the Government of Samoa.

A great many false stories were circulated by wanderers from other lands who are in Samoa, during the time that you were far away, and this gave rise to great concern, and some were disheartened. But notwithstanding, we waited with patience and courage, because we knew well the friendship and energy which you displayed during your first journey, and now the result is that your kind words and promises of former days have come to pass. We now therefore receive you with joy and friendship, as is your great friendship for us and all Samoans.

You spoke to us about some arrangement to allow people of your Government to bring their vessels into our harbors, and for us to respect and protect them when they come to Samoa. We are perfectly and heartily willing for this.

We also thank you for the new flag that you gave us to deliberate about; we are unanimously in favor of it; that flag is of great use as an emblem that the Government of Samoa is united and established.

On that day, the 22d of April, 1875, that we were all together at Mulinuu, and that you gave us the letter from his Excellency the President of the United States of America, and that we also listened to your encouraging words and those of Captain Erben, the commander of the war-ship *Tuscarora*, the hearts of all the people of Samoa were filled with great joy, because we thought that for the first time our Government was established holding sway over all the different lands of Samoa.

You have given us some account of the Sandwich Islands, referring to the happiness they possess, and their Government being thoroughly established and respected by all the great nations; with this in view, it is right for us all to work hard at the present time, and pray that God may be pleased to hasten the time when Samoa also may have the same blessedness.

You have also told us of some gentlemen who came with you to assist us; we are very thankful and glad that there are other useful men to direct the Samoans. Our desire is very strong that they should still remain in Samoa, and not be soon disheartened on account of the ignorance and slowness to learn of the Samoans.

As to your many encouraging words and useful directions given to us on that day at Mulinuu, we think them very good indeed. We wish also to attend to all good advices which you may give us from day to day, because we know well it is your desire to do what is right and what will be best to consolidate and thoroughly establish our Government and laws.

With these words, we desire that God may be pleased to hasten the time when all these desires of ours shall come to pass.

We hope that for many days and years we may live together and labor together for the good of the Government of Samoa.

May the Lord give you life and health.

(Signed) Taimua of Samoa.

Fuataga.
Tagaloa.
Matautia.
Tuia.
Samoa.
Lemana.
Misa.
Taupau.
Letufuga.
Tia.
Aufai.
Lavea.
Asiata.
Mataafa.

Written by order of the Taimua.

(Signed) Lemamea.

Henry Erben.

ROBY'S CHRISTIAN CHARITY.

OLD Jonathan Roby had been a crusty, crotchety, close-fisted bachelor, who had, penny by penny and dollar by dollar, scraped together a small fortune in a long life of hard work and shrewd dealing, and who kept tight hold of all his gains. When he died, his will was a surprise to his neighbors. He bequeathed all his money to three trustees, who were to invest it until it increased to a certain sum, and it was then to be administered for the benefit of the deserving poor of the town.

The three trustees named in the will were to be replaced, one at a time, by an annual election by the legal voters of the village; and the Board of Control, as the trustees were styled, was to be perpetuated in this way. It was directed that the fund should be called "Roby's Christian Charity."

When the money became available the trustees began to use it by the easy and simple method of distributing to nearly all applicants orders for fire-wood, clothing, food, and medicine, by the terms of the will their discretion in administering the trust being almost unlimited.

This simple management of the Charity was soon hotly attacked from two sides. Jonas Rand, editor of the local "Plaindealer," set up the socialistic argument that the greater part of the fund being interest, and largely accrued after Roby's death, it never rightfully belonged to him, but to the people at large; and it should be immediately returned to those needing it, in the form of loans without interest. Then Stanton Roby, a nephew of old Jonathan, took up the cudgels and made active warfare through another local paper, both upon Rand's theory and upon the actual management of the trustees. He criticized the existing plan as simply a premium upon idleness and incompetence, and advocated a scheme of enlightened philanthropy based upon experience and guided by economic principles.

Rand and Roby had been neighbors' children and companions all their young days, though they were singularly contrasted in character and appearance. Rand was a short, thick, shock-headed boy, of a stubborn and passionate disposition. Roby was taller, fair and slender, with a bright, handsome face and a pleasant, smiling look. They never had a serious quarrel until they became rivals for the same girl's favor. Then Rand's dogged attachment to Roby changed to a dogged hatred that showed no abatement after years had elapsed and both were married men with families growing up about them. Roby married the girl for whose favor they had been rivals.

In the contention over the Charity which now arose between them, Roby carefully and contemptuously avoided any allusion to Rand, but riddled and ridiculed his reasoning with merciless logic, sarcasm, and absurd illustrations. Rand, on his part, seemed eagerly glad of an occasion to pour out his wrath upon Roby, and attacked him with almost savage personality, which it may be supposed did not grow less bitter under Roby's laughing scorn. The warfare between them was waged long and sharply and revived whenever the Charity came into public notice. By degrees the community divided upon the question into two hostile parties that ranged themselves under the respective leadership of Roby and Rand.

This culminated at the fourth annual election after the maturing of the fund, before which the meetings had been a mere form. When Roby entered the place at that time he saw at a glance that the meeting had been silently packed by Rand, who sat with a face of grim determination in the midst of a solid body of his adherents.

Roby hastily sent out for reënforcements and set himself doggedly to delay action until help should arrive. He made use of every device that his wits could command, raised points of order, argued and made motions of every kind; and breathless men arrived more and more rapidly, singly, and by twos and threes.

Rand had the chairman on his side, and they overruled Roby point by point and forced on the business with all their might. Roby continued to fight for time and disputed every minute that elapsed, but at length a vote was called in spite of him and they made him a teller to keep him quiet.

Rand was named for trustee, and Roby nominated a man who was not present, but who was popular among all classes. The result of the first ballot was reported as a tie. On the second ballot Rand was defeated by one vote.

Neither Rand nor Roby took any further part in the proceedings that night. Roby appeared to collapse as completely and instantly as Rand. He sat still in his place and did not say another word; but as the meeting broke up Rand confronted him, white with rage.

"Stan. Roby," he said close in his face, "I 'll hunt you for this as long as you live."

Roby dropped his head and turned away.

That was the turning-point. The trustees consulted Roby and adopted some of his plans; finally they made him superintendent, and he was confirmed year after year. He corresponded, studied, planned, and made of the fund an embodied beneficence.

Rand pursued him relentlessly, condemned his action at every step, and accused him of taking this artful way of evading his uncle's will and absorbing the property. Roby never retorted, and heard Rand denounced with impatient distaste. People found him difficult to understand; he had grown stern and reserved. It was sometimes remarked as strange that the single person whom he treated with habitual gentleness, after his wife and only daughter, Lucia, was Jonas Rand. Then his wife died, some thought from exposure in carrying out his plans among the poor; and his bitter grief seemed to have a hardening effect. He was strict with his boys, and especially harsh towards the slightest untruth. The youngest and brightest of his children was restive and went astray.

This was partly due to a plausible fellow, whom Roby brought from town to teach in his "Artisan School," who corrupted his bright boy and ended by running away with a daughter of Jonas Rand. Rand met Roby at the time and fiercely accused him; and though Roby was of course not responsible, he took the matter to heart. And when the girl suffered the consequent misery and desertion and her father refused her shelter, Roby had her cared for through charitable city friends.

Years passed, and the enterprise became Roby's absorbing passion. As the Charity grew in favor, Roby became more distant and dark, and Rand more bitter, if possible, in his denunciation. Rand's violence and his revolutionary opinions alienated many, and his business suffered in consequence. By and by it was whispered that he was in difficulties; but still he worried along with a bold front, and his womankind dressed as showily. Finally, one year, it became known that things were thickening about him; and he showed care in his face. His creditors brought suits to recover their overdue claims.

One day in the fall of that year Roby learned that an execution against Rand was out and in the sheriff's hands. That night Roby sat up late alone; by turns he sat thinking, went over accounts, made calculations, and sat thinking long again. After midnight he put on his hat and coat and went out. It was a wild night, he found, as he walked across the town to Rand's home. All the house was dark, except one room on the ground floor. It was Rand's working-room, and through a gap in the curtains Roby saw him sitting there, sunk together and utterly broken, with despair in every line of his haggard face.

Roby wandered on a little way, then came back. Rand still sat in the same place, and Roby stood by a tree at the fence, watching him. He could not leave the spot, though the wind went through him. After a while Rand got up and moved about awkwardly, then went to his desk and scrawled two or three lines on a scrap of paper. He left it lying there, and turned away.

He crossed the room and passed out of Roby's sight; and a minute afterward the hall-door opened and he came out and down the steps. He wore neither hat nor coat, and the wind blew his grizzled hair about, but he did not seem to feel it. Roby went forward to the gate and stood in his way. Rand stood confounded, then he spoke furiously:

"Get out of my way, or I 'll kill you."

Roby did not move, but answered quietly:

"That would n't do you any good."

They stood so a minute, then Roby added:

"Come in; I 've got something to say."

He passed Rand and went in; and Rand followed, dumb with passion. In the house they faced each other.

"What do you want?" Rand asked.

"If you are in need of money," Roby replied, "I can let you have some."

Rand sat down and stared speechlessly. After a little he asked:

"Do you come here to pry into my affairs?"

Roby flushed, but took out and handed Rand a check made payable to his order, dated and signed, with only the amount left blank. Roby mentioned a sum which he could spare. Rand sat holding the check, staring at it, till it began to flutter and his body to heave. He answered hoarsely:

"Half of that would save me and my family from ruin."

Roby took the check and went to the desk to write. The scrawl Rand had left still lay there, but he saw it and came quickly and covered it with his hand. He let his hand lie there a moment, then took it away.

"No: read it," he said roughly. "I don't care."

He sat down again, and Roby read the paper and stood still; he rested on the desk with both hands and did not move for a minute or two. Then he took up the paper, crumpled it in his hand, and thrust it into the stove, shutting the door. He went back and filled up the blank, turned and handed the check to Rand without looking at him.

Rand looked at it awhile and turned it over, looked at it again, and let it slip through his fingers. It was for five thousand dollars. He began to gasp and choke, doubled up and coughed, and shook as if he would go to pieces.

The room was cold and the fire low; Roby threw on coal and set it going. He looked at Rand, who still shook as in a deadly ague.

"Where is your coat?" he asked.

His voice sounded harsh to himself.

Rand looked about and made an impotent gesture, and Roby pulled off his overcoat, threw it over him, and turned and came out of the house. The dawn found Rand sitting where Roby had left him, with the check lying on the floor beside him.

The coat was sent back the next day without a word. Two or three days later Rand stopped Roby in the street, looking as if he had been sick.

"What security do you want?" he asked.

"None," Roby answered.

"Is it to buy me off from criticizing?"

"I hope you will keep on. Some of your points are good."

"Well, I don't understand. What do you mean by it?"

"I can't tell you," Roby replied, and went on his way.

Roby was unusually quiet at home that night, though gentle with Lucia as always. The next day was Sunday; but he had dropped off going to church a good while back. As Lucia was going out she saw him looking sad, and offered to stay with him, but he answered:

"No; your mother would not like you to stay away from church."

Lucia looked at him, then said gently:

"Don't you think she would be sorry not to have you go too?"

"Yes, I suppose so," he answered, and turned away with a darkened face. So she went alone, sadly.

Again years passed. Rand's affairs took a turn for the better, and he moderately prospered and paid Roby off by degrees. Roby extended the Charity more and more, but he got little joy of it himself.

One year a vague fear crept over Lucia about her father. Finally she could not bear it any longer, and besought him to tell her his trouble; then he broke down and confessed it all. It crushed her at first, but her faith and truth prevailed.

"I would have told them before but for you," her father said.

"Then do it now for my sake," the brave girl answered.

The annual meeting came on, and a vague

expectation packed the house. Lucia pleaded to go with her father, and she was the only woman present. They were a little late. Jonas Rand was there, and the trustees sat together with grave faces. One of them, named Robson, came and whispered to Roby; and he stood forth and wheeled round slowly once or twice before the expectant throng. Lucia stood looking up at her father while he spoke.

"I had better begin at the beginning," he said. "My whole management of this trust, my life all these years, has been based on a fraud. Jonas Rand secretly packed the fourth annual meeting, and I was determined he should not get control; I believed he would wreck the Charity. I was proud and scorned deceit, but I was greatly excited, and in a moment, before I knew, I fell. I was fighting for time and just fell short. I was one of the tellers, and saw how the vote would result. Rand had one majority on the first ballot, and I counted him out. I made it a tie by swallowing one of his ballots.

"That was the foundation. I vowed I would bring good out of it, but I could not. Evil would only beget evil. It has caused misery and death, made orphans, and ruined more than one life besides mine; and now it has had its natural end. I became reckless and risked the money of the Charity for a greater income, and most of it is lost."

He sat down, and Jonas Rand rose up slowly and stormed:

"Aha! aha! now I understand."

He moved to ballot for trustee, and in excitement Rand and another were named. A slip was handed to Roby, and he voted "Jonas Rand." Rand was elected by one majority. Then Trustee Robson resigned, and Rand named and elected his successor. Robson stood on a chair and finally obtained a hearing.

"Mr. Roby has not told all," he said. "He assigns all his property to the trust; and though something is lost, the Charity is richer than when he took charge of it."

Roby and Lucia started to leave, and Rand sat petrified. His jaw worked and his head went back. Then he called loudly:

"Wait, there!"

He came forward noisily and waved them back. His strong, harsh voice made all quake who heard him.

"Now it 's my turn. It is true I packed the meeting and Roby beat me; he has told you how. I have hated and hunted him for it ever since. But he has no right to say he has wrought only evil; you all know it is false. You know this whole community is better for his work. I know it, I have known it for years. I know it better than any one, and I want to own it. He has paid me only with good; he saved me from suicide, and my children from ruin more than once. If any one thinks I am going to wreck his work now, he is mistaken."

The following Sunday morning Lucia came and looked earnestly into her father's face, as he sat in troubled thought.

"Won't you come with me?" she asked. "I want you to come."

He went with her, and on the street they met Jonas Rand. The two men shook hands soberly, the first time since boyhood, but found nothing to say. Lucia spoke gently:

"We are going to church. Won't you come with us?"

"I never go to church," Rand replied.

And Roby said, "I have n't been in nine years."

Lucia urged, modestly: "Please come, Mr. Rand; my father has been telling me how you used to play together."

Rand hesitated, then went with them unsteadily, going from side to side. People turned to look, and stared after them as they went along.

The old minister had intended to preach about the house built upon the sand, to show that truth is the only solid foundation, and whatever is without it comes to naught. But seeing beside the gentle girl those two gray heads bowed together before him, that he remembered when they were tow-heads, a tremor came over him, and he could not keep his voice quite steady as he rose and gave out for his text:

"I say unto you, that likewise joy shall be in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, more than over ninety and nine just persons, which need no repentance."

As the congregation slowly dispersed, the three went away together without speaking to any one. Roby was grave and still; Lucia clung tightly to his arm, and Rand wandered along moodily on the other side. Nothing was said between them; but though Rand was a large man, there was something in the dogged way he plodded on that brought sharply to Roby's mind the shock-headed stump who had trudged so many a mile of country at his side when they were boys.

They went on so in silence till they came to Roby's gate. Then there was a moment of hesitation. Lucia looked from one to the other. Rand turned to speak, but either found nothing to say or did not know how to express himself. He made a movement as if to go on, but Roby stopped him and asked him to come in, saying he was afraid they did not have much for dinner, but they would be glad to have him share what they had. He went in with Lucia, and Rand followed doubtfully.

In the house Rand stood staring about him. Roby asked him to sit down, but he did not seem to hear. Both men were thinking of the same thing: this was the house Roby had built for his bride, to which he had brought her home when they were married. Rand had never crossed the threshold before. After a pause, Roby spoke, without being able to hide the pang it gave him:

"It 's a pretty good house. I suppose this is the last Sunday we shall be here. I understand the trustees are going to sell."

"Yes," Rand answered, without looking at him. "Yes; Colonel Joyce has made us an offer, and I expect he 'll get it."

Lucia put her hands to her face suddenly, and sat down and sobbed sharply once or twice. Rand turned towards her and dropped his head; he came near awkwardly and stood staring down at her, helpless, and dark in the face. In a moment Lucia got up and went out of the room.

Rand fell heavily into a chair and sat bent forward, gloomy and stern, with his hands hanging over his knees. After a silence Roby spoke in a low voice:

"It brings things back to us sharply. In her memory the house is closely associated with her mother; and she 's tender-hearted, like her."

"She 's the perfect image of her," Rand broke out harshly.

Nothing more was said till they were called out to dinner. Rand took no notice, and Roby stood waiting, then spoke to him again. Rand got up and followed him unsteadily as far as the door. There he stopped, took hold of both doorposts and stood with his head down a minute, then burst out:

"No, I can't!"

He turned and blundered out of the house, stumbling over a chair and trying a wrong door on the way, and went staving down the street as if afraid to look behind him.

It was a sad Sunday for them, and that night Roby told Lucia he should go to the city in the morning and consult with friends about their unknown future home and maintenance. And it was a lonely and sore-hearted Monday which followed for Lucia, as may be supposed.

Early in the afternoon, as she sat alone in forlorn meditation, a boy brought to the door a letter addressed to her in a large, sprawling hand. Inside she found a dollar bill and the words, written in the same hand as the address:

> Inclose one dollar and return it to me by the bearer. Ask no questions.
>
> JONAS RAND.

Lucia did not know what else to do; so, after some surprised hesitation, she simply did as the letter directed.

About dusk she was in her own room, thinking it would soon be time for her father to return, when she heard the click of the gate and a man's sharp tread on the walk. She ran down and went to the door; but when she opened it she drew back, startled. It was not her father.

Jonas Rand stood there, his face flushed, and breathing hard. He had a large envelope in his hand, which he held out to her; he tried to speak, but only muttered some husky and incoherent phrases; he pressed the envelope into her hand and closed her uncertain fingers upon it with a grasp that shook and hurt them. Then he turned and hurried away, out of the gate and down the street.

Roby found beginning the world over again a cold and sorry business, and came home downcast and discouraged. Lucia did not meet him at the door, as he had hoped; and when he went in he found her sitting by the lamp with an unfolded paper in her lap and a helpless look in her face. She took up the paper and reached it out to him.

"I don't quite understand," she said tremulously.

Her father took it and looked it over.

"Where did you get this?" he asked.

She told him, and he sat down and read the paper through. What he made out of it was that Rand had bought the place and made it over to Lucia in due form. They found out afterward that he had mortgaged his own house to raise the money.

Roby sat still a little while, then turned slowly towards Lucia and began to tell her:

"We won't have to leave: Jonas Rand —"

But he stopped there, and turned his face away with a catch in his throat. His head bowed forward, and Lucia came to him quickly and clung about his neck. The world-worn man and the innocent girl wept together tears in which regret and rejoicing were keenly mingled.

That was some years ago. Strangers in the town who stay for any time are very likely to ask who are the two grave, gray-haired men so often seen together and seeming so strangely assorted. They are partners in business, and as constant companions as when they were boys. They often differ in opinion and express themselves freely; but behind and above all matters of opinion remains their life-long attachment, too fiercely tried and strongly cemented for any difference to shake again.

Rand still serves as trustee of the Charity, and is the leading spirit in its management; but it continues to be administered on the general lines which Roby laid down.

Lucia is almost as often seen with one as with the other, and people have been known to say that Rand seems fonder of her than of his own more showy daughters.

James T. McKay.

ROUND ABOUT JERUSALEM.

IN one of the narrow streets of Bethany are the walls of an old stone building the single opening of which is closed by a wooden door painted green. Every visitor is halted at this humble portal, and it opens in answer to the creak of a long, heavy, rusty key manipulated by both hands of the custodian. It is called the house where Lazarus and Martha and Mary lived. The encircling walls seem to be less antique than the old Roman arch which stands within, and their architectural style evidently dates from periods different and widely separated. Upon the walls are trailing vines and scattered flowers. The inclosure is only about twelve feet by fourteen feet in extent, and has no roof. If this is really the place where Jesus was wont to come day by day after his work had been finished in the city, then it was the scene of great excitement on the last Saturday he spent upon the earth. The time for the feast of the Passover was at hand. Every road and byway was swarming with people journeying towards Jerusalem. The number was greater than usual because it was expected that Jesus would attend the feast. No fear of death debarred the faithful son of Israel and true Messiah from undertaking the journey with the rest; so the start was made. From every wall of the roofless apartment the deep-cut, narrow road up which he climbed may be seen dividing the hill which protects Bethany on the west. It is one of the loveliest spots in all Palestine. Fresh and well attended is everything, and free from the pestering people one meets in so many localities. The olive trees are healthier, shapelier, and more fruitful than those down Hebron way; the wheatfields appear more thrifty, and the flowers are surely more abundant. It seems as though nothing had changed since Jesus went by, except that then, perhaps, a village capped the now bare hill, as was the case with almost every hilltop in Palestine when he was a dweller there.

His associates on his journey came from the masses — a motley assemblage, part of whom had followed him from Decapolis and Jericho, their number augmented by friends and followers from the region round about Bethany. Undoubtedly the Galilean disciples, who had joined him during his ministry there, led the enthusiastic procession. When the brow of the hill was reached a second living stream was seen winding down the pathways on the opposite hill and along the deep valley intervening. Palm branches were uplifted in the hands of some, and others broke boughs from the fig and olive trees and bore them aloft. Long before the two assemblages met, the crowds from Jerusalem began to carpet the rough mountain road with the verdant boughs, and those from Bethany divested themselves of their garments and spread them in the way before their divine companion. The high, rocky inclines of both Olivet and Mount Moriah echoed and reëchoed the loud hosannas which went forth from that joint multitude. The distance between the two towns is barely two miles. As the advance was made, one section turned back and led the other. Soon a slight descent and turn in the road was reached. As though crystallized from the clouds, suddenly, in the twinkling of an eye, the city of Jerusalem appeared in its entire extent, no object whatever intervening to break the glorious view. Mount Moriah stood forth with the Herodian Temple rising far above the supporting and protecting walls; Mount Zion, covered with the glory and glitter of its magnificent palaces, appeared next; the great wall girdling all with its solid towers and outreaching gates, which appeared like strong knots to strengthen it — all presented a phantasmagoria of beauty unsurpassed. The tree-clad hills and the surrounding fertile valleys combined to make a glorious setting and brought out the grandeur of the rich city. Even now this view is most imposing. This preliminary glimpse is soon hidden by the shoulder of Olivet. The terraced sides of the sacred mountain then, as now, were dotted by vineyards with hedges set about them, with places dug for the wine-vats, and with towers built for the watchmen of the vineyards.

As the enthusiastic multitude moved on, the crowds of persons who had been pouring out from the Holy City ever since the gates were opened fell in and swelled the procession. These people were of every kind and condition — old and young, rich and poor, women and their little ones. Some came to welcome a friend who had been kind to them, or whose friends had shared his healing power, and some came to honor the king who was to redeem them from the cruel grasp of the foreign invader. There were some who served as spies, and only joined in the loud talk and violent gesticulations in order to bring out the real feelings of the earnest followers of Jesus. Hope and Passion trudged along side by side; Desire and Fear followed them. Every looker-on, infected by the contagion, joined the living mass and increased the exulting shout which came up from the rear. The everlasting hills caught the anthems of praise and sent the sound rolling up the valley until those who thronged the walls and towers of Jerusalem caught the news that Jesus was indeed coming to the feast and was even then close at hand. At last the little bridge which crosses the Kidron valley was reached, and the narrowing procession crossed over to the Golden Gate of Jerusalem. The expressions of fealty and devotion then increased, and the waiting multitude prostrated themselves upon the ground in testimony of their reverence and gratitude. It was the desire of every one to greet Jesus, and it was a marvel to see the apprehensiveness lest he should not come change place with the delight which attended his actual presence. Such complete possession did the thoughts, hopes, and fears concerning this mysterious man take of the people that even the preparation for the great impending feast was forgotten. The excited populace was uncertain how or what to think of him, much less what to expect. Some were violent, and declared that any such disturber of the peace was liable to bring down the imprecations of Rome and thereby destroy even what little prosperity there was among the Jews. Others, who had been wearied and harassed almost to insanity by the tumults and indecision of years, stood with open arms, ready and glad to welcome any instructor who could wrestle with the reigning sect and restore the law of Moses to its wonted place. For one faction had so perverted the religion of their fathers as to drive from it all the spirit and all the hope for a happy future state; while another, even more offensive, by their dead forms and dreadful practices of vice and lust so poisoned the ancient faith as to sicken every sincere heart. As Jesus proceeded to the Temple his enemies were preaching there, trying by every form of statement and argument to turn away the minds of the people from him. He was branded as a disturber of the peace of the city and of the nation. Oftentimes these services were broken up in confusion. Then Jesus himself took the place of the exhorters and overwhelmed the excited assemblages by the recital of his parables, by his questionings, by his utterances of the great commandments, by his gentle admonitions, by his terrible denunciations and calm predictions. And thus the public pulse went up and down under the governing sway of hope and passion until that last night, when, while friends were away, the populace at rest, and suspicion asleep, Jesus was seized, tried, and condemned, and before the news could be spread was hurried outside the walls and crucified.

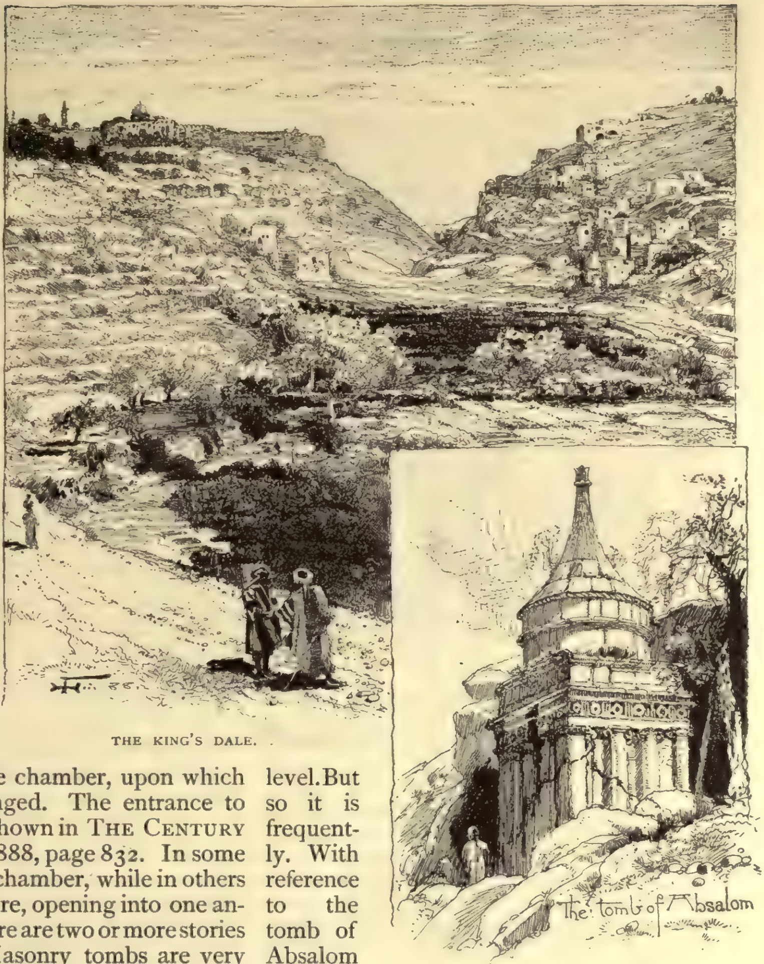
The topography of Jerusalem is an interesting study. "What were the true limits of ancient Jerusalem?" is a query that has not yet been answered as fully and satisfactorily as has "Where was the place called Calvary?" For our present purpose it will not be necessary to go into the depths of the discussion, because the points which now interest us all lie on the east side of the city. Concerning two points there need be no dispute — in fact, there is none. I refer to the locality of the two great valleys of Hinnom and Kidron. Had their rise at the north and west been a little closer to each other, and their wide, deep courses been filled with water, they would have made Jerusalem an island. As it is, it appears between them like a noble, mountainous promontory. Approach it as you will, it rises sublimely above its environments, with its embattled towers, its always picturesque minarets, and its shapely domes standing out against the azure background of the sky. No clear-headed general of the time when baliistæ, battering-rams, and catapults were used in besieging a city could have coveted a more advantageous site than this. There seems to be nothing about Jerusalem to welcome the stranger. On the contrary its high walls and its guarded gates seem to say, "Halt! you are not welcome here." And yet its history draws us on, and this same wall of two and a half miles in circumference — a mere apology for a wall compared with its predecessor, and only about half its girth — attracts our attention at once. The materials of which it is constructed represent every age of the city from the time when "Solomon in all his glory" contracted for the Temple building to the day when Baldwin and Richard Cœur de Lion constructed the splendid Muristan. These quarried fragments of the ages, some beveled, some of porphyry from Arabia, some of the granite of Sinai, are placed with as little idea of unity and conformity as are the postage stamps in a young collector's album. Here and there a broad arch, closed up, is seen, with quantities of indentations and projections, with prominent angles, square towers, loopholes, and threatening battlements. As in Christ's day, so now, a broad pathway, protected by a breastwork, runs around the top of the wall and often serves as the fashionable, and indeed only, promenade of the curious old city. From the eastern wall, near the Golden Gate, close to the top, a fragment of a round porphyry column projects several feet. The makers of Moslem legends have fixed this for the accommodation of their prophet Mohammed, who is to sit astride it and judge the world when the people assemble in the Valley of Jehoshaphat at the last day.

The general conformation of the walls is that of a quadrangle. The Mosque of Omar and the adjacent grounds occupy the south-east angle. A fair map of this most interesting of all of the corners of Jerusalem, as it appears to-day, is found in the engraving on page 48. This is the summit of Mount Moriah. This one view includes more points of interest, from right to left, than any other in Jerusalem, and takes in more than one-eighth of the modern city. Outside of the platform the area is covered with a grassy lawn, and here and there olive, cypress, and other trees vary the scene. The south-west corner embraces all that part of Mount Zion which is inclosed by the modern wall, and is occupied largely by the Armenian convent with the accessory buildings. Another immense establishment is located in the north-west quarter of the city and belongs to the Latin convent. The Church of the Holy Sepulcher lies between the two and serves as the general fighting-ground of the two creeds, the battles going on under the surveillance of a Turkish guard and Remington rifles.

The quarter of Jerusalem to which the exasperated visitor may retire when sickened by the turbulence and uncleanness of the others is the north-east. It is not largely built up, like the others, but it is beautified by gardens and olive groves. It is only a question of a little time, however, before these vacant spots will be covered with buildings. Once possession of the land is had by Latin or Greek, occupation will rapidly follow. Within a few years the buildings outside the walls have so increased as to form a new city almost as large as the ancient one within. Superb churches are going up all about Jerusalem, even on the stony incline of the Mount of Olives—many more churches than the whole populace can fill; but their purpose it is not hard to conjecture.

Tradition says that the route from Bethany, on the occasion of the triumphal entry, followed the narrow pathway winding along the side of the Mount of Olives from south-east to north-west, back of the village of Siloam, until the neighborhood of the Garden of Gethsemane was reached, then westward across the valley of the Kidron to the city gate. It is not purposed to dispute tradition now, or even to disturb any one's peace by arguing the case; but for the better understanding of all or any of the routes from Bethany to Jerusalem, our present journey will lead us down the hills west of the common road of to-day into the valley of the Kidron where it is joined by the Vale of Hinnom. Thus we come at once upon the most sublime and impressive view round about Jerusalem, or indeed in all Palestine. This region is shown in the engraving on the opposite page and is known as the "King's Dale." Through it the brook Kidron flowed once upon a time. No water follows the course now except in the rainy season of the winter-time, when the torrents from the adjacent hills unite here and follow down to the Dead Sea. The terraces of the eastern shoulder of Mount Zion are detailed here on the left; over the city wall the dome of the Mosque of Omar, situated on Mount Moriah, is visible. Stone stairways are there leading up to Jerusalem. "The Hill of Evil Counsel" is on the extreme left, and the narrow, stony road leading to Siloam beyond, located on the south-western incline of the Mount of Olives, is plainly observable. Although the inhabitants of Siloam are as unfriendly a band of robbers as there is in the Orient, they are good husbandmen and have made the neighboring vale a little paradise. The stones have been industriously removed and the soil has been rendered most productive. The waters of the Pool of Siloam (located on the left) are used for irrigating this garden spot. Plantations of fig and olive trees are here; vineyards and fields of waving grain make a fine color contrast; and the plats devoted to the cultivation of vegetables for the Jerusalem market would excite the envy of the ingenious farmers of our own New Jersey, Florida, and California. No fence of stone or of wood breaks the expanse. The people are a community and do not quarrel with each other, though they scowl at the approach of the stranger. A person can stand on the pathway in the foreground of our camera-map and see, besides the sites named, the "Potter's Field," "Job's Well," or En-Rogel, the Frank Mountain, the Pool of Gihon, the whole length of the Vale of Hinnom on the left, and the entire eastern and southern walls of Jerusalem.

Following the Siloam road, after the gardens are left behind, the valley is found to be systematically and extensively terraced, in order that every foot of the precious soil may be utilized. After the village of Siloam is passed, the valley narrows until it amounts to little more than a ravine. A grand perspective view of the eastern wall of Jerusalem is obtained from this point. The entire surface of this portion of Olivet seems to be crowded with the white stone memorials of the dead. On right and left every rock seems to have been excavated, every cave "improved," for sepulchral use. This is largely the case all around Jerusalem. Certainly it is true all the way from Mount Moriah to St. Stephen's Gate and from Siloam to the Garden of Gethsemane. The humbler Jewish tombs are marked by a slab of rough limestone without emblem or symbol, though many of them bear Hebrew inscriptions. The Mohammedan gravestone is usually upright, set in a base, and the grave is often inclosed on each side and



THE KING'S DALE.

The tomb of Absalom

at the top by slabs. There is frequently a footstone as well as a headstone. The study of the excavated tombs is very interesting. There is almost every variety in the neighborhood of Jerusalem. Some of them contain only *loculi*, or troughs, cut laterally in the rock, with an arch or canopy above; and into these troughs the bodies were laid. A second class consists of a central chamber from which rows of *koka*, or rectangular, sloping spaces, run inwards, like tunnels, sufficiently high and wide to permit the admission of a corpse. Other tombs have both loculi and koka, together with numerous stone benches around the sides of the chamber, upon which sarcophagi were arranged. The entrance to such a tomb as this is shown in THE CENTURY MAGAZINE for April, 1888, page 832. In some cases there is only one chamber, while in others there are a dozen or more, opening into one another. Occasionally there are two or more stories in one excavation. Masonry tombs are very rare. Stairways lead to some of these chambers of the dead which are found along the Valley of Jehoshaphat, and the façades of some of the noted ones have been carved and cut in pretentious styles. Others are isolated,—cut from the solid rock,—and stand out prominent features in the gloomy prospect. Most prominent among the last named are the alleged sepulchers of Zechariah, St. James, Absalom, and Jehoshaphat. That of Absalom is the most elaborate of all. It is doubtful whether Absalom's remains ever rested anywhere near it, but it always forms a picturesque feature in the landscape, standing as it does upon a well-chosen site. It is quite 50 feet high and 22 feet square at the base. All these surrounding sepulchers are in harmony with the deadness which pervades the Holy City. Alas! how the poor pilgrims would have writhed during their last years if they had known that the jackals might be toying with their poor shriveled remains before the rough limestone placed over them by faithful friends had settled to a comfortable level. But so it is frequently. With reference to the tomb of Absalom and its pretentious neighbors Dr. Edward Robinson says, "It is unnecessary to waste words to show that they never had anything to do with the persons whose names they bear." He says further:

> The intermingling of the Greek orders, and a spice of the massive Egyptian taste, which are visible in these monuments, serve also to show that they belong to a late period of the Greek and Roman art, and especially to that style of mingled Greek and Egyptian which prevails in the Oriental provinces of the Roman Empire. The chief seat of this style was perhaps at Petra, where it still appears in much of its pristine character in the very remarkable excavations of Wady Mûsa. When we visited that place some weeks afterwards we were much struck at finding there several isolated monuments, the counterparts of the monolithic tombs in the Valley of Jehoshaphat. The architectural remains of Petra are not held, I believe, to be in general older than the Christian era; nor is there any reason to suppose that the Jewish monuments in question are of an earlier date. Indeed, if they existed prior

THE HOUSE OF MARY AND MARTHA.

> to the destruction of Jerusalem they are probably to be referred to the times of the Herods, who themselves were of Idumæan descent, and maintained an intercourse between Petra and Jerusalem. In that age too, as we know, other foreigners of rank repaired to Jerusalem and erected for themselves mansions and sepulchers. It would not, therefore, be difficult to account in this way for the resemblance between these monuments and those of Petra.
>
> Or, if the entire silence of Josephus and other contemporary writers as to these tombs be regarded as an objection to this hypothesis, why may they not perhaps be referred to the tombs of Adrian? This emperor appears to have been a patron of Petra;[1] he also built up Jerusalem; and both these cities were called after his name. It would therefore not be unnatural that this period should be marked in both places by monuments possessing a similar architectural character.

The view from the east side of Absalom's Tomb northward is an interesting one. It includes the northern section of the Kidron with the hill of Scopus on the far distant right. A portion of the wall surrounding the Garden of Gethsemane is also seen at the right, with the whole roadway reaching therefrom across the valley up to St. Stephen's Gate. Again, we see the entire eastern wall of Jerusalem detailed on the left, with the Golden Gate rising prominently just beyond the sky-line of the flower-like apex of the Tomb of Absalom. In the immediate foreground we again see quantities of flat, white, time-worn stones. Every one of them marks the last resting-place of some Hebrew who came to Jerusalem from a distant land that he might die in the country of his forefathers and be buried beneath the soil set apart for them by the divine fiat.

Now if the valley is crossed and the highest point of the Golden Gate is allowed to serve as his Nebo, the explorer, in fact or in imagination, may see almost all that has been described lying outspread at his feet. From that point, too, the best impression may be had of the historical valley lying between the sacred mountains which have held the interest of the world for thousands of years. A few points concerning this valley may not be without interest to the student. Help may be had in the beginning by referring to the excellent map on page 101 of THE CENTURY MAGAZINE for November, 1888. The Vale of Kidron is the best-known name of this natural depression, yet it is often called the Valley of Jehoshaphat (Jehovah judgeth). Jews, Catholics, and Mohammedans alike believe that the last judgment will take place here. The valley rises, in fact, north-west of the city, a few minutes' walk beyond the true site of Calvary. It varies in width and stretches along north of Jerusalem eastward until a turn is made to the south not far from St. Stephen's Gate. Here the depression is about one hundred feet deep, and a bridge crosses it on the road from the city to the Garden of Gethsemane. The entire roadway between the two places may be seen in the view on page 51. The valley at this point is nearly four hundred and fifty feet wide. After the bridge is passed, the way narrows somewhat and descends. Then its conformation changes continually until sometimes, as we have already seen, it becomes very narrow and winding in its course. Another bridge is located near the Tomb of Absalom, crossing to a point not far from the Golden Gate. As one descends, the points of interest on each side succeed one another so rapidly as to command constant attention. The enthusiasm increases as the exploration progresses. Once the topography of things is fixed in the mind, it is not readily forgotten. The engraved details which follow will serve to make it all quite familiar to those who are not privileged to go farther than our imaginary Nebo. After passing the gardens of Siloam the valley widens, and then continues its course, south and east, until the Dead Sea is reached.

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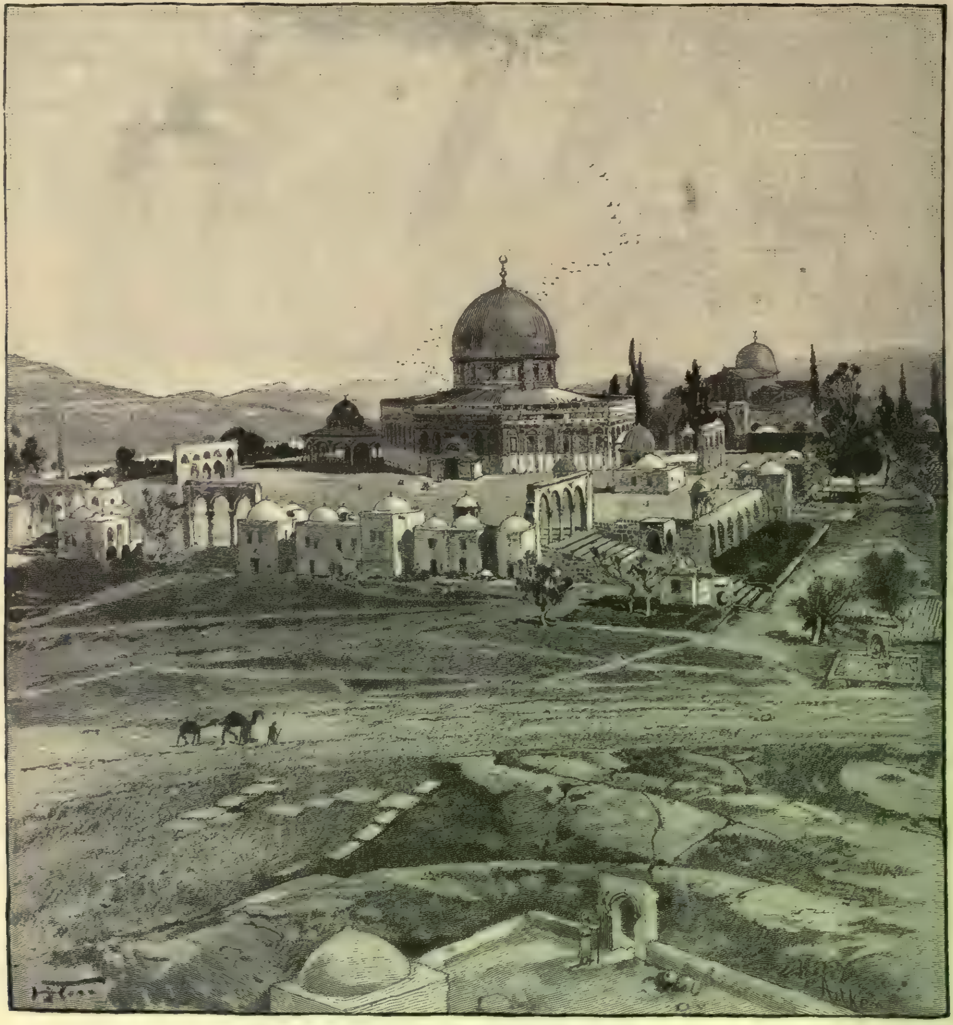
[1] See the author's paper on Petra in THE CENTURY MAGAZINE, November, 1885.

One more outward view of the east side of the valley from the Golden Gate will complete the series necessary for the localization of the points involved in the lessons of the second quarter of this year. It reaches from the Garden of Gethsemane, on the right, northward to a point beyond St. Stephen's Gate, and includes the main summit of the Mount of Olives, with all of its western incline. Three paths are seen, all starting at the garden, and all leading up to the summit. The central one is very narrow, is lined with stone walls, and is used mainly by travelers on foot. The one on the left is the chief highway to the top of the mountain, and is in some parts very steep. The third, on the south, is the longest way up. The road to Bethany diverges from it. Some portions of the side of the mountain are dotted with olive-trees, and here and there grainfields are found, often inclosed by stone walls. Almost everything hereabouts is of stone. One seldom sees enough of wood to make a cupboard. Not only are there three pathways, but there are in fact three summits. The center height holds the most interest. Our itinerary will lead us to it presently.

THE GOLDEN GATE — INSIDE.

The following of the International Lessons demands the consideration of the Temple next. Alas! that only the area which it occupied, with the buildings which succeeded, are there for us to consider. All these may be seen from the Golden Gate. The camera and the engraver have done what they can towards presenting a view of what there is. The space included is known to Christians as the Haram, or Temple area. It is called the "Court of Omar" by the Mohammedans, because of the splendid mosque which graces it near the center. Far in the distance is the dome and long-pointed roof of another mosque — the Mosque of El Aksa. A long line of cloisters is on the right. Between them and the Temple, scattered here and there about the area, are stone platforms and minor buildings. All these are occupied by the dervishes as praying-places, colleges, and public schools. Our photographic map, though showing only the north and the west sides of the mosque, gives the relative positions of the various buildings on Mount Moriah, south. The Golden Gate is on the left and the shoulder of Olivet is seen in the far distance. The portion of the area which lies in the immediate



SUMMIT OF MOUNT MORIAH — THE TEMPLE AREA.

foreground separates the Mosque of Omar from the site of the Tower of Antonia. The whole platform is four hundred and fifty feet east to west, and five hundred and fifty feet from north to south, and is paved with marble. It is supported by walls on every side. Its crowning beauty is the Mosque of Omar. The structure undoubtedly stands upon the highest point of Mount Moriah, for the "Holy Rock," sixty-five feet long and forty-five feet broad, is inside. A few details concerning this magnificent structure may be helpful. It stands in the center of the area and upon the supposed site of Solomon's Temple. It was three years in building, and its cost was the result of seven years' taxation of the Egyptians. Its eight sides are sixty-seven feet long. The magnificent dome is a masterpiece of Byzantine architecture, and was originally covered with gold. It is built of marble and alabaster, decorated richly with terra-cotta of brilliant colors. Around it are three wide belts of color: the upper one green and white; the center blue, made of quotations in Arabic from the Koran; the lower dark green, picked out with white — all glistening terra-cotta. The barrel of the dome is striped alternately with green, white, and blue, dotted with yellow. As the mosque is some twenty feet higher than the area proper, it is reached on all sides by marble stairways, some of which we see on the west side, headed by rows of lofty pointed arches. The solemn, quiet interior is like a place of enchantment, so richly decorated is it. The columns are green and yellow porphyry, and the capitals burnished gold. The arches are black and white, and its fifty-six slender windows are decorated with stained glass of great splendor. The octagonal

THE MOUNT OF OLIVES — GARDEN OF GETHSEMANE.

divisions of the ceiling are green, with golden center, and the borders thereof are gold and green and red. The arches over the golden line are blue and gold. On all sides and in every available space there is a glory and a harmony of color not surpassed in the East.

In the extreme distance at the right of the picture on the preceding page is the graceful minaret of a mosque. It is located on the southern brow of Mount Zion. It is one of the landmarks of Jerusalem. The call of the muezzin sent forth from it goes sounding over the hills and tombs southward, until, when the atmosphere is clear, it can be heard at the Tomb of Rachel. A little group of buildings close to this old minaret is erected over the vault said to contain the tomb of David. An " upper room " over the tomb of the renowned psalmist and king is called the " Cœnaculum," because, tradition holds, the Passover Supper was eaten there by Jesus with his disciples. It is a large chamber, thirty feet wide by fifty feet long. Although one must follow an Armenian monk some distance, and climb multitudinous steps, still, after passing the door, there is a descent of several steps before the well-paved floor is reached. The apartment is so clean and so well lighted that one doubts its Oriental character and questions its antiquity. Yet its appearance indicates great age, and its massive construction seems to guarantee its standing firm for many centuries to come. Underneath the first window on the right is a small niche where, it is said, Christ sat at the Passover Feast. The steps on the right lead to the Tomb of David. If all this is true, then this inclosure witnessed the assemblage of the apostles on the day of Pentecost, the miracle of the cloven tongues "like as of fire," the washing of the feet of his disciples by Jesus, the giving of the sop to Judas, and it is the place whence the sad company went down across the Vale of Kidron to Gethsemane on the night of the betrayal. The path which leads to and fro

NORTH END OF THE TEMPLE AREA — THE CITADEL.

between the city and the Garden of Gethsemane is one of the most authentic localities about Jerusalem, and cannot have changed materially since the first Easter morn. Along its way the brutal band went, led by the betrayer, startling the quiet of the night with the clash of their swords and the clanking of their staves. After the arrest the return was made by the same pathway to the palace of Caiaphas.

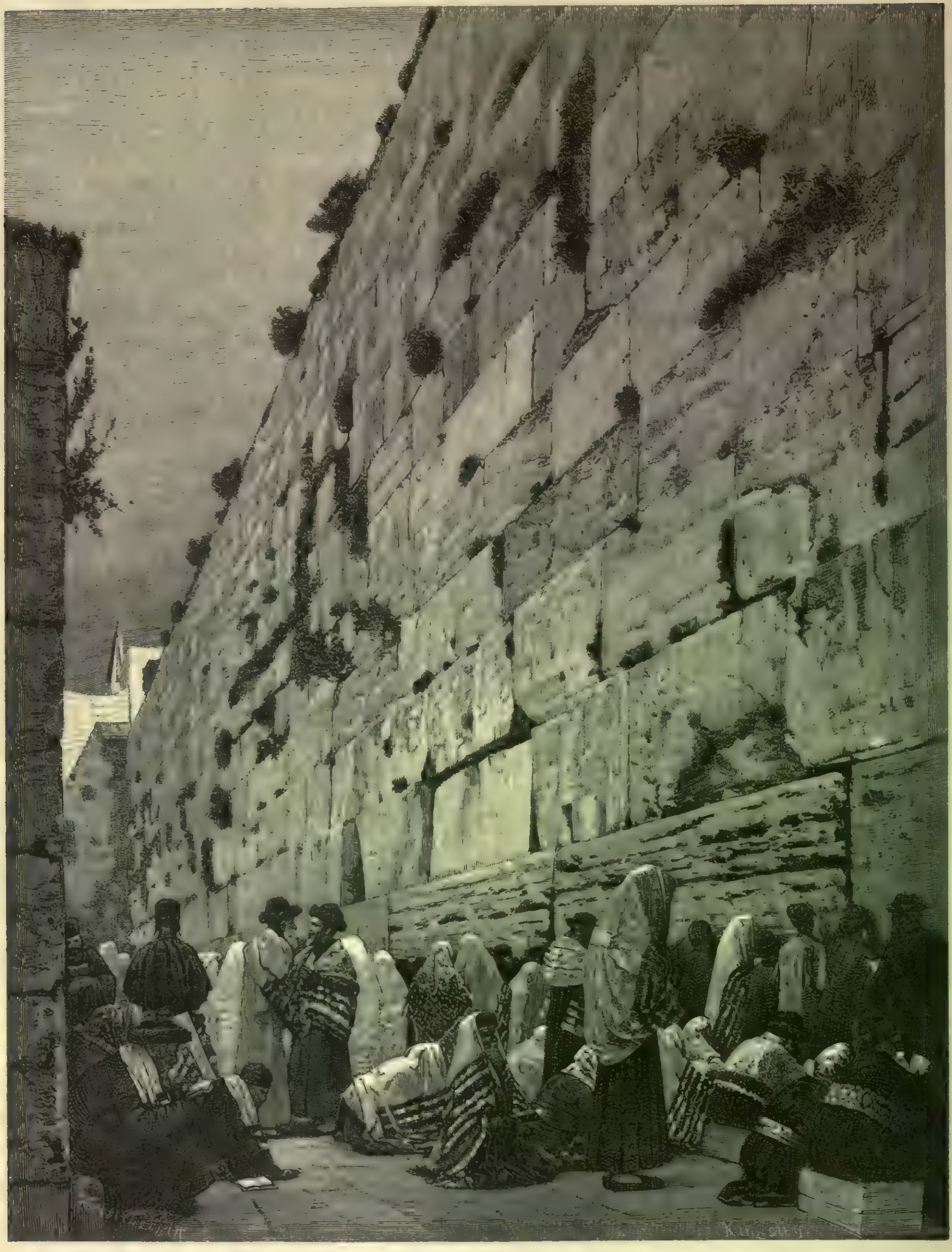
But a short walk from the Tomb of David and the Cœnaculum, and between them and Zion's Gate, is the Church of St. James, with a chapel attached, commemorating the martyrdom, and covering the tomb of the beloved apostle. A lovely garden, the pride of the Armenian monks who have it in charge, surrounds the chapel. It is one of the prettiest spots in the Holy City. About two hundred and fifty feet from the iron gate of the garden, which opens towards Mount Zion, the reputed house of Caiaphas is shown. The massive masonry of the building is in strange contrast to the irregular and gaudy decorations. Scales of pearl and bits of porcelain seem to have been covered on one side with some adhesive material and then thrown at random against the walls by hands guided more by a taste for tinsel than by artistic principles, judging from the rude arrangement on the walls. On one side of the apartment is a little cell in which Christ is said to have been confined during the last night of his life. In a niche is an altar with a statue of Christ bound to "the stake of flagellation." The pavement is covered with inscriptions. Close to the altar is the so-called "stone which closed the mouth of the Lord's sepulcher," named by some the "angel stone," because the angel who addressed the Marys after Christ had risen sat upon it during their conversation. The palace of Herod the Great, called by him the Castle or Tower of Antonia in order to flatter Mark Antony, was looked upon as the pride of Jerusalem. It stood at the north-west corner of the Temple area, and its connecting buildings are supposed to have run along the whole northern limit of the area. Of it Josephus has written as follows:

> The kinds of stone used in its construction were countless. Whatever was rare abounded in it. The roofs astonished every one by the length of their beams and the beauty of their adornment. Vessels of gold and silver, rich in chasing, shone on every side. The great dining-hall had been constructed to supply table-couches for three hundred guests; others opened in all directions, each with a different style of pillar. The open space before the palace was laid out in broad walks, planted with long avenues of different trees, and bordered by broad, deep canals and great ponds flowing with clear cool water, set off along the banks with innumerable works of art.

A sorry substitute for so much splendor now occupies the site in the long line of decayed structures used by the Turkish garrison as their headquarters and barracks. By the courtesy of the commandant the view on the opposite page was photographed from his quarters. A mosque, of course, is included in the group of government buildings. Its tall minaret rises high above everything else in the neighborhood. Seen through one of the shapely Saracenic arches, facing the north-east approach to the mosque platform, in combination with the little dome of Solomon, erected to mark the spot where the kingly architect stood for prayer after he had completed the Temple, it presents a picturesque combination. But it is in fact dilapidated enough—belonging to a government which never gives any attention to repairs. Some measure of respect is felt for it, nevertheless, by the person whose backsheesh persuades the muezzin crier to permit him to enjoy a view of the surrounding country from the gallery of the shaky structure. On a clear day this view is absolutely overpowering and indescribable. It makes one feel like joining the earnest Moslem in the cry to everybody to praise God. Of course there is the dead and alive city, and the Church of the Holy Sepulcher, and the Temple area, with all their attractions, but they are eclipsed by the natural beauties surrounding. From Bethel on the north to Bethlehem on the south the undulations of the country are presented, as rough and as rugged as the pages of history represented by every foot of the prospect. On the west one can see almost to Joppa; while on the east, after the delighted eyes dwell upon the Mount of Olives a moment and then sink down into the Jordan valley, they are lifted again to the mountains of Moab and are tempted southward once more by the glittering surface of the ever fascinating city of the dead and its gaudy borders.

What changes have been wrought by time since all this country was full of life and energy! It is true that Jerusalem still lives by the attractions of her great building and its accessories, as she did by her Temple when Christ Jesus preached here. But the crafty tetrarch, the subtle Sadducees, and the "please everybody" king are gone. In their places dervishes strut and the students bow in groups upon the pavement for prayer at each muezzin call. Instead of the countless kinds of stone described by Josephus as forming parts of the palace, only rattling limestone is seen. The richly chased vessels of gold and silver which served the Roman household have been displaced by the canteen and the mess-kettle of the garrison of the Crescent. The great dining-hall which supplied table-couches for three hundred guests has been covered with the armory, which is occupied by the soldiers of the garrison, who shoulder American rifles instead of supporting broad Damascus blades with bejeweled hilts. The open space before the palace, as we have seen, is no longer made attractive by broad, winding walks underneath groves of spices; there are only ablution fountains in place of the broad canals and miniature lakes which

FROM JERUSALEM TO GETHSEMANE.



WAILING-PLACE OF THE JEWS. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY W. KURTZ OF THE PAINTING BY VERESTCHAGIN.)

were kept fresh from the great reservoirs of Solomon located down near Hebron.

On the right or east side of the group of government buildings is a solidly built tower with an arched doorway. It is the present fortress of the city. It is supposed to stand upon the site of the palace mentioned by Nehemiah, and where Pilate held forth when he adjudged the accused Jesus. Here Paul made his courageous stand for the Christian faith. Many a time has the old structure faced the brunt of battle for Jew, Mohammedan, and Christian. Immediately on its other side is the Via Dolorosa with the "Arch of Ecce Homo." If the Western visitor comes here during Easter week he will fully understand the blight which has been caused by Moslem fanaticism. A good hour for such a visit is in the afternoon, after the sun has gone down behind the great dome of the Church of the Holy Sepulcher and nearly all the daylight has crept out of the historical area. In one sense it is a rest. There are no sleepy priests, nor gossiping train-bearers, nor censer-swingers, nor beadles begrimed with snuff; neither dripping tapers, though there are beads in plenty. More than likely the broad court is entirely empty of devotees when you enter, and there is time to look up at the minaret and compare it with the old home spire. A turbaned officer makes his appearance upon the gallery and assumes the attitude of prayer; his tenor voice is heard sending forth the muezzin call. The soft winds come from the Jordan over the Mount of Olives; they sweep across the Kidron, leap the ancient wall, and swirl into the area; as they come they catch the cry and bear it by gusts and by impulses into all parts of the city to those who are waiting the call to prayer with eager expectancy. Faithful listeners miles away may receive the summons too; then, wherever they are, their faces grow serious, they turn their eyes towards the east and obey that summons. The cry is not, "Joy to the world, the Lord is come," but the same as that which our turbaned friend repeats five times a day, "Hy Ilas Sula! Hy Ilas Sula! Hy ilal felah! La Ila Illulah! Wa Mohammed Rasoul Ullah!" "There is no God but God, and Mohammed is his prophet. Come thou to prayer, for prayer is better than eating or drinking." The innumerable gates in the wall and in the kiosks open suddenly and simultaneously as though moved by magic, then those privileged to pray in the mosque inclosure come slowly in. They have their favorite places. A large number usually gather near the western side of the dome. They are careless of all observers, and are alike indifferent to the architectural splendor about them. First, passages from the Koran are read, standing; then they fall upon their knees, with their hands placed at the sides of their heads, their eyes directed to heaven; next, their bodies are lowered upon their heels and their hands are placed upon their knees with their heads bowed humbly; next, the devotees rise, and, placing their hands at their faces, "move them to and fro to gather in the blessings"; finally, they prostrate themselves with their faces to the ground, crying out fervently with a heart-moving "Ullah Akbah! Ullah Akbah!" The process is repeated several times, each time with increased fervor, for the devotees believe that the oftener they pray the more blessings they receive.

I saw a different picture after I went out from that court on that Good Friday evening. Passing out through the arched doorway of the palace of Antonia into the Arch of Ecce Homo,—underneath which, as tradition has it, Pilate scourged Jesus, and handing him over to the infuriated mob said, "Behold the man,"—the Via Dolorosa was followed until the Church of the Holy Sepulcher was reached. The kavass of Colonel Wilson of Iowa, the then American consul, with baton in hand, awaited at the door. He was accoutered in all the glories of the costume of the Albanians and Syrians. But his apparel was in keeping with the glitter of the silver image of the American eagle which fluttered upon the top of his baton, and they seemed to have their effect, for upon their joint appearance the motley crowd which thronged the broad court of the church gave way and permitted us to reach the entrance unharmed. Through dark passages and up lofty stairs the glistening Arab led, until at last an upper room was reached, where, to use the words of our consul, "a part of the Crucifixion scene was to be enacted, and sermons preached in the Greek, French, Italian, German, Arabic, and English languages." The chapel was lighted by a hundred gold and silver jeweled lamps, fed with American kerosene, and that was about the only part our great nation took in the service. The exercise was announced to begin at half-past six, but it was eight o'clock before the Coptic monks who opened it made their appearance. The greater part of their share in the performance was sung in the dreary, drony cadence of the Greek Church. Then, by the appearance of the German representatives, the audience was aroused from the semi-comatose state into which it had lapsed. One of these stood by a velvet rug spread upon the floor and delivered a short discourse in a sing-song tone. Before he began, a three-quarter size crucifix was brought in by an assistant and laid upon the rug, the head towards the speaker, and remained there during his sermon. The French deputation followed, consisting of monks, choir-boys singing a funeral dirge, and a fine responding chorus of men. Others followed, some swinging censers, some bearing silver torches, and two carried broad silver platters. On one of the platters was a gaudily trimmed regalia, and on the other an antique hammer and a pair of pincers. The crucifix was now lifted from the velvet rug on the floor and placed upon the altar. The nails were then drawn from the hands and feet of the figure by a monk, who tenderly kissed each bit of iron. It was then laid upon the altar and covered—a mimicry of the "descent from the cross." The empty cross was allowed to remain standing erect. A sermon in the French language followed this ceremony; then the choral exercises were repeated, while the "body" was placed upon a bier, and amid the strains of another dirge was carried down to the vestibule and laid upon the "stone of unction." This marble slab had been kissed smooth and out of true by the myriads of pilgrims who had visited it, although the "real stone" upon which the Lord's body lay when anointed for his burial was underneath and out of sight. The ceremony of anointing was performed in Arabic, then the show was ended by carrying the image to the tomb. While all this went on the hooting and shouting and carousing which took place in the body of the church, where thousands of pilgrims had come from all parts of the earth to attend the Easter service, was as shameful as it was dreadful. It continued all night, for next day the "miracle of the holy fire" was promised to occur without fail, and this seething mass of humanity had come thus early in order to secure places for that occasion. To prevent a disturbance a detachment of soldiers was sent from the Turkish garrison, and the men were stationed here and there among the "Christians." Every year is made this collection of friars, monks, priests, nuns, consuls, military officers, soldiers, pilgrims and strangers from all nations—encircled by the Moslem crowd, which gathers to mutter and imprecate so far as it dares without breaking the peace. It was near midnight when the strange procession returned to "Calvary." Then all the lights were turned down, and those who wished to depart found their way the best they could.

Following on now from the scenes of the Temple and the palace, out of the city gate, across the dry valley, up through the green and gray by any one of the three paths we may choose, we come to the little village of Jebel et Tûr, situated upon the flat central summit of the Mount of Olives. Near the center of the town is the Church of the Ascension, erected to mark the spot of earth last touched by the feet of Jesus before he ascended to heaven. The church which first stood here was one of the enterprises of the Empress Helena, the mother of Constantine. It was followed by the present structure and the little mosque which accompanies it. Indeed, the church or dome of the Ascension is located within the court of the mosque. A Christian edifice is tolerated in this land only when a Moslem structure is placed near at hand. "The last foot-print of the Saviour," distorted by the wear of ages and by the kisses of the devout of centuries, is shown upon the rock which forms part of the gloomy interior. Singularly enough the chapel is entirely empty. Driven from our tents—located a few rods away—by a sudden shower one morning, my companions and I were permitted to seek shelter here. A small fire of charcoal was kindled in a brazier. The fumes, with the smell of lime coming from the damp plastered wall, almost stifled us. When the sun came back the obliging custodian, who also cries the hour of prayer, took his place in the minaret and permitted the camera to include him in the view made of the buildings. The prospect from the minaret on every side is not only grand, but embraces some of the most interesting of biblical sites.

A wearisome, hard seven-hours' donkey ride is required to reach the Dead Sea, and no little danger accompanies the route through sunless ravines and over bare and desolate heights, where the merry song of the cascade is heard only when the spring torrents come. The hills are of a singular greenish gray color until within a mile or so of the Jordan, when they change to a mingling of pink, yellow, and white, and merge off into the yellows and greens which cover the nearer flat approach to the verdure-clad river. The pink-topped mountains of Moab rise on the other side quite as high as the Mount of Olives, but they do not look so. They reach south and east as far as the eye can see, their bare peaks numbering and unnumbered like those seen from the Fûrka, but as different in their nature as the whitest snow can be from the most sun-scorched of all the earth's surface. To the north the mountains of Gilead rise where Jacob separated his flocks into droves lest his unhappy brother Esau run them off into the wilds beyond. In whatever light one sees them, at daytime or by moonlight, these views are grand.

We turn now to the western prospect. In full front and first of all there is "Jerusalem the Golden," with every detail we have just studied clearly and sharply defined, with hundreds of other points of interest, including the encircling walls. A rough-looking country intervenes, but it is full of sacred interest. There is the path up which David fled from his rebellious son Absalom, weeping as he went up, with his head uncovered and his feet bare—where the kingly fugitive held council of war with his faithful adherents; where good Ziba brought refreshments which saved the royal life; where the ark was rested; where Hushai came affrighted, "with his coat rent, and earth upon his head," to tell of the intrigue of Absalom: pigeons were sold under the trees for temple-offering of purification, close by the pool where the unclean performed their ablutions before presenting themselves to the Lord. The long incline was submerged by the smoke which came from the burning of the red heifer, the ashes of which were preserved for the purification of the people; the glory of the Lord crowned the summit; upon the bare rocks the watchmen stood eager to catch the first glimmer of the torch-light signal from their fellows stationed upon the mountains of Moab, and quickly repeated the sign to the priests at the Temple that they might know when the new moon made its appearance above the eastern horizon.

There are perhaps three places where one may see "stones" that were here when Jesus was crucified. One of these is near the south-west corner of the Temple area, and is known as the "Jews' Wailing-Place." There are five courses of stones, one above the other, with the beveled joints of Solomon's day forming part of the wall. Here every Friday the resident Hebrews come to mourn the destruction of the Temple and the fall of the city of their fathers. Earthquake has slightly displaced the stones, and the kisses of the pilgrims of many centuries have worn away the quarrymen's chisel-marks, yet they look as though they might serve for many ages to come. At the extreme south-west angle of the Haram wall is a stone measuring thirty-one feet in length, seven feet in width, and five feet in height. It is the chief corner-stone, and is undoubtedly the one placed there by the order of Solomon to help inclose his Temple. Scant forty feet north of this, half hidden by bushes, which had to be partly cut away to make room for the camera, is another place where we may believe the handiwork of Solomon's masons is to be seen. There are three courses of huge stones in such curious position that they seem to have been fired out from the inside through a breach in the wall, and there caught and wedged fast, instead of falling to the ground. A careful view leaves no doubt that they formed the segment of an arch, for their outer surfaces are hewn to a true curve. Each one measures from twenty to twenty-four feet in length and from five to six feet in height. They must indeed have formed part of one of the arches of the great bridge, more than three hundred and fifty feet in length, over which Solomon, attended by his splendid retinue, must have often passed. Centuries later Jesus too passed over this public way. This strangely interesting relic of the past is known as "Robinson's Arch," so called after Dr. Edward Robinson, who discovered it. In his own account the distinguished traveler says:

> The existence of these remains of the ancient bridge seems to remove all doubt as to the identity of this part of the inclosure of the mosque with that of the ancient Temple. How they can have remained for so many ages unseen or unnoticed by any writer or traveler is a problem which I would not undertake fully to solve. . . . Here we have indisputable remains of Jewish antiquity, consisting of an important portion of the western wall of the Temple area. They are probably to be referred to a period long antecedent to the days of Herod; for the labors of this splendor-loving tyrant appear to have been confined to the body of the Temple and the porticos around the court. The magnitude of the stones also and the workmanship as compared with other remaining monuments of Herod seem to point to an earlier origin. . . . Proceeding to the south-east corner, we find its character to be precisely similar to that of the south-west; the same immense stones as already described, both towards the east and the south, on the brink of the Valley of Jehoshaphat, and the line of the southern wall at this point corresponding with that at the south-west corner. We have, then, the two extremities of the ancient southern wall, which, as Josephus informs us, extended from the eastern to the western valley, and could not be prolonged further. Thus we are led irresistibly to the conclusion that the area of the Jewish Temple was identical on its western, eastern, and southern sides with the present inclosure of the Haram.

The fourth and last point to be considered as supplying a construction which must have been familiar to our Saviour is the Tower of Hippicus, or the Tower of David, so called. When Herod built his great wall about Jerusalem, he built these strong towers towards the north-west. One of these was Hippicus; the second was Phasælus, named after his friend; and the third was called Mariamne, after his favorite wife. These strongholds were connected with one another and with the royal palace. The first named seems to have been spared at every siege, and may be looked upon now as a splendid example of the masonry of antiquity. It is located a little south of the Joppa gate and still serves — or its adjacent buildings serve — as the citadel of Jerusalem. The sturdy, sloping bulwark is said to be solid. No entrance has ever been discovered.

Returning to the summit of the Golden Gate on Good Friday, a last review was had of the country round about. The sun had just sunk behind the domes of the old church. The crimson glow left the heights and the broad shadows fell. The moon arose beyond Olivet as red as blood. Soon its gentle influence was felt in the wild gorges and rocky glens which run down Olivet to the Vale of Kidron; the olive-trees glistened more than they do in the sunshine. The languid air was made fresher by the breeze which blew from the Sea of Galilee. How the wind wailed among the tombs below! What a strange unison between this placid hour and the sacred associations on every side! It must have been just such a night when the three wise men sat watching for "his star in the east."

Edward L. Wilson.

SALOME MÜLLER.

STRANGE TRUE STORIES OF LOUISIANA.

EDITED BY GEORGE W. CABLE,

Author of "The Grandissimes," "Bonaventure," etc.

SALOME AND HER KINDRED.

SHE may be living yet, in 1889. For when she came to Louisiana, in 1818, she was too young for the voyage to fix itself in her memory. She could not, to-day, be more than seventy-five.

In Alsace, France, on the frontier of the Department of Lower Rhine, about twenty English miles from Strasburg, there was in those days, as I suppose there still is, a village called Langensoultz. The region was one of hills and valleys and of broad, flat meadows yearly overflowed by the Rhine. It was noted for its fertility; a land of wheat and wine, hop-fields, flax-fields, hay-stacks, and orchards.

It had been three hundred and seventy years under French rule, yet the people were still, in speech and traditions, German. Those were not the times to make them French. The land swept by Napoleon's wars, their firesides robbed of fathers and sons by the conscription, the awful mortality of the Russian campaign, the emperor's waning star, Waterloo — these were not the things or conditions to give them comfort in French domination. There was a widespread longing among them to seek another land where men and women and children were not doomed to feed the ambition of European princes.

In the summer of 1817 there lay at the Dutch port of Helder — for the great ship-canal that now lets the largest vessels out from Amsterdam was not yet constructed — a big, foul, old Russian ship which a certain man had bought purposing to crowd it full of emigrants to America.

These he had expected to find up the Rhine, and he was not disappointed. Hundreds responded from Alsace; some in Strasburg itself, and many from the surrounding villages, grain-fields, and vineyards. They presently numbered nine hundred, husbands, wives, and children. There was one family named Thomas, with a survivor of which I conversed in 1884. And there was Eva Kropp, *née* Hillsler, and her husband, with their daughter of fifteen, named for her mother. Also Eva Kropp's sister Margaret and her husband, whose name does not appear. And there were Koelhoffer and his wife, and Frau Schultzheimer. There is no need to remember exact relationships. All these except the Thomases were of Langensoultz.

As they passed through another village some three miles away they were joined by a family of name not given, but the mother of which we shall know by and by, under a second husband's name, as Madame Fleikener. And there too was one Wagner, two generations of whose descendants were to furnish each a noted journalist to New Orleans. I knew the younger of these in my boyhood as a man of, say, fifty. And there was young Frank Schuber, a good, strong-hearted, merry fellow who two years after became the husband of the younger Eva Kropp; he hailed from Strasburg; I have talked with his grandson. And lastly there were among the Langensoultz group two families named Müller.

The young brothers Henry and Daniel Müller were by birth Bavarians. They had married, in the Hillsler family, two sisters of Eva and Margaret. They had been known in the village as lockmaker Müller and shoemaker Müller. The wife of Daniel, the shoemaker, was Dorothea. Henry, the locksmith, and his wife had two sons, the elder ten years of age and named for his uncle Daniel, the shoemaker. Daniel and Dorothea had four children. The eldest was a little boy of eight years, the youngest was an infant, and between these were two little daughters, Dorothea and Salome.

And so the villagers were all bound closely together, as villagers are apt to be. Eva Kropp's young daughter Eva was godmother to Salome. Frau Koelhoffer had lived on a farm about an hour's walk from the Müllers and had not known them; but Frau Schultzheimer was a close friend, and had been a schoolmate and neighbor of Salome's mother. The husband of her who was afterward Madame Fleikener was a nephew of the Müller brothers, Frank Schuber was her cousin, and so on.

SIX MONTHS AT ANCHOR.

SETTING out thus by whole families and with brothers' and sisters' families on the right and on the left, we may safely say that, once the last kisses were given to those left behind and the last look taken of childhood's scenes, they pressed forward brightly, filled with courage and hope. They were poor, but they were bound for a land where no soldier was going to snatch the beads and cross from the neck of a little child, as one of Napoleon's had attempted to do to one of the Thomas children. They were on their way to golden America; through Philadelphia to the virgin lands of the great West. Early in August they reached Amsterdam. There they paid their passage in advance, and were carried out to the Helder, where, having laid in their provisions, they embarked and were ready to set sail.

But no sail was set. Word came instead that the person who had sold the ship had not been paid its price and had seized the vessel; the delays of the law threatened, when time was a matter of fortune or of ruin.

And soon came far worse tidings. The emigrants refused to believe them as long as there was room for doubt. Henry and Daniel Müller—for locksmith Müller, said Wagner twenty-seven years afterwards on the witness-stand, "was a brave man and was foremost in doing everything necessary to be done for the passengers"—went back to Amsterdam to see if such news could be true, and returned only to confirm despair. The man to whom the passage money of the two hundred families — nine hundred souls — had been paid had absconded.

They could go neither forward nor back. Days, weeks, months passed, and there still lay the great hulk teeming with its population and swinging idly at anchor; fathers gazing wistfully over the high bulwarks, mothers nursing their babes, and the children, Eva, Daniel, Henry, Andrew, Dorothea, Salome, and all the rest, by hundreds.

Salome was a pretty child, dark, as both her parents were, and looking much like her mother; having especially her black hair and eyes and her chin. Playing around with her was one little cousin, a girl of her own age,—that is, somewhere between three and five,—whose face was strikingly like Salome's. It was she who in later life became Madame Karl Rouff, or, more familiarly, Madame Karl.

Provisions began to diminish, grew scanty, and at length were gone. The emigrants' summer was turned into winter; it was now December. So pitiful did their case become that it forced the attention of the Dutch Government. Under its direction they were brought back to Amsterdam, where many of them, without goods, money, or even shelter, and strangers to the place and to the language, were reduced to beg for bread.

But by and by there came a word of great relief. The Government offered a reward of thirty thousand gilders — about twelve thousand dollars — to any merchant or captain of a vessel who would take them to America, and a certain Grandsteiner accepted the task. For a time he quartered them in Amsterdam, but by and by, with hearts revived, they began to go again on shipboard. This time there were three ships in place of the one; or two ships, and one of those old Dutch, flattish-bottomed, round-sided, two-masted crafts they called galiots. The number of ships was trebled — that was well; but the number of souls was doubled, and eighteen hundred wanderers from home were stowed in the three vessels.

FAMINE AT SEA.

THESE changes made new farewells and separations. Common aims, losses, and sufferings had knit together in friendship many who had never seen each other until they met on the deck of the big Russian ship, and now not a few of these must part.

The first vessel to sail was one of the two ships, the *Johanna Maria*. Her decks were black with people: there were over six hundred of them. Among the number, waving farewell to the Kropps, the Koelhoffers, the Schultzheimers, to Frank Schuber and to the Müllers, stood the Thomases, Madame Fleikener, as we have to call her, and one whom we have not yet named, the jungfrau Hemin, of Würtemberg, just turning nineteen, of whom the little Salome and her mother had made a new, fast friend on the old Russian ship.

A week later the *Captain Grone*—that is, the galiot—hoisted the Dutch flag as the *Johanna Maria* had done, and started after her with other hundreds on her own deck, I know not how many, but making eleven hundred in the two, and including, for one, young Wagner. Then after two weeks more the remaining ship, the *Johanna*, followed, with Grandsteiner as supercargo, and seven hundred emigrants. Here were the Müllers and most of their relatives and fellow-villagers. Frank Schuber was among them, and was chosen steward for the whole shipful.

At last they were all off. But instead of a summer's they were now to encounter a winter's sea, and to meet it weakened and wasted by sickness and destitution. The first company had been out but a week when, on New Year's night, a furious storm burst upon the crowded ship. With hatches battened down over their heads they heard and felt the great buffetings of the tempest, and by and by one great crash above all other noises as the mainmast went by the board. The ship survived; but when the storm was over and the people swarmed up once more into the pure ocean atmosphere and saw the western sun set clear, it set astern of the ship. Her captain had put her about and was steering for Amsterdam.

"She is too old," the travelers gave him credit for saying, when long afterwards they testified in court; "too old, too crowded, too short of provisions, and too crippled, to go on such a voyage; I don't want to lose my soul that way." And he took them back.

They sailed again; but whether in another ship, or in the same with another captain, I have not discovered. Their sufferings were terrible. The vessel was foul. Fevers broke out among them. Provisions became scarce. There was nothing fit for the sick, who daily grew more numerous. Storms tossed them hither and yon. Water became so scarce that the sick died for want of it.

One of the Thomas children, a little girl of eight years, whose father lay burning with fever and moaning for water, found down in the dark at the back of one of the water-casks a place where once in a long time a drop of water fell from it. She placed there a small vial, and twice a day bore it, filled with water-drops, to the sick man. It saved his life. Of the three ship-loads only two families reached America whole, and one of these was the Thomases. A younger sister told me in 1884 that though the child lived to old age on the banks of the Mississippi River, she could never see water wasted and hide her anger.

The vessels were not bound for Philadelphia, as the Russian ship had been. Either from choice or of necessity the destination had been changed before sailing, and they were on their way to New Orleans.

That city was just then — the war of 1812–15 being so lately over — coming boldly into notice as commercially a strategic point of boundless promise. Steam navigation had hardly two years before won its first victory against the powerful current of the Mississippi, but it was complete. The population was thirty-three thousand; exports, thirteen million dollars. Capital and labor were crowding in, and legal, medical, and commercial talent were hurrying to the new field.

Scarcely at any time since has the New Orleans bar, in proportion to its numbers, had so many brilliant lights. Edward Livingston, of world-wide fame, was there in his prime. John R. Grymes, who died a few years before the opening of the late civil war, was the most successful man with juries who ever plead in Louisiana courts. We must meet him in the court-room by and by, and may as well make his acquaintance now. He was emphatically a man of the world. Many anecdotes of him remain, illustrative rather of intrepid shrewdness than of chivalry. He had been counsel for the pirate brothers Lafitte in their entanglements with the custom-house and courts, and was believed to have received a hundred thousand dollars from them as fees. Only old men remember him now. They say he never lifted his voice, but in tones that grew softer and lower the more the thought behind them grew intense would hang a glamour of truth over the veriest sophistries that intellectual ingenuity could frame. It is well to remember that this is only tradition, which can sometimes be as unjust as daily gossip. It is sure that he could entertain most showily. The young Duke of Saxe-Weimar-Eisenach was his guest. In his book of travels in America (1825–26) he says:

> My first excursion [in New Orleans] was to visit Mr. Grymes, who here inhabits a large, massive, and splendidly furnished house. . . . In the evening we paid our visit to the governor of the State. . . . After this we went to several coffee-houses where the lower classes amuse themselves. . . . Mr. Grymes took me to the masked ball, which is held every evening during the carnival at the French theatre. . . . The dress of the ladies I observed to be very elegant, but understood that most of those dancing did not belong to the better class of society. . . . At a dinner, which Mr. Grymes gave me with the greatest display of magnificence, . . . we withdrew from the first table, and seated ourselves at the second, in the same order in which we had partaken of the first. As the variety of wines began to set the tongues of the guests at liberty, the ladies rose, retired to another apartment, and resorted to music. Some of the gentlemen remained with the bottle, while others, among whom I was one, followed the ladies. . . . We had waltzing until 10 o'clock, when we went to the masquerade in the theatre in St. Philip street. . . . The female company at the theatre consisted of quadroons, who, however, were masked.

Such is one aspect given us by history of the New Orleans towards which that company of emigrants, first of the three that had left the other side, were toiling across the waters.

SOLD INTO BONDAGE.

They were fever-struck and famine-wasted. But February was near its end, and they were in the Gulf of Mexico. At that time of year its storms have lulled and its airs are the perfection of spring; March is a kind of May. And March came.

They saw other ships now every day; many of them going their way. The sight cheered them; the passage had been lonely as well as stormy. Their own vessels, of course,— the other two,— they had not expected to see, and had not seen. They did not know whether they were on the sea or under it.

At length pilot-boats began to appear. One came to them and put a pilot on board. Then the blue water turned green, and by and by yellow. A fringe of low land was almost right ahead. Other vessels were making for the same lighthouse towards which they were headed, and so drew constantly nearer to one another. The emigrants line the bulwarks, watching the nearest sails. One ship is so close that some can see the play of waters about her bows. And now it is plain that her bulwarks, too, are lined with emigrants who gaze across at them. She glides nearer, and just as the cry of recognition bursts from this whole company the other one yonder suddenly waves caps and kerchiefs and sends up a cheer. Their ship is the *Johanna*.

Do we dare draw upon fancy? We must not. The companies did meet on the water, near the Mississippi's mouth, though whether first inside or outside the stream I do not certainly gather. But they met; not the two vessels only, but the three. They were towed up the river side by side, the *Johanna* here, the *Captain Grone* there, and the other ship between them. Wagner, who had sailed on the galiot, was still alive. Many years afterwards he testified:

"We all arrived at the Balize [the river's mouth] the same day. The ships were so close we could speak to each other from on board our respective ships. We inquired of one another of those who had died and of those who still remained."

Madame Fleikener said the same:

"We hailed each other from the ships and asked who lived and who had died. The father and mother of Madame Schuber [Kropp and his wife] told me Daniel Müller and family were on board."

But they had suffered loss. Of the *Johanna's* 700 souls only 430 were left alive. Henry Müller's wife was dead. Daniel Müller's wife, Dorothea, had been sick almost from the start; she was gone, with the babe at her bosom. Henry was left with his two boys, and Daniel with his one and his little Dorothea and Salome. Grandsteiner, the supercargo, had lived; but of 1800 homeless poor whom the Dutch king's gilders had paid him to bring to America, foul ships and lack of food and water had buried 1200 in the sea.

The vessels reached port and the passengers prepared to step ashore, when to their amazement and dismay Grandsteiner laid the hand of the law upon them and told them they were "redemptioners." A redemptioner was an emigrant whose services for a certain period were liable to be sold to the highest bidder for the payment of his passage to America. It seems that in fact a large number of those on board the *Johanna* had in some way really become so liable; but it is equally certain that of others, the Kropps, the Schultzheimers, the Koelhoffers, the Müllers, and so on, the transportation had been paid for in advance, once by themselves and again by the Government of Holland. Yet Daniel Müller and his children were among those held for their passage money.

Some influential German residents heard of these troubles and came to the rescue. Suits were brought against Grandsteiner, the emigrants remaining meanwhile on the ships. Mr. Grymes was secured as counsel in their cause; but on some account not now remembered by survivors scarce a week had passed before they were being sold as redemptioners. At least many were, including Daniel Müller and his children.

Then the dispersion began. The people were bound out before notaries and justices of the peace, singly and in groups, some to one, some to two years' service, according to age. "They were scattered,"—so testified Frank Schuber twenty-five years afterwards,—"scattered about like young birds leaving a nest, without knowing anything of each other." They were "taken from the ships," says the jungfrau Hemin, "and went here and there so that one scarcely knew where the other went."

Many went no farther than New Orleans or its suburbs, but settled, some in and about the old rue Chartres—the Thomas family, for example; others in the then new faubourg Marigny, where Eva Kropp's daughter, Salome's young cousin Eva, for one, seems to have gone into domestic service. Others, again, were taken out to plantations near the city; Madame Fleikener to the well-known estate of Maunsell White, Madame Schultzheimer to the locally famous Hopkins plantation, and so on.

But others were carried far away; some, it is said, even to Alabama. Madame Hemin was taken a hundred miles up the river, to Baton Rouge, and Henry Müller and his two little boys went on to Bayou Sara, and so up beyond the State's border and a short way into Mississippi.

When all his relatives were gone Daniel Müller was still in the ship with his little son and daughters. Certainly he was not a very salable redemptioner with his three little motherless children about his knees. But at length, some fifteen days after the arrival of the ships, Frank Schuber met him on the old customhouse wharf with his little ones and was told by him that he, Müller, was going to Attakapas. About the same time, or a little later, Müller came to the house where young Eva Kropp, afterwards Schuber's wife, dwelt, to tell her good-bye. She begged to be allowed to keep Salome. During the sickness of the little one's mother and after the mother's death she had taken constant maternal care of the pretty, black-eyed, olive-skinned godchild. But Müller would not leave her behind.

THE LOST ORPHANS.

THE prospective journey was the same that we saw Suzanne and Françoise, Joseph and

Alix, take with toil and danger, yet with so much pleasure, in 1795. The early company went in a flatboat; these went in a round-bottom boat. The journey of the latter was probably the shorter. Its adventures have never been told, save one line. When several weeks afterwards the boat returned, it brought word that Daniel Müller had one day dropped dead on the deck and that his little son had fallen overboard and was drowned. The little girls had presumably been taken on to their destination by whoever had been showing the way; but that person's name and residence, if any of those left in New Orleans had known them, were forgotten. Only the wide and almost trackless region of Attakapas was remembered, and by people to whom every day brought a struggle for their own existence. Besides, the children's kindred were bound as redemptioners.

Those were days of rapid change in New Orleans. The redemptioners worked their way out of bondage into liberty. At the end of a year or two those who had been taken to plantations near by returned to the city. It was growing, but the upper part of the river front in faubourg Ste. Marie, now in the heart of the city, was still lined with brickyards, and thitherward cheap houses and opportunities for market gardening drew the emigrants. They did not colonize, however, but merged into the community about them, and only now and then, casually, met one another. Young Schuber was an exception; he throve as a butcher in the old French market, and courted and married the young Eva Kropp. When the fellow-emigrants occasionally met, their talk was often of poor shoemaker Müller and his lost children.

No clear tidings of them came. Once the children of some Germans who had driven cattle from Attakapas to sell them in the shambles at New Orleans corroborated to Frank Schuber the death of the father; but where Salome and Dorothea were they could not say, except that they were in Attakapas.

Frank and Eva were specially diligent inquirers after Eva's lost godchild; as also was Henry Müller up in or near Woodville, Mississippi. He and his boys were, in their small German way, prospering. He made such effort as he could to find the lost children. One day in the winter of 1820–21 he somehow heard that there were two orphan children named Miller—the Müllers were commonly called Miller—in the town of Natchez, some thirty-five miles away on the Mississippi. He bought a horse and wagon, and, leaving his own children, set out to rescue those of his dead brother. About midway on the road from Woodville to Natchez the Homochitto Creek runs through a swamp which in winter it overflows. In here Müller lost his horse. But, nothing daunted, he pressed on, only to find in Natchez the trail totally disappear.

Again, in the early spring of 1824, a man driving cattle from Attakapas to Bayou Sara told him of two little girls named Miller living in Attakapas. He was planning another and bolder journey in search of them, when he fell ill; and at length, without telling his sons, if he knew, where to find their lost cousins, he too died.

Years passed away. Once at least in nearly every year young Daniel Miller—the "ü" was dropped—of Woodville came down to New Orleans. At such times he would seek out his relatives and his father's and uncle's old friends and inquire for tidings of the lost children. But all in vain. Frank and Eva Schuber too kept up the inquiry in his absence, but no breath of tidings came. On the city's south side sprung up the new city of Lafayette, now the Fourth District of New Orleans, and many of the aforetime redemptioners moved thither. Its streets near the river became almost a German quarter. Other German immigrants, hundreds and hundreds, landed among them, and in the earlier years many of these were redemptioners. Among them one whose name will always be inseparable from the history of New Orleans has a permanent place in this story.

CHRISTIAN ROSELIUS.

One morning many years ago, when some business had brought me into a corridor of one of the old court buildings facing the Place d'Armes, a loud voice from within one of the court-rooms arrested my own and the general ear. At once from all directions men came with decorum, but with haste as well, towards the spot whence it proceeded. I pushed in through a green door into a closely crowded room and found the Supreme Court of the State in session. A short, broad, big-browed man of an iron sort, with silver hair close shorn from a Roman head, had just begun his argument in the final trial of a great case that had been before the court for many years, and the privileged seats were filled with the highest legal talent, sitting to hear him. It was a famous will case,[1] and I remember that he was quoting from "King Lear" as I entered.

"Who is that?" I asked of a man packed against me in the press.

"Roselius," he whispered; and the name confirmed my conjecture: the speaker looked like all I had once heard about him. Christian Roselius came from Brunswick, Germany, a youth of seventeen, something more than two years later than Salome Müller and her friends. Like them he came an emigrant under the

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[1] The will of R. D. Shepherd.

Dutch flag, and like them his passage was paid in New Orleans by his sale as a redemptioner. A printer bought his services for two years and a half. His story is the good old one of courage, self-imposed privations, and rapid development of talents. From printing he rose to journalism, and from journalism passed to the bar. By 1836, at thirty-three years of age, he stood in the front rank of that brilliant group where Grymes was still at his best. Before he was forty he had been made attorney-general of the State. Punctuality, application, energy, temperance, probity, bounty, were the strong features of his character. It was a common thing for him to give his best services free in the cause of the weak against the strong. As an adversary he was decorous and amiable, but thunderous, heavy-handed, derisive if need be, and inexorable. A time came for these weapons to be drawn in defense of Salome Müller.

MILLER *versus* BELMONTI.

In 1843 Frank and Eva Schuber had moved to a house on the corner of Jackson and Annunciation streets.[1] They had brought up sons, two at least, who were now old enough to be their father's mainstay in his enlarged business of "farming" (leasing and subletting) the Poydras market. The father and mother and their kindred and companions in long past misfortunes and sorrows had grown to wealth and standing among the German-Americans of New Orleans and Lafayette. The little girl cousin of Salome Müller, who as a child of the same age had been her playmate on shipboard at the Helder and in crossing the Atlantic, and who looked so much like Salome, was a woman of thirty, the wife of Karl Rouff.

One summer day she was on some account down near the lower limits of New Orleans on or near the river front, where the population was almost wholly a lower class of Spanish people. Passing an open door her eye was suddenly arrested by a woman of about her own age engaged in some humble service within with her face towards the door.

Madame Karl paused in astonishment. The place was a small drinking-house, a mere *cabaret;* but the woman! It was as if her aunt Dorothea, who had died on the ship twenty-five years before, stood face to face with her alive and well. There were her black hair and eyes, her olive skin, and the old, familiar expression of countenance that belonged so distinctly to all the Hillsler family. Madame Karl went in.

"My name," the woman replied to her question, "is Mary." And to another question, "No; I am a yellow girl. I belong to Mr. Louis Belmonti, who keeps this 'coffee-house.' He has owned me for four or five years. Before that? Before that, I belonged to Mr. John Fitz Miller, who has the saw-mill down here by the convent. I always belonged to him." Her accent was the one common to English-speaking slaves.

But Madame Karl was not satisfied. "You are not rightly a slave. Your name is Müller. You are of pure German blood. I knew your mother. I know you. We came to this country together on the same ship, twenty-five years ago."

"No," said the other; "you must be mistaking me for some one else that I look like."

But Madame Karl: "Come with me. Come up into Lafayette and see if I do not show you to others who will know you the moment they look at you."

The woman enjoyed much liberty in her place and was able to accept this invitation. Madame Karl took her to the home of Frank and Eva Schuber.

Their front door steps were on the street. As Madame Karl came up to them Eva stood in the open door much occupied with her approach, for she had not seen her for two years. Another woman, a stranger, was with Madame Karl. As they reached the threshold and the two old-time friends exchanged greetings, Eva said:

"Why, it is two years since I last saw you. Is that a German woman? — I know her!"

"Well," said Madame Karl, "if you know her, who is she?"

"My God!" cried Eva — "the long-lost Salome Müller!"

"I needed nothing more to convince me," she afterwards testified in court. "I could recognize her among a hundred thousand persons."

Frank Schuber came in, having heard nothing. He glanced at the stranger, and turning to his wife asked:

"Is not that one of the girls who was lost?"

"It is," replied Eva; "it is. It is Salome Müller!"

On that same day, as it seems, for the news had not reached them, Madame Fleikener and her daughter — they had all become madams in creole America — had occasion to go to see her kinswoman, Eva Schuber. She saw the stranger and instantly recognized her, "because of her resemblance to her mother."

They were all overjoyed. Though here was a woman who for twenty-five years had been dragged in the mire of African slavery and was the mother of quadroon children and ignorant of her own identity, they welcomed her back to their embrace, not fearing but hoping she was their long-lost Salome.

But another confirmation was possible, far

[1] Long since burned down.

more conclusive than mere recognition of the countenance. Eva knew this. For weeks together she had bathed and dressed the little Salome every day. She and her mother and all Henry Müller's family had known, and had made it their common saying, that it might be difficult to identify the lost Dorothea were she found; but if ever Salome were found they could prove she was Salome beyond the shadow of a doubt. It was the remembrance of this that moved Eva Schuber to say to the woman:

"Come with me into this other room." They went, leaving Madame Karl, Madame Fleikener, her daughter, and Frank Schuber behind. And when they returned the slave was convinced, with them all, that she was the younger daughter of Daniel and Dorothea Müller. We shall presently see what fixed this conviction.

The next step was to claim her freedom. She appears to have gone back to Belmonti, but within a very few days, if not immediately, Madame Schuber and a certain Mrs. White — who does not become prominent — followed down to the cabaret. Mrs. White went out somewhere on the premises, found Salome at work, and remained with her, while Madame Schuber confronted Belmonti, and, revealing Salome's identity and its proofs, demanded her instant release.

Belmonti refused to let her go. But while doing so he admitted his belief that she might be of pure white blood and of right entitled to freedom. He confessed having gone back to John F. Miller[1] soon after buying her and proposing to set her free; but Miller, he said, had replied that in such a case the law required her to leave the country. Thereupon Belmonti had demanded that the sale be rescinded, saying: "I have paid you my money for her."

"But," said Miller, "I did not sell her to you as a slave. She is as white as you or I, and neither of us can hold her if she choose to go away."

Such at least was Belmonti's confession, yet he was as far from consenting to let his captive go after this confession was made as he had been before. He seems actually to have kept her for a while; but at length she went boldly to Schuber's house, became one of his household, and with his advice and aid asserted her intention to establish her freedom by an appeal to law. Belmonti replied with threats of public imprisonment, the chain-gang, and the auctioneer's block.

Salome, or Sally, for that seems to be the nickname by which her kindred remembered her, was never to be sold again; but not many months were to pass before she was to find herself a prisoner, by the only choice the laws allowed her, in the famous calaboose. Says her petition: "Your petitioner has good reason to believe that the said Belmonti intends to remove her out of the jurisdiction of the court during the pendency of the suit"; wherefore not *he* but *she* went to jail. Here she remained for six days and was then allowed to go at large, but only upon *giving bond and security to Belmonti*, and in a much larger sum than she had ever been sold for. The original writ of sequestration lies before me as I write, indorsed as follows:

No. 23,041.

SALLY MILLER	Sequestration.
vs.	Sigur, Caperton
LOUIS BELMONTI.	and Bonford.

Received 24th January, 1844, and on the 26th of the same month sequestered the body of the plaintiff and committed her to prison for safe keeping; but on the 1st February, 1844, she was released from custody, having entered bond in the sum of one thousand dollars with Francis Schuber as the security conditioned according to law, and which bond is herewith returned this 3d February, 1844.

B. F. LEWIS, d'y sh'ff.

Inside is the bond with the signatures, Frantz Schuber in German script, and above in English, Sally $\underset{\text{mark}}{\overset{\text{her}}{X}}$ Miller. Also the writ, ending in words of strange and solemn irony: "In the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and forty-four and in the sixty-eighth year of the Independence of the United States."

We need not follow the history at the slow gait of court proceedings. At Belmonti's petition John F. Miller was called in warranty; that is, made the responsible party in Belmonti's stead. There were "prayers" and rules, writs and answers, as the cause slowly gathered shape for final contest. Here are papers of date February 24 and 29 — it was leap year — and April 1, 2, 8, and 27. On the 7th of May Frank Schuber asked leave, and on the 14th was allowed, to substitute another bondsman in his place in order that he himself might qualify as a witness; and on the 23d of May the case came to trial.

THE TRIAL.

IT had already become famous. Early in April the press of the city, though in those days unused to giving local affairs more than the feeblest attention, had spoken of this suit as destined, if well founded, to develop a case of "unparalleled hardship, cruelty, and oppression." The German people especially were aroused and incensed. A certain newspaper spoke of the matter as the case "that had for several days created so much excitement throughout the city." The public sympathy was with Salome.

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[1] The similarity in the surnames of Salome and her master is odd, but is accidental and without significance.

But by how slender a tenure was it held! It rested not on the "hardship, cruelty, and oppression" she had suffered for twenty years, but only on the fact, which she might yet fail to prove, that she had suffered these things without having that tincture of African race which, be it ever so faint, would entirely justify, alike in the law and in the popular mind, treatment otherwise counted hard, cruel, oppressive, and worthy of the public indignation.

And now to prove the fact. In a newspaper of that date appears the following:

HON. A. M. BUCHANAN, *Judge.*

SALLY MILLER
vs. No. 23,041.
BELMONTI.

This cause came on to-day for trial before the court, Roselius and Upton for plaintiff, Canon for defendant, Grymes and Micon for warrantor; when after hearing evidence the same is continued until to-morrow morning at 11 o'clock.

Salome's battle had begun. Besides the counsel already named, there were on the slave's side a second Upton and a Bonford, and on the master's side a Sigur, a Caperton, and a Lockett. The redemptioners had made the cause their own and prepared to sustain it with a common purse.

Neither party had asked for a trial by jury; the decision was to come from the bench.

The soldier, in the tableaux of Judge Buchanan's life, had not dissolved perfectly into the justice, and old lawyers of New Orleans remember him rather for unimpeachable integrity than for fine discrimination, a man of almost austere dignity, somewhat quick in temper.

Before him now gathered the numerous counsel, most of whose portraits have long since been veiled and need not now be uncovered. At the head of one group stood Roselius, at the head of the other, Grymes. And for this there were good reasons. Roselius, who had just ceased to be the State's attorney-general, was already looked upon as one of the readiest of all champions of the unfortunate. He was in his early prime, the first full spread of his powers, but he had not forgotten the little Dutch brig *Jupiter*, or the days when he was himself a redemptioner. Grymes, on the other side, had had to do — as we have seen — with these same redemptioners before. The uncle and the father of this same Sally Miller, so called, had been chief witnesses in the suit for their liberty and hers, which he had — blamelessly, we need not doubt — lost some twenty-five years before. Directly in consequence of that loss Salome had gone into slavery and disappeared. And now the loser of that suit was here to maintain that slavery over a woman who, even if she should turn out not to be the lost child, was enough like to be mistaken for her. True, causes must have attorneys, and such things may happen to any lawyer; but here was a cause which in our lights, to-day at least, had on the defendant's side no moral right to come into court.

One other person, and only one, need we mention. Many a New York City lawyer will recall in his reminiscences of thirty years ago a small, handsome, gold-spectacled man with brown hair and eyes, noted for scholarship and literary culture; a brilliant pleader at the bar, and author of two books that became authorities, one on trade-marks, the other on prize law. Even some who do not recollect him by this description may recall how the gifted Frank Upton — for it is of him I write — was one day in 1863 or 1864 struck down by apoplexy while pleading in the well-known Peterhoff case. Or they may remember subsequently his constant, pathetic effort to maintain his old courtly mien against his resultant paralysis. This was the young man of about thirty, of uncommon masculine beauty and refinement, who sat beside Christian Roselius as an associate in the cause of Sally Miller *versus* Louis Belmonti.

THE EVIDENCE.

We need not linger over the details of the trial. The witnesses for the prosecution were called. First came a creole woman, so old that she did not know her own age, but was a grown-up girl in the days of the Spanish governor-general Galvez, sixty-five years before. She recognized in the plaintiff the same person whom she had known as a child in John F. Miller's domestic service with the mien, eyes, and color of a white person and with a German accent. Next came Madame Hemin, who had not known the Müllers till she met them on the Russian ship and had not seen Salome since parting from them at Amsterdam, yet who instantly identified her "when she herself came into the court-room just now." "Witness says," continues the record, "she perceived the family likeness in plaintiff's face when she came in the door."

The next day came Eva and told her story;

and others followed, whose testimony, like hers, we have anticipated. Again and again was the plaintiff recognized, both as Salome and as the girl Mary, or Mary Bridget, who for twenty years and upward had been owned in slavery, first by John F. Miller, then by his mother, Mrs. Canby, and at length by the cabaret keeper Louis Belmonti. If the two persons were but one, then for twenty years at least she had lived a slave within five miles, and part of the time within two, of her kindred and of freedom.

That the two persons were one it seemed scarcely possible to doubt. Not only did every one who remembered Salome on shipboard recognize the plaintiff as she, but others, who had quite forgotten her appearance then, recognized in her the strong family likeness of the Müllers. This likeness even witnesses for the defense had to admit. So, on Salome's side, testified Madame Koelhoffer, Madame Schultzheimer, and young Daniel Müller (Miller) from Mississippi. She was easily pointed out in the throng of the crowded court-room.

And then, as we have already said, there was another means of identification which it seemed ought alone to have carried with it overwhelming conviction. But this we still hold in reserve until we have heard the explanation offered by John F. Miller both in court and at the same time in the daily press in reply to its utterances which were voicing the public sympathy for Salome.

It seems that John Fitz Miller was a citizen of New Orleans in high standing, a man of property, money, enterprises, and slaves. John Lawson Lewis, commanding-general of the State militia, testified in the case to Mr. Miller's generous and social disposition, his easy circumstances, his kindness to his eighty slaves, his habit of entertaining, and the exceptional fineness of his equipage. Another witness testified that complaints were sometimes made by Miller's neighbors of his too great indulgence of his slaves. Others, ladies as well as gentlemen, corroborated these good reports, and had even kinder and higher praises for his mother, Mrs. Canby. They stated with alacrity, not intending the slightest imputation against the gentleman's character, that he had other slaves even fairer of skin than this Mary Bridget, who nevertheless, "when she was young," they said, "looked like a white girl." One thing they certainly made plain—that Mr. Miller had never taken the Müller family or any part of them to Attakapas or knowingly bought a redemptioner.

He accounted for his possession of the plaintiff thus: In August, 1822, one Anthony Williams, being or pretending to be a negro-trader and from Mobile, somehow came into contact with Mr. John Fitz Miller in New Orleans. He represented that he had sold all his stock of slaves except one girl, Mary Bridget, ostensibly twelve years old, and must return at once to Mobile. He left this girl with Mr. Miller to be sold for him for his (Williams's) account under a formal power of attorney so to do, Mr. Miller handing him one hundred dollars as an advance on her prospective sale. In January, 1823, Williams had not yet been heard from, nor had the girl been sold; and on the 1st of February Mr. Miller sold her to his own mother, with whom he lived—in other words, *to himself*, as we shall see. In this sale her price was three hundred and fifty dollars and her age was still represented as about twelve. "From that time she remained in the house of my mother," wrote Miller to the newspapers, "as a domestic servant" until 1838, when "she was sold to Belmonti."

Mr. Miller's public statement was not as full and candid as it looked. How, if the girl was sold to Mrs. Canby, his mother—how is it that Belmonti bought her of Miller himself? The answer is that while Williams never reappeared, the girl, in February, 1835, "the girl Bridget," now the mother of three children, was with these children bought back again by that same Mr. Miller from the entirely passive Mrs. Canby, for the same three hundred and fifty dollars; the same price for the four which he had got, or had seemed to get, for the mother alone when she was but a child of twelve years. Thus had Mr. Miller become the owner of the woman, her two sons, and her daughter, had had her service for the keeping, and had never paid but one hundred dollars. This point he prudently overlooked in his public statement. Nor did he count it necessary to emphasize the further fact that when this slave-mother was about twenty-eight years old and her little daughter had died, he sold her alone, away from her two half-grown sons, for ten times what he had paid for her, to be the bondwoman of the wifeless keeper of a dram-shop.

But these were not the only omissions. Why had Williams never come back either for the slave or for the proceeds of her sale? Mr. Miller omitted to state, what he knew well enough, that the girl was so evidently white that Williams could not get rid of her, even to him, by an open sale. When months and years passed without a word from Williams, the presumption was strong that Williams knew the girl was not of African tincture, at least within the definition of the law, and was content to count the provisional transfer to Miller equivalent to a sale.

Miller, then, was—heedless enough, let us call it—to hold in African bondage for twenty years a woman who, his own witnesses testified, had every appearance of being a white person, without ever having seen the shadow of a title for any one to own her, and with everything to indicate that there was none. Whether he had any better right to own the several other slaves whiter than this one whom those same witnesses of his were forward to state he owned and had owned, no one seems to have inquired. To such a state of moral torpor could slaveholding reduce the public mind. And indeed when we reflect that the whole business of slaveholding and slave buying and selling rested on a foundation of original kidnapping, it ought not to seem remarkable that this particular case should involve a lady noted for her good works and a gentleman who drove "the finest equipage in New Orleans." Few people anywhere in America looked upon such things forty-five years ago with the horror they deserved, and the few who did were despised alike by the godless and the godly.

One point, in view of current beliefs of today, compels attention. One of Miller's witnesses was being cross-examined. Being asked if, should he see the slave woman among white ladies, he would not think her white, he replied:

"I cannot say. There are in New Orleans many white persons of dark complexion and many colored persons of light complexion." The question followed:

"What is there in the features of a colored person that designates them to be such?"

"I cannot say. Persons who live in countries where there are many colored persons acquire an instinctive means of judging that cannot be well explained."

And yet neither this man's "instinct" nor that of any one else, either during the whole trial or during twenty years' previous knowledge of the plaintiff, was of the least value to determine whether this poor slave was entirely white or of mixed blood. It was more utterly worthless than her memory. For as to that she had, according to one of Miller's own witnesses, in her childhood confessed a remembrance of having been brought "across the lake"; but whether that had been from Germany, or only from Mobile, must be shown in another way. That way was very simple, and we hold it no longer in suspense.

THE CROWNING PROOF.

"If ever our little Salome is found," Eva Kropp had been accustomed to say, "we shall know her by two hair moles about the size of a coffee-bean, one on the inside of each thigh, about midway up from the knee. Nobody can make those, or take them away without leaving the tell-tale scars." And lo! when Madame Karl brought Mary Bridget to Frank Schuber's house, and Eva Schuber, who every day for weeks had bathed and dressed her godchild on the ship, took this stranger into another room apart and alone, there were the birth-marks of the lost Salome.

What incontestible evidence the friends of Salome were able to furnish that, as so many testified, these birth-marks were expected to be found before they were found, I do not see. It may have been in the one paper of the court that alone I failed to secure. Madame Karl died before the trial came on. But at any rate the point must have been made plain, for the defense never once called it in question; but, instead, called in question the genuineness of the marks found at last upon the white slave.

The verdict of science was demanded, and an order of the court issued to two noted physicians, one chosen by each side, to examine these marks and report "the nature, appearance, and cause of the same." The kindred of Salome chose Warren Stone, probably the greatest physician and surgeon in one that New Orleans has ever known. Mr. Grymes's client chose a creole gentleman almost equally famed, Dr. Armand Mercier.

Dr. Stone died many years ago; Dr. Mercier, if I remember aright, in 1885. When I called upon Dr. Mercier in his office in Girod street in the summer of 1883, to appeal to his remembrance of this long-forgotten matter, I found a very noble-looking, fair old gentleman whose abundant waving hair had gone all to a white silken floss with age. He sat at his desk in persistent silence with his strong blue eyes fixed steadfastly upon me while I slowly and carefully recounted the story. Two or three times I paused inquiringly; but he faintly shook his head in the negative, a slight frown of mental effort gathering for a moment between the eyes that never left mine. But suddenly he leaned forward and drew his breath as if to speak. I ceased, and he said:

"My sister, the wife of Pierre Soulé, refused to become the owner of that woman and her three children because they were so white!" He pressed me eagerly with an enlargement of his statement, and when he paused I said nothing or very little; for, sad to say, he had only made it perfectly plain that it was not the girl Mary Bridget whom he was recollecting, but *another case.*

He did finally, though dimly, call to mind having served with Dr. Stone in such a matter as I had described. But later I was made independent of his powers of recollection, when the original documents of the court were laid before me. There was the certificate of the two physicians. And there, over their signatures, "Mercier d.m.p." standing first, in a bold heavy hand underscored by a single broad quill-stroke, was this "Conclusion."

"1. These marks ought to be considered as *nævi materni*.

"2. They are congenital; or, in other words, the person was born with them.

"3. There is no process by means of which artificial spots bearing all the character of the marks can be produced."

JUDGMENT.

On the 11th of June the case of Sally Miller *versus* Louis Belmonti was called up again and the report of the medical experts received. Could anything be offered by Mr. Grymes and his associates to offset that? Yes; they had one last strong card, and now they played it.

It was, first, a certificate of baptism of a certain Mary's child John, offered in evidence to prove that this child was born at a time when Salome Müller, according to the testimony of her own kindred, was a year or two too young to become a mother; and secondly, the testimony of a free woman of color, that to her knowledge that Mary was this Bridget or Sally, and the child John this woman's eldest son Lafayette. And hereupon the court announced that on the morrow it would hear the argument of counsel.

Salome's counsel besought the court for a temporary postponement on two accounts: first, that her age might be known beyond a peradventure by procuring a copy of her own birth record from the official register of her native Langensoultz, and also to procure in New Orleans the testimony of one who was professionally present at the birth of her son, and who would swear that it occurred some years later than the date of the baptismal record just accepted as evidence.

"We are taken by surprise," exclaimed in effect Roselius and his coadjutors, "in the production of testimony by the opposing counsel openly at variance with earlier evidence accepted from them and on record. The act of the sale of this woman and her children from Sarah Canby to John Fitz Miller in 1835, her son Lafayette being therein described as but five years of age, fixes his birth by irresistible inference in 1830, in which year by the recorded testimony of her kindred Salome Müller was fifteen years old."

But the combined efforts of Roselius, Upton, and others were unavailing, and the newspapers of the following day reported: "This cause, continued from yesterday, came on again today, when, after hearing arguments of counsel, the court took the same under consideration."

It must be a dull fancy that will not draw for itself the picture, when a fortnight later the court-room is filled again to hear the word of judgment. It is near the end of the hot far-southern June. The judge begins to read aloud. His hearers wait languidly through the prolonged recital of the history of the case. It is as we have given it here: no use has been made here of any testimony discredited in the judge's reasons for his decision. At length the evidence is summed up and every one attends to catch the next word, while every eye is on the white slave. The judge reads:

"The supposed identity is based upon two circumstances: first, a striking resemblance of plaintiff to the child above mentioned and to the family of that child. Second, two certain marks or moles on the inside of the thighs [one on each thigh], which marks are similar in the child and in the woman. This resemblance and these marks are proved by several witnesses. Are they sufficient to justify me in declaring the plaintiff to be identical with the German child in question? I answer this question in the negative."

What stir there was in the room when these words were heard the silent records lying before me do not tell, or whether all was silent while the judge read on; but by and by his words were these:

"I must admit that the relatives of the said family of redemptioners seem to be very firmly convinced of the identity which the plaintiff claims. . . . As, however, it is quite out of the question to take away a man's property upon grounds of this sort, I would suggest that the friends of the plaintiff, if honestly convinced of the justice of her pretensions, should make some effort to settle a *l'aimable* with the defendant, who has honestly and fairly paid his money for her. They would doubtless find him well disposed to part on reasonable terms with a slave from whom he can scarcely expect any service after what has passed. Judgment dismissing the suit with costs."

The white slave was still a slave. We are left to imagine the quiet air of dispatch with which as many of the counsel as were present gathered up any papers they may have had, exchanged a few murmurous words with their clients, and, hats in hand, hurried off and out to other business. Also the silent, slow dejection of Salome, Eva, Frank, and their neighbors and kin as they rose and left the hall where a man's property was more sacred than a woman's freedom. But the attorney had given them ground of hope. Application would be made for a new trial; and if this was refused, as it probably would be, then appeal would be made to the Supreme Court of the State.

So it happened. Only two days later the plaintiff, through one of her counsel, the brother of Frank Upton, applied for a new trial. She stated that important evidence not earlier obtainable had come to light; that she could produce a witness to prove that John F. Miller had repeatedly said she was white; and that one of Miller's own late witnesses, his own brother-in-law, would make deposition of the fact, recollected only since he gave testimony, that the girl Bridget brought into Miller's household in 1822 was much darker than the plaintiff and died a few years afterwards. And this witness did actually make such deposition. In the six months through which the suit had dragged since Salome had made her first petition to the court and signed it with her mark she had learned to write. The application for a new trial is signed "Sally Müller."

The new trial was refused. Roselius took an appeal. The judge allowed it, but required the amount of Salome's bond to be doubled—this in face of his own characterization of her as "a slave from whom her master could scarcely expect any service." However, Frank Schuber doubled the bond and the case went up to the Supreme Court.

In that court no witnesses were likely to be examined. New testimony was not admissible; all testimony taken in the inferior courts "went up" by the request of either party as part of the record, and to it no addition could ordinarily be made. The case would be ready for argument almost at once.

BEFORE THE SUPERIOR JUDGES.

ONCE more it was May, when in the populous but silent court-room the clerk announced the case of Miller *versus* Louis Belmonti, and John F. Miller, warrantor. Well-nigh a year had gone by since the appeal was taken. Two full years had passed since Madame Karl had found Salome in Belmonti's cabaret. It was now 1845; Grymes was still at the head of one group of counsel, and Roselius of the other. There again were Eva and Salome, looking like an elder and a younger sister. On the bench sat at the right two and at the left two superior judges, and between them in the middle the learned and aged historian of the State, Chief-Justice Martin.

The attorneys had known from the first that the final contest would be here, and had saved their forces for this; and when on the 19th of May the deep, rugged voice of Roselius resounded through the old Cabildo, a nine-days' contest of learning, eloquence, and legal tactics had begun. Roselius may have filed a brief, but I have sought it in vain, and his words in Salome's behalf are lost. Yet we know one part in the defense which he must have retained to himself; for Francis Upton was waiting in reserve to close the argument on the last day of the trial, and so important a matter as this that we shall mention would hardly have been trusted in any but the strongest hands. It was this: Roselius, in the middle of his argument upon the evidence, proposed to read a certain certified copy of a registry of birth. Grymes and his colleagues instantly objected. It was their own best gun captured and turned upon them. They could not tolerate it. It was no part of the record, they stoutly maintained, and must not be introduced nor read nor commented upon. The point was vigorously argued on both sides; but when Roselius appealed to an earlier decision of the same court the bench decided that, as then, so now, "in suits for freedom, and *in favorem libertatis*, they would notice facts which come credibly before them, even though they be *dehors* the record." And so Roselius thundered it out. The consul for Baden at New Orleans had gone to Europe some time before, and was now newly returned. He had brought an official copy, from the records of the prefect of Salome's native village, of the registered date of her birth. This is what was now heard, and by it Salome and her friends knew to their joy, and Belmonti to his chagrin, that she was two years older than her kinsfolk had thought her to be.

Who followed Roselius is not known, but by and by men were bending the ear to the soft persuasive tones and finished subtleties of the polished and courted Grymes. He left, we are told, no point unguarded, no weapon unused, no vantage-ground unoccupied. The high social standing and reputation of his client were set forth at their best. Every slenderest discrepancy of statement between Salome's witnesses was ingeniously expanded. By learned citation and adroit appliance of the old Spanish laws concerning slaves, he sought to ward off as with a Toledo blade the heavy blows by which Roselius and his colleagues endeavored to lay upon the defendants the burden of proof which the lower court had laid upon Salome. He admitted generously the entire sincerity of Salome's kinspeople in believing plaintiff to be the lost child; but reminded the court of the credulity of ill-trained minds, the contagiousness of fanciful delusions, and especially of what he somehow found room to call the inflammable imagination of the German temperament. He appealed to history; to the scholarship of the bench; citing the stories of Martin Guerre, the Russian Demetrius, Perkin Warbeck, and all the other wonderful cases of mistaken or counterfeited identity. Thus he and his associates plead for the continuance in bondage of a woman whom their own fellow-citizens were willing to take into their houses after twenty years of degradation and infamy, make their oath to her identity, and pledge their fortunes to her protection as their kinswoman.

Day after day the argument continued. At length the Sabbath broke its continuity, but on Monday it was resumed, and on Tuesday Francis Upton rose to make the closing argument for the plaintiff. His daughter, Miss Upton, now of Washington, once did me the honor to lend me a miniature of him made about the time of Salome's suit for freedom. It is a pleasing evidence of his modesty in the domestic circle — where masculine modesty is so rare — that his daughter had never heard him tell the story of this case, in which, it is said, he put the first strong luster on his fame. In the picture he is a very David — "ruddy and of a fair countenance"; a countenance at once gentle and valiant, vigorous and pure. Lifting this face upon the wrinkled chief-justice and associate judges, he began to set forth the points of law, in an argument which, we are told, "was regarded by those who heard it as one of the happiest forensic efforts ever made before the court."

He set his reliance mainly upon two points: one, that, it being obvious and admitted that plaintiff was not entirely of African race, the presumption of law was in favor of liberty and with the plaintiff, and therefore that the whole burden of proof was upon the defendants, Belmonti and Miller; and the other point, that the presumption of freedom in such a case could be rebutted only by proof that she was descended from a slave mother. These points the young attorney had to maintain as best he could without precedents fortifying them beyond attack; but "Adele *versus* Beauregard" he insisted firmly established the first point and implied the court's assent to the second, while as legal doctrines "Wheeler on Slavery" upheld them both. When he was done Salome's fate was in the hands of her judges.

Almost a month goes by before their judgment is rendered. But at length, on the 21st of June, the gathering with which our imagination has become familiar appears for the last time. The chief-justice is to read the decision from which there can be no appeal. As the judges take their places one seat is left void; it is by reason of sickness. Order is called, silence falls, and all eyes are on the chief-justice.

He reads. To one holding the court's official copy of judgment in hand, as I do at this moment, following down the lines as the justice's eyes once followed them, passing from paragraph to paragraph, and turning the leaves as his hand that day turned them, the scene lifts itself before the mind's eye despite every effort to hold it to the cold letter of the time-stained files of the court. In a single clear, well-compacted paragraph the court states Salome's claim and Belmonti's denial; in another, the warrantor Miller's denial and defense; and in two lines more, the decision of the lower court. And now mark the strange utterance that follows — esteemed right enough then and there, but already in our day repudiated by law and the best conscience of our nation, and destined yet to be abhorred by every right mind:

"The first inquiry," so reads the chief-justice — "the first inquiry that engages our attention is, What is the color of the plaintiff?"

But this is far from bringing dismay to Salome and her friends. For hear what follows:

"Persons of color" — meaning of mixed blood, not pure negro — "are presumed to be free. . . . The burden of proof is upon him who claims the colored person as a slave. . . . In the highest courts of the State of Virginia . . . a person of the complexion of the plaintiff, without evidence of descent from a slave mother, would be released even on *habeas corpus*. . . . Not only is there no evidence of her [plaintiff] being descended from a slave mother, or even a mother of the African race, but no witness has ventured a positive opinion that she is of that race."

Glad words for Salome and her kindred. The reading goes on: "The presumption is clearly in favor of the plaintiff." But suspense returns, for — "It is next proper," the reading still goes on, "to inquire how far that presumption has been weakened or justified or repelled by the testimony of numerous witnesses in the record. . . . If a number of witnesses had sworn" — here the justice turns the fourth page; now he is in the middle of it, yet all goes well; he is making a comparison of testimony for and against, unfavorable to that which is against. And now — "But the proof does not stop at mere family resemblance." He is coming to the matter of the birth-marks. He calls them "evidence which is not impeached."

He turns the page again, and begins at the top to meet the argument of Grymes from the old Spanish Partidas. But as his utterance follows his eye down the page he sets that argument aside as not good to establish such a title as that by which Miller received the plaintiff. He *exonerates* Miller, but accuses the absent Williams of imposture and fraud. One may well fear the verdict after that. But now he turns a page which every one can see is the last:

> It has been said that the German witnesses are imaginative and enthusiastic, and their confidence ought to be distrusted. That kind of enthusiasm is at least of a quiet sort, evidently the result of profound conviction and certainly free from any taint of worldly interest, and is by no means incompatible with the most perfect conscientiousness.

> If they are mistaken as to the identity of the plaintiff; if there be in truth two persons about the same age bearing a strong resemblance to the family of Miller [Müller] and having the same identical marks from their birth, and the plaintiff is not the real lost child who arrived here with hundreds of others in 1818, it is certainly one of the most extraordinary things in history. If she be not, then nobody has told who she is. After the most mature consideration of the case, we are of opinion the plaintiff is free, and it is our duty to declare her so.
>
> It is therefore ordered, adjudged, and decreed, that the judgment of the District Court be reversed; and ours is that the plaintiff be released from the bonds of slavery, that the defendants pay the costs of the appeal, and that the case be remanded for further proceedings as between the defendant and his warrantor.

So ends the record of the court. "The question of damage," says the *Law Reporter*, "is the subject-matter of another suit now pending against Jno. F. Miller and Mrs. Canby." But I have it verbally from Salome's relatives that the claim was lightly and early dismissed. Salome being free, her sons were, by law, free also. But they came, and could come, only into a negro's freedom, went to Tennessee and Kentucky, were heard of once or twice as stable-boys to famous horses, and disappeared. A Mississippi River pilot, John Given by name, met Salome among her relatives, and courted and married her. As might readily be supposed, this alliance was only another misfortune to Salome, and the pair separated. Salome went to California. Her cousin, Henry Schuber, tells me he saw her in 1855 in Sacramento City, living at last a respected and comfortable life.

G. W. Cable.

A RIDE THROUGH THE TRANS-BAIKAL.

A BURIAT SHRINE.

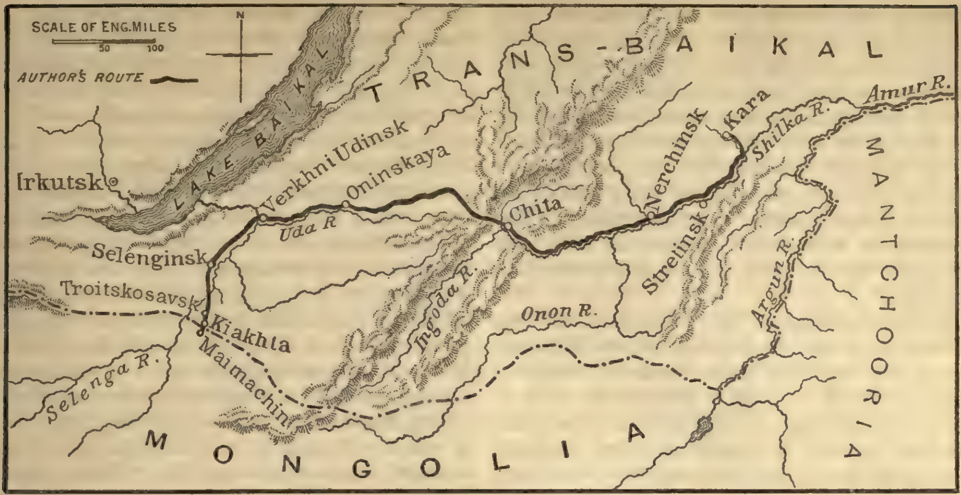
ABOUT nine o'clock Tuesday evening we returned from the visit to the Buddhist lamasery described in The Century Magazine for March, and at eleven o'clock on the same night we ordered post horses at Selenginsk and set out for the Russo-Mongolian frontier town of Kiakhta (Kee-akh′-ta), distant about sixty miles. We ought to have arrived there early on the following morning; but in Siberia, and particularly in the Trans-Baikal (Trans-By-kal′), the traveler is always detained more or less by petty unforeseen accidents and misadventures. We were stopped at midnight about six versts from Selenginsk by an unbridged river. Communication between the two shores was supposed to be maintained by means of a "karbass," or rude ferryboat; but as this boat happened to be on the other side of the stream, it was of no use to us unless we could awaken the ferryman by calling to him. Singly and in chorus we shouted "Kar-ba-a-a-ss!" at short intervals for an hour, without getting any response except a faint mocking echo from the opposite cliffs. Cold, sleepy, and discouraged, we were about to give it up for the night and return to Selenginsk, when we saw the dark outlines of a low, raft-like boat moving slowly up-stream in the shadow of the cliffs on the other side. It was the long-looked-for karbass. In half an hour we were again under way on the southern side of the river, and at three o'clock in the morning we reached the post station of Povorotnaya (Po-vo-róte-na-ya). Here, of course, there were no horses. The station house was already full of travelers asleep on the floor, and there was nothing for us to do except to lie down in an unoccupied corner near the oven, between two Chinese and a pile of medicinal deer-horns, and to get through the remainder of the night as best we could.

All day Wednesday we rode southward through a rather dreary and desolate region of sandy pine barrens or wide stretches of short dead grass, broken here and there by low hills covered with birches, larches, and evergreens. Now and then we met a train of small one-horse wagons loaded with tea that had come overland across Mongolia from Pekin, or two or three mounted Buriats (Boor-yáts) in dishpan-shaped hats and long brown kaftans (kaf-táns), upon the breasts of which had been sewn zigzags of red cloth that suggested a rude Mongolian imitation of the Puritan "scarlet letter." As a rule, however, the road seemed to be little traveled and scantily settled, and in a ride of nearly fifty miles we saw nothing of interest except here and there on the summits of hills small sacred piles of stones which Mr. Frost called "Buriat shrines." All over Siberia it is the custom of the natives when they cross the top of a high hill or mountain to make a propitiatory offering to the spirits of storm and tempest. In the extreme north-eastern part of Siberia these offerings consist generally of tobacco, and are thrown out on the ground in front of some prominent and noticeable rock; but in the Trans-Baikal the Buriats and Mongols are accustomed to pile a heap of stones beside the road, erect thereon half a dozen rods or poles, and suspend from the latter small pieces of their clothing. Every pious traveler who passes a shrine of this sort on the summit of a mountain is expected to alight from his vehicle or dismount from his horse, tear off a little piece of his kaftan or his shirt, hang it up on one of these poles, and say a prayer. As a result of this ceremonial, every shrine presents to the traveler a sort of tailor's collection of scraps and remnants of cloth of every conceivable kind, quality, and color, fluttering to the wind from slender poles that look like hastily improvised fishing-rods. Theoretically this custom would seem to be not wholly without its advantages. If a native was familiar with the clothing of his friends he could always tell by a simple inspection of one of these shrines who had lately passed that way, and, if necessary, he could trace any particular person from hilltop to hilltop by the strips of his shirt or the frayed edges of his trousers left hanging on the stone-ballasted fishing-rods as an offering to the mighty gods of the Siberian tempests. In practice, however, this might not be feasible unless one could remember all the old clothes of the person whom one wished to trace and all the ancestral rags and tatters of that person's family. From a careful examination that we made of a number of shrines we became convinced that every pious Buriat keeps a religious ragbag, which he carries with him when he travels and to which he has recourse whenever it becomes necessary to decorate the sacred fishing-poles of the storm-gods. I am sure that such miserable, decayed scraps and tatters of raiment as we saw fluttering in the wind over the shrines between Selenginsk and Kiakhta never could have been cut or torn from any garments that were actually in wear.

The weather all day Wednesday was raw and cold, with occasional squalls of rain or snow. We could get little to eat at the post stations, and long before it grew dark we were faint, hungry, and chilled to the bone. Nothing could have been more pleasant under such circumstances than to see at last the cheerful glow of the fire-lighted windows in the little log houses of Troitskosavsk (Troy-its-ko-sávsk), two miles and a half north of the Mongolian frontier.

The three towns of Troitskosavsk, Kiakhta, and Maimachin (My-match′-in) are so situated as to form one almost continuous settlement extending across the Russo-Mongolian frontier about a hundred miles south and east of Lake Baikal. Troitskosavsk and Kiakhta are on the northern side of the boundary line, while Maimachin is on the southern or Mongolian side and is separated from Kiakhta by a hundred and fifty or two hundred yards of unoccupied neutral ground. Of the three towns Troitskosavsk is the largest, and from an administrative point of view the most important; but Kiakhta is nearest to the border and is best known by name to the world.

Acting upon the advice of a merchant's clerk whose acquaintance we had made on the Lake Baikal steamer, we drove through Troitskosavsk to Kiakhta and sought shelter in a house called "Sokoloff's" (Só-ko-loff's), which the merchant's clerk had given us to understand was a good and comfortable hotel. When after much search we finally found it, we were surprised to discover that there was not a sign of a hotel about it. The house stood in the middle of a large, wall-inclosed yard, its windows were dark, and although the hour was not a very late one the court-yard gate was shut and closely barred. After shouting, knocking, and kicking at the gate for five or ten minutes we succeeded in arousing a sharp-tongued maid-servant, who seemed disposed at first to regard us as burglars or brigands. Upon becoming assured, however, that we were only peaceable travelers in search of lodgings, she informed us with some asperity that this was not a hotel, but a private house. Mr. Sokoloff, she said, sometimes received travelers who came to him with letters of introduction; but he did not open his doors to people whom nobody knew anything about, and the best thing we could do, in her opinion, was to go back to Troitskosavsk. As we had no letters of introduction, and as the young woman refused to open the gate or hold any further parley with us, there was obviously nothing for us to do but to recognize the soundness of her judgment and take her advice. We therefore climbed into our telega, drove back to Troitskosavsk, and finally succeeded in finding there a Polish exile named Klembotski (Klem-bót-skee), who kept a bakery and who had a few rooms that he was willing to rent, even to travelers who were not provided with letters of introduction. As it was after ten o'clock, and as we despaired of finding a better place, we ordered our baggage taken to one of Mr. Klembotski's rooms. It did not prove to be a very cheerful apartment. The floor was made of rough-hewn planks, the walls were of squared logs chinked with hemp-fibers, there was no furniture except a pine table, three stained pine chairs, and a narrow wooden couch or bedstead, and all guests were expected to furnish their own bedding. After a meager supper of tea and rolls we lay down on the hard plank floor and tried to get to sleep, but were forced, as usual, to devote a large part of the night to researches and investigations in a narrowly restricted and uninteresting department of entomology. Thursday forenoon



we hired a peculiar Russian variety of Irish jaunting-car, known in Siberia as a "dolgushka" (dol-goósh-ka), and set out for Kiakhta, where we intended to call upon a wealthy Russian tea merchant named Lushnikoff (Loósh-nee-koff), who had been recommended to us by friends in Irkutsk.

Troitskosavsk, Kiakhta, and Maimachin are situated in a shallow and rather desolate valley, beside a small stream that falls into the Selenga (Sel-en-ga′) River. The nearly parallel and generally bare ridges that form this valley limit the vision in every direction except to the southward, where, over the housetops and gray wooden walls of Maimachin, one may catch a glimpse of blue, hazy mountains far away in Mongolia. Kiakhta, which stands on the border line between Mongolia and Siberia, does not appear at first sight to be anything more than a large, prosperous village. It contains a greater number of comfortable-looking two-story log dwelling-houses than are to be found in most East Siberian villages, and it has one or two noticeable churches of the Russo-Greek type with white walls and belfries surmounted by colored or gilded domes; but one would never suppose it to be the most important commercial point in Eastern Siberia. Through Kiakhta, nevertheless, pass into or out of Mongolia every year Russian and Chinese products to the value of from twenty to thirty million rubles ($10,000,000 to $15,000,000). Nearly all of the famous "overland" tea consumed in Russia is brought across Mongolia in caravans from northern China, enters the Empire through Kiakhta, and after being carefully repacked and sewn up in raw hides is transported across Siberia a distance of nearly four thousand miles to St. Petersburg, Moscow, or the great annual fair of Nizhni Novgorod (Neezh′-nee Nóv-go-rod). Through Kiakhta are also imported into Russia silks, crapes, and other distinctively Chinese products, together with great quantities of compressed, or "brick," tea for the poorer classes of the Russian people and for the Kirghis (Keér-gees), Buriats, and other native tribes. The chief exports to the Chinese Empire are Russian manufactures, medicinal deer-horns, ginseng, furs, and precious metals in the shape of Russian, English, and American coins. Even the silver dollars of the United States find their way into the Flowery Kingdom through Siberia. Among the Russian merchants living in Kiakhta are men of great wealth, some of whom derive from their commercial transactions in general, and from the tea trade in particular, incomes varying from $75,000 to $150,000 per annum.

We found Mr. Lushnikoff living in a comfortably furnished two-story house near the center of the town, and upon introducing ourselves as American travelers were received with the sincere and cordial hospitality that seems to be characteristic of Russians everywhere, from Behring Strait to the Baltic Sea. In the course of lunch, which was served soon after our arrival, we discussed the "sights" of Kiakhta and Maimachin, and were informed by Mr. Lushnikoff that in his opinion there was very little in either town worthy of a foreign traveler's attention. Maimachin might perhaps interest us if we had never seen a Chinese or Mongolian city, but Kiakhta did not differ essentially from other Siberian settlements of its class.

After a moment's pause he asked suddenly, as if struck by a new thought, "Have you ever eaten a Chinese dinner?"

"Never," I replied.

"Well," he said, "then there is one new experience that I can give you. I 'll get up a

Chinese dinner for you in Maimachin day after to-morrow. I know a Chinese merchant there who has a good cook, and although I cannot promise you upon such short notice a dinner of more than forty courses, perhaps it will be enough to give you an idea of the thing."

We thanked him and said that although we had had little to eat since entering the Trans-Baikal except bread and tea, we thought that a dinner of forty courses would be fully adequate to satisfy both our appetites and our curiosity.

From the house of Mr. Lushnikoff we went to call upon the Russian boundary commissioner, Mr. Sulkofski (Sool-kóf-skee), who lived near at hand and who greeted us with as much informal good-fellowship as if we had been old friends. We were very often surprised in these far-away parts of the globe to find ourselves linked by so many persons and associations to the civilized world and to our homes. In the house of Mr. Lushnikoff, for example, we had the wholly unexpected pleasure of talking in English with Mrs. Hamilton, a cultivated Scotch lady, who had come to Kiakhta across China and Mongolia and had been for several years a member of Mr. Lushnikoff's family. In the person of the Russian boundary commissioner we were almost as much surprised to find a gentleman who had met many officers of the *Jeannette* arctic exploring expedition—including Messrs. Melville and Danenhower; who had seen the relief steamer *Rodgers* in her winter quarters near Behring Strait; and who was acquainted with Captain Berry of that vessel and with the "Herald" correspondent, Mr. Gilder.

After another lunch and a pleasant chat of an hour or more with Mr. Sulkofski, Frost and I returned to Troitskosavsk and spent the remainder of the afternoon in exploring the bazar, or town market, and the queer Chinese and Mongolian shops shown in the illustration on page 78. In one of these shops we were astonished to find an old second-hand copy of Dickens's "All the Year Round." How it came there I could hardly imagine, but it seemed to me that if the periodical literature of Great Britain was represented in one of the shops of the Troitskosavsk bazar we ought to find there also a copy of some American magazine left by a "globe-trotter" from the United States. My professional and patriotic pride would not allow me to admit for a moment that "All the Year Round" might have a larger circulation in outer Mongolia than THE CENTURY MAGAZINE. After long and diligent search in a queer dark second-hand booth kept by a swarthy Mongol, I was rewarded by the discovery of a product of American genius that partly satisfied my patriotism and served as a tangible proof that New England marks the time to which all humanity keeps step. It was an old second-hand clock, made in Providence, Rhode Island, the battered and somewhat grimy face of which still bore in capital letters the characteristic American legend, "Thirty Hour Joker." Mongolia might know nothing of American literature or of American magazines, but it had made the acquaintance of the American clock; and although this particular piece of mechanism had lost its hands, its "Thirty Hour Joker" was a sufficiently pointed allusion to the national characteristic to satisfy the most ardent patriotism. An American joker does not need hands to point out the merits of his jokes, and this mutilated New England clock, with its empty key-hole eyes and its battered but still humorous visage, seemed to leer at me out of the darkness of that queer old second-hand shop as if to say, "You may come to Siberia, you may explore Mongolia, but you can't get away from the American joker." I was a little disappointed not to find in this bazar some representative masterpiece of American literature, but I was more than satisfied a short time afterward when I discovered in a still wilder and more remote part of the Trans-Baikal a copy of Mark Twain's "Life on the Mississippi" and a Russian translation of Bret Harte's "Luck of Roaring Camp."

On Friday, October 2, Mr. Frost and I again visited Kiakhta and went with the boundary commissioner, Mr. Sulkofski, to call upon the Chinese governor of Maimachin. The Mongolian town of Maimachin is separated from Kiakhta by a hundred and fifty or two hundred yards of neutral ground, through the middle of which is supposed to run the boundary line between the two great empires. Maimachin is further separated from Kiakhta by a high plank wall and by screens, or pagoda shaped buildings, that mask the entrances to the streets so that the outside barbarian cannot look into the place without actually entering it, and cannot see anything beyond its

wooden walls after he has entered it. It would be hard to imagine a more sudden and startling change than that brought about by a walk of two hundred yards from Kiakhta to Maimachin. One moment you are in a Russian provincial village with its characteristic shops, log houses, golden-domed churches, droshkies (drósh-kees), soldiers, and familiar peasant faces; the next moment you pass behind the high screen that conceals the entrance to the Mongolian town and find yourself apparently in the middle of the Chinese Empire. You can hardly believe that you have not been suddenly transported on the magical carpet of the "Arabian Nights" over a distance of a thousand miles. The town in which you find yourself is no more like the town that you have just left than a Zuñi pueblo is like a village in New England, and for all that appears to the contrary you might suppose yourself to be separated from the Russian Empire by the width of a whole continent. The narrow, unpaved streets are shut in by gray, one-story houses, whose windowless walls are made of clay mixed with chopped straw, and whose roofs, ornamented with elaborate carving, show a tendency to turn up at the corners; clumsy two-wheel ox-carts, loaded with boxes of tea and guided by swarthy Mongol drivers, have taken the place of the Russian horses and telegas; Chinese traders in skull-caps, loose flapping gowns, and white-soled shoes appear at the doors of the court-yards instead of the Russian merchants in top-boots, loose waistcoats, and shirts worn outside their trousers whom you have long been accustomed to see; and wild-looking sunburned horsemen in deep orange gowns and dishpan-shaped hats ride in now and then from some remote encampment in the great desert of Göbi, followed, perhaps, by a poor Mongol from the immediate neighborhood, mounted upon a slow-pacing ox. Wherever you go, and in whatever direction you look, China has taken the place of Russia, and the scenes that confront you are full of strange, unfamiliar details.

We drove with a Russo-Chinese interpreter to the residence of the "surguche" (soor-goo-chay′), or Chinese governor,— which was distinguished from all other houses by having two high poles tipped with gilded balls erected in front of it,— and after being introduced to his Excellency by Mr. Sulkofski were invited to partake of tea, sweetmeats, and "maigalo" (mý-ga-lo), or Chinese rice-brandy. We exchanged with the governor a number of ceremonious and not at all exciting inquiries and replies relative to his and our health, affairs, and general well-being, drank three or four saki-cups of maigalo, nibbled at some candied fruits, and then, as the hour for his devotions had arrived, went with him by invitation to the temple and saw him say his prayers before a large wooden idol to an accompaniment made by the slow tolling of a big, deep-toned bell. The object of the bell-ringing seemed to be to notify the whole population of the town that his Excellency the governor was communing with his Joss. When we returned to his house Mr. Frost drew a portrait of him as with an amusing air of conscious majesty he sat upon a tiger skin in his chair of state, and then, as we had no excuse for lingering longer, we took our leave, each of us receiving a neatly tied package in which were the nuts, sweetmeats, and candied fruits that had been set before us but had not been eaten.

We wasted the rest of the afternoon in trying to get photographs of some of the strange types and groups that were to be seen in the Maimachin streets. Again and again we were surrounded by forty or fifty Mongols, Buriats, and nondescript natives from the great southern steppes, and again and again we set up the camera and trained it upon a part of the picturesque throng. Every time Mr. Frost covered his head with the black cloth and took off the brass cap that concealed the instrument's Cyclopean eye, the apprehensive Celestials vanished with as much celerity as if the artist were manipulating a Gatling gun. We could clear a whole street from one end to the other by merely setting up the camera on its tripod and getting out the black cloth, and I seriously thought of advising the Chinese governor to send to America for a photographic outfit to be used in quelling riots. He could disperse a mob with it more quickly and certainly than with a battery of mountain howitzers. If I remember rightly, Mr. Frost did not succeed in getting pictures of any animated objects that day except a few Mongol ox-teams and two or three blind or crippled beggars who could not move rapidly enough to make their escape. At a later hour that same afternoon, in the bazar of Troitskosavsk, he came near being mobbed while trying to make a pencil drawing of a fierce-looking Mongol trader, and was obliged to come home with his sketch unfinished. We both regretted, as we had regretted many times before, that we had neglected to provide ourselves with a small detective camera. It might have been used safely and successfully in many places where the larger instrument excited fear or suspicion.

Our Chinese dinner in Maimachin Saturday afternoon was a novel and interesting experience. It was given in the counting-house of a wealthy Chinese merchant, and the guests present and participating comprised six or eight ladies and gentlemen of Mr. Lushnikoff's acquaintance, as well as Mr. Frost and me. The table was covered with a white cloth, and was furnished with plates, cups and saucers, knives and forks, etc., in the European fashion. Ivory chopsticks were provided for those who desired them, but they were used by the Russian and American guests only in a tentative and experimental way. When we had all taken seats at the table a glass flagon containing a peculiar kind of dark-colored Chinese vinegar was passed round, and every guest poured about half a gill of it into a small saucer beside his plate.

"What is the vinegar for?" I asked Mr. Lushnikoff.

"To dip your food in," he replied. "The Chinese in Maimachin eat almost everything with vinegar. It is n't bad."

As I had not the faintest idea what was coming in the shape of food, I reserved my judgment as to the expediency of using vinegar and maintained an attitude of expectancy. In a few moments the first course was brought in. I will not undertake to say positively what it was, but I find it described in my note-book as "a prickly sea-weed or sea plant of some kind, resembling stiff moss." It had presumably been boiled or cooked in some way, but I cannot venture to affirm anything whatever with regard to it except that it was cold and had a most disagreeable appearance. Each of the Russian guests took a small quantity of it, sopped a morsel in the dark-colored vinegar, and ate it, if not with relish, at least with heroic confidence and composure. There was nothing for Mr. Frost and me to do but to follow the example. The next nine courses, taking them in order, I find described in my note-book as follows:

1. Shreds of cold meat embedded in small diamond-shaped molds of amber-colored jelly.
2. Black mushrooms of a species to me unknown.
3. Salad of onions and finely shredded herbs.
4. Lichens from birch trees.
5. Thin slices of pale, unwholesome-looking sausage, component materials unknown.
6. Small diamonds, circles, and squares of boiled egg, dyed in some way so as to resemble scraps of morocco leather.
7. The tails of crawfish fried brown.
8. Long-fronded sea-weed of a peculiar grass-green color.
9. Curly fibers of some marine plant that looked like shredded cabbage.

I do not pretend to say that these brief entries in my note-book describe with scientific accuracy the articles of food to which they relate. I did not know, and could not find out, what many of the courses were, and all I could do was to note down the impression that they made upon me and call them by the names of the things that they seemed most to resemble. All of these preparations, without exception, were served cold and were eaten with vinegar. Over a brazier of coals on a broad divan near the table stood a shallow pan of hot water, in which were half immersed three or four silver pots or pitchers containing the colorless rice-brandy known as maigalo. After every course of the dinner a servant went round the table with one of these pitchers and filled with the hot liquor a small porcelain cup like a Japanese saki-cup that had been placed beside every guest's plate.

I had heard a short time before this an anecdote of an ignorant East Siberian peasant, who in making an excavation for some purpose found what he supposed to be the almost perfectly preserved remains of a mammoth. With the hope of obtaining a reward he determined to report this extraordinary find to the ispravnik, and in order to make his story more impressive he tasted some of the flesh of the extinct beast so that he could say to the police officer that the animal was in such a state of preservation as to be actually eatable. An investigation was ordered, a scientist from the Irkutsk geographical society was sent to the spot, and the remains of the mammoth were found to be a large deposit of the peculiar Siberian mineral known as "gorni kozha" (gór-nee kó-zhaa), or "mineral leather." The irritated ispravnik, who felt that he had been made to appear like an ignorant fool in the eyes of the Irkutsk scientists, sent for the peasant and said to him angrily, "You stupid blockhead! Did n't you tell me that you had actually eaten some of this stuff? It is n't a mammoth at all; it 's a mineral — a thing that they take out of mines."

"I did eat it, Barin" (Báh-rin, meaning "Master"), maintained the peasant stoutly; "but," he added, with a sheepish self-excusatory air, "what can't you eat with butter?"

As the servants in Maimachin brought round and handed to us successively black mushrooms, crawfish tails, tree-lichens, and sea-weed I thought of the peasant's mammoth and said to myself, "What can't one eat with vinegar and Chinese brandy?"

After the last of the cold victuals had been served and disposed of the dishes were cleared away, the saucers were replenished with vinegar, and the hot courses came on as follows:

1. Meat dumplings, consisting of finely minced veal inclosed in a covering of dough and boiled.

Mr. Frost, by some occult process of divination, discovered, or thought he discovered, that the essential component of these dumplings was young dog, and he firmly refused to have anything whatever to do with them even in combination with vinegar. I reproached him for this timidity, and assured him that such unfounded prejudices were unworthy the character of a man who professed to be a traveler and an investigator, and a man, moreover, who had already spent three years in the Russian Empire. Had I known, however, what was yet to come, I think I should have held my peace.

2. Finely minced meat pressed into small balls and fried.

3. Small meat pies, or *pâtés*.

4. Boiled fowl, served in a thick whitish gravy with large snails.

At this course I felt compelled to draw the line. The snails had turned black in the process of cooking and resembled nothing so much as large boiled tomato-vine worms; and although I drank two cupfuls of hot rice-brandy with the hope of stimulating my resolution up to the point of tasting them, my imagination took the bit between its teeth and ran away with my reason.

5. Fat of some kind in soft, whitish, translucent lumps.

6. Roast sucking pig, served whole.

This was perhaps the most satisfactory course of the whole dinner, and as I ate it I thought of Charles Lamb's well-known essay describing the manner in which the Chinese discovered the great art of roasting young pig, and decided that I too would burn down a house if necessary in order to obtain it.

7. Small pieces of mutton spitted on long, slender iron needles and roasted over a hot fire.

8. Chicken in long, thin, shredded fibers, served with the broth.

9. Boiled rice.

10. Peculiar, hard, woody mushrooms, or lichens, boiled and served with brown gravy.

11. Thin, translucent, and very slippery macaroni, cooked in a Chinese samovar.

12. Cocks' heads with sections of the necks; and finally,

13 to 19. Different kinds of soup served simultaneously.

The soups virtually brought the dinner to an end. The table was again cleared, the vinegar-saucers and saki-cups were removed, and the servants brought in successively nuts and sweetmeats of various sorts, delicious "flower tea," and French champagne.

The dinner occupied about three hours, and within that time every guest partook of thirty or forty courses, consumed from one to three saucerfuls of Chinese vinegar, drank from fifteen to twenty-five saki-cupfuls of hot rice-brandy flavored with rose, and washed down the last mouthfuls of Chinese confectionery with bumpers of champagne to the health of our host.

That we were able to get to our droshkies without assistance, and did not all die of acute indigestion before the next morning, must be regarded as a piece of good luck so extraordinary as to be almost miraculous. My curiosity with regard to a Chinese dinner was completely satisfied. If the Chinese dine in this way every day I wonder that the race has not long since become extinct. One such dinner, eaten late in the fall, would enable a man, I should think, if he survived it, to go into a cave like a bear and hibernate until the next spring.

I little thought when I drove away from the Chinese merchant's counting-house in Maimachin late that afternoon that I had enjoyed the last recreation I should know for months to come, and that I was looking at the old Mongolian town for the last time. Early Sunday morning I was taken sick with a violent chill, followed by high fever, severe headache, pain in the back, cough, languor, and great prostration. It was the beginning of a serious illness, which lasted nearly two weeks and from which I did not fully recover for three months. With that sickness began the really hard and trying part of my Siberian experience. Up to that time I had had at least strength to bear the inevitable hardships of life and travel in such a country; but after that time I was sustained chiefly by will power, quinine, and excitement. It is unnecessary to describe the miseries of sickness in such a place as that wretched room adjoining Klembotski's bakery in the frontier town of Troitskosavsk. There are no entries in my note-book to cover that unhappy period of my Siberian life; but in a letter that I managed to write home from there I find my circumstances briefly described in the words, "It is one thing to be sick at home in a good bed, in clean linen and with somebody to take care of you; but it is quite another thing to lie down sick like a dog on a hard plank floor, with all your clothes on, and in the paroxysms of fever be tormented to the verge of frenzy by bedbugs." I had no bedding except my sheepskin overcoat and a dirty blanket, and although I tried the hard bedstead, the floor, and the table by turns, I could not anywhere escape the fleas and the bedbugs. I tried at first to treat my illness myself with a small case of medicines that I had brought with me; but learning that there was a Russian physician in the town, I finally sent for him. He began giving me ten-grain doses of quinine, which ultimately broke the fever, and at the end of twelve days, although still very weak, I was able to be up and to walk about.

I fully realized for the first time while lying sick in Klembotski's bakery what a political exile must suffer when taken sick in a roadside étape. In addition, however, to all that I had to endure the exile must live upon coarse food, breathe air that is more or less foul or infected, and perhaps lie in leg-fetters upon a hard plank sleeping-bench. Mr. Charushin (Char-oó-shin), a political convict whose acquaintance I made in Nerchinsk (Nér-chinsk), was not released from his leg-fetters even when prostrated by typhus fever.

On the 15th of October Mr. Frost and I left Troitskosavsk for Selenginsk. I felt very weak and dizzy that morning and feared that I was about to have a relapse; but I thought that even a jolting telega in the open air could hardly be a worse place in which to be sick than the vermin-infested room that I had so long occupied, and I determined that if I had strength enough to walk out to a vehicle I would make a start. We rode about sixty miles that day, spent the night in the post station of Povorotnaya (Po-vo-róte-na-ya), and reached Selenginsk early the next forenoon. In this wretched little Buriat village there were three interesting political exiles whom I desired to see, and we stopped there for one day for the purpose of making their acquaintance. Their names were Constantine Shamarin (Shah-máh-rin), a young student from Ekaterineburg; Mr. Kardashoff (Kar-da-shóff), a Georgian from the Caucasus; and Madame Breshkofskaya (Bresh-kóff-ska-ya), a highly educated young married lady from the city of Kiev (approximately Keev). Mr. Kardashoff and Madame Breshkofskaya had both served out penal terms at the mines of Kara (Kah-ráh), and I thought that I could perhaps obtain from them some useful information with regard to the best way of getting to those mines, and the character of the officials with whom I should there have to deal.

Mr. Shamarin, upon whom I called first, was a pleasant-faced young fellow twenty-four or twenty-five years of age, of middle height and quiet, gentlemanly bearing, with honest, trustworthy, friendly eyes that inspired confidence as soon as one looked at him. His history seemed to me to furnish a very instructive illustration of the complete disregard of personal rights that characterizes the Russian Government in its dealings with citizens who happen to be suspected, with or without reason, of political untrustworthiness. While still a university student he was arrested upon a political charge, and after being held for three years in one of the bomb-proof casemates of the Trubetskoi (Troo-bet-skóy) bastion in the fortress of Petropavlovsk (Pet-ro-páv-lovsk) was finally tried by a court. The evidence against him was so insignificant that the court contented itself with sentencing him to two months' imprisonment. Holding a man in solitary confinement for three years in a bomb-proof casemate before trial, and then sentencing him to so trivial a punishment as two months' imprisonment, is in itself a remarkable proceeding, but I will let that pass without comment. Mr. Shamarin certainly had the right, at the expiration of the two months, to be set at liberty, inasmuch as he had borne the penalty inflicted upon him by virtue of a judicial sentence pronounced after due investigation and trial. The Government, however, instead of liberating him, banished him by administrative process to a village called Barguzin (Bar-goo-zín), in the territory of the Trans-Baikal, more than four thousand miles east of St. Petersburg. In the summer of 1881 he, with three other politicals, including Madame Breshkofskaya, made an unsuccessful attempt to escape across the Trans-Baikal to the Pacific Ocean with the hope of there getting on board an American vessel. For this he was sent to a native ooloos in the sub-arctic province of Yakutsk (Yah-koótsk), where he was seen by some or all of the members of the American expedition sent to the relief of the survivors of the arctic exploring steamer *Jeannette*. In 1882 or 1883 he was transferred to Selenginsk, and in the autumn of 1884 his term of exile expired, leaving him in an East Siberian village three thousand miles from his home without any means of getting back. The Government does not return to their homes the political exiles whom it has sent to Siberia unless such exiles are willing to travel by étape with a returning criminal party. Owing to the fact that parties going towards Russia do not make as close connections with the armed convoys at the étapes as do parties coming away from Russia, their progress is very slow. Colonel Zagarin, the Inspector of Exile Transportation for Eastern Siberia, told me that returning parties are about three hundred days in making the thousand-mile stretch between Irkutsk (Eer-koótsk) and Tomsk. Very few political exiles are willing to live a year in fever-infected and vermin-infested étapes even for the sake of getting back to European Russia; and unless they can earn money enough to defray the expenses of such a journey, or have relatives who are able to send them the necessary money, they remain in Siberia. I helped one such political to get home by buying, for a hundred rubles, a collection of Siberian flowers that he had made, and I should have been glad to help Mr. Shamarin; but he had been at work for more than a year upon an index to the public documents in the archives of the old town of Selenginsk, extend-

A GENERAL VIEW OF KIAKHTA, SHOWING THE "NEUTRAL GROUND."

ing over a period of a hundred and thirty years, and he hoped that the governor would pay him enough for this labor to enable him to return to European Russia at his own expense. The correspondence of the political exiles in Selenginsk is under police control; that is, all their letters are read and subjected to censorship by the ispravnik. When Mr. Shamarin's term of exile expired he was, of course, *de jure* and *de facto* a free man. He sent a petition to the governor of the province asking that the restrictions upon his correspondence be removed. The governor referred the matter to the ispravnik and the ispravnik declined to remove them. Therefore, for more than a year after Mr. Shamarin's term of banishment had expired, and after he had legally re-acquired all the rights of a free citizen, he could receive and send letters only after they had been read and approved by the police. How exasperating this cool, cynical, almost contemptuous disregard of personal rights must be to a high-spirited man the reader can perhaps imagine if he will suppose the case to be his own.

While Mr. Shamarin and I were talking, Madame Breshkofskaya came into the room and I was introduced to her. She was a lady perhaps thirty-five years of age, with a strong, intelligent, but not handsome face, a frank, unreserved manner, and sympathies that seemed to be warm, impulsive, and generous. Her face bore traces of much suffering, and her thick, dark wavy hair, which had been cut short in prison at the mines, was streaked here and there with gray; but neither hardship, nor exile, nor penal servitude had been able to break her brave, finely tempered spirit, or to shake her convictions of honor and duty. She was, as I soon discovered, a woman of much cultivation, having been educated first in the women's schools of her own country, and then at Zurich in Switzerland. She spoke French, German, and English, was a fine musician, and impressed me as being in every way an attractive and interesting woman. She had twice been sent to the mines of Kara,—the second time for an attempt to escape from forced colonization in the Trans-Baikal village of Barguzin,—and after serving out her second penal term had again been sent as a forced colonist to this wretched, God-forsaken Buriat settlement of Selenginsk, where she was under the direct supervision and control of the interesting chief of police who on the occasion of our first visit had accompanied us to the Buddhist lamasery of Goose Lake. There was not another educated woman, so far as I know, within a hundred miles in any direction; she received from the Government an allowance of a dollar and a quarter a week for her support; her correspondence was under police control; she was separated for life from her family and friends; and she had, it seemed to me, absolutely nothing to look forward to except a few years, more or less, of hardship and privation, and at last burial in a lonely graveyard beside the Selenga

River, where no sympathetic eye might ever rest upon the unpainted wooden cross that would briefly chronicle her life and death. The unshaken courage with which this unfortunate woman contemplated her dreary future, and the faith that she manifested in the ultimate triumph of liberty in her native country, were as touching as they were heroic. Almost the last words that she said to me were: "Mr. Kennan, we may die in exile, and our children may die in exile, and our children's children may die in exile, but something will come of it at last." I have never seen nor heard of Madame Breshkofskaya since that day. She has passed as completely out of my life as if she had died when I bade her good-bye; but I cannot recall her last words to me without feeling conscious that all my standards of courage, of fortitude, and of heroic self-sacrifice have been raised for all time, and raised by the hand of a woman. Interviews with such political exiles — and I met many in the Trans-Baikal — were to me a more bracing tonic than medicine. I might be sick and weak, I might feel that we were having a hard life, but such examples of suffering nobly borne for the sake of a principle and for an oppressed people would have put a soul under the ribs of death.

BAZAR AND CHINESE SHOPS IN TROITSKOSAVSK.

We left Selenginsk at four o'clock on the afternoon of Friday, October 16, and after a ride of a hundred and eight miles, which we made in less than twenty-four hours, reached the district town of Verkhni Udinsk (Vérkh-nee Oó-dinsk). The weather, particularly at night, was cold and raw, and the jolting of the springless post vehicles was rather trying to one who had not yet rallied from the weakness and prostration of fever; but the fresh open air was full of invigoration, and I felt no worse, at least, than at the time of our departure from Troitskosavsk, although we had made in two days and nights a distance of a hundred and seventy miles. There were two prisons in Verkhni Udinsk that I desired to in-

A STREET IN MAIMACHIN.

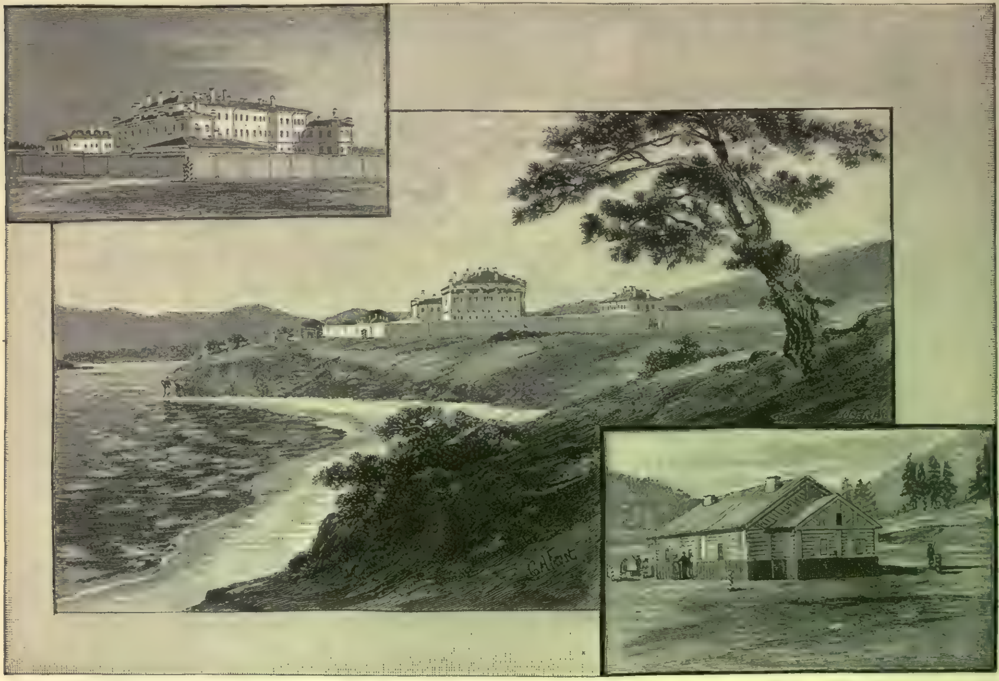
spect; and as early as possible Sunday morning I called upon the ispravnik, introduced myself as an American traveler, exhibited my open letters, and succeeded in making an engagement with that official to meet him at the old prison about noon.

The ostrog of Verkhni Udinsk, which serves at the same time as a local prison, a forwarding prison, and a place of temporary detention for persons awaiting trial, is an old weather-beaten, decaying log-building situated on the high right bank of the Selenga River, about a mile below the town. It does not differ essentially from a log étape of the old Siberian type except in being a little higher from foundation to roof, and in having a sort of gallery in every kamera, or cell, so arranged as to serve the purpose of a second story. This gallery, which was reached by a steep flight of steps, seemed to me to have been put in as an afterthought in order to increase the amount of floor space available for nares, or sleeping-platforms. The prison had evidently been put in as good order as possible for our inspection: half the prisoners were out in the court-yard, the doors and windows of nearly all the kameras had been thrown open to admit the fresh air, and the floors of the corridors and cells did not seem to me to be disgracefully dirty. The prison was originally built to accommodate 170 prisoners. At the time of our visit it contained 250, and the ispravnik admitted, in reply to my questions, that in the late fall and winter it frequently held 700. The prisoners were then compelled to lie huddled together on the floors, under the low sleeping-platforms, in the corridors, and even out in the court-yard. What the condition of things would be when 700 poor wretches were locked up for the night in an air space intended for 170, and in winter, when the windows could not be opened without freezing to death all who were forced to lie near them, I could partly imagine. The prison at such times must be a perfect hell of misery.

Mr. M. I. Orfanoff (Or-fán-off), a well-known Russian officer who inspected this ostrog at intervals for a number of years previous to our visit, has described it as follows in a book published at Moscow under all the limitations of the censorship:

> The first ostrog in the Trans-Baikal is that of Verkhni Udinsk. It stands on the outskirts of the town, on the steep, high bank of the Selenga River. Over the edge of this bank, distant only five or six fathoms from the ostrog, are thrown all the prison filth and refuse, so that the first thing that you notice as you approach it at any time except in winter is an intolerable stench. The prison itself is an extremely old two-story log-building intended to accommodate *140 prisoners.*[1] During my stay in Siberia I had occasion to visit it frequently. I never saw it when it held *less than 500*, and at times there were packed into it *more than 800.*[2] I remember very well a visit that I once made to it with the governor of the Trans-Baikal. He arrived in winter and went to the prison early in the morning, so that the outer door of the corridor was opened [for the first time that day] in his presence. The stench that met him was so great that, in spite of his desire to conceal from the prisoners his recognition of the fact that their accommodations were worse than those provided for dogs, he could not at once enter the building. He ordered the opposite door to be thrown open, and did not himself enter until a strong wind had been blowing for some time through the prison. The first thing that he saw in one corner of the corridor was an overflowing "parasha,"[3] and through the ceiling was dripping filth from a similar parasha in the story above. In that corner of the corridor he found six men lying on the floor asleep. He was simply astounded. "How can people sleep," he exclaimed, "on this wet, foul floor and under such insupportable conditions?" He shouted indignantly at the warden and the other prison authorities, but he could change nothing.

It has been argued by some of my critics that I exaggerate the bad condition of Siberian prisons and étapes; but I think I have said nothing worse than the words that I have above quoted from a book written by an officer in the service of the Russian Government and published at Moscow in 1883 under all the limitations and restrictions of the censorship.[4]



1, 2. THE NEW PRISON IN VERKHNI UDINSK. 3. TYPE OF NEW TRANS-BAIKAL ÉTAPES.

Through this prison of Verkhni Udinsk pass every year educated and refined men and women sent to the Trans-Baikal for political offenses, and through it Madame Breshkofskaya passed four times on her way to and from the mines of Kara. I am glad, however, to be able to say that the old ostrog at Verkhni Udinsk will soon become, if it has not already become, a thing of the past. A large new forwarding prison had just been finished at the time of our arrival, and it was to be opened, the ispravnik said, as soon as the necessary ar-

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[1] The ispravnik told me 170. The lesser number is probably nearer the truth.

[2] The italics are Mr. Orfanoff's own.

[3] This is the name given by Russian prisoners to the excrement tub.

[4] "Afar" (V'Dalee), by M. I. Orfanoff, pp. 220-222. Moscow: Kushnereff & Co., 1883.

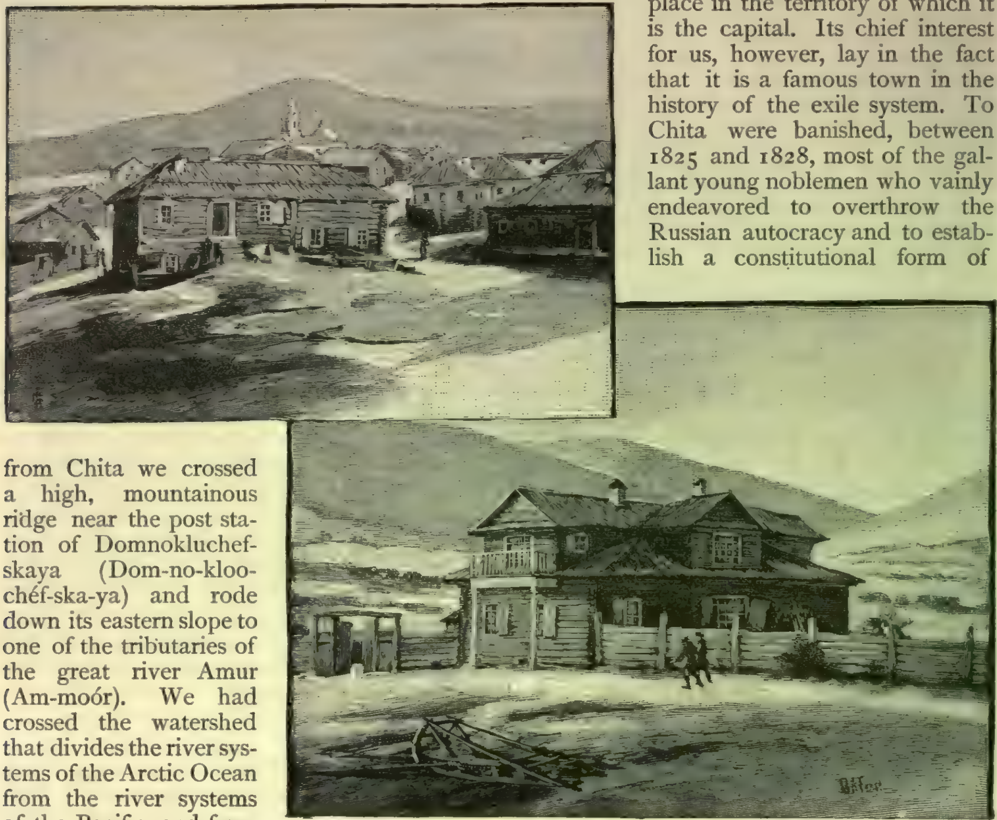
A PART OF CHITA FROM THE "HOTEL PETERBURG."

rangements could be made for the larger guard that it would require.

As soon as we had finished our inspection of the old ostrog, we went with the ispravnik to see the new prison that was intended to take its place. It was a large four-story structure of brick, stuccoed and painted white, with two spacious wings, a large court-yard, and a separate building for the accommodation of political prisoners and the prison guard. The kameras were all large, well lighted, and well ventilated, and every one of them above the basement story had an extensive outlook over the surrounding country through at least three large windows. The corridors were twelve or fifteen feet wide; the stairways were of stone with iron balustrades; the solitary-confinement cells were as spacious as an ordinary American hall-bedroom; the arrangements for heating, ventilation, and cleanliness seemed to me to be as nearly perfect as they could be made; and as a whole the prison impressed me as being the very best I had seen in Russia, and one of the best I had ever seen in any country. Its cost was about 200,000 rubles ($100,000), and it was intended to accommodate 440 prisoners. I expressed my satisfaction to the ispravnik, and said that I had not seen so good a prison in the Empire.

"Yes," he replied; "if they do not overcrowd it, it will be very comfortable. But if we have to shut up 700 prisoners in the old prison we shall probably be expected to put 3000 into this one, and then the state of things will be almost as bad as ever." Whether the ispravnik's fears have been justified by events, I do not know; but the fact remains that the new prison at Verkhni Udinsk is far and away the best building of its kind that we saw in the Empire except at St. Petersburg, and we were more than gratified to see at last some tangible evidence that the Russian Government does not regard the sufferings of its exiled criminals with absolute indifference.

We left Verkhni Udinsk on Monday, October 19, for a ride of about three hundred miles to the town of Chita, which is the capital of the Trans-Baikal. The weather was more wintry than any that we had yet experienced; but no snow had fallen, the sky was generally clear, and we did not suffer much from cold except at night. At first the road ran up the shallow, barren, uninteresting valley of the Uda (Oó-da) River, between nearly parallel ranges of low mountains, and presented, so far as we could see, little that was interesting. The leaves had all fallen from the trees; the flowers, with the exception of here and there a frost-bitten dandelion, had entirely disappeared; and winter was evidently close at hand. We traveled night and day without rest, stopping only now and then to visit a Buddhist lamasery by the roadside or to inspect an étape. The Government has recently expended three or four hundred thousand rubles ($150,000 to $200,000) in the erection of a line of new étapes through the Trans-Baikal. These buildings, the general appearance of which is shown in one of the three combined illustrations on page 80, are rather small and are not well spoken of by the officers of the exile administration; but they seemed to us to be a great improvement upon the étapes between Tomsk and Irkutsk.



THE HOUSES OF THE DECEMBRIST EXILES IN CHITA.

On Thursday, October 22, about fifty miles from Chita we crossed a high, mountainous ridge near the post station of Domnokluchefskaya (Dom-no-kloo-chéf-ska-ya) and rode down its eastern slope to one of the tributaries of the great river Amur (Am-moór). We had crossed the watershed that divides the river systems of the Arctic Ocean from the river systems of the Pacific, and from that time America began to seem nearer to us across the Pacific than across Siberia. American goods of all kinds, brought from California, suddenly made their appearance in the village shops; and as I saw the American tin-ware, lanterns, and "Yankee notions," and read the English labels on the cans of preserved peaches and tomatoes, it seemed to me as if in the immediate future we ought from some high hill to catch sight of San Francisco and the Golden Gate. A few kerosene lamps and a shelf full of canned fruits and vegetables brought us in imagination five thousand miles nearer home.

About noon we arrived cold, tired, and hungry at the Trans-Baikal town of Chita (Cheé-tah), and took up our quarters in a hotel kept by a Polish exile and known as the "Hotel Peterburg." Chita, which is the capital of the Trans-Baikal and the residence of the governor, is a large, straggling, provincial town of about four thousand inhabitants, and, as will be seen from the illustration on page 81, does not differ essentially from other Siberian towns of its class. It has a public library, a large building used occasionally as a theater, and fairly good schools; politically and socially it is perhaps the most important place in the territory of which it is the capital. Its chief interest for us, however, lay in the fact that it is a famous town in the history of the exile system. To Chita were banished, between 1825 and 1828, most of the gallant young noblemen who vainly endeavored to overthrow the Russian autocracy and to establish a constitutional form of government at the accession to the throne of the Emperor Nicholas in December, 1825. Two of the log houses in which these so-called Decembrist exiles lived are still standing, and one of them is now occupied as a carpenter's shop, and is a general rendezvous by later politicals who followed the example set by the Decembrists and met the same fate.

The colony of exiles in Chita at the time of our visit comprised some of the most interesting men and women whom we met in the Trans-Baikal. We brought letters of introduction to them from many of their comrades in other parts of Siberia, were received by them with warm-hearted hospitality and perfect trust,

A MEETING OF POLITICAL EXILES IN CHITA.

and spent with them many long winter evenings in the upper room of the old Decembrist house, talking of the Russian revolutionary movement, of the fortress of Petropavlovsk, of the Kharkoff Central Prison, and of the mines of Kara. Such meetings as that pictured above were of almost daily or nightly occurrence, and are among the pleasantest recollections of our East Siberian life. I shall not undertake, at the end of an article, to make the reader acquainted with these political exiles, but shall reserve an account of their lives and characters for a future paper, descriptive of our second visit to Chita, on our way back from the mines, when we spent in the upper room of the little carpenter-shop the greater part of every night for two weeks.

Owing to the absence of the governor of the province, we could not obtain in Chita permission to visit and inspect the Kara prisons and mines; but the governor's chief of staff, upon whom I called, did not seem to have any objection to our going there and making the attempt. He said he would telegraph the commanding officer about us, and gave me one of his visiting-cards as a substitute for a letter of introduction. It did not seem to me likely that a simple visiting-card, without even so much as a penciled line, would unlock the doors of the dread Kara prisons; but it was all that we could get, and on the 24th of October we set out for our remaining ride of three hundred miles to the mines.

George Kennan.

TOM'S STRATEGY.

By the author of "Two Runaways," "De Valley an' de Shadder," etc.

"WHA' yer gwine do wi' dat gun?" It was Tempy Taylor who propounded the question, and she did it in a tone of voice that would have attracted anybody's attention. She was a tall, heavy, masculine woman of some two hundred odd pounds, and as she straightened up over the washtub under the chinaberry tree at the end of her cabin, she was indeed a formidable-looking figure. Her great black, muscular arms drooped towards the scrubbing-board that reclined in the tub, and her hands grasped a wet garment upon which she had been expending some of her prodigious strength. The person addressed was a small old man whose face was pretty well covered with a gray, kinky beard. He nervously shifted the weapon he bore, an ancient muzzle-loading fowling-piece with a wire-wrapped stock and reed ramrod, and affected an easy, conciliatory manner.

"Des gwine down yander on de crik. Ole buck rabbit down dere ev'y day 'bout dis time. 'Spec' he oughter be en de pan time Mammy Jo' git heah en de morndin'." The voice was drawling and childlike in its modulations. He struck the right chord and very skillfully. Mammy Jo' was the mother of the Amazon at the tub, and had sent word of her intended visit. The little old man moved off slowly with a peculiar shuffling motion. "Dat 'possum mighty fine back yander," he ventured, with a motion of his head towards the cabin, "but 't ain't gwine ter las' all day." As he passed on his ear waited for a harsh summons, but heard only the mutterings of his spouse when she plunged a little more vigorously into her work. The little strip of pine woods towards which his face was turned seemed to approach at a snail's pace only, but he was afraid to change the gait he had chosen. As he stepped at last into the friendly cover of the trees he stole a backward glance over his shoulder, and then abruptly quickened his motions. At the same instant his whole manner changed, and when presently he heard his name echo through the wood, borne upon the imperative tones of a pair of prodigious female lungs, he laughed aloud and held on his way. The woman at the tub talked to herself.

"Mighty takin' on 'bout Mammy Jo' all er sudd'n. Mammy Jo'! Mammy Jo'! Heap he kyar 'bout Mammy Jo'," she laughed scornfully. "Better be out en dat patch pick'n' cott'n or en dem pease. Ef hit wuz lef' ter *him*, dat steer go 'long ter town ter be sold, 'stidder de cott'n-bag. *I* know him; he can't fool me. Gi' 'im time an' he go skipp'n' 'bout over yonner at de Stillson place, de lyin' little debbil." She gave the shirt of her absent lord a vicious wring as if she felt him in it, and lifted up her voice, obeying a sudden impulse:

"You Torm!!!" There was no reply except a few echoes that mocked her. "He heah me," she continued, resuming her labors; and then she resumed too the thread of her revery. "'Morndin', Sis' 'Lizer; how yo' he'th ter-day, ma'am? Morndin', Sis' Chloey; I hope yer feelin' berry well, ma'am.'" She imitated the insinuating, childlike tones of her absent spouse and repeated her scornful laugh. "Nex' time I heah 'bout 'im gwine over deir, I 'll bre'k ev'y bone en 'is triflin' hide."

But Tom was thinking no longer of his industrious and indignant spouse. He was rapidly moving along the new line of departure from home and the haunts of the buck rabbit in the creek bottom. He had a slight limp, caused by a bale of cotton rolling against his leg when he was young, and as he trotted along, his funny little figure bobbing up and down caused the powder-horn under his arm and the shot-gourd to swing out and collide fiercely.

A couple of miles glided away thus, when suddenly out from under his feet a rabbit scurried a few yards away, and pricking up his ears looked back at the rude disturber of his afternoon ramble. Tom brought the gun down across his knee, cocked it successfully, the hammer going back half a circle with three distinct clicks, rested it for a moment against a tree, aimed long and carefully, and pulled the trigger. There was a deafening explosion; the little old man staggered back six feet, the muzzle of his gun dropped to the ground, and the rabbit sprung high in the air, turned a somersault, and fell dead. Had there been a witness present, he would have observed that the ground about the unfortunate animal was more or less torn up for a space of twenty feet square. Tom rushed in and secured his prize, then carefully reloaded his weapon and resumed his journey. He had not gone far before a rooster, leading his family among the dead leaves of some scrub oaks, straightened up and uttered an inquiring cackle. At the same instant a hound near at hand gave vent to a prolonged howl, and barking fiercely galloped out towards the newcomer. Tom entered a small clearing, where stood a log cabin with a garden at the rear, guarded from a couple of cadaverous-looking pigs and the chickens by a split-picket fence reënforced with brush. In the doorway sat a young woman twisting her hair into the tight little rolls which all of the kinky-headed race affect under the idea that straight hair will finally result therefrom.

"How yer do, Sis' Chayney? How yo' he'th ter-day, ma'am?" Tom had reduced his gait, and his voice rose and fell melodiously. The woman laughed, showing a mouthful of dazzling teeth.

"I 'm toler'ble. Set down. How yer do, Unc' Torm?"

"Des so, so." He laid the rabbit on the single step beside her feet and continued facetiously:

"'Spec' dat rabbit knowed wha' I wuz gwine, an' des git right en de way ter come erlong too." The woman laughed again. She stole a look at Tom as she sat up with both hands over her head, engaged upon a final knot.

"How 'e know?"

Tom raised his eyebrows and scratched his ear.

"He knowed I warn' gwine home," he said slowly; and meeting the comic look on his face with one of intelligence, she threw her head back and gave expression to her mood again. She did not thank him for the gift, but took it up as she rose and turned it over. "Rabbit fat," she said, and laid it on the water-bucket shelf, just inside. "How yer lef' Aunt Tempy?"

"She putty well," said Tom, carelessly. He was studying the toe of his foot visible through a rift in his well-worn brogan. Again the laugh of the woman, this time from the inside of the house, reached him.

"Tempy gwine ter be heah en dis worl' w'en you an' me done gone," she called out. Tom passed his hand over his face and looked as if the idea was not a pleasant one. "Better bring yo' cher enside," added the woman after a few moments, and he complied. Then she began to busy herself straightening things in the simple room, and as she worked the conversation went on.

"Unc' Josh Sims gwine ter preach ter-morrow," she said. "He come erlong heah des now an' he 'low dat he wuz gwine ter turn all de niggers over 'bout heah, 'count er dey debblement."

"Dey es er-needin' hit," said Tom. "Ef I had er seen 'im I 'd er got squar' wid some, sho' 's *you* born."

"Oom-hoo! An' I reck'n some seen 'im 'fo' now an' ten' ter dat 'head er you. Maybe some done got squar' wid ole man Torm." She was passing him as she spoke, and gave him a sharp slap on the jaw.

CHAPTER II.

When Tom, warned by the sinking sun, set his face homeward, he took a course that would carry him in or about the creek bottom to which he had ostensibly set out. His way led him by the log church in which a neighborhood preacher or elder held forth every Sunday, except when the famous and eccentric Rev. Joshua Sims visited it, which was three or four times a year. As he approached the edifice, which stood in a pine thicket and boasted of a bush-arbor awning in front, he heard the voice of a preacher breaking loudly upon the afternoon calm. Never before had Tom known of a church meeting on Saturday afternoon. It was the time universally claimed by the negroes for town shopping or loafing. He knew of no one recently dead; and, besides, had any one died that late in the week the body would have been saved until Sunday. In open-mouth astonishment, therefore, Tom approached at the side. Sure enough "preaching" was going on. His first impulse was to enter; but, still suspicious, he placed his eye at a crevice and looked through. There was only one person within the church, and that was the Rev. Joshua Sims. Standing in the pulpit, he was preaching to an imaginary audience the sermon evidently prepared for the next day. Tom squatted down on his haunches, and a broad, comprehensive grin lighted his face as he realized the situation. The speaker thundered over the book lying upon the pulpit, slapping it vigorously from time to time, and walking from side to side. Half of the Rev. Joshua Sims's success lay in his figure, tempestuous delivery, and thrilling tones, and he knew it. The sermon was delivered in a shout, and wherever in a sentence the speaker sought for a word he would prolong the preceding tone with "er-rer." Sometimes saliva from his mouth flew over the pulpit into the vacant auditorium, as foam is tossed from a horse's mouth.

Tom had missed the text and indeed most of the sermon, but this much reached him through the crevice:

"Shake off yo' weights! Shake 'em off! Dey es good ter put on er race-horse w'en dey es er-trainin' 'im; but w'en de time come ter race dey must be shook off. Ef yer gwine ter run er race wid de debble shake off dem weights, an' go et fum de drop er de hat.

"Shake off yo' weights! Shake 'em off! Sister, ef hit 's fine clo'es, shake 'em off! Shake 'em off! Dey ain' no fine clo'es in hebben; de angels don't wear nuthin' but de plaines' kine. Yer can't run no race wid er long gown hangin' ter yer an' er bustle an' er hoop er-floppin' roun'. Yer can't run no race wid dem sacks an' high hats an' fedders ter ketch de win', an' dem high-heel shoes er-ketchin' en de grass. Shake 'em off! Shake off yo' weights!

"Shake off yo' weights! Shake 'em off, brudders! Yer can't run er race wid de debble an' yer full er whisky. Er wise man 'ill take er gourd er spring water at de start an' go barefooted, like Moses roun' de bush, an' trus' de Lord, when 'e want mo', ter run er branch 'cross de road, like 'e does fur de mule gwine ter town. Shake off de weights; shake 'em off!

"Shake off yo' weights! How does po' sinner run? He runs wid de weights on, an' debble keep right 'long at 'is heels, so close sinner heah him laugh. Dey trabble 'long tergedder, an' bimeby, 'fo' dey gits ter de las' mile-pos', debble trip up po' sinner an' win de race. Shake off yo' weights! Oh, shake 'em off!

"How do de righteous run? He strips off de weights an' cuts out. Mos' 'fo' yer know 'e gwine run, 'e done gone; an' debble come erlong an' find trail so cole 'e don't know wha' good man gone, an' 'e win de race. Shake off yo' weights! Yer all got weights, an' I 'm gwine tell yer 'bout 'em. Deir 's sump'n enside already tell yer, but I 'm gwine ter tell out loud so ev'ybody know yer been tole." He descended from the pulpit and marched up to the amen corner, still talking. "Here 's Bre'r Dan! Here 's Bre'r Dan! Bre'r Dan got weights, an' 'e ain' shake 'em off. What es dem weights's name? Too much corn en 'is crib fur de size er 'is crop! Too much cott'n en 'is crib fur de size er 'is patch! Too many chickens en de pan fur two hens an' er rooster! Too many shotes erbout Chrismus fur er no-sow man. Shake off yo' weights, Bre'r Dan; shake 'em off! Oh, w'at es sech er sinner like? He like er one-legged grasshopper, w'a' think 'e es er-jumpin' somewhar, w'en ev'ybody know 'e jes tu'nnin' roun' en de road, p'intin' er new way ev'y time."

Tom rolled over on the ground outside and kicked his heels in the air, convulsed with laughter. "Somebody done got squar' wid Unc' Dan," he gasped. Then he quickly rose up an' glued his eye to the crack again. The preacher was standing with uplifted hands over another imaginary sinner.

"An' heah ole Black Aleck! Bre'r Aleck got weights. No chutch on Sunday fur Aleck. Mus' fish tro'tline an' hunt squ'r'l. Mus' hoe de gyardin an' hunt guinea-nes' en de jimsun weeds. Mus' do anythin' but heah de Lord's word, 'cept'n' ole Unc' Josh come ter preach. Dem de weights Bre'r Aleck got. Shake 'em off, er-rer! Shake 'em off! Oh, w'at es sech er sinner like? He like er las'-ye'r wasp en er spider web — holler an' dry, an' 'is wings won't flop no mo'.

"An' heah es Bre'r Clay. Heah es my dear Bre'r Clay. Bre'r Clay got weights. W'at kind er weights 'e tryin' ter run wid? Lazy weights. Won't work cott'n-patch, won't work tater-patch, won't work collurd-patch, won't work nowhar. O Lord! did anybody ever see er lazy man win er race? 'T ain't gwine ter he'p yer, Bre'r Clay, ter put on dem good clo'es heah an' say 'Amen,' an' 'Bless de King,' an' 'He'p, Lord!' loud 'n anybody ef yer lef' de ole 'ooman an' de chillun ter work all de week. Shake off de weights, Bre'r Clay. Shake 'em off! Oh, w'at es sech er sinner like? He like er tadpole en er mud-puddl', w'at done dry up 'fo' time come fur 'im ter drop 'is tail an' be er frog."

Tom went over on the ground while Black Aleck was being dealt with, and he was too weak with laughter to sit up during the time devoted to Clay. Presently he heard:

"An' heah Sis' Tilly. Heah es dear Sis' Tilly. W'at es Sis' Tilly's weights? She got weights ter shake off. She run roun' tellin' tales on oth'r 'oomen's husbun's —"

"Ooom-hoo!"

Tom cocked his head up as he uttered this assenting exclamation and listened.

"An' she scole —"

"Dat 's right!"

"An' mek troubl' ev'ywhar she go."

"Somebody done got squar' wid Aun' Tilly!" Tom ducked his head down and rolled over again.

"Shake 'em off, deah sister! Shake 'em off! Oh, what es sech er sinner like? She like er cockleburr en de tail uv er dry cowhide an' gone ter markit; no good heah an' no good deir.

"An' heah Bre'r Torm." The preacher was right over the crevice, and his voice sounded like thunder in the ears of the startled eavesdropper outside. "Little Bre'r Torm. He tryin' ter run wid big weights. W'at es Bre'r Torm's weights? He heah ter see dis 'ooman, an' yonner ter see dat 'ooman; fus' one way an' den ernudder, an' er wife down yonner home t'ink 'e gone huntin' ev'y time 'e take 'is gun." A horrible groan broke from the lips of the trembling man without, and a cold sweat started forth all over him. In a frenzy of terror he raised himself to his knees and brought the old gun to full cock. Then, realizing what he was doing, he returned the hammer to a safer place with feverish anxiety. The Rev. Joshua Sims heard nothing but his own voice. "Shake 'em off, Bre'r Torm! Shake 'em off! Yer can't run no race wid dem weights er-hangin' on yer. Oh, w'at es sech er sinner like? He like er snake en de grass, an' fus' t'ing 'e know 'e gwine ter lan' en de fire wid 'is back broke."

Tom's hilarity was all gone. If that sermon was preached on the morrow he might not literally land in the fire with his back broke, but his back would suffer until the sensations would make it appear so. He left almost as suddenly as his mirth. Gliding into the woods he made his way to the bend in the road, then, as if struck with a new idea, stopped short and took a seat on a stump. In an attitude of profound reflection he waited until, having finished his sermon, the preacher came down the road with great dignity. When he reached the vicinity of the little man the latter started suddenly, looked over his shoulder, and an affable and delighted expression dawned upon his face.

"How do yer do, Bre'r Sims? Lord, I wuz des er-sayin' how I 'u'd like ter see Bre'r Sims, an' heah 'e come er-walkin' right erlong." By this time he was up and shaking the newcomer's hand. "Wha' yer gwine dis time er day?" The Rev. Joshua returned the greeting, but with less demonstration.

"Well, I wuz er-gwine down ter Sis' Thomson's."

"Wha' dat!" Tom threw up both hands in well-affected astonishment. "Man, night ketch yer 'fo' yer git half way deir! No, sah; yer come erlong wid me. Tempy 'll be proud ter see Bre'r Sims, an' I 'spect by now dat 'possum w'at wuz er-cookin' 'while back done got done." Tom laughed, and slapped his companion on the back. The Rev. Joshua Sims was a large, heavy man, with a round, full jaw and a well-fed look. It really mattered little to him where he spent the night, and the 'possum decided the point. He suffered himself to be led off. Tom, having gotten himself well under way, continued gayly:

"I knowed dat 'possum up ter sump'n. Las' night de rooster call me ter run deir quick. Bre'r 'Possum wuz squattin' en de hen-hous' des like 'e been sont fur an' come; an' heah 't is." Tom wagged his head sagaciously. "Oomp! Ef I c'u'd des jump Bre'r Rabbit now, 'spect he 'd he'p bre'kfus' mightily." And he began to peer around with a great show of eagerness.

"Did n't yer shoot erwhile back? Heah somebody over yonner 'bout Sis' Chayney's."

Tom shook his head. "'Spect dat wuz one dem Gillus boys. Dey all time bangin' way over deir. When Tom shoot, sump'n gwine hang 'bout 'is clo'es." He lifted the gun quickly and sighted it towards a clump of bushes, then took it down.

"Dat mullein leaf down deir fool me. Look mighty like er molly-cott'n."[1] But Brother Sims plodded along behind the loquacious little man, his mind on other things again.

CHAPTER III.

TEMPY received the pair graciously. She was a devout church woman on Sundays. Like most negro women, she had infinite respect for preachers; and this respect in the case of the Rev. Joshua Sims was mixed with something of fear, for his methods in the pulpit were exceedingly pointed and personal, as has perhaps been gathered, and ridicule has a disastrous effect upon ignorant people. She vied with Tom in attentions to the shepherd. One placed a chair near the door; the other brought a gourd of water. One took his hat and Bible; the other got him a fan. Presently there came a lull in their ministrations, for the reason that there was nothing left to be done for the guest. Then Tom plucked the sleeve of his life partner at an opportune moment and glided out the back door behind the chicken-house. Puzzled by this demonstration, Tempy looked out after him. Presently she saw his head thrust out and his features working mysteriously. She took a pan in her hand as if on some domestic mission and went behind the chicken-house also. Tom straightened up his little body and looked her full in the face. Her mountain of flesh loomed above him, but his assumption of a common danger had made him bold.

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[1] Rabbit.

"Put dat 'possum on de table, Tempy," he said in a tragic whisper.

"W'at I gwine ter put Mammy Jo's 'possum on table fur?" In her surprise and indignation she did not trouble herself to subdue her voice. Tom grasped her with both hands.

"Sh-h-h-h!" he said. "Don't let 'im heah, Tempy"; and his voice was just audible, while his features shifted themselves as under the pressure of some great emotion. "I wuz er-comin' 'long by de chutch des now an' Bre'r Sims wuz en deir er-preachin' by hisse'f, er-gittin' ready fur ter-morrer. He des gi' de niggers de wuss raspin' y' ever heah — Dan, an' Clay, an' Aleck, an' Sis' Tilly —" A low chuckle escaped from Tempy's lips.

"Need n' laugh; he tech on you too."

"W'at 'e say 'bout me?"

Tempy bristled up, but instantly looked around as if afraid of being heard.

"Sh-h-h! He gi' yer fits. Can't tell w'at 'e did say. Somebody been tellin' lies 'bout yer, sho'. He ain' say nuthin' 'bout *me*, but 'e gi' yer de wuss sort er name fur lyin' an' er-tarkin' 'roun'— "

"Be deir in one minute!" Tom elevated his voice as if he heard the Rev. Joshua Sims calling. "Put dat 'possum on table, Tempy." Snatching up an armful of wood he went in, tossed it down noisily on the fireplace, and joined his guest in the broad passage-way between the two rooms of the little home.

Half an hour later the three sat down to eat. There was a scarcity of crockery, and there were only two forks, and all had to drink water from a single gourd that hung by the bucket; but this did not lessen their enjoyment of the meal. There was plenty of hot, "crackling" bread, great generous pones that crumbled under the eager fingers of the men; and there was the 'possum warmed over, with its halo of baked sweet potatoes, and all as brown as a partridge's back. The eyes of the Rev. Joshua Sims danced at the sight of this dish; and when, having quartered the animal, Tom gave him a ham, and poured the rich brown gravy lavishly over all, a happier man could not have been found. Between his attacks upon the tempting dish he began to tell of his adventure some weeks before at a baptizing. He had undertaken to put Sis' Tilly Hunter under the water, when she caught him around the legs and over they both went. The elders pulled Tilly out by the heels, and Tilly pulled him. Tom laughed loudly and slapped himself on the legs, and ever and anon he would lay down his knife and, overcome with the recollection of the scene, repeat the performance.

"Bre'r Sims," he exclaimed to Tempy between his paroxysms, "es mighty hard ter beat." Tempy, too, simulated a great laugh, but with poor success.

What raconteur is not moved by the success of his stories? Stimulated by the unstinted applause, the Rev. Joshua Sims was stirred to further endeavors.

"Bre'r Torm," he said, after a long pull at the pitcher of persimmon beer that Tempy had remembered to fetch, "sump'n happ'n' las' ye'r en de drouth dat beat dat. I wuz er-baptizin' Bre'r Dick Simins, an' de crik wuz mighty low, lemme tell yer, 'cause hit had n' rain fur nigh onter eighty days; an' Bre'r Dick said de worl' wuz er-gittin' ready ter burn up, an' so 'e wanter come inter de chutch. De water wuz dat low we had ter dam up de crik, an' den we tuk Bre'r Dick en, an' Bre'r Jerry Toler an' me try ter put 'im unner. Bre'r Dick wuz er might' big man, an' de water did n' 'zactly git up over 'is stumick. Now yer know er man got ter go clean unner 'fo' 'is sins wash erway, an' Bre'r Jerry 'lowed dat ef 'is stumick staid out all de sins gwine ter stick right deir — des like fleas come up on er dog's head w'en *he* go in de water. Well, sah, w'en Bre'r Jerry see dat stickin' up deir, 'e put bof han's on hit an' bear down hard. Bre'r Dick wuz hol'in' 'is bref deir, an' w'en 'e git Bre'r Jerry's weight 'e blow water way up yonner an' say 'Poo-oo-oo!' an' 'is foots an' head pop out. Bre'r Jerry put 'is foots back an' I shove 'is head unner; den 'is stumick come out ergin. Den Bre'r Jerry mash down, an' Bre'r Dick say 'Pooh!' and pop up 'is head an' 'is foots des like 'e did fus' time. Somebody on de bank yell out, 'Tu'n him over,' an' we gi' 'im er roll; but bless yo' soul, 'is back rose up like er fiddle, an' by dis time Bre'r Dick wuz mighty nigh full er water an' de dam done broke."

Tom was ducking his head about under the table and screaming with laughter, and the Rev. Joshua Sims stopped to join in. Tempy was waving back and forth in her chair, clapping her hands every time her head came down. Then Tom gasped for breath, and clutched his guest by the shoulder, turning an appealing glance upon him.

"Hush, Bre'r Sims; hush!"

"Now, wuz Bre'r Dick baptize' 'cordin' ter de doctrun, er wuz 'e not? Some sez yes, an' some sez no, 'cause deir nebber wuz er time w'en some er 'm was n' showin'; but Bre'r Dick say —"

"W'at 'e say?" Tom gasped out the question.

"He cussed and say he ain' gwine ter try hit any mo'; an' dat settle hit wid me. Ef Bre'r Dick had er had 'is sins wash' erway he 'u'd er been full er de speret er righteousness an' not cussin' mad."

The last vestige of opossum, the last sop of gravy, and the last swallow of persimmon beer had disappeared down the throat of the distinguished guest when the party went forth under the china tree and found seats. The moonlight lay soft upon the cotton-field — a silvered silence under which only the crickets and a single mocking-bird tried to give a concert. Tom brought out a corncob pipe for the preacher and shaved him tobacco from a plug, and Tempy brought a coal of fire in the hollow of her hand from the kitchen. The itinerant held forth for an hour upon many subjects, but never to a more attentive and appreciative audience. When at last they lay down to sleep, Tom's sides really ached, and a ready-made smile clung to his face until far into the night. Even after it vanished it returned dream-summoned and occupied from time to time its old familiar place.

Next day the personal rebuke of the preacher burst like a thunder-storm upon his hearers. Dan was crushed. Aleck let his head go down upon his hands. Clay slipped out of the door, as soon as public attention was drawn from him, and went home. Tilly crouched behind the bench and hid herself. Few of all the adults there escaped the lash. But Tom leaned back against the wall with his eyes half closed and Tempy by his side. A peaceful smile was upon his face — the same smile that went to bed with him the night before. When Dan was scored he said softly, "Come back ter de fold, Bre'r Dan; come back." To Aleck he murmured dreamily, "Face de light! Face de light!" And when Clay received punishment, from the lips of the serene little fellow floated, "Sinner, tu'n; why will yer die? — why will yer die?"

When the Rev. Joshua Sims came in front of his former host a close observer might have noticed that the latter's half-shut eyes fell a little closer and his thin sides swelled out with a prolonged breath; but as the preacher passed on, the eyelids slowly lifted again, the sides sank gently, and something like the restful sigh of a cow when she lies down floated out from the half-parted lips of the devout little man.

Harry Stillwell Edwards.

AT BREAK OF DAY.

As pallid morning gleamed across the sky
I saw your figure on the windy crest;
Between the low dawn and the shadowy west
Your flitting foot and dusky cloak went by:
Some errand sweet of blessed charity
Had led you forth while others took their rest,
To start the ground-bird from her drowsy nest,
Where, blanched with dews, the sloping meadows lie.
Then first a red ray pierced the curtained pole;
Then flashed a broad beam up the glimmering height;
Then rose the sun, as never yet rose he!
So love, all glorious, shook my tardy soul,—
The veil of doubt dissolved in blissful light,
And jealous heaven gave you up to me!

Dora Read Goodale.

RECOLLECTIONS OF JEAN FRANÇOIS MILLET.

WITH SOME ACCOUNT OF HIS DRAWINGS FOR HIS CHILDREN AND GRANDCHILDREN.

I.

I WAS at work under Gérôme at the École des Beaux-Arts in the winter of 1872–73. On the Rue Buonaparte, near the school, was an old print-shop, and in the windows were engravings ancient and modern. Among them I noted most frequently some woodcuts after Millet's drawings — one series, "Morning," "Noon," "Evening," and "Night"; the other, eight or ten drawings of figures at work, "Reaping," "Mowing," "Chopping," "Spinning," etc. I was never tired looking at these, and never got by the shop without stopping to see at least the man mowing — the naturalness of the swing of his body, his foot so firmly planted upon the earth. This was my first acquaintance with Millet, although in America I had seen a lithograph of his "Women Sewing," which seemed like Frère to me, but larger and more robust. Some Americans of the Latin Quarter went down to Barbizon in the winter for a few days of recreation. When they came back they told me that Barbizon was on the edge of the Forest of Fontainebleau, that Millet lived there near the hotel, and that his studio window looked out on to the street.

On hearing this I was very sorry that I had not gone down with the party, but resolved that in the spring I would see Barbizon, the forest, and at least the outside of Millet's house.

I saw one or two landscapes by Millet at Durand-Rouel's, which did not impress me strongly at the time; but I became familiar with the works of Delacroix, Corot, Rousseau, Diaz, and Jules Dupré, and my sympathies at once became concentrated upon these masters. Later in the spring, at an exhibition at the Hôtel Drouot, where all of these men and other strong ones were represented in force (I remember how thin and pale a Meissonier looked), I saw a painting by Millet — a mother sewing by an oil lamp, her baby asleep beside her. The reality of this scene, the naturalness of movement, the perfection of expression, the charm, separated it from all other pictures, and from that moment Millet was to me the greatest of modern painters.

I went down to Barbizon in the early summer. I found the hotel jolly, the forest grand, and Millet's large studio window always in view. The village was so small, with but one narrow street, that I felt the chances strongly in favor of my meeting Millet, and possibly of making his acquaintance. So, with one or two sketches in the forest, I went back to Paris to make one more study in the class, and to pack my traps and lay in a stock of material for the summer.

I worked hard and saw a great deal of Millet's house and studio from the street and the field behind, where a road ran through going into the forest. There was never an evening that I did not go out for a walk, and whichever direction I took I always found that my road was by Millet's house in going and that I came back by the same way. Millet's studio was a detached building, separated from the house by a yard; the house, like the studio, was built on the line of the wall on the side of the road. The dining-room window opened into the street, and I sometimes got a glimpse of the family as they sat at their evening meal — a cheerful, noisy lot of young people; and at the table, later in the evening, I once saw Millet's face distinctly in profile: the nose seemed very long, and I thought he looked like the portrait of Titian. No one at that time could have persuaded me that I should ever sit in that cheerful home and talk with Millet. I found that very little was seen of him in the village. I met a number of artists who had lived for a long time at Barbizon, but none of them seemed to know him. "Siron's," the inn, was the general resort for the artist inhabitants of the place, and they, together with the boarders, made a noisy crowd in the billiard and dining rooms in the evening or on a rainy afternoon; but Millet never came round to drink a glass of beer or to play a game of billiards. So the artists called him a bear, and had doubts of his ability to paint; but the peasant people found in him a good neighbor nevertheless, and if any one was in trouble Madame Millet was the first person thought of in the way of aid.

By good fortune I became acquainted with Mr. William Babcock of Boston, who had lived abroad for many years, and at that time had become fixed at Barbizon. His house was filled with engravings, photographs, or casts of nearly all the finest things that had been produced in art, and in him I found a man responding in every thought to the beauties of the treasures of art and nature about him. He had taken some lessons from Millet many years before in Paris, and always had seen a good deal of him, and his enthusiasm for Millet and Millet's work was without bounds. He had bought from Millet at different times a number of drawings and sketches, some of them of great beauty and rare finish. He also had hanging about his studio several studies in oil and some finished paintings by Millet, also several by Delacroix and Diaz. All these he had bought for small sums, saved from a limited income, while studying in the schools of Paris. Thus while in the country painting from nature I was able to increase my knowledge of ancient art and of the best modern masters. Babcock had carefully preserved photographs of everything of Millet's that had been reproduced. With these, the drawings, and Babcock's descriptions I became acquainted more fully with Millet's art and its history. I found to be true what I had felt from the first, that Millet was one man in a century; that his love and sympathy for nature were unbounded. I had suffered much pain in finding — I imagined it so at least — that but few artists really loved nature. They seemed to care only for that which it suited them to paint; but in Millet I had found a man who adored the stars, the moon, and the sun, the earth, the air, and everything that the sun shone upon. And through this love everything that he touched, frequently the least things of the earth, became monuments. I felt it a privilege to live so near this man.

Thus I passed the summer with much hard and pleasant work and with many plans and schemes for a visit to Millet, but always abandoning them as soon as made. Finally the nearness for the time of my return for the reopening of the schools in Paris gave me a new courage. So one Sunday, judging carefully the probable hour that the Millet family would have finished their noonday meal, I tapped at the door and asked for François, the eldest son, with whom I had made a bowing acquaintance through occasional meetings in the fields or the woods. I asked him for his father's permission to visit his studio; also the privilege of calling upon him at his own studio. The last request he at once granted, and going to his father brought word that he would see me in half an hour. This time I spent in trembling and happy expectancy, returning at the time fixed. Millet gave me a friendly shake of the hand and showed me through the door of his sacred workroom.

Everything was plain and gray. An old green curtain hung across the lower part of the window, which is not unusual in a studio, but two features seemed to me to belong distinctively to this. The window was at the left on entering the room; at the farther end, beyond the easel, was a large mirror, which I imagined was used by Millet to study a movement which he would give himself, or a detail of folds from his own clothing. I am warranted in this from his having used this mirror in calling my attention to certain facts of form and detail upon his own body while criticizing, upon another day, some drawings that I had brought him.

The other object which struck me was a curtain suspended from the nearer side of the window and hanging at right angles with it. Behind this Millet would retire to look at his work or to show it to visitors, the curtain intercepting the light, and making the picture seen with greater ease.

The walls were of plaster, darkened by time; heavy rafters crossed the ceiling; a few plaster casts hung about the walls—reliefs from the Trajan Column, heads by Donatello and Luca della Robbia, the arm of Michael Angelo's "Slave," some small Gothic figures and antique torsos, besides some Gothic figures carved in wood, of which Millet was very fond. All the studio accessories or decorations were so unobtrusive that I did not see any of them on my first visit. No pictures were in sight. A large frame hanging over the already mentioned mirror, which I afterwards found to contain a rather highly colored seventeenth-century master, was covered with a quiet drapery, but the end and right-hand side walls were closely stacked with canvases and with frames for temporary use containing canvases, all standing on the floor, their faces turned to the wall. Immediately upon entering the studio Millet took one of these, and, placing it upon the easel in the middle of the room, signaled me to stand with him behind the curtain, which placed us at a considerable distance from the picture. He put before me in this way ten or a dozen pictures, generally in frames, and in an advanced state of completion, always returning the picture to its place in its stack against the wall. As I have said, up to this time I had seen but few of Millet's completed paintings: therefore the full force of his power and greatness was revealed to me then, and in his presence words were certainly of little value in expressing my feelings. But the master was evidently satisfied and pleased with my rapt wonder and admiration, and seemed to approve of my difficultly worded comments. He insisted that the pictures should be seen at a considerable distance, say at four or five times their greatest width or height, but called me near sometimes that I might see the simplicity of execution or the few touches required in producing multiplicity and infinity in effect.

A comment by Millet which impressed me strongly was this: he wished in a landscape to give the feeling that you are looking at a piece of nature — that the mind shall be carried on and outside its limits to that which is lying to the right and left of the picture, beyond the horizon, and to bring the foreground still nearer, surrounding the spectator with the vegetation or growth belonging to that place. He showed me a canvas with the "Two Spaders" in heavy ink outline. In reply to some remarks, I think, he showed me the large reed pen with which he had drawn it. Several of the pictures showed this same ink outline underneath, notably "The Cowherd," which, although complete in its effectiveness as a picture, was painted very thinly in transparent colors — opaque tones being used only in the sky and in one or two of the cows in the foreground. This was undoubtedly the work of a single day, or of a few hours, after the picture had been drawn in outline.

Another picture in an early stage was the "Women returning with Fagots." This was more simply painted, the whole picture having been put in with three or four tones; the effect was nevertheless very complete and impressive — much more so than the pastel of the same subject. The climax of Millet's power which was revealed to me that day was a still-life study — three pears lying on a plate or table. I felt that I was looking at a picture of no less interest than his larger and more complicated compositions. In the pears I found all the tones of a landscape, in the twisted stems I seemed to see the weather-worn tree, and the modeling of the fruit was studied and rendered with the same interest that he would have given to a hill or a mountain or to the human body. At the same time it was none the less a most faithful presentation of three pears. Millet seemed well pleased in my declaring this to be equal in interest to his other pictures. I now more fully understood his aims in art, and this little still-life was certainly one of his triumphs. Did he not write, "One must be able to make use of the trivial for the expression of the sublime"? And on his death-bed, while looking out into his garden and at his closed studio door, longing like a young man for more opportunities for work, he described to his son, not colossal canvases and multitudes of figures, but a quiet nook in his native Normandy — the side of a hill, a road, and a few trees. Could he but live he had so much that he would still say; he would show what could be done with this simple material.

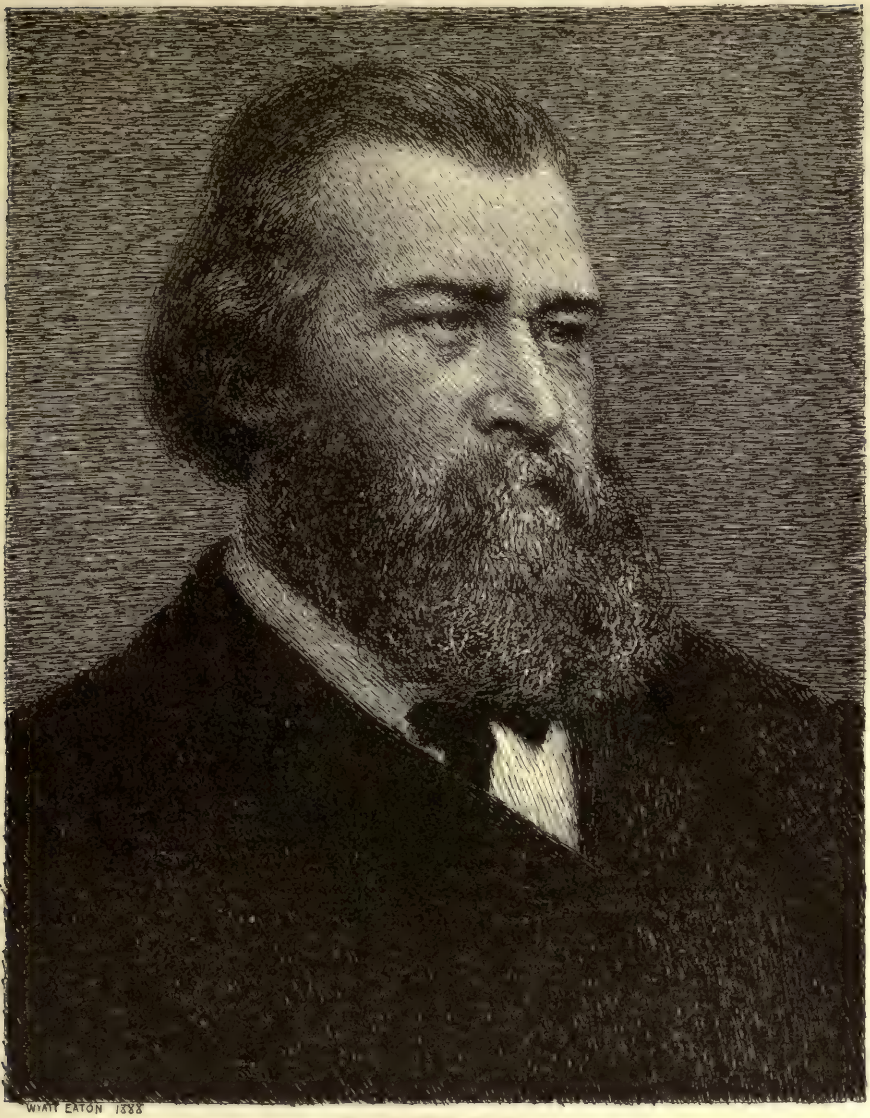
Millet testified a rare friendliness in talking to me without reserve of himself, of his loneliness and isolation. This conversation was interrupted by the entrance of a friend who was spending the day at the house. I then asked Millet some questions relating to my studies of art — was anatomy necessary or worth while? Yes, all study was useful; but the larger constructions, the planes and surfaces, must ever be kept in mind. I questioned him about "values," and of thin and solid painting. He treated the subject of values in a way so much larger and more general than we, students of the school of the day, understood, that he was soon beyond my reach. In regard to heavy painting I told him of a picture of his which I had recently seen in Paris, "Œdipus being taken from the Tree," in which the child's face was actually modeled in relief with the pigments. He laughed heartily, and replied that he was "very young when he painted it." Millet was always impatient of detail or particularity in methods. He once said that much must be learned and forgotten before the painter could really be at the command of his own powers.

I had been discussing the question of the beautiful in nature, and before leaving Millet I asked him, although I knew well his answer, if anything in nature was not beautiful; but his reply came with a directness and force that satisfied me beyond my expectations: "The man who finds any phase or effect in nature not beautiful, the lack is in his own heart." I had been so cordially entertained that in leaving I had no feeling of having staid too long or of having intruded upon the master's precious time. Millet readily granted me permission to bring him my work for criticism. I then went across the field to the studio of the son, where I found upon his easel a harvest field — a mower sitting in the road and sharpening his scythe in a manner common to the laborers of that country. The painting was much in the method and spirit of the father's art, having not a little of his opulence and charm of color. I then thought, and time has confirmed my belief, that when the same justice has been given the son that at so late an hour was accorded the father he will be hailed as the great pupil of and co-worker with Millet, and the question of whether the work was executed by father or by son will be of diminished importance.

History furnishes us with plenty of such instances. We no longer complain that Andrea had not the individuality and was not so original in his art creations as Luca della Robbia.

After a little time Millet came in, looked at the picture, and gave a few words of criticism and approval. This unexpected visit gave me a new opportunity to ply fresh questions, — Millet talked much of nature and of art, — but my mind was already filled to overflowing, and I never could recall this hour or two of invaluable words from the master.

I remember well the effect produced upon me by this rare afternoon. I needed air and motion to quiet my nerves; I seemed not to



JEAN FRANÇOIS MILLET.

touch the ground as I walked. I could almost affirm at this distant day that the air was buoyant, and that it carried me along without effort on my part. I was in a new atmosphere, a new world; never before had I felt the plain to stretch off into such distances, such vividness and mellowness of color, such depth in the sky.

I saw Millet again before my return to Paris, and showed him a few studies and pictures. He found in my work a lack of simplicity, too much of unnecessary detail, the "planes" not well felt, and a smallness in the attachments of the limbs to the body. He made some outlines to explain his remarks that had the simplicity of the early Egyptian or Assyrian carvings. His criticisms upon the more technical points were much the same as those of Gérôme and Munkacsy given me upon some of the same things. This served to convince me, even at this early day, that in technicality there were larger principles which govern all good art.

I returned to Barbizon again in the winter, and remained several weeks to finish a picture begun in the autumn. François Millet and I were much together, and I sometimes took coffee with the family in the evening. At these times Millet sat at the table like a patriarch, as he has so often been described, surrounded by his large and handsome family, his manner always cordial and full of hospitality.

In the spring I saw him in Paris; he had come with Madame Millet and François for

MILLET ABOUT FORTY YEARS OF AGE. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN IN HIS GARDEN.)

further information in regard to an order he had received from M. de Chennevières, the Minister of Fine Arts, for the decoration of one of the chapels of the Pantheon, and to see the chapel in which the paintings were to be placed. I went with François and found him with Madame Millet eating their lunch at the Duval restaurant in the Rue Montesquieu. Millet was cutting his bread with his knife like a peasant, and good-humoredly complained of having to come to Paris. He showed me the written order from the minister and granted my request to be permitted to find his address. He seemed much pleased in having been chosen for this work, and with the subject assigned him. His mood was more light and gay than I had known him to possess. We then went to the Palais Royal and took coffee out-of-doors. Millet was full of reminiscences of his early life in Paris. He told me how a dealer would come to him for a picture. Having nothing painted, he would offer the dealer a book and ask him to wait for a little while that he might add a few touches to a picture. He would then go into his studio and take a fresh canvas or a panel and in two hours bring out a little nude figure, which he had painted during that time, and for which he would receive twenty or twenty-five francs. We have in later days seen these pictures sold for as many thousands. Millet did not live to know anything of the large prices which are now familiar to us. It was only a few years before his death that the "Angelus" exchanged hands for $10,000. This seemed to him enormous, and he spoke of it to a friend in an apologetic tone, assuring him that he had nothing to do with the transaction.

If my memory serves me rightly, he was getting about five thousand francs for the larger and more important pictures upon which he was working during the last years of his life, and at that time he was dependent upon advances upon incompleted work. This was probably owing to the fact that as he was able to command larger prices he lingered more over his work, always striving for greater simplicity, force of expression, depth of color, for greater perfection in finish, which the small prices of earlier days would not permit.

I knew Millet to have had very flattering offers from dealers, who wished to place unlimited sums at his disposal provided he would work for them. He refused all offers, preferring to continue his more independent existence.

I returned again to Barbizon for the summer of 1874. This was Millet's last. How far I was from knowing that I was spending with him his last well evenings! I knew that his health was not good and that he did not go for long walks as in former years, but I thought his illness some chronic disease that would not shorten his life. I never heard his illness referred to further than that he would sometimes complain of indigestion and ask for orange-flower water. Once, late in the summer, he lightly spoke of his lack of energy, and said that he would sit and dig with his brush at the dry paint on his palette rather than go to his table for fresh colors.

At this time I found Millet deeply occupied with the compositions for the "History of Saint Geneviève." In all his leisure moments he was preoccupied with this work. I would call after dinner to take coffee with François or to go with him for a walk and would find the father sitting alone at the table, first staring at the cloth, then passing his finger over the surface before him as if drawing, holding his open hands on either side of the place where he had been making indications, and looking as at a completed sketch; then perhaps he would make the movement of obliterating it with his hand, and seeming to dismiss it from his mind he would then recommence his invisible markings. Millet explained his preoccupation, and would always ask me to excuse his silence.

This was generally in the yard or garden, between the house and the studio, where the family dined during the pleasant summer evenings. In talking of the decorations, Millet referred to the difficulties of the composition. The lighting of the chapel was so dim that he wished to make the figures tell in silhouette either in light against dark, or in dark against light. He thought it the work of the historical painter to make the story so plain and complete that it would be told by the paintings without previous knowledge or the aid of books.

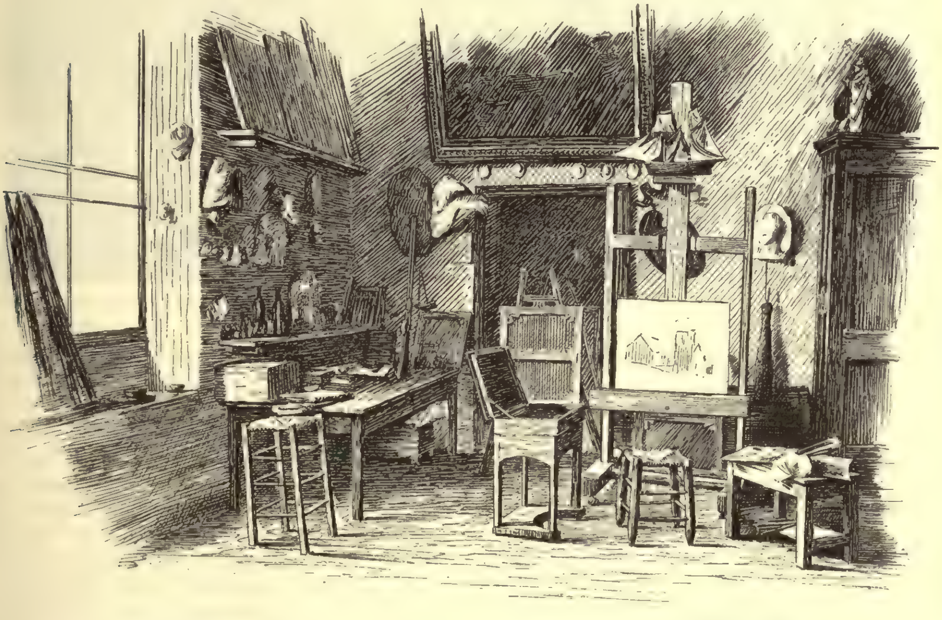
The sketches for this series that Millet left were very slight. I saw several of them, only a few outlines in charcoal on small canvases, the movement of the figures indicated with long sweeping strokes. Thus was the master taken away while making preparations for that which, in a certain sense, would have been the most important work of his life.

During this summer and autumn I spent many evenings with Millet in playing dominoes. He was very fond of the game, and as his eyes would not permit him to draw or read by lamplight, this was his only means of diversion. Although I did my best, Millet was generally the winner, and he would indulge in much hilarity over my misfortunes. I have always regretted my excessive delicacy in not asking for a sketch which he made on the tallying sheet on which I had been marked the loser in every game. It was a figure stretched upon a tomb, and labeled my effigy.

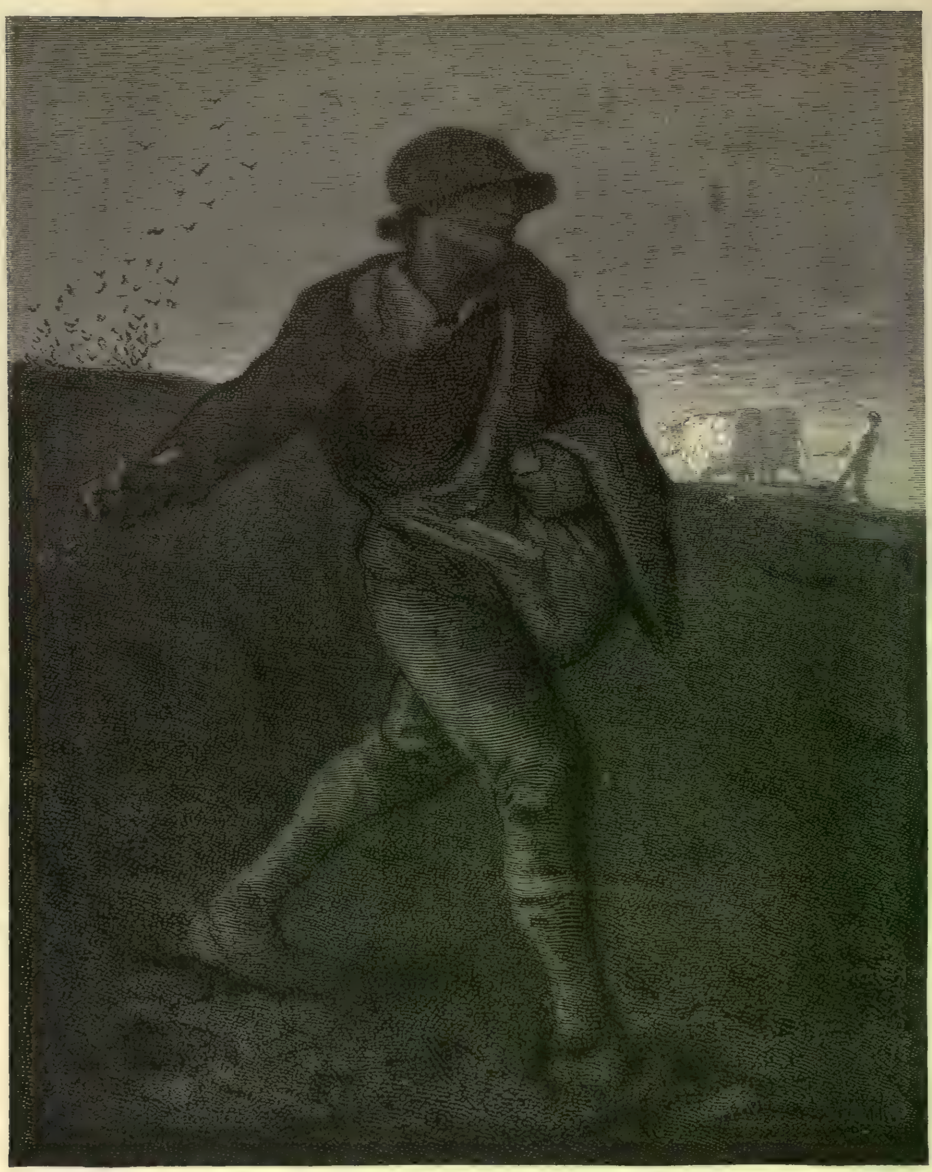
Frequently some of the family were in Paris and would be expected home by the late omnibus; on these evenings we generally kept at the game until its arrival at half-past twelve or one o'clock. I would rarely talk of art matters, unless the subject was started by Millet, and this was not often. Had I been less youthful and inexperienced how many valuable opinions might I have obtained from this great mind. On the other hand, without this youth and inexperience, Millet might have been more reserved with me.

I once ventured to ask him his opinion of Japanese pictures. He did not express that absolute admiration which I expected. I then asked him if he did not think them superior to the work of the fashionable Parisian painter. He replied, "Most decidedly; but their work is far from the beauty of Fra Angelico."

I more frequently talked to Millet of himself, and he always answered my questions very freely: in conversation, as in painting, he had practiced the art, you might say, of formulating his ideas in the most concise language,—waiting to arrange his sentences before speaking. This peculiarity was probably accentuated in conversation with me, as my knowledge of French was imperfect, and Millet was always anxious


LYELL CARR

MILLET'S STUDIO. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY KARL BODMER MADE SEVERAL YEARS AFTER MILLET'S DEATH, GIVING A PARTIAL ASPECT OF THE STUDIO AS IT WAS WHEN OCCUPIED BY MILLET.)



THE SOWER.[1] ENGRAVED BY T. COLE, AFTER AN AUTOTYPE BY AD. BRAUN, FROM THE PAINTING NOW IN POSSESSION OF WILLIAM C. WHITNEY.

lest he should use a term that I would not understand. But his French always seemed as clear to me as my native tongue.

I once said to him that he must have a remarkable memory to be able to work, as was his wont, without nature before him. He replied that in that sense he had not, but that which touched his heart he retained.

In regard to working from nature Millet once said to me, "I can say I have never painted (or worked) from nature"; and gave as his reason, "*nature does not pose.*" I would like this to be clearly understood; Millet had well weighed his words in stating that he had never worked from nature. This was without reference to his student days, when he drew and painted like others from the model; but from the beginning of his production of pictures he seems to have recognized the fact that "nature does not pose." Always looking upon her as animate,—moving, and living,—he recorded by the most simple means the stable facts observed during nature's transitions. With the exception of several painted studies of his parental home, and of other places dear to his childhood memories, which were in fact pictures in every sense, well composed and effective in light and shade, drawn probably from nature, but painted more from memory, I have never seen any work from nature of Millet's that was not memorandum-like in character, indicating by outline and shadow the principal contour; accenting here and there a prominent or important muscle, or some particular form which he would find to be the key to the expression of the form or action which he sought. Almost all other painters have left us studies elaborately wrought out either in color or in chalk, surpassing even in detail and research the parts in the picture for which these studies were used.

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[1] Reprinted from the issue of this magazine for November, 1880.

Upon my first visit to Millet he took from his pocket a sketch-book about two and a half by three and a half inches in size, and showed me upon one of these little pages his study for the wheat-ricks which were the principal objects in his picture called "Winter." This sketch, like many others of the same character, was a masterpiece; every line was vital, the sinking and bulging of the ricks showing the effect of storm and weather. But the absolute modeling in light and shade, the texture of the straw, etc., was not attempted. This the artist supplied in his painting—not by more elaborate drawings or studies in color, but by his knowledge and memory, and by the observation of other wheat-ricks under similar effects as those represented in his picture.

Some of his landscape studies in outline with pen and ink were the exact record of proportion and construction, resembling rather the work of a topographical engineer. The other qualities of the landscape were too fleeting. He had copied all that would pose for him, as with the ricks; his memory and knowledge supplied the rest. Again I have authority for stating that Millet was not indifferent to or incapable of working from nature, or of applying it to his pictures in progress. His son has frequently told me of his desire to make more studies from the living model, and his regret at not being able to do so. It seemed to be difficult for Millet to approach people that he wanted to have pose for him, and this office of asking a peasant man or woman to sit for him always fell upon his wife. But these sittings were never long nor tiresome; he wanted only the few facts of form or color which that particular model could give him. For a detail or a special quality he would at times take the greatest pains. Madame Millet has told me of having worn the roughest of peasant dresses about the house and garden for weeks, that when it pleased him her husband might call upon her to pose for some part of a picture upon which he would be at work, and of Millet compelling her to wear the same shirt for an uncomfortably long time; not to paint the dirt, as the early critics of Millet would have us believe, but that the rough linen should simplify its folds and take the form of the body, that he might give a fresher and stronger accent to those qualities he so loved—the garment becoming, as it were, a part of the body, and expressing, as he has said, even more than the nude, the larger and more simple forms of nature.

WOOD-CUTTER AND HIS WIFE.

A memorable evening was one spent in the discussion of the beautiful in art. Before Millet had left the dining-table, I think, I asked him to decide a point which was giving me much

THE OGRE.

perplexity. I was painting a road on the plain running off to another village. (The country on the outside of villages and towns in this part of France is entirely without hedges or fences of any kind.) In the foreground I had brought in a wall to express that this was the beginning of a village. An artist friend had advised me to take this out, as it destroyed the "beauty" of the picture. My friend's criticism was probably a good one; his meaning was that the chief attraction in the picture lay in the simplicity and expanse of the plain. The wall in the foreground, not being an object of interest, detracted from the real interest of the picture, the fields and the wide horizon. But I clung to my desire to express with the wall the entrance to a village. I began telling this to Millet, but got no further than my friend's opinion, that the wall destroyed the beauty of the picture. This worked Millet up to an extreme degree; I might say it put him into a towering rage. The criticism he took as an expression of the prevalent idea of the beautiful, which he could not listen to with calmness. To him beauty was the fit, the appropriate, the serviceable, the character well rendered, an idea well wrought out, "with largeness and simplicity." This last Millet would put in at times, as if in parenthesis. I often thought of it as the weak point in his argument. This was his bias; he could not separate beauty from *grandeur:* but I listened and did not argue; in fact, there was no chance. Millet went from one illustration to another. Of my picture he said that if I had not composed it in a way that would express my thought, it was a failure. "The artist's first task is to find an arrangement (or composition) that will give a full and striking expression to his idea." Seeming to find words inadequate, he took the lamp and went over to his studio, bringing back photographs from the frescos of Giotto. As he showed me these treasures, each one was a fresh triumph. "Had he not told me so," his manner seemed to say; "was not character beauty? Was not that which fitted its place beautiful? Was not the naturalness of that action beautiful, although it was only one man washing the feet of another?" He then took me into his bedroom and showed me, hanging on the wall, an engraving of a "Nativity" by Titian. He criticised in this the accessories as

PULLING OFF THE OGRE'S BOOTS.

lacking the character of a stable; the figures wanting the ruggedness of the peasant type; and, above all, the unnaturalness of having the child naked. "Why was it not warmly wrapped in woolen clothes?" His answer to all this was, "This is the beginning of *la belle peinture*." Millet then turned to another engraving, after Poussin—a man upon his death-bed. "How simple and austere the interior; only that which is necessary, no more; the grief of the family, how abject; the calm movement of the physician as he lays the back of his hand upon the dying man's heart; and the dying man, the care and sorrow in his face, and his hands—perhaps your friend would not call them beautiful, but they show age, toil, and suffering: ah! these are infinitely more beautiful to me than the delicate hands of Titian's peasants."

I have often been told of the magnificent appearance of Millet as a young man—tall, proud, square, and muscular, of enormous strength. As I knew him he was broad and deep-chested, large and rather portly, always quite erect, his chest well out. Two Americans have reminded me of Millet—George Fuller in the general appearance of his figure, and Walt Whitman in his large and easy manner. His face always impressed me as long, but it was large in every way. All the features were large except the eyes, which at the same time were not small; they must have been very blue when young. The nose was finely cut, with large, dilating nostrils; the mouth firm; the forehead remarkable for its strength—not massive, but in the three-quarters view of the head, where usually the line commences to recede near the middle of the forehead, with him it continued straight to an unusual height. A daguerreotype, now unfortunately effaced, made when he was about thirty-five years of age, without a beard, showed him to have a large chin and strong lower face, expressive of great will and energy. The hair and the beard were originally a dark brown, the beard strong and heavy; in his last years they were of an iron gray. His voice was clear and firm, rather low in pitch, and not of that deep bass or sonorous quality one might have expected from so massive a physique.

Aside from sabots, which he always wore in the country, he in no way affected the peasant dress, as has been stated by the English, but wore a soft felt hat, and easy fitting clothes such as you might see anywhere among the farmers or country people of America. It was only on going to Paris that he would put on leather shoes, a black coat, and silk hat—his apparel on these occasions causing much discomfort. To his family he never seemed like himself when dressed for Paris.

I rarely saw Millet out-of-doors,—that is, away from his yard,—but I have vividly impressed upon my memory an evening, the fields, and Millet himself striding along with a short cloak or overcoat thrown over his shoulders. It was on the open plain just back of his home. His "Spring," one of his last and finest landscapes, was almost a literal transcript of this spot. Millet, as I saw him from the distance, was as grand a figure as his "Sower" or any of his heroic types. His dress and general appearance, although not really that of a peasant,—but perhaps more his manner, his heavy tread, and his apparent absorption in all that surrounded him,—gave me the feeling that he was a part of nature, as he so well conceived the peasant as a part of the soil which he worked. I was on my way to François's studio, a little farther on at the edge of the forest. It was too dark for work, and we often walked together until the hour for dinner. Pierre, a younger brother of Millet, was spending a few weeks at Barbizon, and to give him employment for his hands Millet made a drawing on a block for him to engrave. Pierre worked on this industriously until it was finished, cutting

A DRINK OF FRESH MILK.

a very small piece each day, but that with great care. He put away his work — which he was doing in a small room adjoining François's studio — as I came in and started out for a walk. Soon after Millet himself entered, and examined with interest the engraved portion of the work. The drawing was made with the sharp point of a crayon, directly upon the block; every touch seemed intentional and full of expression. It represented a middle-aged man resting both hands and partly leaning upon the handle of his spade, his bare foot resting upon his sabot. I said to Millet that I admired the drawing exceedingly, and thought it as a picture complete. He replied that he was pleased with it himself, and that he would like to paint the composition, making the figure the size of life; and if I remember rightly he said that he intended to do so. He sat down, and, although he at first seemed but little inclined to talk, we no longer thought of our walk. François was always as eager as myself when his father talked of nature or of art. (I always heard him speak more of the former than of the latter.) It was late in September or early in October. Millet spoke of the great beauty of the season, but of its melancholy, and, as I thought, in a tone of depression. He brightened again, however, in returning to the subject of the drawing; he seemed to feel that it possessed the qualities which he insisted upon in art — repose, expressing more than action. The man leaning upon his spade was more significant of work than one in the act of spading: showing that he had worked and was fatigued, he was resting and would work again. In the same way he preferred to paint the middle-aged man rather than a young or an old one — the middle-aged man showing the effect of toil, his limbs crooked and his body bent, and years of labor still before him. And in type the laborer must show that he was born to labor, that labor is his fit occupation, that his father and father's father were tillers of the soil, and that his children and children's children shall continue the work their fathers have done before them. Millet was always severe on this point — that the artist should paint the typical, and not the exceptional.

LITTLE RED RIDING-HOOD — STARTING OUT.

If Millet's life and work were not a refutation of the charge of his being a revolutionist, the remarks he made that evening in speaking of this picture showed his attitude in regard to the question of labor and the laborer most conclusively.

He spoke of the touching or sympathetic in biblical history, and of subjects he would like to or intended to paint. The theme which most appealed to him in the New Testament was where Joseph and Mary are turned away from the door of the inn before the birth of the Child, and in his description of the scene, as he had conceived it, I saw the picture painted with all the tenderness and pathos of his art.

This I think was my last talk with Millet

LITTLE RED RIDING-HOOD — THE ARRIVAL AND SURPRISE.

on subjects of art. My last evenings before returning to Paris in October were spent with Millet at his favorite game of dominoes. He seemed full of contentment and in his usual spirits, and I left him without thought or knowledge of his failing health. With his work for the Pantheon and other projects on hand, his thoughts more than ever seemed to me to be for the future. Later in the autumn or the beginning of winter — I do not now remember what errand took me to Barbizon — I was told of Millet's illness. I hastened to the house and found the family and Mr. Babcock in the dining-room, sitting silently as in the house of death. I took my place among them, asking no questions. Millet's room was adjoining. There also was silence. I took François by the hand and together we went out. His only words were, "All is over." We left each other, too much overcome for more.

LITTLE RED RIDING-HOOD — DEVOURED BY THE WOLF.

THE CRUEL MAN.

It was thought then that the end could only be stayed a few days, but he lingered until the 20th of January. His relatives and friends in Paris even revived their hopes of his recovery. Babcock wrote me the morning of his death, and I hastened to François. It was a bright wintry day. We went out through the garden gate to a seat against the wall where Millet so often had sat, watching the glowing or waning light upon the forest trees, the rolling plain, and the distant hills. François told me of his father's wishes to be buried as a farmer—that no printed announcements should be sent out, but that a neighbor should go from house to house through the village telling of his death and time of burial, according to the custom of the people of the country.

The day of the interment was dark and cold, with a dreary rain. Many uncovered and bowed heads followed him to where he was laid by the side of his well-loved friend Rousseau, in the little cemetery near the church whose roofs and tower have appeared in so many of his works.

II.

DURING Millet's lifetime I saw and became much interested in drawings made at different times for his children and grandchildren. Upon my return to France and Barbizon some years after, I obtained photographs of some of them, which are now reproduced, together with some account of their history and the circumstances under which they were made. Others, obtained by M. Gaston Feuardent from his brother, M. Felix Feuardent, Millet's son-in-law, give completeness to the illustration of this phase of Millet's work. François once told me of a drawing by his father, the wood-cutter and his wife in the story of "Le Petit Poucet." The point of the composition was to express that there was nothing in the house to eat. That rare faculty, unique I may say with Millet, of finding the expression of thought by the most simple means, served him in this instance—the man and woman are sitting dejectedly before the cold hearth, and conspicuous upon it is the *upturned* soup-pot. François recognized in the wood-cutter and his wife his own father and mother. Millet had transcribed the sad experience, that had more than once befallen them, of having no bread for the children. I did not have an opportunity to see the drawing until my return to France.

The history of its production is this: François was studying art, drawing from casts and from nature. Millet in talking with his son one evening told him that he should have more practice in composition, and asked whether, in reading, the images of things and scenes presented themselves to his imagination. François replying that they often did, the father asked him if he recalled anything that had impressed him. This was too sudden for the boy, and he could think of nothing, but asked his father if he had something to propose. Millet replied, "No; but wait, here is something quite simple. You know well 'Le Petit Poucet'; choose a subject in that. Do you want the passage, *Nous ne pouvons plus nourrir nos enfants, il faut les perdre dans la forêt?*" This subject was decided upon, Millet proposing that they should make it a *concour*. François began his drawing at once, but Millet sat thoughtfully, his head resting upon his hand, only beginning as his son was finishing. François waited impatiently, until Millet finally took up his sketch and examined it, remarking as he did so, "*Pas mal*, but it is too much everybody's interpretation of the theme; there is something more forcible [*poignant*] to be made of it. There," showing his drawing, "is my idea"; and François, seeing this, admitted that he was beaten.

How characteristic this drawing is of Millet. In this story, generally thought of as made to amuse and frighten little children, he found the most melancholy and tragic experience in

THE HORSE'S REVENGE.

THE FRACTIOUS COW.

human life. The drawings of the ogre from the same story were made much earlier, in 1856 or 1857, when François was but six or seven years of age. François teased his father unceasingly for a "portrait" of the ogre, until he finally made it for him one evening in his little copy-book, in which François, in learning to write, had drawn straight lines, "pot-hooks," etc. François has carefully preserved this book, which is nearly filled with Millet's sketches and drawings. Some of the pages are covered with sketches, ideas for pictures, or figures in movement. "The grafting" is sketched several times on one of the leaves, the whole picture covering no more than a square inch; likewise other pictures which have since become famous. The first drawing of the ogre's head was made with lead-pencil. Millet evidently began with the idea only of amusing the child; but becoming interested himself in what this suggested to him, he recommenced another head, then made a separate study of the mouth and teeth, and finally took up his crayon and drew the final "portrait." While drawing the head he did not cease to talk of the ogre, imitating his voice and expression, growling like an angry beast, showing how he would open his mouth and how he would bite and tear the flesh of little boys, keeping François in a state of intense wonder and alarm.

What has been told of the saints experiencing in their own bodies the suffering of Christ was true with Millet in his art. Working as he did almost without models, he was his own model for everything, feeling deeply, and giving the action with intensity and reality.

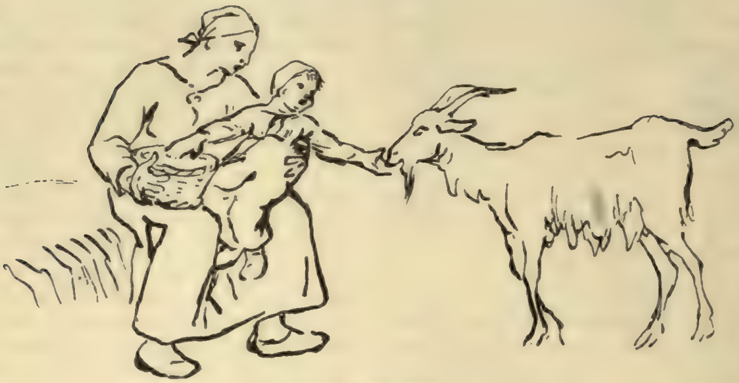
At this same time he made other drawings of the ogre—one standing, in full costume, another asleep, with "Le Petit Poucet" pulling off his boots. The family preserve other sketches—quite slight, but showing a careful seeking after arrangement—of the wood-chopper and his wife taking the children into the forest, with compositions of the children left alone, and in one the parents stealing away leaving their little ones behind them to perish. Nothing could be sadder than the expression of the father and mother leading the children into the woods. Millet in his whole art has depended rather upon the attitude or movement of the figure for expression than upon the face. In this subject, in which so much is expressed, the figures are going away from the observer, and only a few lines indicating the backs are given.

THE STUMBLING HORSE.

The Red Riding-hood sketches were made between the years 1872 and 1874 for the youngest daughter, who was about the age of little Red Riding-hood at that time, and Millet evidently had his little girl in mind while making the drawings. Like the drawings of the ogre, these also were made one evening at the children's request. François was by this time a man and an artist, and as he too was looking over his father's shoulder, this perhaps will account for some of the drawings being made with less direct reference to the child's understanding. Not that they are less simple, but they are not so clearly defined. The first drawing was slightly indicated with a lead-pencil and then firmly drawn with pen and ink. He wished to express, as he certainly has done, the wondering, stupid little child who had never before been so far away from home. After this drawing Millet went on more hastily with a crayon, telling the story and talking about the little girl's conversation with the wolf, etc., making the sketches to illustrate his verbal story, rather than telling the story to explain the drawings.

A FALL FROM A HORSE.

The more simple drawings, like the horses and the child feeding the goat, were also the last of the drawings for children. Millet made them in great numbers for his first grandchild, little Antoine. He would take a match that had been lighted, rub off the burned part, and dip in ink the point that was thus formed, using this rather than pen or pencil, because of the

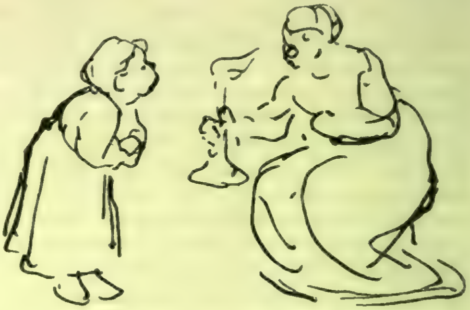


FEEDING THE GOAT.

large and decided mark it would make. Antoine was still a baby not yet able to talk, but the great Millet was great enough to reach the child, to delight and please him, and the baby would find a way without words to show that he understood.

Antoine's aunt, the little Red Riding-hood, had a goat of which Antoine was very fond (Millet, by the way, did not have to depart from his type in drawing Antoine a strong, lusty baby), and he recognized the goat at once when his grandfather showed him the drawing, and reached out his arms like the child in the drawing, imitating the cry of the goat. It was a great gratification and pleasure for Millet to be able in this way to reach the child's understanding.

One evening Millet said, "I will make one now which I don't think he will understand, but we will see"; so he drew the little Antoine, with his cheeks puffed out, blowing an enormous candle with an equally enormous flame. The baby looked intently at this for a while, and then turned with satisfaction and blew at the candle or lamp on the table. This was a real triumph, and Millet remarked to his son the importance of this as a principle in art; that as he had exaggerated the size of the candle in order that the child could see it easily and would notice it, so in painting, certain forms, effects, and expressions should be accented, exaggerated, or brought into stronger relief.



BLOWING OUT THE CANDLE.

Wyatt Eaton.

UNHINDERED.

FAR westward is a snow-bound train;
Eastward, a soul is saying,
"Though I have looked so long in vain
This is not love's delaying;
For I have such a certain sense
Of answer: it is prescience."

The letter, from its barriers free,
Hastes to the love that waited.
Lo! its first words: "So close are we,
That, if by snow belated,
This message you are sure to feel
The day before you break the seal."

O ye, that never dwell apart,
Though half a globe may sever,
Thus will it be, when heart to heart
Can show no sign forever!
Though death-snows loom like Himalaȳ,
Yet soul to soul, unbarred, will fly.

Charlotte Fiske Bates.

THE LAST ASSEMBLY BALL:[1]

A PSEUDO-ROMANCE OF THE FAR WEST.

BY MARY HALLOCK FOOTE,

Author of "The Led-Horse Claim," "John Bodewin's Testimony," etc.

PART III. THE CATASTROPHE.

I.

AT 10 o'clock on Thursday morning Mrs. Dansken answered a knock at her front door and found a man, whom she recognized as one of the waiters from the Clarendon, with a box addressed to Miss M. Robinson. It was a large, flat, white box such as tailors and dressmakers send home their wares in. There were no wrappings or bills of expressage on it; evidently it had not traveled far. Mrs. Dansken asked the man if there was no message with the box. He said he did not know of any, and Mrs. Dansken refrained from the question who had sent him.

Now if Milly Robinson had been like any other girl, Mrs. Dansken meditated, she would have been in a flutter over that box; would have wondered who had sent it and what was in it, and have opened it at once, for all to admire. Instead, she had packed it off, without any excitement at all, to her bedroom in the attic, and no more had been heard of it.

Ann had made tea-cake and there was no need for Milly to go for rolls that afternoon. At her usual time of coming down, after changing her dress, to lay out the tea-things in the parlor and set the table for dinner, she did not appear. Instead of calling her from the stairs, Mrs. Dansken took the trouble to go up to her room. The girl did not open to her knock at once; she held the door ajar, a very little way, to answer her mistress's demand when she would be down.

"I 'm coming, right away, ma'am." Mrs. Dansken fancied the voice from within the room had not quite a natural sound. An excuse for entering occurred to her simultaneously with the resolve that she would get on the inside of that guarded door.

"Let me come in, Milly. I want to measure the sash of your window. Ann says one of the panes is cracked."

"Ann told her that two months ago," Milly said to herself. "I 'll give you the size of it, ma'am," she said aloud.

"You have n't time; it 's 5 o'clock now. Let me come in, Milly."

Mrs. Dansken's voice was peremptory, but again there was a pause before the door was yielded. Milly had her dress on, but the waist was still unbuttoned, though she had been in her room, Mrs. Dansken knew, three-quarters of an hour. The quick eye of the mistress, roving the room, perceived that the covers of the bed had been turned back, but that the pillows were smooth.

"Were you going to lie down, Milly? Don't you feel well?" As she spoke, insincerely, for she believed that Milly was perfectly well, she saw protruding from the bed-covers a white sleeve, an evening sleeve, shortened to the elbow and delicately finished with lace. So there was something beneath, which the covers had been hastily thrown back to hide. With one of her quick movements she flung them into place again, exposing the guilty box upon the bed, its contents crammed into it, hurriedly and unsuccessfully, as the white sleeve bore witness.

"What is this, I should like to know?" Mrs. Dansken demanded in a high, exasperating voice. Forgetting her own intrusion on a false pretense, she gave way to the thrill of anger and disgust which possessed her. She felt that she could almost have struck the girl for her stupid, coarse concealments. "What have you got here that you are ashamed to show me?" She tilted off the box-lid with the tips of her fingers and looked contemptuously at the pile of soft wool and lace and ribbon that represented Frank's first essay in the part of King Cophetua.

"That 's a very handsome dress to be tumbled about like that. Were you going to put it on to wait on table in?"

Milly had been silent because her shame and rage had simply taken away her power to speak.

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[1] Copyright, 1889, by Mary Hallock Foote.

Mrs. Dansken herself was trembling from head to foot; she was losing control of herself, and felt that she could not be accountable for what she might say next if that girl continued to stand there, smiling faintly, in a fixed way, and as speechless as a stone.

"I will see you by and by. You and I must have a little talk." She went down to her room and threw herself upon the bed; all the strength had gone out of her.

"Ann," she whispered, when the old woman came in to ask her what had become of Milly, "that girl will kill me yet!" But there was no time to get comfort from Ann. Dinner was served, and the hostess must be in her place at the head of the table. "Ann, go upstairs, will you, and tell Milly to come down." The farce must go on, and mistress and maid must take their parts. Mrs. Dansken sickened at her own, but she was eminently a woman of business.

There was a long pause after the soup, which Ann herself had brought in and removed. "Where is Milly?" Mrs. Dansken asked, as Ann reappeared with the chicken patties.

"She 's packin' her things!" said Ann.

Mrs. Dansken whirled round in her chair. "You will ask her to please come down and attend to her work at once. She can pack her things to-morrow."

"Mem?" said Ann.

"Excuse me,"—Mrs. Dansken put down her napkin and looked at the tableful of boarders: her voice was unsteady,—"Ann will wait upon you," she managed to say. Blashfield sprung and opened the door for her, and every man at the table rose as she left the room.

She had meant to get to her own room as quickly as possible for an outburst of tears, but she felt so upheld by this unexpected return of the old loyalty that she was ready to encounter even Milly. She was sure that she could be calm, perhaps she could be just to the girl; for what had she discovered, after all, that was so heinous, considering the way she had discovered it? Sympathy, delicacy, dignity, Mrs. Dansken had not; but honesty, even with herself, lay at the bottom of her soul. She ran up the cold attic stairs in a better mood for a talk with Milly than she could have hoped for; but Milly was not there. Her trunk stood in the middle of the bedroom; her hat and shawl and the box from off the bed were gone.

II.

Mrs. Dansken had lain long in the darkness of her own room. Faint sounds from the dining-room told that dinner was quietly progressing. "If they had just carried me out a corpse they would go back to their chicken patties," she reflected, and laughed feebly to herself, not in the least resenting this conspicuous masculine trait. "It would be a tribute to the patties, anyhow," she added in her musings. The darkness was peaceful, and she was glad, after all, that she had not been able to see Milly. "She must have gone out into the street for a moment to get some one to come for her trunk. She will want her wages, and it is better she should go without any more words between us. We were never meant to live together. We bring out all that is worst in each other. Even Ann sees that."

At this moment Ann came stumbling in with a clinking tray, which she placed upon a chair by the bed while she lighted the lamp.

"Are ye sick?" she asked, turning to look at her mistress.

Mrs. Dansken could have kissed her grim old face, for the sense of nearness and confidence it gave her. After all, was there any one in the world she cared for more than for this old bit of wreck saved from the home that had gone to pieces so long ago? She fell to weeping weakly on her pillow, while Ann felt of her hands, and pulled up the down quilt over her shoulders.

"Oh, I 'm roasted!" said Mrs. Dansken, throwing it off. Then she nestled down again, murmuring, "Thank you, you dear old thing; I knew you would n't forget about me."

"Ye better take a drink o' this tea. Are ye worryin' about Milly Robi'son? Sure it 's better she 's goin'. I knew ye 'd never do with the likes av her. She 's nayther one thing nor another. I 've not got a ha'porth agin her, myself. I c'u'd do with her well enough. Where 's yer shawl?" Ann looked about and found it, and attempted to put it about her mistress's shoulders as she raised herself in bed. "Are ye layin' here widout any fire?"

"I don't want any fire. This tea tastes so good. Ugh! I 'm as hot as fire and as cold as ice! I 've had such a scene with that girl, Ann. I hate a row, except with you."

"'Deed an' ye 're not much afraid o' me, that 's a fact. Was it along o' the frock she had sent her?"

Mrs. Dansken nodded.

"She 's not so much to blame for that, as I can find out. 'What 's in it?' says I, whin I see the box layin' on the bed. An' whin she opened it she went red in the face, an' says she, 'I know who sent it, an' I'm goin' to send it back.'"

"That 's a likely story!" Mrs. Dansken cried out. "She 'd been trying it on. She had just crammed it back into the box when I went upstairs to call her."

Ann looked at her mistress shrewdly. "Was ye in the room?"

"Of course I was in the room. How did I see the dress if I was n't in the room?"

"Well, ye 'd better have kept out, an' let her have her things to herself. I 'd niver want the missus thrackin' me about. A gurl 's got a right to some place av her own."

"Don't scold me, Ann. I own I was stupid about that — but I tell you, she is a girl who needs watching."

"Ye had me to watch her, an old woman that knows what gurls is. I niver see nothin' wrong wid her, barrin' she 's a bit close about herself; an' it 's what they have to be when they 've got themselves to look out for."

"I thought you hated her."

Ann laughed shortly. "I was none so fond av her at the first off, but whin I see — who 's that goin' out?"

The street door had closed, somewhat early for the young men to be taking their departure.

"It 's Milly coming back, I should n't wonder," said Mrs. Dansken, listening for a step on the stairs.

"Comin' back?" Ann repeated.

"Yes; did n't you know she was gone?"

"Wheriver has she gone to, for the good Lord's sake?" said Ann, rising up. "She tould me she 'd not sleep in this house another night. 'Very well,' says I; 'wait till I get my kitchen red up an' I 'll go wid ye to the Sisters'.' An' how long is she gone?"

"Why, ever so long. I thought she was coming back. Her trunk is here."

"I 'll jist out, thin, an' afther her. Will ye be gettin' up now?" Ann hesitated, looking at her mistress. Mrs. Dansken saw that she was uneasy.

"Go along, you best old creature! Ann, wait a minute! Do you know who sent her the dress?"

"Sure, w'u'd I ask a gurl a thing like that? An' she 'd niver have tould me, anyway."

"I 'm jealous," said Mrs. Dansken, throwing herself back in the bed. "Here you 've been making me believe you despised that girl, and thought about her just the same as I did, and all the while you were on her side."

"No 'm, I 'm none so fond av her," Ann maintained. But she did not wait to "red up" the kitchen. Mrs. Dansken heard the street door again a very few moments after Ann had left her. The young men were laughing over their cigars in the parlor. She put on an apron, entered the dining-room by the hall door, and began to clear the table, keeping the curtain closed, for she did not wish to be questioned. Ann should not find her work waiting for her when she returned from her walk in the dark, snowy streets. If Williams had been at home — or if Frank had not gone, how quickly she would trust him now to go in search of Milly.

Ann walked slowly up and down Harrison avenue, passing and repassing the windows of the Clarendon, looking down all the side streets; finally she ventured to ask one or two respectable wayfarers if they had seen a young woman in a dark cloth jacket and a turban, and carrying a big white box. Ann was sure the box was in some way responsible for Milly's giving her the slip. She meant to cast about in their own neighborhood before taking that long walk across the town to the Sisters'. She stopped one of the waiters in the door of the Clarendon as she passed down on that side of the street. It was the one whom, without knowing his nationality, she called the Sweedener, who occasionally brought Mrs. Dansken's orders for her little festivities. Had he seen Milly Robinson that evening?

"Yes," the man replied. "She coom mit a pox; an' she say, leef it in t'e offis for Mist' Embury. Mist' Embury he coom shust t'en; unt he say, send t'e pox up to his room. Unt t'ey walk town street togedder."

Ann gave a grunt. "N-n!" she objected, in that indescribable form of dissent which the West has imported from the South. "That 's not Milly Robinson."

"She vas Milly."

"N-n!" Ann persisted.

"It vas t'e pox, anyhow," the man declared. "I see t'e man vat pack dat pox over to Mis' Dansken, unt he say it vas for Milly."

"Sure I hope it *was* Milly," said Ann, changing her ground of defense. "That 's all I wan' to know. Is she along av our Misther Embury?"

"She vas mit him. Dey vent town t'e street togedder."

Ann did not go to the Sisters', but she told her mistress that Milly was there; and Mrs. Dansken was too glad of the assurance to reflect that it was a mile or more to the Sisters' hospital, and that Ann could hardly have gone and returned in the time she had been absent.

"Ye 're to pay her money to me, an' she 'll send for her thrunk in the mornin'."

In her toilsome walk in life Ann had seen many cases of folly and sin end as the case of Milly seemed likely to end, but never one of knightly championship. She had never met with a case of this kind, and out of her experience she drew her conclusions. It hurt her that the girl should have taken herself off without even saying good-bye to her old comrade, who had sincerely conquered a prejudice for kindness' sake.

"I doubt but the missus was in the right: she 'd a bad heart, or she 'd niver have give me the slip like that." But, in spite of her own belief, nothing could have induced Ann to destroy the girl's last chance of retreat should the heart prove not so bad after all.

Frank and Milly were by the bridge again, and this time there was no brown veil between them. Milly's cheeks were not pink like the sunset color on the eastern peaks; they were pale as the snow which starkly outlined them against the night sky. She was awake at last. Frank thought he had never seen a face so beautiful as hers while she told him the story of her wrongs and her insults. Not a word accused him, but he felt that he was responsible for all that had cost her an honorable refuge, a place of safety, if not a home. No doubt he supposed himself to be thinking while he listened to Milly's story and looked at her beautiful face, but he was merely tingling with a mixture of passionate promptings. He scarcely heard what she was saying as she urged that she must go back and reminded him for the third or fourth time that she had come out not expecting to see him, only to get rid of the dress, which she had never meant to take.

"And I made you. I have brought all this trouble upon you, Milly; but, dear, happiness shall come out of it. It was all for the best — to bring us together, my darling."

"I must go back — I must!" Milly pleaded.

"You shall never go back," said the dreamer. "Is it more insults you want?"

"I promised to go back. Ann is going with me to the Sisters'."

"The Sisters'! Milly, I am the one to take care of you now."

"No, sir. No, Mr. Embury. You must n't kiss me — I 'm not — oh, you don't know, you don't know!"

"Milly," said Frank, "God knows how we have got where we are — but here we are. We are never going to part any more. Do you understand?"

"I did n't think you 'd say such things to me," sobbed Milly.

"Who, in the name of Heaven, should say such things, if not I? Do you know what I mean?"

"Oh, let me go, sir, please! They 'll be out after me."

"Stop sirring me, will you? Who will be out after you? Is there any one in that house who is likely to care what becomes of you?"

"There 's Ann, sir —"

"Ann be hanged! Can Ann take care of you? Ah, Milly, listen to me! — For Heaven's sake, what is the matter?"

"Look at me!" sobbed the girl, with such wild deprecation in her face that Frank was forced to heed her. "Can't you see?"

"Can't I see? I see that you are a dear, good, helpless girl, who is going to be my wife. We are going to be married to-night. Hush, hush! not a word. I don't know anything about you? Do you know anything about me? No, I won't hear a word. Can't I see, indeed! I see that you are my darling. There, there! What, more tears, Milly? Am I such a monster?"

"You are good," said Milly. "You are the best — I ever saw; but you don't know — you don't know! Let me go, to-night. Let me tell you — what I said I must."

"You shall tell me all to-morrow. There are things I might tell. We will take each other on trust, and I shall get the best of the bargain, my lovely one. Do you know what we are going to do? That poor, insulted little gown I made you take — you shall wear it to-morrow night. You will need no chaperone as my wife."

"I can't, I can't!" Milly protested, but no longer with the same force of denial. She struggled in his arms, and he let her go, seeing that a man was approaching.

They were not in a nice part of the town, if any part of it could be called nice after nightfall, when the mountains withdrew their countenances and left it to the light of its flaring windows, its occasional smoky street-lamps and intervals of slippery darkness. They were out of the center of lamps and lighted windows, except the windows of a suburban groggery where a fiddle was tuning up in a crazy way, as if the ear and the hand went wild that were groping for the tune. The light of this squalid revelry was cast upon the foul snow at their feet; it shone upon the two young faces, pictured upon the darkness, close together, eye to eye in the struggle between two wills — one fiery and undisciplined, and one that was strong, but sluggish, and sick with fear.

The stranger stared hard, and looked back as he passed them. He looked back more than once, and then retraced his steps. He was a thin, cold-looking man, in a shabby suit of black, with a pair of dilapidated "arctics" exaggerating to enormities the size of his feet. He addressed them in a voice nasal but sweet.

"My young friends, have you found the Lord? Is he leading you by the hand to-night?"

He paused for an answer. "I do not know the face of this young sister," the exhorter continued as neither of the young people spoke; "but, if I am not mistaken, this young man is Mr. Embury, of the firm of Williams & Embury — yes?"

"That 's my name," said Frank. "Are you a clergyman, sir?"

"The Rev. Mr. Black, of the Methodist Mission in Second street. And if you will excuse an old man's advice, Mr. Embury, I think, sir, if this young woman's parents reside in the city, you would better take her home. It is late, my dear young friends, except for such as are out, like myself, upon errands of necessity or mercy."

"Mr. Black," said Frank, "you can do me a very great service, if you will."

Begging Milly to excuse him, he drew the minister aside and spoke with him earnestly, while Milly waited, helplessly sure what this service was likely to be.

"Is the young woman quite satisfied in her mind as to the step she is taking?"

Mr. Black came close to Milly and took her hand, smiling upon her with his intimate, pastoral smile. Milly drew away her hand.

"If she has the least doubt, before it is too late I would advise a talk with my wife—an excellent woman, though I say it, and a woman of great experience where young girls are concerned."

Milly looked repellent. "You don't wish to talk to anybody, do you, Milly?" Frank answered for her. She assented silently.

"Very well; then let us go to my home, and take counsel with our thoughts as we go. And if no objections arise, and you feel that you can trust the state of mind you are in—"

III.

FRANK had a few moments alone with Milly in the parlor of the parsonage after the ceremony, while Mr. Black consulted with his wife whether it would be possible for them to keep the bride over night.

"I must not take you to the Clarendon to-night, Milly. We cannot have it said around town that I brought you in out of the streets at 11 o'clock at night. I shall take rooms for my wife and come for her the first thing in the morning—my sweet! You won't be lonesome, will you? Does it seem a strange way to take care of you? I want to be so careful of you now, because it had to be so sudden. And this is quite the right sort of place for you to stay."

"I don't want to stay," whispered Milly; "I did n't want to do any of it."

"Oh, please, Milly! when I must leave you so soon. There was nothing else for us to do, my darling. If we had n't been meant for each other would we ever have got where we are? I will not believe you don't care for me—I will make you care!"

"It 's no use my talking," said Milly, relenting. "You do just what you want with me. You always did."

"I always intend to—and it shall be just what my darling likes best."

Mrs. Black, it seemed, could keep Milly, by a little hospitable management. Milly made no further objection, and Frank had no scruples in accepting the obligation. It is not unlikely that he felt he was honoring the parson's dwelling. While the daughter made the necessary changes for the night, a simple entertainment was set forth by the minister's wife for the young couple who were beginning their life together under the roof of strangers, without the blessing of kith or kin.

Little was eaten and little was said, except by the minister, whose words fell in the silence without meaning for those they were intended to encourage and to warn. Frank took his leave as soon as possible, kissing his wife quietly, and commending her, with a look that the minister's wife said was beautiful, to the good woman's care.

She was a woman whose goodness was the most apparent thing about her, except a large forehead and nose that gave a benignant look of authority to her countenance. It was plain that she was mistress of the parsonage, if not of the parson himself. If she had said that he must not marry the young people, he would probably have declined to do so. What she did say, in the brief matrimonial conference in the kitchen before the ceremony was performed, was much to the effect of St. Paul's words on the same question; also, that if "they," meaning her husband, refused to marry them, the young couple could easily find some one else who would.

When Milly had been half an hour alone in the room vacated by the minister's daughter, Mrs. Black went up to her door and knocked. Milly had been sitting on the side of the bed, with her clothes on but in her stocking feet, for her shoes were damp with snow. She had been going back over her poor past, trying to imagine herself opening that foolish, blotted page before the eyes of the delicate, imperative young gentleman who had just bound his fate to hers for better or for worse. And when she looked into the future the prospect was no surer; it was impossible to think of it as *their* future. She had told the simple truth when she had said that he could do what he pleased with her; but not he nor any other hero of a girl's fancy could have power to do away with certain facts which made this marriage a problem, even to the slow, unimaginative nature that was dumbly struggling with it. When she heard the heavy step on the stairs and the gentle but confident knock, Milly could have given a cry of welcome to this last chance of counsel, if not of escape.

"My dear," said Mrs. Black, coming promptly to her side, "I came up to see if you have bed-covers enough—but of course you can't go to sleep yet," she added, glancing at Milly's dress. "There 's a little fire in my bedroom, right across the hall. Would you like to come in and sit awhile? Mr. Black he 's downstairs doing some writing. He don't write out his sermons as a general thing, but this is a letter to a newspaper, one of our church papers at home, he 's occasional correspondent for. They like to know what progress we 're making here. It 's a wonderful place for awakenings. It seems when we get right amongst all that 's blackest and sinfullest in our poor human nature, we find the most helpfulness, one for another. You 'd be surprised the rescuer and comforter my husband 's been able to be, and all because the work is ready and waiting for any one who 'll take hold and believe — Well, dear, what 's *your* trouble? We 've all got something. You don't suppose I can't see it is n't all quite clear before you. How could it be, poor child! But he 's a lovely young man — and you 're very pretty, my dear. You 've got it all in your own hands."

"It 's no use my being pretty," said Milly, despondently. She was sitting in a low chair by the stove in Mrs. Black's bedroom, forgetting to care that her feet, in their soiled stockings, were visible. Mrs. Black was in the big scroll-back rocking-chair opposite, rocking and talking, and looking at Milly, not at Milly's stockings, and snipping her darning threads, without the least confusion of impulses.

"No, not if pretty 's all there is of it. But it 's a good thing when the young man 's so good-looking. It 's best not to have the looks all on his side. Now it ain't because you 're pretty you 're worrying to-night." She examined Milly with her practiced motherly glance. "My dear, you better go lie down this minute. What have you been through to make you look like that!" She got Milly quickly into her bed and felt her over carefully. "Where do you feel sick?"

"I 'm not sick," said Milly.

"Well, now, out with it, same as if I were your mother! There 's trouble here somewhere."

Mrs. Black waited, holding the girl's hands in her own, looking at her steadily with mild, strong eyes.

Milly gave a little groan and turned away her face. "Mrs." — She hesitated.

"Mrs. Black," prompted that lady.

"Mrs. Black, I 'm a married woman."

"Of course you are, my dear," said Mrs. Black, with an encouraging squeeze of Milly's hands. "I was your witness myself, and I 'd uphold you in it, for I saw plain enough that young man was bound to have his way."

"I was married and had a child before I ever saw him."

"And does n't he know you 're a widow?" Mrs. Black asked, after a silence.

"I 'm not a widow, like any other widow."

"Is n't your husband dead?"

"Yes, but he left me, first. I never put on black for him, or saw him; I passed myself off for a girl."

"What did you say, my dear?"

"I don't know how to tell you what I did. I did n't do anything; it came of itself somehow, and I let it go on."

"Yes," said Mrs. Black. "It 's the easiest way sometimes. I suspect we 're all inclined that way." She waited for Milly's next words.

"He left me, and I had to come after him. Last spring I got here. I had to come. I was n't to my own home. My home 's in Canada. He took me away from there and he never found me no other home. My father did n't like him, and we were married secret, and I went away with him when it had to be known. My father he 's slow, but he 's awful stubborn. When I got here I found he 'd left me and no word where I was to find him, and then I knew he 'd left me for good. And my baby was born at the Sisters' hospital. It died. And when I got strong enough I went to work at Daniel & Fisher's. I told them I was Mrs. Robinson. They did n't understand me, somehow; I suppose they thought I looked young. They called me Miss Robinson; and all of a sudden that seemed the easiest way. All those girls in the store were lookin' me over, and talkin' about each other, and I knew they 'd talk that way about me. If I 'd said I was Mrs., they 'd have wanted to know where was my husband, and I did n't know then he was dead. I was weak and sick and I did n't want to answer questions, and I let it go on. And every day it got harder to get it back."

"My dear, that was a terrible risk you took, besides its being so wrong — though you 're punished for that this minute, and I need n't remind you."

"I know it was wrong, Mrs. Black; but I did n't seem to care, if only I could be let alone. And nobody knew but the Sisters, and they 're the same as dead to what 's outside of their own work. But I did n't care, that 's the truth. I did n't think I was going to live long, I felt so sick."

"Oh, my! That 's because you never felt that way before. I don't doubt you felt miserable enough, my dear; but it ain't so easy for women to die. We 're dreadful tough."

"Well, I got better, and I thought I 'd tell the lady I went to work for after I left the store. I left partly for that, so I could make a fresh start. But I could n't tell her. Don't you know there 's folks you can't tell things to and there 's some you can? I could have told you."

"Well, I 'm just an ordinary woman," said Mrs. Black, "and I 've seen such a sight of trouble. Nothing could ever surprise me."

"I thought perhaps I could tell her, after a while, when I got used to her; but when I came to hear her talking I knew I 'd never tell her. She 'd have had it all over the house; and when she told things they somehow sounded different to what they were. She could make things sound any way she liked. Ann, the cook she had, found out I 'd had a child. The Sisters told her, and then I told her the rest. But I did n't mind Ann. I knew she 'd never tell on me. And after she knew, she was awful good to me."

"When was it your husband died?"

"It was June when I heard from his partner that he 'd been found. His horse slipped off the trail and fell on him."

"And you did mourn for him some, I know!"

"I had my own troubles," said Milly, after a pause. "It was he brought them on me, and he never took none of 'em on himself. He took me away from a good home and he never give me another."

"Well, you have got trouble now, that 's a fact. But the first thing you 've got to do is to straighten this all out with your husband. You ain't much acquainted, are you? How did you come to meet with him?"

"He boarded in the house where I was working."

"Well, surely that shows he ain't got prejudices. And if he loved you before he knew you had troubles, he won't love you a bit the less now."

"He knew I had troubles, but not — that kind. I know — I tried to tell him. I did try, Mrs. Black!"

"Ah, I 'm afraid you put it off too long, my dear. If you 'd only come to me before the ceremony and told me, I could have made him understand. You 'd have known then how much he thought of you; but it ain't for me to remind you. And now you 're afraid to out with it — ain't that so? Well, I guess he 's human, same 's the rest of us. I can see what he is — headstrong and proud and full of his fine notions, and wants to be loved, like any other man, but dreadful particular who *he* loves. I don't say it 's the safest sort of marriage; but it 's made and done with now, and you 've got your pretty face, and if he ain't sorry for you when you tell him what you 've been through —"

"He 'd be sorry, but — oh, you don't know him!"

"I know we are prone to error, every one of us, as the sparks fly upward. I guess if you were to go back into the history of that young man, you 'd find he 's done things he 's wished he had n't done. But it all depends on how much you care for each other. Do you love him, my dear?"

"I don't know," said Milly. "I ain't like myself when I 'm with him. He thinks I 'm different to what I am, and that makes me different."

"Of course — I see how it is. But it 's no use worrying about the future. You know what you 've got to do now. You 've got to tell him first thing to-morrow morning, and no bones about it! Don't you let him take you in his arms as his wedded wife without your soul is clear before him. If you do, you 'll both repent it to the longest day you live."

"I can't ever be his wife, Mrs. Black. That 's never going to be. Something will happen to stop it, I know."

"Don't you go to trusting to any such feelings as those. You 've trusted and let things go on too much already, my dear; and that 's your way, I see. What you need is more confidence. Now don't go to despairing of your marriage. It 's begun badly, but that ain't all your fault. I can see what chance you had with a young fellow like him. He 's got a good deal too *much* confidence. But don't you let his confidence be the ruin of you both, and when it comes to marriages — why, there 's all sorts, and it 's amazing how comfortable they turn out, spite of everything. There 's always marriages just as risky as yours is, when a new country is being settled up — young men and women meeting together, with all sorts of families back of them, so pleased with all the new ways of seeing one another, and nothing plain and natural to show 'em their inside differences. Why, it 's the greatest wonder in the world they ever make out as they do, the most of 'em. If you were to go back in his own family, I guess you 'd find the mates were n't all matches. It gets evened up somehow, when they come to live together. There 's a blessing, I tell you, on the relation."

Mrs. Black had indulged a strain of extreme leniency and hopefulness, to give Milly courage for her duty. What she said to her husband, before they slept, was nearer her true judgment of the case.

"I wish we had n't been the means of it, Samuel. It was mainly my doings, and I 'm punished for thinking they were past reasoning with, both of 'em. I don't know as I ever saw two misguided young creatures in such a fix. I tried to encourage her all I could, but she 's made a miserable piece of work of it so far; and I 'm sorry for him, when he comes to write that letter home."

"And when I saw those two young people in the street," said Mr. Black, "he was the one I took to be the deceiver."

"He 's the kind of deceiver that deceives nobody but himself — and I don 't know but that 's as bad as any kind."

"Not in the eyes of the Lord, Martha."

"The Lord can forgive more sins than they two'll ever commit," said Martha Black, who had a tenderness for the heart that had unburdened itself to her sympathy, and who knew that Milly's troubles had but just begun.

Frank's letter to his mother was to have been written before he went to fetch his wife. He rose early for the purpose after one of those nights of wakefulness we remember for years afterwards as a distinct experience. In his watchings he had composed a number of letters, but when it came to writing them out he got no farther than "Dear Mother." It was to the mother, who takes the brunt of unpleasant family news, he addressed himself. When he had got as far as this he could see his mother's face, he could hear her voice asking his father to step into the library a moment. He could see both their faces as they sat down and looked at each other with the letter between them. On the whole he concluded to wait until after the ball. He could then tell them of his wife's first appearance in the society of the town, and of her reception. He had no doubts on this score. It is the men, he theorized, who decide a girl's fate at a ball.

He had changed his small second-story room at the Clarendon for a large one on the first hall, opposite the ladies' parlor. When the arrangement had been concluded at the desk, the clerk remarked that the bridal chamber was coming it rather strong for a single man. Frank flushed, but gave the information with dignity that he had been married the evening before at the Rev. Mr. Black's, where his wife was now staying.

The clerk smiled the smile of the foolish, and inquired if the lady was any connection of Mr. Black's; and Frank was obliged to relinquish this straw of respectability which he had grasped at for the sake of Milly's antecedents.

Milly had lamented to Mrs. Black, as the chief of her excuses, that she had never had a chance to speak with Frank without fear of interruption, except in the open streets. But now they were alone for a lifetime, in the bridal chamber of the Clarendon, with window-blinds closed to shut out the staring daylight, with no idea between them of the time, or of how the world was going outside. The world for them had centered in this their first day together.

Frank had bought a belated wedding-ring and was trying it on the finger of his bride.

"You have worn a ring on this finger before," he said, feeling the little depression that encircled Milly's third finger. "What sort of a ring was it? I like to know all about you, how you looked and what you used to wear, before I ever saw you."

This was Milly's opportunity, as if offered her by Heaven. But it had come too suddenly, almost threateningly; she shrunk from it, and the next moment it was gone.

Something within her, perhaps the habit of concealment, confirmed through months of perilous practice, seemed to answer for her, while her stunned conscience listened amazed.

"It was n't a ring I cared for; I took it off, because it was too small for me."

After that the day passed hopelessly for her. She was under the spell of her failure, and of Frank's awful unconsciousness.

More and more she felt his standards oppress her — fine and intense and vindictively pure. The nameless little refinements of his manner were her despair; she could not meet them out of any social practice in the past, nor with the simplicity of innocence and faith. She longed to escape, back into the miserable muddle of her old life where she had felt at home — anywhere away from this horrible masquerading.

As for Frank, he was the husband now. He was studying his new possession, in the light of old, persistent standards — those standards which Milly instinctively feared. He studied her because he could not get near enough to her to lose himself in her attraction for him. Something clouded the attraction; something undefinable between them that embarrassed him, and balked him of all the allusions, the fond recapitulations, the exchange of ideals and purposes, which should have glorified the day.

She has all that the first woman had,— youth, beauty, purity, and helplessness,— Frank thought, while she dressed for the ball and he gazed at her shyly with beating heart. She is a girl without a family and without a history. Her husband shall give her both.

(To be concluded in the next number.)

THE MONASTERIES OF IRELAND.

LODGED like a knot of sea-gulls, on the southern slopes of the Maeldown hills, within walking distance of the Duke of Devonshire's great castle at Lismore, nestle the white buildings of a monastery for Cistercians called Mount Melleray. It is a recent creation, a mere thing of yesterday compared with places in every county of Ireland where a round tower, or a single lovely lancet window, or a squat oratory with walls many feet thick, surviving from the earliest Christian ages, tells the story of persecution, or of civil war, or of the rarer instances of neglect following changes in population or in fashion.

The brethren in their handsome yet coarsely woven robes the color of old ivory, the associate monks all of a dull brown, have somehow the air of an anachronism. They are far from anything one can by stretch of imagination call a thriving town. They live in peace on their communal farm as Trappists among whom the rule of silence is not pushed to unwise lengths, and touch the world only by the stream of pious and of merely curious clergy and laity who are their guests without becoming their acquaintances. They belong to one of the most sensible and indeed enlightened orders, which prescribes manual labor in the fields and gives careful attention to the dangers of the mind that beset celibates on whom silence is enjoined. They are revered by the countryside and admired for their innocent, steadfast lives by Protestants not infected with the bigotry of the North.

In the little chapel for visitors, into which the chanting of the monks penetrates from the greater church beyond, a sermon is pronounced every now and then in Gaelic for the benefit of sturdy old people of the hills who have never learned English properly and are not anxious to perfect themselves therein. Nothing can be more reposeful than the lawn before the monastery and the high-walled garden near by, where Catholic clergymen and laymen, who are making "a retreat" on these uplands, walk solitary or in discreet twos, guests of the monks. The little colony of dead in the quadrangle discourages ambitious thoughts, so plain and unpretending are the headstones. The great barns, the bake-house where a delicious coarse bread is stacked in sweet-smelling piles, the blacksmith's shop where a brawny brother swings the hammer and will not be so discourteous as to refuse an answer to a curious questioner, the school buildings just without the circle of the monastery proper — give one a

GUEST-HOUSE AT MOUNT MELLERAY.

FATHER MAURUS, GUEST-MASTER AT MOUNT MELLERAY.

pleasant idea of life in the best kind of establishment for the religious.

And yet the feeling lurks everywhere about Mount Melleray that the needs for which such communities were once an answer no longer exist. Everything is sensible, grave, praiseworthy. The traditional courtesy of the Irish reigns on all sides. One sees among the monks rude faces, it is true, but the chances are that one is surprised at the refinement of so many. It is as if a hill had opened at the stroke of a magician's wand, and in a concealed valley beyond was found a community which holds all that was best of some forgotten age. It recalls traditions yet rife among the peasants of by-gone civilizations, Firbolg or Dé Danann, which vanished before the march of the conquerors who brought Christianity in their track, but support a charmed existence as a fairy race deep in the hills or far below the vast green billows of the Atlantic. The guest at Mount Melleray feels like one who has snatched the red cap or the green from a fairy on some fateful night of the full moon and penetrated to the retreat, without losing memory of the great outer world and how it has rolled away, centuries away, from the ideals of a by-gone race.

The Cistercians of Mount Melleray are as truly a survival of a state of things which has disappeared from the greater part of Europe as are any of the hundred objects, customs, traditions that recall the heathen past. They were hunted out of France in this century; found England uncongenial; and by that inevitable pressure which amounts to a law, a law that I have pointed out as operating from primeval times while striving to account for the Irish, gravitated towards Ireland. Nay, they have obeyed the impulse farther yet, and are more numerous in the United States to-day than in Ireland. They look back through an illustrious ancestry — if that term be permitted — to one of the great benefactors of mankind, St. Benedict, who perhaps did more than any other one man to civilize Europe after the early floods of barbarians turned it into a pest-house and cemetery. They claim St. Bernard as one of their spiritual forefathers. If it be not profane to use with respect to religious men the expression "survival of the fittest," it is fair to say that if any monastic order was fit to survive it was theirs. Without being carried away by the fervor of the mendicant and preaching friars of the thirteenth century, they suffered eclipse from these innovators rather than yield to a popular fashion. Was it not they, by virtue of their connection with the Benedictines, who kept literature from extinction during the blackest periods of the Dark Ages? Indeed they, rather than the peripatetic evangelizing friars, the Salvation Army of the thirteenth century, belong by right of resemblance in character and aim to the special form of Catholicism for which Ireland was famous down to the Reformation.

Whatever Montalembert may advance to the contrary, early Christian Ireland was full of Eastern heresy. St. Benedict drew from the East for introduction into Italy the models of convents composed of monks or nuns. St. Patrick, while doubtless ready enough to acknowledge the supremacy of the Pope, being a simple-hearted genius bent on one object,— the conversion of Ireland,— never found it convenient, or indeed necessary. Up to the thirteenth century the monks of Ireland were practically followers of the rule of St. Benedict with certain Oriental traits in addition. But when St. Francis of Assisi caught up the idea of mendicant monks and showed how the Pope might become commander-in-chief of a mighty army of workers controlled by a general living near the Vatican, and when St. Dominic of Spain hastened to follow the example, then indeed arrived a new era for the Church in Ireland. That reserve, that indifference, that easy acceptance of commands from Rome without obedience, which had characterized the ancient and remote section of Ireland was about to be disturbed. The soldiers of the saintly Italian and the ferocious Spaniard burst like a thunderclap on the ignorant curates, luxurious priests, fat and worldly prelates of Italy, France, Germany, England, and Ireland. The fanatics were not merely vowed to poverty and chastity,— those vows were obeyed by the monks often enough,— they preached. Village priest and curate and monk, for the most part, merely performed the services for parishioners — but the new-comers preached. They gave masses almost for nothing. They seemed to come direct from ecclesiastical headquarters. They roved about, impoverishing the secular clergy and monks by taking possession of the people; they formed lay brotherhoods and sisterhoods devoted to them only. But also they lived in the filthy towns and labored with aggregates of outcasts as one finds now in Whitechapel and other slums of London. They took control of the universities and were hailed for their culture. These mendicant preachers made a stir in the British Isles about fifty years after the Welsh-Norman invasion, that still rings down the centuries. Praiseworthy as they were, their efforts only served to solidify the Church, fit the temporal sword into the hand of the Pope, tempt him to carry out in earnest the old ambition — and precipitated the Reformation.

Giraldus de Barry, the Norman-Welsh prelate, has much to say of the corruption of monks through ambition, wealth and ease. He tells how Fulke, a French reformer, told Richard to put from him three abominable daughters, Pride, Luxury and Avarice, whereupon the king replied: "I have already given away those daughters in marriage — Pride to the Templars, Luxury to the Black Monks, and Avarice to the White" (the Cistercians). Holinshed has it otherwise: "I therefore bequeath my Pride to the high-minded Templars and Hospitalers, which are as proud as Lucifer himselfe; my covetousness I give unto the White Monks, otherwise called of the Cisteaux Order, for they covet the divell and all; my lecherie I commit to the prelats of the church, who have most pleasure and felicitie therein."

REFECTORY AT MOUNT MELLERAY.

Franciscans and Dominicans learned ease

and worldliness soon enough, but nowhere was the first fervor of that wonderful army more damped than in Ireland. As with all previous invasions the conquest was easy, but not real. Ireland is sown with ruins which betray the pomp and luxury of these Little Brothers of St. Francis, these Preaching Brothers of St. Dominic. To them and their imitators we owe some of the most beautiful edifices of Ireland: not the most curious or peculiar, but the most elaborate; not famous for size, but for charming proportions and decorations just enough. As always, the wave reached Ireland weakened, and affected the people but little, leaving many old things standing the like of which was destroyed elsewhere. Hence the modern Cistercians, belonging with those monks of the earlier epoch who hated and feared the mendicant orders, represent so well the old church of Ireland, though their foundation of Mount Melleray is hardly half a century old.

THE BLACKSMITH AT MOUNT MELLERAY.

But though the influence was less than elsewhere, the many convents of Franciscans established in Ireland in the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries undoubtedly effected for the popes that subjection of Ireland to dis-

RUINS OF MELLIFONT ABBEY, NEAR DROGHEDA.

cipline which was only partly accomplished upon the hollow submission of the chiefs and barons to the English crown. From this time Peter's pence began to flow with some regularity from Ireland into the coffers of Italians. The wonderful success of the new orders made them worldly and luxurious, so that the thirteenth century was able to see the strangest inversion of things, as the Rev. Mr. Jessopp has pointed out in "The Coming of the Friars." The clergy and monks, whom the preaching friars denounced for sloth and riches, became the beggars; the begging fraternities became fat and puffed up with the offerings of the people. It were a bitter critic who should blame these zealots when the good end was so obvious and the bad so plainly unforeseen.

What is more surprising than the quieting down of the Franciscans in Ireland, their fall from the heights of self-sacrifice into the bog of prosperity, is the career of the Dominicans. The latter became elsewhere a pest of humanity. Their history is lurid with the fires of martyrs both red and white — for they pursued their devilish trade of making bonfires of persons they did not agree with in America also, as soon as the hapless Indian was delivered into their hand. Their innocuousness in Ireland is surprising, because one can trace in them ancestral traits of paganism which might have held on in Ireland as many others did. St. Dominic was a Spaniard who won bloody laurels in the crusade against the Waldenses, most innocent of men. There he learned to respond to that old thirst for burning human beings which we know at its worst among the peoples of Europe when the Druids were the executioners. Analogies exist between all monks and the Druidic orders, but it was reserved for the Dominicans to revive the most hideous side of a religion which by no means lacked fine traits. The old Ugrian-Keltic passion for bonfires broke out through its chosen instruments, the Dominicans, and that madness did not cease until Protestants degraded themselves to the same pagan level, and even burned sectaries of their own camp. Yet the absence of many burnings from Ireland — for some there were — coincides with what we learn from the old literature and histories of the Irish, namely, that Druidism never reached in Ireland the height of infamy it attained in Britain and Gaul. Moreover it coincides with the peaceable conversion of Ireland by Patrick, during which there was almost a total dearth of martyrs. The horrors of the Inquisition and the flames of victims at the stake were comparatively rare occurrences there. Yet were we to believe those whose interests lie in thwarting

INTERIOR OF ST. DOULOUGH'S (THIRTEENTH CENTURY).

CROSS AT MONASTERBOICE, NEAR DROGHEDA, A MONASTERY FOUNDED BY BUITHE IN THE FIFTH CENTURY.

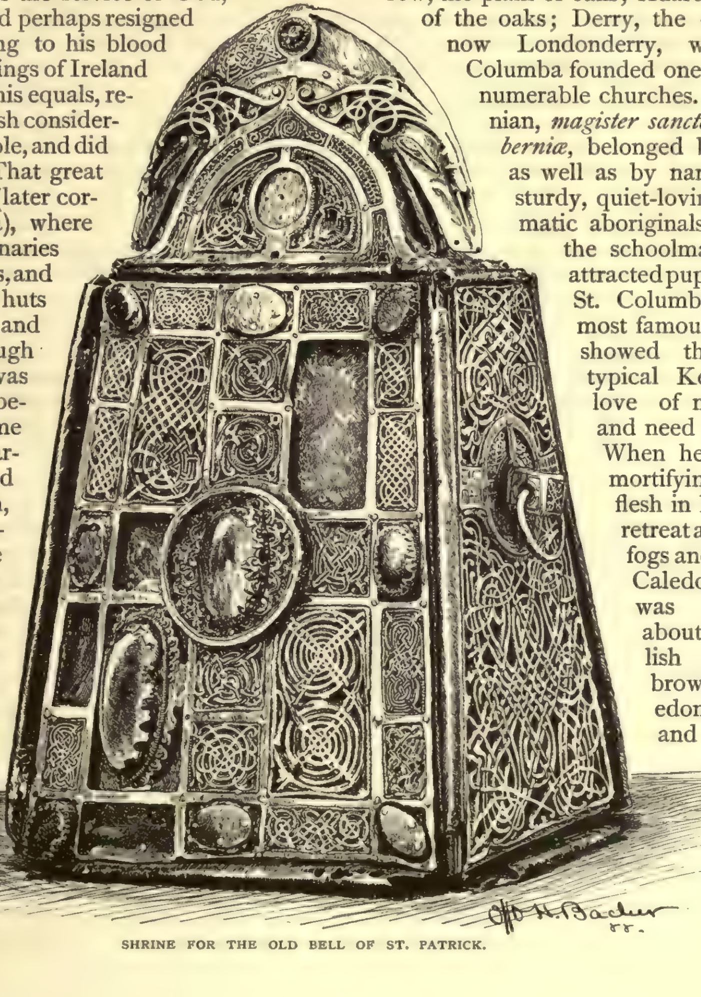
Irish aspirations to-day, there is no place in the world where that sort of extravagance ought to have gained greater headway.

The fearful excesses in which the followers of St. Dominic had the major rôle are strangely foreshadowed by a legend concerning him before birth. As if she were a Druidess in the darkest years of paganism, the mother of Dominic is said to have had the following dream. She thought that she gave birth to a dog which held a flaming torch in its mouth. A story like this has every trait of an Irish legend from the antique pagan epoch — the dog, the fiery torch, the unnatural birth. What wonder that with these pagan survivals in Christendom it was easy under the Holy League to enroll monks in regiments, arm them with musket and casque, and set them on their fellow-men. Did not the Druids fight on occasion? And, on the other hand, were not the friars enrolled like a scattered army, working at command of a prelate, rightly entitled a general, who lived at Rome? The monks of Ireland may not have gone to war with system, but their prelates were not backward in leading troops as lately as two centuries ago, while the zeal of individual priests during rebellions in this and the last century hardly needs recalling.

It is not so strange that the Cistercians should have marked themselves apart from other monks by encouraging learning as that the Franciscans of Ireland should have been distinguished in the same way. Less learned to start with than their brother mendicants of St. Dominic, and addressing as they did the lowest strata of population in the rudest language of the vernacular, sometimes with great coarseness of imagery and buffoonery, the Franciscans hardly tread the classic soil of Ireland before they become scholarly by contrast with some of the monkish orders. An Austrian satirist of monks in the last century calls the Irish Franciscans a spurious kind, which, unlike the continental varieties of that breed, "bestow some attention upon cultivating the faculties of the mind." If the Cistercians are remembered by the magnificent Abbey of Corcomroe, in County Clare, founded in the twelfth century by the O'Briens; by Hoar Abbey, near the Rock of Cashel; by beautiful remnants of their refectory at Mellifont, as well as by the ruins of the Abbey of Boyle, near Loch Key and Sligo, with its columns in the nave bearing warriors and ecclesiastics on the capitals, the Franciscans can still be recalled by ruins in the town of Kilkenny, to mention only a few; by the Abbey of Quin, near Ennis; and by the remains of a monastery at Carrickfergus, near Belfast. The British Museum has the bells of St. Augustine which hung in the Abbey of Corcomroe. The Dominicans, however, do not appear to have been so well received in Ireland as elsewhere. Sligo Abbey was presented to them in 1252; but while the Monastery of the Virgin Mary was founded for them at Cavan in 1300, they were expelled in 1393. Though the constant wars among the Irish princes prior to the Norman-Welsh and the further troubles precipitated by the latter had barbarized the people, yet the pride of the nation in the fame of Ireland as a nursery of saints and missionaries must have made it far from easy for the mendicant orders to make great headway. Moreover there were then no great cities such as Dublin and Cork now are; Belfast did not exist; Galway was hardly a town. The material for the preaching mendicants was not there. Hence we see them settling in monasteries and taking almost exactly the same tone as the other monks of Ireland.

Among the monasteries there has never been much of that humility which the founder of Christianity inculcated, and the Irish monks were the last in the world to show it. St. Patrick was humble as regards his learning, but he wasted little humility on the great ones of his time, if we can believe his own words and the reports we get of his conduct. Yet he was a long-suffering man compared with St. Columbkille, the genius who in the next century converted the pagan Irish and Picts in the north of Britain. At school he received favors because of his descent from Nial of the Nine Hostages, a famous monarch. When St. Kiaran, his schoolmate, rebelled against such partiality, no less distinguished a messenger than an angel appeared to him, showed him a plane, ax, and auger, and bluntly informed him that he, son of a carpenter, had given up only these tools for the service of God, while Columba had perhaps resigned the crown! Owing to his blood Columba treated kings of Ireland and Caledonia as his equals, received almost slavish consideration from the people, and did what he wished. That great foundation on I (later corrupted into Iona), where he trained missionaries for the Picts, Scots, and Saxons in squalid huts of wattled work and worshiped in a rough church of boards, was so famous that it became a rival of Rome in more than one particular. Like a good son of the Church, the Comte de Montalembert has little to say of this aspect of the Keltic Church, but his monumental work must be read with this in mind. The haughty spirit of the clansmen devoted to their royal saint did not brook interference from the see of St. Peter, though in time they had to yield.

The life of St. Columbkille is in many respects the most curious and interesting of any for those who would study the monks of Ireland. He was close enough to St. Patrick to reflect the Oriental spirit of the age; he was more exactly a monk; he belonged to the purest Keltic nobility, and wrought among tribes which retained the largest amount of pre-Keltic blood of the aboriginal Finno-Ugrians of Europe. St. Finnian, who may have got his name through descent from that people, is a still earlier figure. He founded at Clonard, in Meath, a monastic school to which Irish and foreign youth flocked by thousands, exactly as under heathendom a famous Druid would collect pupils from far and near. The oak forests where Druids taught were naturally favorite spots for Christian teachers; hence arose these establishments celebrated for church and monastery—Kildare, the church of the oaks; Durrow, the plain of oaks; Adare, the ford of the oaks; Derry, the oakwood, now Londonderry, where St. Columba founded one of his innumerable churches. St. Finnian, *magister sanctorum Hiberniæ*, belonged by nature as well as by name to the sturdy, quiet-loving, phlegmatic aboriginals; he was the schoolmaster who attracted pupils to him. St. Columbkille, the most famous of these, showed the more typical Kelt in his love of movement and need of action. When he was not mortifying the flesh in his dismal retreat among the fogs and gales of Caledonia he was traveling about to establish churches, browbeat Caledonian kings, and astonish

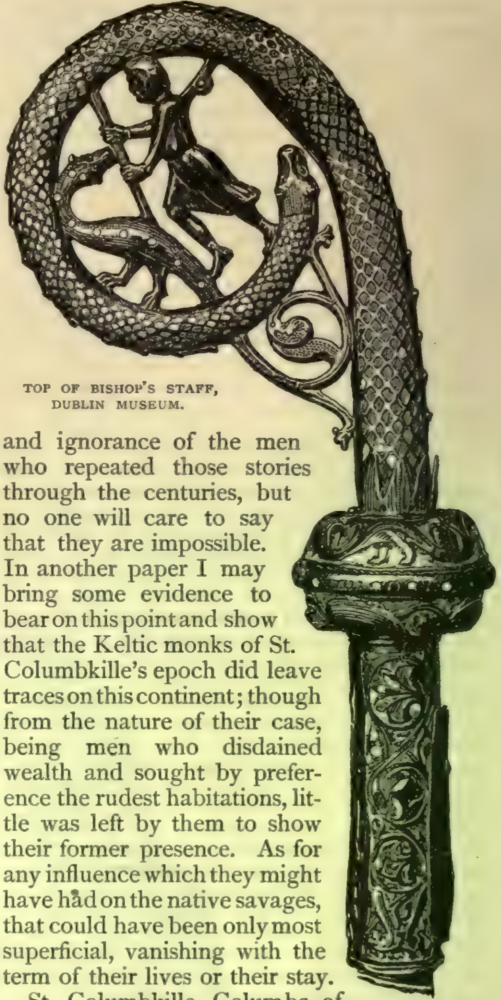

O. H. Bacher sc.

SHRINE FOR THE OLD BELL OF ST. PATRICK.

the rude people of the two islands by the penances he inflicted on repentant sinners.

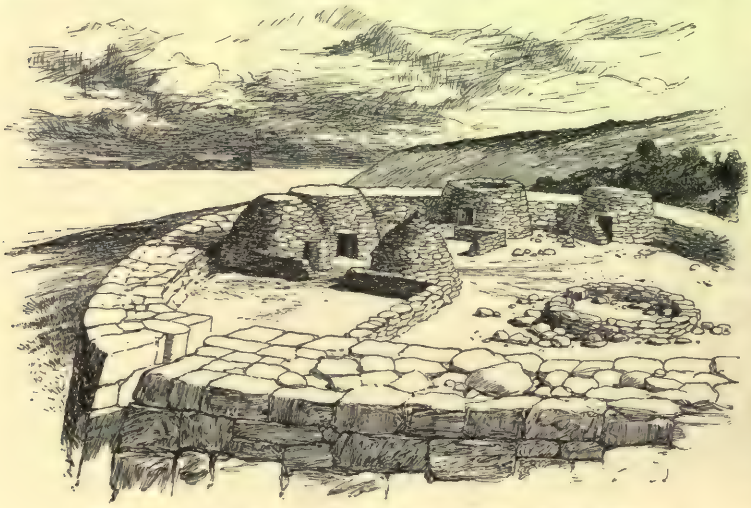
All this earlier epoch of Irish monastic life, from St. Patrick to the destruction of monasteries by the pagan exiles and annual marauders from the Baltic, is most curious in its differences from the later great epoch which lies between the Norman-Welsh invasion and the confiscation of church property, say between 1172 and 1537. The root of difference lies in the fact that the impulse of the earlier epoch was Oriental; that of the later, Italian of the popes.

We are far from knowing yet to what extreme points the Christian, animated by the spirit which drove Greek and Jewish ascetics into the deserts of the Thebaid on the Nile, was driven by his desire to find spiritual rest in the wilds. We know that the archaic bee-hive huts, of which the woodcut of the Fort of the Wolves gives an idea, were chosen as fit habitations by saintly men, just as in Palestine and on the Nile hermits scooped in the rock holes hardly large enough to lie in. We know that when the Norse exiles fled in wrath before the tyranny of their kings to Iceland, such men (Irishmen) had been before them. We can be sure that when the Icelanders settled Greenland, Irish monks accompanied or followed them. That Irishmen, acting under this powerful mental thrust, should have reached the American continent long before the Icelanders would be far from strange, and when we find in old Irish literature a distinct story of such an expedition, and in Welsh history at a later date another account in which a Welsh prince, Madoc, merely repeated the voyage of the Irish saint, there seems no reason why the earlier as well as the later legend should be called fictitious. Doubtless the particulars have been altered to suit the ideas and ignorance of the men who repeated those stories through the centuries, but no one will care to say that they are impossible. In another paper I may bring some evidence to bear on this point and show that the Keltic monks of St. Columbkille's epoch did leave traces on this continent; though from the nature of their case, being men who disdained wealth and sought by preference the rudest habitations, little was left by them to show their former presence. As for any influence which they might have had on the native savages, that could have been only most superficial, vanishing with the term of their lives or their stay.



TOP OF BISHOP'S STAFF, DUBLIN MUSEUM.

St. Columbkille, Columba of the *kills* or cells, was the typical Keltic saint, and as such his memory is revered hardly less than that of Patrick. The Druid and bard in him crop out at every twist and turn of a long and brilliant career. His Latin poem on St. Bridget, Christianized goddess of the heathen, patroness of learning, eloquence, and science, female prototype or parallel of the god Braga among the Scandinavians, whose name has been degraded into our word



FORT OF THE WOLVES, WEST COAST, WITH ARCHAIC BEE-HIVE HUTS.

"brag," has plenty of Druidic touches. Thus he sang her pæan:

> Brigit the good and the virgin,
> Brigit our torch and our sun,
> Brigit radiant and unseen,
> May she lead us to the eternal kingdom!

The Culdees, or servants of God, who were regulars following the rule of an order of monks as well as seculars, or ordinary priests, kept alive some of the customs of the Druids whose enemies and detractors they were. We find them at Clonmicnois, Clondalkin, Devenish, Clones, Pubble, and Scattering, with colonies eastward in Caledonia, at York, and on the isle of Bardsey. St. Columbkille shows by his "Song of Trust" that in the sixth century the heathen magical philosophers were far from unknown, perhaps were still cherished by the people:

> There is no *sneeze* that can tell our fate,
> Nor bird upon the branch,
> Nor trunk of gnarled oak.
> Better is he in whom we trust,
> The king who has made us all,
> Who will not leave me to-night without refuge.
> I adore not the voice of birds,
> Nor chance, nor the love of a son or wife,
> My Druid is Christ, the son of God!

In this passage note a few of the methods of divination practiced by the Druids which Columbkille rejected for the Christian faith though not able entirely to divest himself of similar but less obvious touches of paganism. Here is the divination from sneezing classic among the Greeks, from the roaring of the oak-wood, the song and flight of birds, casting sticks or arrows on the ground and observing their "chance" position. The missal copied by the hand of this intensely living "servant of God" is to be seen in Dublin at the museum, having been placed there by its owner. The Cathach, or box, in which it was preserved formed for centuries the talisman of the O'Donnels when they went to war. The crosier, or bishop's staff, on the opposite page may be earlier work than it seems, but in all probability is not older than the twelfth century, and thus belongs to the second grand epoch of monasteries in Ireland. Its design recalls the patron saint of England, but it is by no means certain that St. George is intended; for the slaughter of a dragon is a subject common to the Middle Ages, and may often be understood as a general symbol of the subjugation of the sensual part of man by the spiritual, or, more historically, of the ruin of paganism by Christianity. Yet the pagan Kelts themselves did not lack the same idea. They in their turn overthrew a lower religion, as the sun overcomes the darkness, as spring gets the better of winter. A curious figure discovered in the Vosges district on the Continent shows the Kelt on the animal sacred to the sun, the horse, beating the life out of one of the gods of the Finno-Ugrians, a monster with serpent feet, who is represented in archaic Irish legend by that Cichol Gri the "footless" out of whom legend afterwards fashioned the hero Cuchulinn.

The greater number of ruins of monasteries in Ireland belong to the second period. The turbulent barons were fond of erecting abbeys and placing convents in beautiful buildings, with one eye to politics, the other to their salvation; and the chiefs of native tribes did the same to the best of their limited ability. Famous for early monasteries were Clonard, Glendalough, and Monasterboice, one of whose three crosses is figured herewith. St. Buithe, whose name has been softened into Boice, was the founder of this settlement, where the lamp of education, almost extinct on the mainland and in Britain, was kept alive. Giraldus de Barry preserved a quaint legend showing that the early monks had strange pets. St. Columba was furtively making a copy of a psalter belonging to Abbot Finnian, contrary to the latter's wish,—for copyrights were rigidly enforced at that time,—when an eavesdropper applied his eye to a crack in the door to see what the saint was doing. Whereupon a domesticated crane, a bird which is still an ornament of Irish rivers, plucked out the eye of this early detective. The story goes to prove that a love of learning will tempt even a saint to a shabby trick, and also that the very birds of Erin turn on an informer.

Hardly any part of Ireland lacks reminders of the two great monastic periods before the Reformation, but the lovely fertile districts where the Barrow, the Suir, and the Blackwater bring the south-east quarter of the island into easy connection with Wales and France were particularly favored with thriving convents who lived in monasteries that still are exquisite in their ruins — Jerpoint, Cahir, Dunbrody, Selskar, and many others whose very existence must be sought for in the names of parishes and hamlets and the imperfect records of the religious of those periods. It is this favored quarter that the Cistercians have colonized once more in the present century. When they came, bringing back a reminder of the past glories of Catholic supremacy to a peasantry made conservative by the misrule of the upper classes and the inefficient government from Great Britain, an affecting movement was observed. For Trappists vowed to silence and the avoidance of the world it was necessary to fence the apparently sterile wastes on which the settlement was made. The wall round the great monastic domain had to be built. So the peasantry from the slopes of the Maeldown hills and beyond gathered in their villages if not their clans, and, headed by their priests, sought the breezy uplands above Cappoquin and built that precinct wall within which no woman — and indeed no man — is expected to set foot except under condition of presenting good reasons to the warders of the gate. If at Armagh the Protestant church occupies the citadel where Patrick founded a sanctuary; if at Cashel the Catholic archbishop bearing that title can only set foot on the Rock as any other guest may; if at Cork the memory of St. Finbar is preserved by the big Protestant church, erected by London architects who hoped to reproduce a medieval cathedral — these peasants and their pastors could at least delude themselves with the idea that the foundation of Mount Melleray was the beginning of a return of the Church to her greatness before the Reformation. Who would care to cast a shadow of doubt on so natural and so pious a hope?

Charles de Kay.

THE LAMENTABLE BALLAD OF THE BLOODY BROOK.

As read at Deerfield Centennial, October 17, 1888.

COME listen to the story of brave Lothrop and his men,
How they fought,— how they died,
When they marched against the redskins in the autumn days, and then
How they fell,— in their pride,
By Pocomtuck side.

"Who will go to Deerfield meadows and bring the ripened grain?"
Said old Mosely to his men in array.
"Take the wagons and the horses and bring it back again,
But be sure that no man stray
All the day,— on the way."

Then the flower of Essex started, with Lothrop at their head,
Wise and brave,— bold and true.
He had fought the Pequots long ago, and now to Mosely said,
"Be there many, be there few,
I will bring the grain to you."

They gathered all the harvest, and they marched on the way
Through the woods which blazed like fire.
No soldier left the line of march to wander or to stray,
Till the wagons were stalled in the mire,
And the men began to tire.

The wagons have all forded the brook as it flows,
And then the rear-guard stays
To pick the purple grapes that are hanging from the boughs,
When crack! — to their amaze —
A hundred firelocks blaze!

Brave Lothrop he lay dying, but as he fell he cried,
"Each man to his tree," said he,
"Let no one yield an inch," and so the soldier died; —
And not a man of all can see
Where the foe can be.

And Philip and his devils pour in their shot so fast,
From behind and before,
That man after man is shot down and breathes his last:
Every man lies dead in his gore
To fight no more,— no more!

Oh, weep, ye maids of Essex, for the lads who have died,—
The flower of Essex they!
The Bloody Brook still ripples by the black mountain-side,
But never shall they come to see the ocean-tide,
And never shall the bridegroom return to his bride
From that dark and cruel day,— cruel day!

Edward Everett Hale.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN: A HISTORY.[1]

THE PRESIDENT AND THE DRAFT—VALLANDIGHAM—THE PEACE PARTY AT THE POLLS.

BY JOHN G. NICOLAY AND JOHN HAY, PRIVATE SECRETARIES TO THE PRESIDENT.

THE PRESIDENT AND THE DRAFT.

DURING the entire summer and autumn of 1863, Governor Seymour and his friends made the proceedings of the Government in relation to the enrollment law the object of special and vehement attack.[2] On the 17th of October the President made a call for 300,000 volunteers, and at the same time ordered that the draft should be made for all deficiencies which might exist on the 5th of January following, on the quotas assigned to districts by the War Department.[3] Shortly after this the Democratic State committee issued a circular making the military administration of the Government, and especially the law calling for troops, the object of violent attack, greatly exaggerating the demands of the Government, claiming that no credits would be allowed for those who had paid commutation, and basing these charges upon a pretended proclamation of the 27th of October which had never been issued. The President, with the painstaking care which distinguished him, prepared with his own hand the following contradiction of this misleading circular:[4]

> The Provost-Marshal General has issued no proclamation at all. He has, in no form, announced anything recently in regard to troops in New York, except in his letter to Governor Seymour of October 21, which has been published in the newspapers of that State. It has not been announced nor decided in any form by the Provost-Marshal General, or any one else in authority of the Government, that every citizen who has paid his three hundred dollars' commutation is liable to be immediately drafted again, or that towns that have just raised the money to pay their quotas will have again to be subject to similar taxation or suffer the operation of the new conscription, nor is it probable that the like of this ever will be announced or decided.

The circular we have referred to went on to claim that the State had been thoroughly canvassed, and that the victory of the Democratic ticket was assured. But the result showed that the Democratic leaders were as far wrong in their prophecy as in their history. The Republican State ticket was elected by a majority of 30,000 over the Democratic, and the principal State of the Union decided in favor of the President the vehement controversy which had raged all the year between Seymour and Lincoln—a verdict which was repeated in the following year when Governor Seymour was a candidate for reëlection.

In the early part of December the President, anxious in every way to do justice and to satisfy, if possible, the claims of Governor Seymour, consented to the appointment of a commission to inquire into the whole subject of the enrollment in New York. The principal member of the commission, chosen by Governor Seymour, was William F. Allen, his intimate friend and an ardent Democrat in politics; of the other members, General Love of Indiana was also a Democrat; Chauncey Smith of Massachusetts was a lawyer, not prominently identified with either political party. Judge Allen clearly dominated the commission, and they agreed with him in condemning the principle on which the enrollment and the draft were conducted. They reported that, instead of numbering the men of a given district capable of bearing arms and making that number the basis of the draft,—which was the course the enrolling officers, in direct obedience to the law of Congress, had pursued,—the quotas should be adjusted upon the basis of proportion to the entire population. They did not indorse the injurious attacks made by the governor upon the enrolling officers and agents, but distinctly stated that their fidelity and integrity were unimpeached. The essential point of their report was simply that the quota should be in proportion to the total population of the district, and not according to the number of valid men to be found in it. When the President required from the Provost-Marshal General his opinion upon the report, General Fry made this reasonable criticism:

> The commission has evidently been absorbed by the conviction that the raising of men is, and will necessarily continue to be, equivalent to levying special taxes and raising money, and they would therefore require the same proceeds, under the en-

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[2] See also THE CENTURY MAGAZINE for last month.—EDITOR.

[3] General J. B. Fry, "New York and the Conscription of 1863," p. 49.

[4] Dated, Executive Mansion, Washington, Oct. 31, 1863. MS.

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rollment act, from a district of rich women which they would from a district with the same number of men of equal means. I assume that we are looking for personal military service from those able to perform it, that we make no calls for volunteers in the sense in which the commission understand it, but that we assign to the districts under the enrollment act fair quotas of the men we have found them to contain.

The President entirely agreed with the Provost-Marshal General that it was manifestly unjust to require as many drafted men from a district that had been depleted of its young men by the patriotic impulse which filled the army at the beginning of the war as were justly called for from one that had contributed nothing to the field, a course which would have been the logical result of yielding to the demands of Governor Seymour and the recommendation of the commission. But, wishing to make all possible concessions to the State authorities, he resolved once more to reduce the quota of New York, and explained his action in a letter to the Secretary of War dated February 27, 1864.

So long as Governor Seymour remained in office he continued his warfare upon the enrollment act and the officers charged with its execution. On the 18th of July, 1864, the President made a third call for troops under the act, and the governor promptly renewed his charges and complaints. At this time, however, both he and Mr. Lincoln were candidates before the people — the one for the Presidency, and the other for the Governorship of New York; and it was probably for this reason that Mr. Seymour's correspondence was carried on at this time with the Secretary of War instead of Mr. Lincoln. But it afforded no new features; there were the same complaints of excessive quotas, of unfair, unequal, and oppressive action, as before. He said again that there had been no opportunity given to correct the enrollment, upon which the Provost-Marshal General reported that the governor had been duly informed of the opportunities to make corrections, and that an order had been issued from his own headquarters in reference to the matter. No efforts were spared by the Government to insure a rigid revision of the lists. The governor spoke with great vehemence of the disparity between the demand made upon New York and Boston, saying that in one of the cities 26 per cent. of the population was enrolled, and in the other only 12½ per cent. General Fry replied to this that the proportion of enrollment to population in Boston was not 12½ but 16.92 per cent.; that less than 17 per cent. in New York and Brooklyn were enrolled, and that, in fine, the enrollment was a mere question of fact—it was the ascertainment of the number of men of a certain description in defined areas; that the enrollments were continuously open to revision, and that any name erroneously on them would be stricken off as soon as the error was pointed out by anybody to the Board of Enrollment. He then showed that the quotas throughout New York were in fact smaller than in many other States where the proportion of men was large, and closed his report by saying that he "saw no reason why the law should not be applied to New York as well as to other States." This report Mr. Stanton[1] transmitted to the governor, expressing the somewhat sanguine trust that it would satisfy him that his objections against the quotas assigned to New York were not well founded. He recalled the fact that a commission had been appointed the year before with a view to ascertain whether any mistake or errors had been made by the enrolling officers, but that the commissioners bore their testimony to the fidelity with which the work was done; that with a view to harmony the President had directed a reduction in some districts, but without the increase of others recommended by the commissioners; and that a basis for the assignment being now absolutely fixed by act of Congress, the War Department had no power to change it.

The voters of New York in the autumn election decided to retire Governor Seymour to private life, and his successor, Governor Fenton, gave to the Government, during the rest of the war, a hearty and loyal support.

While the controversy between the Government and its opponents in regard to the enrollment and the draft was going on, the President, disappointed and grieved at the persistent misrepresentations of his views and his intentions by those of whom he had expected better things, and feeling that he was unable, by any power of logic or persuasion, to induce the leaders of the Democratic party to do him justice or to coöperate with him in the measures which he was convinced were for the public good, thought for a time of appealing directly to the people of the United States in defense of the conduct of the Government. He prepared a long and elaborate address, which he intended more especially for the consideration of the honest and patriotic Democrats of the North, setting forth, with his inimitable clearness of statement, the necessity for the draft, the substantial fairness of the provisions of the law, and the honesty and equity with which, as he claimed, the Government had attempted to carry it out. But, after he had finished it, doubts arose in his mind as to the propriety or the expediency of addressing the public directly in that manner, and it was never published. It is here, for the first time, printed, from Mr. Lincoln's own manuscript, and it is a question whether the reader will more admire the lucidity and the fairness with which the President sets forth his views, or the reserve and abnegation with which, after writing it, he resolved to suppress so admirable a paper:

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[1] Aug. 11, 1864.

"It is at all times proper that misunderstanding between the public and the public servant should be avoided; and this is far more important now than in times of peace and tranquillity. I therefore address you without searching for a precedent upon which to do so. Some of you are sincerely devoted to the republican institutions and territorial integrity of our country, and yet are opposed to what is called the draft, or conscription.

"At the beginning of the war, and ever since, a variety of motives, pressing, some in one direction and some in the other, would be presented to the mind of each man physically fit for a soldier, upon the combined effect of which motives he would, or would not, voluntarily enter the service. Among these motives would be patriotism, political bias, ambition, personal courage, love of adventure, want of employment, and convenience, or the opposite of some of these. We already have, and have had in the service, as appears, substantially all that can be obtained upon this voluntary weighing of motives. And yet we must somehow obtain more, or relinquish the original object of the contest, together with all the blood and treasure already expended in the effort to secure it. To meet this necessity the law for the draft has been enacted. You who do not wish to be soldiers do not like this law. This is natural; nor does it imply want of patriotism. Nothing can be so just and necessary as to make us like it if it is disagreeable to us. We are prone, too, to find false arguments with which to excuse ourselves for opposing such disagreeable things. In this case, those who desire the rebellion to succeed, and others who seek reward in a different way, are very active in accommodating us with this class of argument. They tell us the law is unconstitutional. It is the first instance, I believe, in which the power of Congress to do a thing has ever been questioned in a case when the power is given by the Constitution in express terms. Whether a power can be implied, when it is not expressed, has often been the subject of controversy; but this is the first case in which the degree of effrontery has been ventured upon, of denying a power which is plainly and distinctly written down in the Constitution. The Constitution declares that 'the Congress shall have power . . . to raise and support armies; but no appropriation of money to that use shall be for a longer term than two years.' The whole scope of the conscription act is 'to raise and support armies.' There is nothing else in it. It makes no appropriation of money, and hence the money clause just quoted is not touched by it. The case simply is, the Constitution provides that the Congress shall have power to raise and support armies; and by this act the Congress has exercised the power to raise and support armies. This is the whole of it. It is a law made in literal pursuance of this part of the United States Constitution; and another part of the same Constitution declares that 'this Constitution, and the laws made in pursuance thereof, . . . shall be the supreme law of the land, and the judges in every State shall be bound thereby, anything in the Constitution or laws of any State to the contrary notwithstanding.' Do you admit that the power is given to raise and support armies, and yet insist that by this act Congress has not exercised the power in a constitutional mode? — has not done the thing in the right way? Who is to judge of this? The Constitution gives Congress the power, but it does not prescribe the mode, or expressly declare who shall prescribe it. In such case Congress must prescribe the mode, or relinquish the power. There is no alternative. Congress could not exercise the power to do the thing if it had not the power of providing a way to do it, when no way is provided by the Constitution for doing it. In fact, Congress would not have the power to raise and support armies, if even by the Constitution it were left to the option of any other, or others, to give or withhold the only mode of doing it. If the Constitution has prescribed a mode, Congress could and must follow that mode; but, as it is, the mode necessarily goes to Congress, with the power expressly given. The power is given fully, completely, unconditionally. It is not a power to raise armies if State authorities consent; nor if the men to compose the armies are entirely willing; but it is a power to raise and support armies given to Congress by the Constitution, without an if.

"It is clear that a constitutional law may not be expedient or proper. Such would be a law to raise armies when no armies were needed. But this is not such. The republican institutions and territorial integrity of our country cannot be maintained without the further raising and supporting of armies. There can be no army without men. Men can be had only voluntarily or involuntarily. We have ceased to obtain them voluntarily, and to obtain them involuntarily is the draft — the conscription. If you dispute the fact, and declare that men can still be had voluntarily in sufficient numbers, prove the assertion by yourselves volunteering in such numbers, and I shall gladly give up the draft. Or if not a sufficient number, but any one of you will volunteer, he for his single self will escape all the horrors of the draft, and will thereby do only what each one of at least a million of his manly brethren have already done. Their toil and blood have been given as much for you as for themselves. Shall it all be lost rather than that you, too, will bear your part?

"I do not say that all who would avoid serving in the war are unpatriotic; but I do think every patriot should willingly take his chance under a law, made with great care, in order to secure entire fairness. This law was considered, discussed, modified, and amended by Congress at great length, and with much labor; and was finally passed, by both branches, with a near approach to unanimity. At last, it may not be exactly such as any one man out of Congress, or even in Congress, would have made it. It has been said, and I believe truly, that the Constitution itself is not altogether such as any one of its framers would have preferred. It was the joint work of all, and certainly the better that it was so.

"Much complaint is made of that provision of the conscription law which allows a drafted man to substitute three hundred dollars for himself; while, as I believe, none is made of that provision which allows him to substitute another man for himself. Nor is the three hundred dollar provision objected to for unconstitutionality; but for inequality, for favoring the rich against the poor. The substitution of men is the provision, if any, which favors the rich to the exclusion of the poor. But this being a provision in accordance with an old and well-known practice, in the raising of armies, is not objected to. There would have been great objection if that provision had been omitted. And yet being in, the money provision really modifies the inequality which the other introduces. It allows men to escape the service who are too poor to escape but for it. Without the money provision, competition among the more wealthy might, and probably would, raise the price of substitutes above three hundred dollars, thus leaving the man who could raise only three hundred dollars no escape from personal service. True, by the law as it is, the man who cannot raise so much as three hundred dollars, nor obtain a personal substitute for less, cannot escape; but he can come quite as near escaping as he could if the money provision were not in the law. To put it another way: is an unobjectionable law which allows only the man to escape who can pay a thousand dollars, made objectionable by adding a provision that any one may escape who can pay the smaller sum of three hundred dollars? This is the exact difference at this point between the present law and all former draft laws. It is true that by this law a somewhat larger number will escape than could under the law allowing personal substitutes only; but each additional man thus escaping will be a poorer man than could have escaped by the law in the other form. The money provision enlarges the class of exempts from actual service simply by admitting poorer men into it. How then can the money provision be a wrong to the poor man? The inequality complained of pertains in greater degree to the substitution of men, and is really modified and lessened by the money provision. The inequality could only be perfectly cured by sweeping both provisions away. This, being a great innovation, would probably leave the law more distasteful than it now is.

"The principle of the draft, which simply is involuntary or enforced service, is not new. It has been practiced in all ages of the world. It was well known to the framers of our Constitution as one of the modes of raising armies, at the time they placed in that instrument the provision that 'the Congress shall have power to raise and support armies.' It had been used just before, in establishing our independence, and it was also used under the Constitution in 1812. Wherein is the peculiar hardship now? Shall we shrink from the necessary means to maintain our free government, which our grandfathers employed to establish it and our own fathers have already employed once to maintain it? Are we degenerated? Has the manhood of our race run out?

"Again, a law may be both constitutional and expedient, and yet may be administered in an unjust and unfair way. This law belongs to a class, which class is composed of those laws whose object is to distribute burthens or benefits on the principle of equality. No one of these laws can ever be practically administered with that exactness which can be conceived of in the mind. A tax law, the principle of which is that each owner shall pay in proportion to the value of his property, will be a dead letter, if no one can be compelled to pay until it can be shown that every other man will pay in precisely the same proportion, according to value; nay, even, it will be a dead letter, if no one can be compelled to pay until it is certain that every other one will pay at all—even in unequal proportion. Again, the United States House of Representatives is constituted on the principle that each member is sent by the same number of people that each other one is sent by; and yet, in practice, no two of the whole number, much less the whole number, are ever sent by precisely the same number of constituents. The districts cannot be made precisely equal in population at first, and if they could, they would become unequal in a single day, and much more so in the ten years, which the districts, once made, are to continue. They cannot be remodeled every day; nor, without too much expense and labor, even every year.

"This sort of difficulty applies in full force to the practical administration of the draft law. In fact, the difficulty is greater in the case of the draft law. First, it starts with all the inequality of the congressional districts; but these are based on entire population, while the draft is based on those only who are fit for soldiers, and such may not bear the same proportion to the whole in one district that they do in another. Again, the facts must be ascertained, and credit given, for the unequal numbers of soldiers which have already gone from the several districts. In all these points errors will occur in spite of the utmost fidelity. The Government is bound to administer the law with such an approach to exactness as is usual in analogous cases, and as entire good faith and fidelity will reach. If so great departures as to be inconsistent with such good faith and fidelity, or great departures occurring in any way, be pointed out they shall be corrected; and any agent shown to have caused such departures intentionally shall be dismissed.

"With these views, and on these principles, I feel bound to tell you it is my purpose to see the draft law faithfully executed."

VALLANDIGHAM.

General Burnside took command of the Department of the Ohio (March 26, 1863) with a zeal against the insurgents only heightened by his defeat at Fredericksburg. He found his department infested with a peculiarly bitter opposition to the Government and to the prosecution of the war, amounting, in his opinion, to positive aid and comfort to the enemy, and he determined to use all the powers confided to him to put an end to these manifestations, which he considered treasonable; and in the execution of this purpose he gave great latitude to the exercise of his authority. He was of a zealous and impulsive character, and weighed too little the consequences of his acts where his feelings were strongly enlisted. He issued, on the 13th of April, an order which obtained wide celebrity under the name of General Order No. 38, announcing that "all persons found within our lines, who commit acts for the benefit of the enemies of our country, will be tried as spies and traitors, and, if convicted, will suffer death." He enumerated, as among the acts which came within the view of this order, the writing and carrying of secret letters; passing the lines for treasonable purposes; recruiting for the Confederate service; harboring, concealing, or feeding public enemies within our lines; and passing beyond this reasonable category of offenses, he declared that "the habit of declaring sympathies for the enemy will no longer be tolerated in this department, and persons committing such offenses will at once be arrested, with a view to being tried, as above stated, or sent beyond our lines into the lines of their friends." And in conclusion he added a clause which may be made to embrace, in its ample sweep, any demonstration not to the taste of the general in command: "It must be distinctly understood that treason, expressed or implied, will not be tolerated in this department."

This order at once excited a most furious denunciation on the part of those who, either on account of their acts, or their secret sympathies, felt themselves threatened by it, and many even of those opponents of the Administration who were entirely loyal to the Union[1] criticised the order as illegal in itself and liable to lead to dangerous abuses. The most energetic and eloquent of General Burnside's assailants was Clement L. Vallandigham, who had been for several years a member of Congress from Ohio, whose intemperate denunciation of the Government had caused him the loss of his seat,[2] and whose defeat had only heightened the acerb-

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[1] One of Burnside's own staff-officers, Colonel J. M. Cutts, wrote to the President July 30: "Order 38 has kindled the fires of hatred and contention. Burnside is foolishly and unwisely excited, and if continued in command will disgrace himself, you, and the country, as he did at Fredericksburg."

[2] At the first threat of civil war Vallandigham made haste to declare himself opposed to any forcible execution of the laws. He declared the States of the Union the only judges of the sufficiency and justice of secession, and declared he would never vote one dollar of money whereby one drop of American blood should be shed in civil war; and in February preceding the inauguration of Mr. Lincoln he proposed to amend the Constitution by dividing the Union into four sections, giving each section a veto on the passage of any law or the election of Presidents or Vice-Presidents, and allowing to each State the right of secession on certain specified terms. Having thus early taken his stand, he retained his position with more consistency than was shown by any other member of his party. After his defeat by General R. C. Schenck, in his canvass for reëlection to Congress, he renewed his attacks upon the Government and its war policy with exaggerated vehemence.

In a speech delivered in the House of Representatives on the 14th of January, 1863, he boasted that he was of that number who had opposed abolitionism or the political development of the antislavery sentiment of the North and West from the beginning. He called it the development of the spirit of intermeddling, whose children are strife and murder. He said: "On the 14th of April I believed that coercion would bring on war, and war disunion. More than that, I believed, what you all in your hearts believe to-day, that the South could never be conquered — never. And not that only, but I was satisfied . . . that the secret but real purpose of the war was to abolish slavery in the States, ity of his opposition to the war. General Order No. 38 furnished him a most inspiring text for assailing the Government, and he availed himself of it in Democratic meetings throughout the State. A rumor of his violent speeches came to the ears of the military authorities in Cincinnati, and an officer was sent, in citizen's clothes, to attend a meeting which was held at Mount Vernon, Ohio, where Mr. Vallandigham and other prominent Democrats were the orators of the day. The meeting was an enthusiastic one, full of zeal against the Government and of sympathy with the South. Mr. Vallandigham, feeling his audience thoroughly in harmony with him, spoke with unusual fluency and bitterness, greatly enjoying the applause of his hearers, and unconscious of the presence of the unsympathizing recorder, who leaned against the platform a few feet away and took down some of his most malignant periods. He said it was the design of those in power to usurp a despotism; that it was not their intention to effect a restoration of the Union; that the Government had rejected every overture of peace from the South and every proposition of mediation from Europe; that the war was for the liberation of the blacks and the enslavement of the whites; that General Order No. 38 was a base usurpation of arbitrary power; that he despised it and spat upon it and trampled it under his feet. Speaking of the conscription act, he said the people were not deserving to be free men who would submit to such encroachment on their liberties. He called the President "King Lincoln," and advised the people to come up together at the ballot box and hurl the tyrant from his throne. The audience and the speaker were evidently in entire agreement. The crowd wore in great numbers the distinctive badges of "Copperheads" and "Butternuts," and amid cheers which Vallandigham's speech elicited the witness heard a shout that "Jeff Davis was a gentleman, which was more than Lincoln was."

The officer returned to Cincinnati and made his report. Three days later, on the evening of the 4th of May, a special train went up to Dayton, with a company of the 115th Ohio, to arrest Mr. Vallandigham. Reaching Dayton they went at once to his house, where they arrived shortly before daylight, and demanded admittance. The orator appeared at an upper window and, being informed of their business, refused to allow them to enter. He began shouting in a loud voice; pistols were fired from the house; the signals were taken up in the town, and, according to some preconcerted arrangement, the fire bells began to toll. There was evidently no time to be lost. The soldiers forced their way into the house; Vallandigham was compelled to make a hasty toilet, and was hurried to the cars, and the special train pulled out of the station before any considerable crowd could assemble. Arriving at Cincinnati, Vallandigham was consigned to the military prison and kept in close confinement. During the day he contrived, however, to issue an address to the Democracy of Ohio, saying:

> I am here in a military bastile for no other offense than my political opinions, and the defense of them, and of the rights of the people, and of your constitutional liberties. . . . I am a Democrat — for the Constitution, for law, for the Union, for liberty — this is my only crime. . . . Meanwhile, Democrats of Ohio, of the North-west, of the United States, be firm, be true to your principles, to the Constitution, to the Union, and all will yet be well. . . . To you, to the whole people, to Time, I appeal.

While he was issuing these fervid words his friends in Dayton were making their demonstration in another fashion. The town was filled with excitement all day. Crowds gathered on the streets discussing and denouncing the arrest. Great numbers of wagons loaded with rural friends and adherents of the agitator came in from the country and, the excitement increasing as night came on, a crowd of several hundred men moved, hooting and yelling, to the office of the Republican newspaper. Some one threw a brick at the building, then a volley of pistol shots was fired, and the excitement of the crowd wreaked itself on the unoffending building, which was first sacked, and then destroyed by fire. Later in the night a company of troops arrived from Cincinnati, and before midnight the crowd was dispersed and order was restored.

Mr. Vallandigham was promptly tried by a military commission, convened May 6 by General Burnside, consisting of officers of his staff and of the Ohio and Kentucky volunteers. Mr. Vallandigham made no individual objection to the court, but protested that they had no authority to try him; that he was in neither the land nor naval forces of the United States, nor in the militia, and was therefore amenable only to the

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. . . and with it . . . the change of our present democratical form of government into an imperial despotism. . . . I do not support the war; and to-day I bless God that not the smell of so much as one drop of its blood is upon my garments. . . . Our Southern brethren were to be whipped back into love and fellowship at the point of the bayonet. Oh, monstrous delusion! . . . Sir, history will record that after nearly six thousand years of folly and wickedness in every form and administration of government, theocratic, democratic, monarchic, oligarchic, despotic, and mixed, it was reserved to American statesmanship, in the nineteenth century of the Christian era, to try the grand experiment, on a scale the most costly and gigantic in its proportions, of creating love by force and developing fraternal affection by war, and history will record, too, on the same page, the utter disastrous and most bloody failure of the experiment."

civil courts. This protest was, of course, disregarded, and his trial went on. It was proved that he made the speech of which we have already given an abstract. He called as witness in his defense Mr. S. S. Cox, who was also one of the orators of the occasion, and who testified that the speech of Mr. Vallandigham, though couched in strong language, was in no respect treasonable. When the evidence was all in, the accused entered a protest against the entire proceeding, repeating the terms of his original protest, and adding that his alleged offense itself was not known to the Constitution nor to any law thereof. "It is," he said, "words spoken to the people of Ohio, in an open and public political meeting, lawfully and peaceably assembled under the Constitution and upon full notice. It is words of criticism of the public policy of the public servants of the people, by which policy it was alleged that the welfare of the country was not promoted. It was an appeal to the people to change that policy, not by force, but by free elections and the ballot box. It is not pretended that I counseled disobedience to the Constitution or resistance to laws and lawful authority. I never have. Beyond this protest, I have nothing further to submit." There were no speeches either in prosecution or in defense. When the court was cleared it remained in deliberation for three hours and returned a decision that the accused was guilty of the charge of "publicly expressing, in violation of General Order No. 38, from Headquarters Department of the Ohio, his sympathy for those in arms against the Government of the United States, declaring disloyal sentiments and opinions, with the object and purpose of weakening the power of the Government in its efforts to suppress an unlawful rebellion." They therefore sentenced him to be placed in close confinement in some fortress of the United States, to be designated by the commanding officer of the department, there to be kept during the continuance of the war. General Burnside approved the finding and the sentence, and designated Fort Warren, Boston Harbor, as the place of confinement in accordance with the sentence.

But before the finding of the commission was made public, Mr. George E. Pugh, as counsel for Vallandigham, applied to Judge Leavitt of the United States Circuit Court, sitting in Cincinnati, for a writ of habeas corpus. On the 11th of May the case was heard, and extended arguments were made by Mr. Pugh in favor of the motion, and by Mr. Perry, who appeared on behalf of General Burnside, against it. But the most noticeable feature of the trial was a written address from General Burnside himself, presented to the district attorney, in which he explained and defended his action. He began by saying that he was prohibited by law and by his duty from criticising the policy of the Government; that such abstention from injurious criticism was binding on every one in the service. He then went on to say:

> If it is my duty and the duty of the troops to avoid saying anything that would weaken the army by preventing a single recruit from joining the ranks, by bringing the laws of Congress into disrepute, or by causing dissatisfaction in the ranks, it is equally the duty of every citizen in the department to avoid the same evil. . . . If I were to find a man from the enemy's country distributing in my camp speeches of their public men that tended to demoralize the troops, or to destroy their confidence in the constituted authorities of the Government, I would have him tried and hung, if found guilty, and all the rules of modern warfare would sustain me. Why should such speeches from our own public men be allowed?

He even went so far as to disapprove the use of party names and party epithets, saying, "The simple names of patriot and traitor are comprehensive enough."

> If the people [he said] do not approve the policy of the Government they can change the constitutional authorities at the proper time and by the proper method. Let them freely discuss the policy in a proper tone; but my duty requires me to stop license and intemperate discussion, which tend to weaken the authority of the Government and army: whilst the latter is in the presence of the enemy it is cowardly so to weaken it. . . . There is no fear of the people losing their liberties; we all know that to be the cry of demagogues, and none but the ignorant will listen to it.

Judge Leavitt denied the motion for habeas corpus in a long decision, in which he thoroughly reviewed the legal points involved in the case. The essential point of his decision was this: General Burnside, by order of the President, had been appointed to the military supervision of the Department of the Ohio, including, among other States, the State of Ohio. The precise extent of his authority was not known to the court, but it might properly be assumed that the President had clothed him with all the powers necessary to the efficient discharge of his duties. It is not claimed that in time of war the President is above the Constitution. He derives his power, on the contrary, expressly from the provision of that instrument that he shall be commander-in-chief of the army and navy. The Constitution does not specify the powers he may rightfully exercise in this character, nor are they defined by legislation. No one denies, however, that the President, in this character, is invested with very high powers, which he has exercised, as commander-in-chief, from time to time during the present rebellion.

His acts in this capacity must be limited to such as are deemed essential to the protection and preservation of the Government and the Constitution. And in deciding what he may rightfully do under this power, where there is no express legislative declaration, the President is guided solely by his own judgment, and is amenable only for an abuse of his authority by impeachment. The occasion which calls for the exercise of this power exists only from the necessity of the case; and when the necessity exists there is a clear justification of the act. The judge concludes that if this view of the power of the President is correct, it implies the right to arrest persons who, by their mischievous acts of disloyalty, impede or endanger the military operations of the Government.

> And if the necessity exists, I see no reason [he said] why the power does not attach to the officer in command of a military department. The President cannot discharge the duties in person; he, therefore, constitutes an agent to represent him, clothed with the necessary power for the efficient supervision of the military interests of the Government throughout the department. . . . In the exercise of his discretion General Burnside issued the order (No. 38) which has been brought to the notice of the court.

Judge Leavitt would not comment on that order, but only referred to it because General Burnside had stated his motives for issuing it, and also because it was for its supposed violation that he ordered the arrest of Mr. Vallandigham. He had done this under his responsibility as the commanding general of the department, and in accordance with what he supposed to be the power vested in him by the appointment of the President. It was virtually an act of the Executive Department under the power vested in the President by the Constitution, and the court therefore refused to annul or reverse it.

The arrest, trial, and sentence of Vallandigham took the President somewhat by surprise, and it was only after these proceedings were consummated that he had an opportunity seriously to consider the case. If he had been consulted before any proceedings were initiated there is reason to believe he would not have permitted them;[1] but finding himself in presence of an accomplished fact, the question now given him to consider was, whether he should approve the sentence of the court, or, by annulling it, weaken the authority of the general commanding the district, and greatly encourage the active and dangerous secession element in the West. He concluded to accept the act of Burnside as within his discretion as military commander; but as the imprisonment of Vallandigham in the North would have been a constant source of irritation and political discussion, the President concluded to modify his sentence to one which could be immediately and finally executed, and the execution of which would excite far less sympathy with the prisoner, and, in fact, seriously damage his prestige and authority among his followers. The method of punishment which he chose was doubtless suggested by a paragraph in Burnside's Order No. 38, which had mentioned, as a form of punishment for the declaration of sympathies with the enemy, deportation "beyond our lines into those of their friends." He therefore commuted the sentence of Vallandigham, and directed that he be sent within the Confederate lines.[2] This was done about a fortnight after the court-martial. Mr. Vallandigham was sent to Tennessee, and, on the 25th of May, was escorted by a small cavalry force to the Confederate lines near Murfreesboro'. After a short parley with the rebel videttes, who made no objection to receiving the prisoner, he was delivered into the hands of a single private soldier of an Alabama regiment, Mr. Vallandigham making a formal protest to the effect that he was within the Confederate lines by force and against his will, and that he surrendered as a prisoner of war.

The arrest and sentence of this distinguished Democrat produced a profound sensation throughout the country. It occasioned general rejoicing in the South. The Government in Richmond saw in it a promise of counter-revolution in the North, and some of the Confederate generals built upon it the rosiest hopes for future campaigns. General Beauregard, writing to a friend in Mobile,[3] said the Yankees, by sending Vallandigham into Bragg's lines, had indicated a point of attack. He suggested that, Hooker being disposed of for the next six months at least, Lee should act on the defensive, and send Bragg 30,000 men to take the offensive at once. Let Bragg — or some better soldier who is sufficiently shadowed forth in parenthesis — "destroy or capture (as it is done in Europe) Rosecrans's army; then march into Kentucky; raise 30,000 more men there and in Tennessee; then get into Ohio and call upon the friends of Vallandigham to rise for his defense and support; then call upon Indiana, Illinois, and Missouri to throw off the yoke of the accursed Yankee nation; then" — his plan growing more and more magnificent as it took grandeur and color under his pen — "call upon the whole North-west to join in the movement, form a Confederacy of their own, and join us by a treaty of alliance, defensive and offensive. What would then become of the North-east?" demanded the doughty creole. "How long would it take us to bring it back to its senses?" The feeling in the North, if less exuberant in its expression, was equally serious. No act of the Government has been so strongly criticised, and none having relation to the rights of an individual created a feeling so deep and so widespread. No further legal steps were taken in the case, except an application which was made by Vallandigham's counsel for a writ of certiorari to bring up the proceedings of the military commission for review in the Supreme Court of the United States. This motion was denied, on the evident ground that no such writ could be issued by the Supreme Court to any such military commission, as the court had no jurisdiction over the proceedings of such a tribunal. But in the Democratic newspapers, in public meetings, in a multitude of leading articles and pamphlets, the question was discussed with the greatest earnestness and even violence, the orators and politicians of the Democratic party regarding the incident as the most valuable bit of political capital which had fallen to them during the year. Even some of the most loyal newspapers of the North joined in the general attack, saying that by the statutes Vallandigham was a prisoner of state, and that the Secretary of War was bound to report him as such to the circuit judge of the district in which his supposed offenses were committed, to be regularly tried by the civil tribunal. But the principal criticism was, of course, confined to the ranks of the opposition. Their newspapers and public men vied with one another in a chorus of condemnation. To a meeting, held in Albany on the 16th of May, Governor Seymour wrote:

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[1] General Burnside, feeling, after the trial, that his act had subjected the Administration to violent attack, thought proper to signify to the President that his resignation was at his service if desired, to which the President answered: "When I shall wish to supersede you I will let you know. All the Cabinet regretted the necessity of arresting, for instance, Vallandigham, some perhaps doubting there was a real necessity for it; but, being done, all were for seeing you through with it." [Lincoln to Burnside, May 29, 1863. MS.]

[2] The order under which Vallandigham was sent South was dated the 19th of May and transmitted by telegraph from Washington to General Burnside: "The President directs that, without delay, you send C. L. Vallandigham, under secure guard, to the headquarters of General Rosecrans, to be put by him beyond our military lines, and in case of his return within our lines, he be arrested and kept in close custody for the term specified in his sentence." [McPherson, "History of the Rebellion," p. 162.]

[3] May 26, 1863. War Records, Vol. XIV., p. 955.

> It is an act which has brought dishonor upon our country; it is full of danger to our persons and our homes; it bears upon its front a conscious violation of law and justice. . . . The transaction involved a series of offenses against our most sacred rights. It interfered with the freedom of speech; it violated our rights to be secure in our homes against unreasonable searches and seizures; it pronounced sentence without trial, save one which was a mockery — which insulted as well as wronged. . . . If this proceeding is approved by the Government, and sanctioned by the people, it is not merely a step towards revolution — it is revolution; it will not only lead to military despotism, it establishes military despotism. . . . If it is upheld, our liberties are overthrown. . . . The action of the Administration will determine, in the minds of more than one-half of the people of the loyal States, whether the war is waged to put down rebellion at the South, or destroy free institutions at the North. We look for its decision with most solemn solicitude.

The meeting to which Governor Seymour sent this passionate address passed a series of resolutions insisting upon their loyalty and the services they had rendered the country, but demanding that the "Administration shall be true to the Constitution, shall recognize and maintain the rights of the States and the liberties of the citizen, shall everywhere outside the lines of military occupation and the scenes of insurrection exert all its powers to maintain the supremacy of the civil over military law"; and in view of these principles they denounced "the recent assumption of a military commander to seize and try a citizen of Ohio, Clement L. Vallandigham, for no other reason than words addressed to a public meeting in criticism of the military orders of that general." The resolutions further set forth that such an assumption of military power strikes a fatal blow at the supremacy of law. They enumerated the provisions of the Constitution defining the crime of treason and the defenses to which those accused of that crime are entitled, and said "that these safeguards of the rights of the citizen against the pretensions of arbitrary power were intended more especially for his protection in times of civil commotion." They further resolved:

> That in the election of Governor Seymour the people of this State, by an emphatic majority, declared their condemnation of the system of arbitrary arrests, and their determination to stand by the Constitution. And that, regarding the blow struck at a citizen of Ohio as aimed at the rights of every citizen of the North, they denounce it as against the spirit of our laws and Constitution, and most earnestly call upon the President of the United States to reverse the action of the military tribunal which has passed a cruel and unusual punishment upon the party arrested, prohibited in terms by the Constitution, and to restore him to the liberty of which he has been deprived.

A copy of these resolutions was sent to the President and received his most careful consideration. He answered on the 12th of June, in a letter which demands the close perusal of every student of our history. He accepted in the beginning, and thanked the meeting for, the resolutions expressing the purpose of sustaining the cause of the Union despite the folly and wickedness of any administration. He referred to the safeguards of the Constitution for the defense of persons accused of treason, and contended that these provisions of the Constitution had no application to the case in hand. The arrests complained of were not made for the technical crime of treason. He then proceeded, in language so terse and vigorous that it is difficult to abridge a paragraph without positive mutilation, to describe the circumstances under which this rebellion began, and the hopes of the insurgents, which were founded upon the inveterate respect of the American people for the forms of law.

> Prior to my installation here [he said] it had been inculcated that any State had a lawful right to secede from the National Union, and that it would be expedient to exercise the right whenever the devotees of the doctrine should fail to elect a President to their own liking. I was elected contrary to their liking; and, accordingly, so far as it was legally possible, they had taken seven States out of the Union, had seized many of the United States forts, and had fired upon the United States flag, all before I was inaugurated, and, of course, before I had done any official act whatever. The rebellion thus begun soon ran into the present civil war; and, in certain respects, it began on very unequal terms between the parties. The insurgents had been preparing for it for more than thirty years, while the Government had taken no steps to resist them. The former had carefully considered all the means which could be turned to their account. It undoubtedly was a well-pondered reliance with them that in their own unrestricted efforts to destroy Union, Constitution, and law all together the Government would, in a great degree, be restrained by the same Constitution and law from arresting their progress. Their sympathizers pervaded all departments of the Government and nearly all communities of the people. From this material, under cover of "liberty of speech," "liberty of the press," and "habeas corpus," they hoped to keep on foot amongst us a most efficient corps of spies, informers, suppliers, and aiders and abettors of their cause in a thousand ways. They knew that in times such as they were inaugurating, by the Constitution itself, the "habeas corpus" might be suspended; but they also knew they had friends who would make a question as to who was to suspend it; meanwhile their spies and others might remain at large to help on their cause. Or if, as has happened, the Executive should suspend the writ, without ruinous waste of time, instances of arresting innocent persons might occur, as are always likely to occur in such cases, and then a clamor could be raised in regard to this, which might be at least of some service to the insurgent cause. It needed no very keen perception to discover that part of the enemy's programme, so soon as, by open hostilities, their machinery was fairly put in motion. Yet, thoroughly imbued with a reverence for the guaranteed rights of individuals, I was slow to adopt the strong measures which by degrees I have been forced to regard as being within the exceptions of the Constitution, and as indispensable to the public safety. Nothing is better known to history than that courts of justice are utterly incompetent to such cases. Civil courts are organized chiefly for trials of individuals, or, at most, a few individuals acting in concert, and this in quiet times and on charges of crimes well defined in the law. Even in times of peace bands of horse-thieves and robbers frequently grow too numerous and powerful for the ordinary courts of justice. But what comparison in numbers have such bands ever borne to the insurgent sympathizers, even in many of the loyal States? Again, a jury too frequently has at least one member more ready to hang the panel than to hang the traitor. And yet again, he who dissuades one man from volunteering, or induces one soldier to desert, weakens the Union cause as much as he who kills a Union soldier in battle. Yet this dissuasion or inducement may be so conducted as to be no defined crime of which any civil court would take cognizance.

He then applied to the case in hand the clear provision of the Constitution that "the privilege of the writ of habeas corpus shall not be suspended unless, when in case of rebellion or invasion, the public safety may require it," and went on to say:

> This is precisely our present case — a case of rebellion wherein the public safety does require the suspension. Indeed, arrests by process of courts and arrests in cases of rebellion do not proceed altogether upon the same basis. The former is directed at the small percentage of ordinary and continuous perpetration of crime, while the latter is directed at sudden and extensive uprisings against the Government, which, at most, will succeed or fail in no great length of time. In the latter case arrests are made, not so much for what has been done as for what probably would be done. The latter is more for the preventive and less for the vindictive than the former. In such cases the purposes of men are much more easily understood than in cases of ordinary crime. The man who stands by and says nothing when the peril of his Government is discussed cannot be misunderstood. If not hindered, he is sure to help the enemy; much more if he talks ambiguously — talks for his country with "buts" and "ifs" and "ands." Of how little value the constitutional provisions I have quoted will be rendered, if arrests shall never be made until defined crimes shall have been committed, may be illustrated by a few notable examples. General John C. Breckinridge, General Robert E. Lee, General Joseph E. Johnston, General John B. Magruder, General William B. Preston, General Simon B. Buckner, and Commodore Franklin Buchanan, now occupying the very highest places in the rebel war service, were all within the power of the Government since the rebellion began, and were nearly as well known to be traitors then as now. Unquestionably, if we had seized and held them, the insurgent cause would be much weaker. But no one of them had then committed any crime defined in the law. Every one of them, if arrested, would have been discharged on habeas corpus were the writ allowed to operate. In view of these and similar cases, I think the time not

> unlikely to come when I shall be blamed for having made too few arrests rather than too many.

Referring to the charge made in the resolutions that Mr. Vallandigham was arrested for no other reason than words addressed to public meetings in criticism of the course of the Administration, Mr. Lincoln said:

> If this assertion is the truth and the whole truth,—if there was no other reason for the arrest,—then I concede that the arrest was wrong. But [he went on] Mr. Vallandigham was not arrested because he was damaging the political prospects of the Administration, or the personal interests of the commanding general, but because he was damaging the army, upon the existence and vigor of which the life of the nation depends. He was warring upon the military, and this gave the military constitutional jurisdiction to lay hands upon him.

If it could be shown that his arrest was made on mistake of fact, the President would be glad to correct it. But, he said:

> Long experience has shown that armies cannot be maintained unless desertion shall be punished by the severe penalty of death. The case requires, and the law and the Constitution sanction, this punishment. Must I shoot a simple-minded soldier boy who deserts, while I must not touch a hair of a wily agitator who induces him to desert? This is none the less injurious when effected by getting a father, or brother, or friend into a public meeting, and there working upon his feelings until he is persuaded to write the soldier boy that he is fighting in a bad cause, for a wicked Administration of a contemptible Government, too weak to arrest and punish him if he shall desert. I think that in such a case to silence the agitator and to save the boy is not only constitutional, but, withal, a great mercy.

He then stated clearly his belief that certain proceedings are constitutional when, in case of rebellion or invasion, the public safety requires them, which would not be constitutional when, in absence of rebellion or invasion, the public safety does not require them.

> The Constitution itself [he said] makes the distinction, and I can no more be persuaded that the Government can constitutionally take no strong measure in time of rebellion, because it can be shown that the same could not be lawfully taken in time of peace, than I can be persuaded that a particular drug is not good medicine for a sick man, because it can be shown to not be good food for a well one. Nor am I able to appreciate the danger apprehended by the meeting that the American people will, by means of military arrests during the Rebellion, lose the right of public discussion, the liberty of speech and the press, the law of evidence, trial by jury, and habeas corpus, throughout the indefinite peaceful future, which I trust lies before them, any more than I am able to believe that a man could contract so strong an appetite for emetics, during temporary illness, as to persist in feeding upon them during the remainder of his healthful life.

The President parried the political thrust in the resolutions by reminding the gentlemen of Albany that although they addressed him as "Democrats," not all Democrats were of their way of thinking.

> He on whose discretionary judgment Mr. Vallandigham was arrested and tried is a Democrat, having no old party affinity with me; and the judge who rejected the constitutional view expressed in these resolutions by refusing to discharge Mr. Vallandigham on habeas corpus is a Democrat of better days than these, having received his judicial mantle at the hands of President Jackson. And still more, of all those Democrats who are nobly exposing their lives and shedding their blood on the battlefield, I have learned that many approve the course taken with Mr. Vallandigham, while I have not heard of a single one condemning it.

The President fortified his argument by an incident of pertinent history especially adapted to touch the sympathies of Democrats — the arbitrary arrests made by General Jackson at New Orleans; his defiance of the writ of habeas corpus, and his imprisonment of the judge who had issued it. Near the close of this strong and adroit defense of the action of Burnside the President made a remarkable admission in these words:

> And yet let me say that in my own discretion I do not know whether I would have ordered the arrest of Mr. Vallandigham. While I cannot shift the responsibility from myself, I hold that, as a general rule, the commander in the field is the better judge of the necessity in any particular case. . . . It gave me pain when I learned that Mr. Vallandigham had been arrested,—that is, I was pained that there should have seemed to be a necessity for arresting him,—and it will afford me great pleasure to discharge him so soon as I can, by any means, believe the public safety will not suffer by it. I further say that as the war progresses it appears to me, opinion and action, which were in great confusion at first, take shape and fall into more regular channels, so that the necessity for strong dealing with them gradually decreases. I have every reason to desire that it should cease altogether, and far from the least is my regard for the opinions and wishes of those who, like the meeting at Albany, declare their purpose to sustain the Government in every constitutional and lawful measure to suppress the rebellion. Still I must continue to do so much as may seem to be required by the public safety.

There are few of the President's state papers which produced a stronger impression upon the public mind than this. Its tone of candor and courtesy, which did not conceal his stern and resolute purpose; his clear statement of the needs of the country; his terse argument of his authority under the Constitution to suspend the writ of habeas corpus when, in case of rebellion, the public safety required it; his contrast of the venial crime of the simple-minded soldier boy, which was punished by death, with the deeper guilt of the wily agitator, who claimed immunity through the Constitution he was endeavoring to destroy; the strong, yet humorous, common sense of his doubt whether a permanent taste for emetics could be contracted during a fit of sickness—met with an immediate and eager appreciation among the citizens of the country, and rendered this letter remarkable in the long series of Mr Lincoln's political writings. It is needless to say that it did not meet with equal approbation in all quarters. It was received by the politicians of New York, to whom it was addressed, with the gravest displeasure. They answered in an angry yet forcible paper, claiming that the original act of tyranny by which Mr. Vallandigham was arrested had been aggravated by the claim of despotic power which they assumed to find in the President's letter. They wrote with so much heat and feeling that they hardly paused to measure their epithets; otherwise they would scarcely have been guilty of the impertinence of speaking to the President of his "pretensions to more than legal authority," and of criticising his crystal-clear statement as the "misty and cloudy forms of expression" in which these pretensions are set forth. But it is not worth while to rescue either of these letters from the oblivion which soon overtook them. In the words of Mr. Lincoln on another occasion, "the world little noted nor long remembered them." Their first letter had no function nor result but to call into being the President's admirable reply, and the second was little more than a cry under punishment.

In the State of Ohio the arrest of Mr. Vallandigham had precipitated an issue which was in its solution greatly to the advantage of the cause of the Union. When, on the 11th of June, the Democratic convention of the State met at Columbus, it was found to be completely under the control of those opposed to the war, and the excitement consequent upon Vallandigham's arrest and banishment designated him as the only serious candidate for the office of governor. Nominating him by acclamation was the readiest and most practical way of signifying their disapproval of the proceedings of the Government. They passed a series of resolutions affirming their devotion to the Union, denouncing the arrest and banishment of Vallandigham as a forcible violation of the Constitution and a direct insult offered to the sovereignty of the people of Ohio, saying that the Democratic party was fully competent to decide whether Mr. Vallandigham was a fit man to be nominated for governor, and that the attempt to deprive them of that right by his arrest and banishment was an unmerited imputation upon their intelligence and loyalty. They therefore called upon the President to restore Mr. Vallandigham to his home in Ohio. The committee appointed to present these resolutions accompanied them with a long letter signed by the most prominent Democrats of Ohio, arguing, upon lines similar to those followed in the Albany letter, that the action of the Government towards Vallandigham was illegal and unconstitutional; that it had created widespread and alarming disaffection among the people of the State; that it was not an offense against any law to contend that the war could not be used as a means of restoring the Union, or that a war directed against slavery would inevitably result in the final destruction of both the Constitution and the Union. They took up the President's letter to the Albany committee and insisted that Mr. Vallandigham was not warring upon the military; they disagreed entirely with the President on the subject of the suspension of the writ of habeas corpus; they represented the President as claiming that the Constitution is different in time of insurrection or invasion from what it is in time of peace or public security, and that he had the right to engraft limitations or exceptions upon these constitutional guarantees whenever, in his judgment, the public safety required it. Having attributed to him these absurd pretensions, they proceeded solemnly to deny them, and ask:

> If an indefinable kind of constructive treason is to be introduced and engrafted upon the Constitution unknown to the laws of the land and subject to the will of the President whenever an insurrection or invasion shall occur in any part of this vast country, what safety or security will be left for the liberties of the people?

The President sent a reply to this letter, briefer than the one he had devoted to Albany, and not so full in its discussion of the constitutional question at issue. For his views in this regard he referred the Ohio committee to his Albany letter. He simply repudiated the opinions and intentions which the Ohio committee had gratuitously imputed to him. But he assumed the full responsibility for the exercise of the enormous powers which he believed the Constitution, under the circumstances, conferred upon him.

> You ask, in substance, whether I really claim that I may override all the guaranteed rights of individuals on the plea of conserving the public safety — when I may choose to say the public safety requires it. This question, divested of the phraseology calculated to represent me as struggling for an arbitrary personal prerogative, is either simply a question who shall decide, or an affirmation that nobody shall decide, what the public safety does require in cases of rebellion or invasion. The Constitution contemplates the question as likely to occur for decision,

> but it does not expressly declare who is to decide it. By necessary implication, when rebellion or invasion comes, the decision is to be made, from time to time, and I think the man whom, for the time, the people have, under the Constitution, made the commander-in-chief of their army and navy, is the man who holds the power, and bears the responsibility of making it. If he uses the power justly, the same people will probably justify him; if he abuses it, he is in their hands to be dealt with by all the modes they have reserved to themselves in the Constitution.

He disclaimed, in courteous language, any purpose of insult to Ohio in Mr. Vallandigham's case; and referring to the peremptory request of the committee that Vallandigham should be released from his sentence, and to the further claim of the committee that the Democracy of Ohio are loyal to the Union, he proposed, on what he considered very easy conditions, to comply with their request. He offered them the following propositions:

> 1. That there is now a rebellion in the United States, the object and tendency of which is to destroy the National Union, and that, in your opinion, an army and navy are constitutional means for suppressing that rebellion.
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> 2. That no one of you will do anything which, in his own judgment, will tend to hinder the increase or favor the decrease or lessen the efficiency of the army and navy, while engaged in the effort to suppress that rebellion; and
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> 3. That each of you will, in his sphere, do all he can to have the officers, soldiers, and seamen of the army and navy, while engaged in the effort to suppress the rebellion, fed, clad, and otherwise well provided for and supported.

If the committee, or a majority of them, would write their names upon the back of the President's letter, thus committing themselves to these propositions and to nothing else, he would then publish the letter and the names, which publication would be, within itself, a revocation of Vallandigham's sentence. This would leave Mr. Vallandigham himself absolutely unpledged; the President's object being to gain for the cause of the Union so large a moral reënforcement from this clear definition of the attitude of the other gentlemen as to compensate for any damage that Mr. Vallandigham could possibly do on his return. The President concluded this letter with the same frankness that he used in that to Albany. "Still," he said, "in regard to Mr. Vallandigham and all others, I must hereafter, as heretofore, do so much as the public service may seem to require." This overture of the President was promptly rejected by the committee. They treated it as an evasion on his part of the questions involved in the case, and as implying not only an imputation upon their own sincerity and fidelity as citizens of the United States, but also a concession of the legality of Mr. Vallandigham's arrest and banishment.

Evidently nothing could come from negotiations with parties whose points of view were so far apart as those of the President and the Democratic leaders in New York and Ohio. The case must be resolved by the people of the State whose sovereignty it was said had been violated, and the issue was made in the clearest possible manner by the nomination of Mr. Vallandigham for governor of Ohio. The convention which nominated him determined to leave no doubt of their position, not only denouncing the action of General Burnside and the President, but expressing their deep humiliation and regret at the failure of Governor Tod of Ohio to protect the citizens of the State in the enjoyment and exercise of their constitutional rights. The Union party, meeting at Columbus, nominated for governor John Brough, a war Democrat, and adopted a brief platform of unqualified devotion to the Union, in favor of a most vigorous prosecution of the war, and the laying aside of personal preferences and prejudices, and pledging hearty support to the President. Upon this issue the canvass proceeded to its close. Before it ended, Mr. Vallandigham himself intervened once more — not in person, indeed, but by letters from Canada. On entering the rebel lines he had gone at once to Richmond, where he was kindly and courteously received by the Confederate authorities, although both on his side and on theirs the forms appropriate to the fiction that he was a prisoner of war were carefully observed.[1] After a conference with the leading men of the Confederate Government, he went southward and arrived on the 22d of June at Bermuda in a vessel called the *Lady Davis*, which had run the blockade at Wilmington. He made only a brief stay in Bermuda and then took passage for Halifax, Nova Scotia, where he arrived on the 5th of July. From the Canadian side of Niagara Falls he issued an address to the people of Ohio,[1] which began with this clever and striking exordium:

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[1] John B. Jones, a clerk in the rebel war office, made on the 22d of June, 1863, the following entry in his diary: "To-day I saw the memorandum of Mr. Ould, of the conversation held with Mr. Vallandigham, for file in the archives. He says if we can only hold out this year that the peace party of the North would sweep the Lincoln dynasty out of political existence. He seems to have thought that our cause was sinking, and feared we would submit, which would, of course, be ruinous to his party. But he advises strongly against any invasion of Pennsylvania, for that would unite all parties at the North, and so strengthen Lincoln's hands that he would be able to crush all opposition and trample upon the constitutional rights of the people. Mr. V. said nothing to indicate that either he or the party had any other idea than that the Union would be reconstructed under Democratic rule. The President [Davis] indorsed with his own pen on this document that in regard to invasion of the North experience proved the contrary of what Mr. V. asserted." [Jones, "A Rebel War Clerk's Diary," Vol. I., pp. 357, 358.]

> Arrested and confined for three weeks in the United States a prisoner of state, banished thence to the Confederate States, and there held as an alien enemy and prisoner of war, though on parole, fairly and honorably dealt with, and given leave to depart, an act possible only by running the blockade at the hazard of being fired upon by ships flying the flag of my own country, I found myself first a free man when on British soil. And to-day, under protection of the British flag, I am here to enjoy and, in part, to exercise the privileges and rights which usurpers insolently deny me at home. . . . Six weeks ago, when just going into banishment because an audacious but most cowardly despotism caused it, I addressed you as a fellow-citizen. To-day, and from the very place then selected by me, but after wearisome and most perilous journeyings for more than four thousand miles by land and upon sea, still in exile, though almost within sight of my native State, I greet you as your representative.

He thanked and congratulated the Democrats of Ohio upon the nominations they had made. He indorsed their platform, which he called "elegant in style, admirable in sentiment." He claimed that his arrest was the issue before the country. "The President," he said, "accepts the issue. . . . In time of war there is but one will supreme — his will; but one law — military necessity, and he the sole judge." He was convinced that the war could never be prosecuted to a successful termination.

> If this civil war [he said] is to terminate only by the subjugation or submission of the Southern force in arms, the infant of to-day will not see the end of it. . . . Traveling a thousand miles or more, through nearly one-half of the Confederate States, and sojourning for a time at widely different points, I met not one man, woman, or child who was not resolved to perish rather than to yield to the pressure of arms, even in the most desperate extremity.

He announced, therefore, that he returned with his opinion in favor of peace not only unchanged, but confirmed and strengthened.

But nothing availed. Mr. Vallandigham was defeated by the unprecedented majority of 101,000 votes, 62,000 of which were cast in the State and 39,000 by the soldiers in the field, to whom a State statute had given the privilege of voting.

In view of this overwhelming defeat, Mr. Vallandigham thought it prudent to remain during the winter beyond the jurisdiction of the United States. He was in constant correspondence, however, with his associates and adherents,[2] and demonstrations were made from time to time against the Government for its treatment of him. On the 29th of February, 1864, Mr. Pendleton of Ohio offered a resolution in the House of Representatives that the arrest and banishment of Mr. Vallandigham were "acts of mere arbitrary power in palpable violation of the Constitution and laws of the United States," which was rejected by a strict party vote, 47 Democrats voting in favor of it, and 77 Union members voting against it, only two Democrats voting with the majority. Vallandigham's course in opposition to the war had been so exasperating to the Union sentiment of the country, his speeches had been so full of vehement malice, that even those who thought his original arrest an unjustifiable stretch of military power felt no sympathy with the object of it and were inclined to acquiesce in the President's disposition of the case. The situation was not without a humorous element also, to which the American mind is always hospitable. The spectacle of this furious agitator, condemned by court-martial to a long imprisonment and then handed over by the contemptuous mercy of the President to the care and keeping of his friends beyond the Union lines; his frantic protests that the Confederates were not his friends, but that he was their most formidable and dreaded enemy; the friendly receptions and attentions he met with in the South and among the sympathizing British officials in the West Indies and the Northern provinces; his nomination by the Democratic convention of his State, which was forced immediately to apply to the President to give them back their candidate — affected the popular mind as an event rather ridiculous than serious, and the constitutional question involved received probably less attention than it deserved. His letters from Canada aroused little or no sympathy, and when, in June, 1864, he returned to the United States, the President declined to take any notice of his presence.[1]

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[1] "Rebellion Records," Vol. VII. Documents, pp. 438, 439.

[2] While sojourning at Niagara Falls, Mr. Vallandigham had come into communication with a person who called himself William Cornell Jewett of Colorado, who passed his time writing letters to the newspapers and to public men in favor of putting an end to the war by foreign mediation. After the result of the Ohio election had convinced Vallandigham that little was to be expected in the way of peace from the efforts of the Democratic party, he wrote Jewett a letter strongly favoring an immediate acceptance of the mediation of France in the controversy between the States. He said: "The South and the North are both indebted to the great powers of Europe for having so long withheld recognition from the Confederate States. The South has proved her ability to maintain herself by her own strength and resources, without foreign aid, moral or material; and the North and West — the whole country, indeed — these great powers have served incalculably, by holding back a solemn proclamation to the world that the Union of these States was finally and formally dissolved. They have left to us every motive and every chance for reunion. . . . Foreign recognition now of the Confederate States could avail little to delay or prevent final reunion." (W. C. Jewett, Letter to "Liverpool Mercury," November 4.)

Emboldened by impunity, Vallandigham began at political meetings a new series of speeches more violent in tone than those which had caused his arrest. But as the effect of them was clearly beneficial to the Union cause, no means were taken to silence him. He defied the Government and the army; he made vague threats that in case he was arrested the persons and property of those instigating such a proceeding should be held as hostages.[2] He was not molested, and in August was allowed to take a prominent part in the National Democratic Convention at Chicago, where he rendered valuable service to the Union party[3] as chairman of the Committee on Resolutions, and offered the motion that the nomination of General McClellan should be made unanimous.

THE DEFEAT OF THE PEACE PARTY AT THE POLLS.

THE reverses sustained by the Union arms during the summer and autumn of 1862 had their direct effect in the field of politics. Every unsuccessful movement, and especially every defeat of the National forces, increased the strength and the audacity of the opposition to the Government and the war. There were, it is true, hundreds of thousands of Democratic soldiers in the ranks fighting to uphold the Union; and as a result of this — because men's sentiments are far more influenced by their actions than their actions are inspired by their sentiments — they were generally induced to take the Republican view of public affairs, and by degrees to unite themselves with the Republican party. But they seemed to exert no influence whatever upon their friends and relations at home. The Democratic party remained as solid in its organization, as powerful in its resistance to the Government, as ever. The great liberating measure of the President, the proclamation of September, had its influence also in exasperating and consolidating the opposition. This act, which not only renders his name immortal, but glorifies the age in which he lived, contributed to the defeat of his party in some of the most important States of the Union. In the autumn of 1862 the Democrats carried New York, electing Horatio Seymour governor over that patriotic and accomplished gentleman, General James S. Wadsworth; the adjoining State of New Jersey was also carried by them. There were heavy losses of congressmen in the great States of Pennsylvania, Ohio, and Indiana; and even in the President's own State of Illinois the opposition inflicted upon him a peculiarly painful defeat, electing nine of his opponents and only four of his friends.

The Union sentiment was still sufficiently powerful throughout the North to elect an easy working majority in the House of Representatives, and the Republican predominance in the Senate was, of course, untouched; so that so far as legislation was concerned there was no danger that the Government would be embarrassed by an opposition majority. But the losses it met with in the elections were none the less serious and discouraging. A war disapproved by a free people cannot long be carried on by the will of the Government, and if the ratio of losses indicated by the elections of 1862 had continued another year the permanency of the Republic would have been gravely compromised. But the intelligence of the American people gradually acknowledged the wisdom and accepted the leadership of the President, and moved forward to the advanced platform upon which Mr. Lincoln had placed himself. The right of suffrage given by the State legislatures to the soldiers in the field reënforced the voting strength of the Republicans at home, and the ballot and the bullet worked harmoniously together. Nevertheless, in the autumn of 1862 Mr. Lincoln was exposed to the bitterest assaults and criticisms from every faction in the country. His conservative supporters reproached him with having yielded to the wishes of the radicals; the radicals denounced him for being hampered, if not corrupted, by the influence of the conservatives. On one side he was assailed by a clamor for peace, on the other by vehement and injurious demands for a more vigorous prosecution of the war. He stood unmoved by these attacks, converging upon him from every quarter, and rarely took the trouble to defend himself against them. Coming from every side, the pressure neutralized itself, like that of the atmosphere. To one friend who assailed him with peculiar candor, he made a reply which may answer as a sufficient defense to all the radical attacks which were so rife at the time.

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[1] When Mr. Lincoln first heard of Vallandigham's return he wrote a joint letter to Governor Brough and General Heintzelman, who had succeeded Burnside in command of the department, directing them to "consult together freely; watch Vallandigham and others closely, and upon discovering any palpable injury or imminent danger to the military proceeding from him, them, or any of them, arrest all implicated; otherwise do not arrest without further order. Meanwhile report the signs to me from time to time." But, after writing the letter, he concluded not to send it. [Unpublished MS., June 20, 1864.]

He was, in fact, a little nonplused by Vallandigham's return. He had seriously thought of annulling the sentence of exile, but had been too much occupied with other matters to do it. After he had returned, the President said: "The only question to decide was whether he could afford to disregard the contempt of authority and breach of discipline displayed in Vallandigham's action; otherwise, it could not but result in benefit to the Union cause to have so violent and indiscreet a man go to Chicago as a firebrand to his own party." Fernando Wood had told him that he could do nothing more politic than to bring Vallandigham back. "In that case," he said, "he could promise him two Democratic candidates for the Presidency this year. These war Democrats," said Mr. Wood, "are scoundrelly hypocrites; they want to oppose you and favor the war at once, which is nonsense. There are but two sides in this fight — yours and mine; war and peace. You will succeed while the war lasts, I expect, but we shall succeed when the war is over. I intend to keep my record clear for the future."

[2] McPherson, "History of the Rebellion," p. 176.

[3] The Illinois Democrats were greatly troubled by Vallandigham's apparition. W. R. Morrison said to J. H., June 18, "How much did you fellows give Fernandy Wood for importing him?" [J. H., Diary.]

> I have just received and read your letter of the 20th. The purport of it is that we lost the late elections, and the Administration is failing because the war is unsuccessful, and that I must not flatter myself that I am not justly to blame for it. I certainly know that if the war fails, the Administration fails, and that I will be blamed for it, whether I deserve it or not. And I ought to be blamed, if I could do better. You think I could do better; therefore you blame me already. I think I could not do better; therefore I blame you for blaming me. I understand you now to be willing to accept the help of men who are not Republicans, provided they have "heart in it."—Agreed. I want no others. But who is to be the judge of hearts, or of "heart in it"? If I must discard my own judgment, and take yours, I must also take that of others; and by the time I should reject all I should be advised to reject, I should have none left, Republicans or others—not even yourself. For be assured, my dear sir, there are men who have "heart in it" that think you are performing your part as poorly as you think I am performing mine. I certainly have been dissatisfied with the slowness of Buell and McClellan; but before I relieved them I had great fears I should not find successors to them who would do better; and I am sorry to add, that I have seen little since to relieve those fears. I do not clearly see the prospect of any more rapid movements. I fear we shall at last find out the difficulty is in our case rather than in particular generals. I wish to disparage no one—certainly not those who sympathize with me; but I must say I need success more than I need sympathy, and that I have not seen the so much greater evidence of getting success from my sympathizers than from those who are denounced as the contrary. It does seem to me that in the field the two classes have been very much alike in what they have done and what they have failed to do. In sealing their faith with their blood, Baker, and Lyon, and Bohlen, and Richardson, Republicans, did all that men could do; but did they any more than Kearney, Stevens, and Reno, and Mansfield, none of whom were Republicans, and some at least of whom have been bitterly and repeatedly denounced to me as secession sympathizers? I will not perform the ungrateful task of comparing cases of failure. In answer to your question, Has it not been publicly stated in the newspapers, and apparently proved as a fact, that from the commencement of the war the enemy was continually supplied with information by some of the confidential subordinates of as important an officer as Adjutant-General Thomas? I must say "No," as far as my knowledge extends. And I add that if you can give any tangible evidence upon the subject, I will thank you to come to this city and do so.[1]

The movements for peace which were made at this period on both sides of the line were feeble and without result. Mr. Foote of Tennessee introduced a resolution in the Confederate House of Representatives to the effect "that the signal success with which Divine Providence has so continually blessed our arms for several months past would fully justify the Confederate Government in dispatching a commissioner or commissioners to the Government at Washington City, empowered to propose the terms of a just and honorable peace." Mr. Holt of Georgia offered as a substitute a resolution setting forth that the people of the Confederate States have been always anxious for peace, and that "whenever the Government of the United States shall manifest a like anxiety it should be the duty of the President of the Confederate States to appoint commissioners to treat upon the subject." But both resolution and substitute were laid on the table by a large majority. In the Senate of the United States Mr. Garrett Davis offered a resolution[2] recommending to the States to choose delegates to a convention to be held at Louisville, Kentucky, to take into consideration the condition of the United States and the proper means for a restoration of the Union; this was laid upon the table. Mr. Vallandigham also offered resolutions for peace in the House of Representatives; but neither in the North nor in the South was there at that time a party sufficiently powerful to bring any measures for peace to the point of legislation, though on both sides there was a strong current of agitation for the termination of the war, which, being regarded and treated as treasonable, was easily held in check.

From time to time there were unauthorized attempts of individuals, inspired by restlessness or a love of notoriety, to set on foot amateur negotiations for peace. One of the most active and persistent of the peace politicians of the North was Fernando Wood of New York. He held a unique position in his party. While strongly sympathizing with the secessionists, and openly affiliating with them in public, he nevertheless tried to keep up a sort of furtive confidential relation with the leading members of the Government. He frequently visited the White House, the State Department, and the Treasury Department, but emulated the discretion of Nicodemus as to the hour of his visits. No rebuffs daunted him; he apparently cared nothing for the evident distrust with which his overtures were received. He kept them up as long as the war lasted, probably in the hope that the time might come for him to play a conspicuous and important part in the final negotiations for peace. He used every occasion to ingratiate himself with the President. He wrote, congratulating him on the change in the War Department in the beginning of 1862, as indicating the President's "ability to govern, and also his executive power and will."[1] Later in the same year he wrote complaining that the radical abolitionists of New York represented him as hostile to the Administration and as in sympathy with the States in rebellion against the Government. He denied these charges, and begged the President to "rely upon his support in his efforts to maintain the integrity of the Union."[1] In September, after making a speech furiously denouncing the Government for its arbitrary arrests, he wrote a confidential note to the President, making the usual explanation that he had been incorrectly reported: "All I said applied to those arrests that had been made through error or misrepresentation, and exclusively as to the truly loyal." In November, after a similar tirade, he wrote to Mr. Seward, with a striking lack of originality, making the same plea of an incorrect report. "I did not," he said, "utter the treasonable sentiments reported." Having in this way, as he thought, established himself in the confidence of the President, he wrote him a letter on the 8th of December, 1862, pretending that he had "reliable and truthful authority" to say that the Southern States would send representatives to the next Congress provided that a full and general amnesty should permit them to do so, no guaranty or terms being asked for other than the amnesty referred to.

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[1] Lincoln to Schurz, Nov. 24, 1862. MS.

[2] "Congressional Globe," third session Thirty-seventh Congress, Part I., p. 4, Dec. 2, 1862.

> As an humble but loyal citizen [he said], deeply impressed with the great necessity of restoring the Union of these States, I ask your immediate attention to this subject. The magnitude of the interests at stake warrant some executive action predicated upon this information, if it be only to ascertain if it be grounded upon even probable foundation. If it shall prove groundless no harm shall have been done, provided the inquiry be made, as it can be, without compromising the Government or injury to the cause in which it is now engaged. If, however, it shall prove well founded, there is no estimate too high to place upon its national value.

The immediate object of his letter became evident in the following paragraph:

> Now, therefore, Mr. President, I suggest that gentlemen whose former political and social relations with the leaders of the Southern revolt [*sic*] may be allowed to hold unofficial correspondence with them on this subject — the correspondence to be submitted to you. It may be thus ascertained what, if any, credence may be given to these statements, and also whether a peaceful solution of the present struggle may not be attainable.[2]

The President answered on the 12th of December. Referring to the first paragraph above quoted, he said:

> I strongly suspect your information will prove to be groundless; nevertheless, I thank you for communicating it to me. Understanding the phrase in the paragraph above quoted, "the Southern States would send representatives to the next Congress," to be substantially the same as that the people of the Southern States would cease resistance, and would re-inaugurate, submit to, and maintain the national authority within the limits of such States, under the Constitution of the United States, I say that in such case the war would cease on the part of the United States, and that if, within a reasonable time, "a full and general amnesty" were necessary to such end, it would not be withheld. I do not think it would be proper now for me to communicate this formally or informally to the people of the Southern States. My belief is that they already know it; and when they choose, if ever, they can communicate with me unequivocally. Nor do I think it proper now to suspend military operations to try any experiment of negotiation. I should nevertheless receive with great pleasure the exact information you now have, and also such other as you may in any way obtain. Such information might be more valuable before the 1st of January than afterwards.

These last words refer, of course, to the impending proclamation of emancipation.

Between the date of Mr. Lincoln's letter and Mr. Wood's reply came the frightful carnage at Fredericksburg, which emboldened Mr. Wood to say that the President's reply had filled him with profound regret.

> It declines [he said] what I had conceived to be an innocent effort to ascertain the foundation for information in my possession of a desire in the South to return to the Union. It thus appears to be an indication on your part [*sic*] to continue a policy which, in my judgment, is not only unwise, but, in the opinion of many, is in conflict with the constitutional authority vested in the Federal Government.

He protested earnestly against this policy, and felt encouraged to renew the suggestions of his letter of the 8th.

> I feel [he said] that military operations so bloody and exhausting as ours must sooner or later be suspended. The day of suspension must come. The

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[1] MS.

[2] McPherson, "History of the Rebellion," p. 296.

only question is whether it shall be before the whole American people, North and South, shall be involved in general ruin, or whether it shall be whilst there is remaining sufficient of the recuperative element of life by which to restore our once happy, prosperous, and peaceful American Union.

To this letter the President made no reply.

Other volunteers from time to time tendered their services in the same field. Mr. Duff Green, a Virginia politician, wrote to the President from Richmond as early as the 20th of January, asking permission to visit Washington. He said that if he could see Mr. Lincoln and converse with him on the subject he could do much to pave the way for an early termination of the war. Receiving no encouragement from Washington, he asked the same permission from Richmond, but this request came to nothing. In the summer of 1863, however, an effort for peace negotiations was made, which came with such high sanction and involved personages of such individual and political importance that it requires particular mention.

About the middle of June, Mr. Alexander H. Stephens, Vice-President of the Southern Confederacy, became convinced that the time was auspicious for initiating negotiations for peace. He thought he saw reasons for great encouragement in the attitude of the North; the great gains of the Democratic party in the last autumnal elections, the pamphlet of Mr. George Ticknor Curtis attacking the measures of the Administration, a public meeting in favor of peace held without disturbance in the city of New York in which violent speeches were made by Mr. Fernando Wood and others, and the nomination for governor of Ohio of Vallandigham are all mentioned by him[1] as facts going to show that the people of the North were wearying of the war. On this insufficient evidence he wrote to Mr. Davis proposing that he should go to Washington, ostensibly to negotiate some questions involving the exchange of prisoners, but saying that he "was not without hopes that indirectly he could now turn attention to a general adjustment, upon such basis as might ultimately be acceptable to both parties, and stop the further effusion of blood in a contest so irrational, unchristian, and so inconsistent with all recognized American principles." He assured Mr. Davis that he entertained but one idea of the basis of final adjustment — the recognition of the sovereignty of the States, and the right of each in its sovereign capacity to determine its own destiny. He did not believe the Federal Government was yet ripe for such acknowledgment, but he did believe that the time had come for a proper presentation of the question to the authorities at Washington. "While, therefore," he says, "a mission might be dispatched on a minor point, the greater one could possibly, with prudence, discretion, and skill, be opened to view and brought in discussion, in a way that would lead eventually to successful results. This would depend upon many circumstances," he adds complacently, "but no little upon the character and efficiency of the agent. . . . So feeling, I have been prompted to address you these lines." Upon the receipt of this letter Mr. Davis sent a telegram requesting his Vice-President to go immediately to Richmond. He arrived there on the 22d of June; but in the ten days which had elapsed since his letter was written he found that changes of the utmost importance had taken place in the military situation. On the one hand the Confederate authorities had despaired of the condition of Pemberton at Vicksburg, and expected that any day might bring them tidings of his surrender, but on the other hand they were anticipating with sanguine enthusiasm the most magnificent results from Lee's invasion of Pennsylvania. Mr. Stephens, in the work which he wrote at his leisure after the war was ended, represents that in these changed conditions he was inclined to give up his mission, thinking that no good could result from it, as the movement of Lee into Pennsylvania would greatly excite the war spirit and strengthen the war party — a view of the case in which Mr. Davis positively declined to agree. He thought Mr. Lincoln would be more likely to receive a commissioner for peace if General Lee's army was actually threatening Washington than if it was lying quietly south of the Rappahannock. The Confederate Cabinet being called together, they agreed with Mr. Davis; they thought the Federal Government might be best approached while under the threat of the guns of Lee, and before they should receive fresh hope and encouragement from the surrender of Pemberton, which was now considered inevitable. An arrangement was made for Stephens to proceed by land on the route taken by Lee's army, and to communicate with the Washington authorities from his headquarters;[2] but excessive rains and the badness of the roads caused a change of route, and the invalid Vice-President was therefore saved a most distressing journey, from which he would have come "bootless home and weather-beaten back." Mr. Mallory, the Secretary of the Confederate Navy, gave him a small steamer, and accompanied by Mr. Robert Ould as his secretary, he steamed away to Fort Monroe. In any case his mission would probably have been fruitless, but he states only the truth when he claims that he arrived at an unlucky moment. He communicated with Admiral Lee in Hampton Roads on the Fourth of July, just after Lee's march to the North had ended in disastrous failure at Gettysburg. He sent the admiral a letter stating that he was "bearer of a communication in writing from Jefferson Davis, Commander-in-Chief of the Confederate land and naval forces, to Abraham Lincoln, Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy of the United States," and that he desired to proceed directly to Washington in his own steamer, the *Torpedo*. The titles by which Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Davis were designated in this note had been the subject of anxious consultation in Richmond. Stephens's commission from the Confederate President gave Mr. Lincoln the title above quoted to avoid the necessity of claiming the style of President for Mr. Davis; but in case Mr. Lincoln should stand upon his dignity and refuse the letter addressed to him as Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy, Mr. Davis had prepared for Mr. Stephens a duplicate letter addressed to Mr. Lincoln as President and signed by Mr. Davis in the same style; if to this letter objections were made, on the ground that Mr. Davis was not recognized to be President of the Confederacy, Mr. Stephens's mission was then to be at an end, "as such conference," Mr. Davis said, "is admissible only on a footing of perfect equality." But all this care, foresight, and punctilio went for nothing. As soon as Mr. Lincoln received the telegram in which Admiral Lee announced to the Secretary of the Navy the arrival of Mr. Stephens, he immediately wrote on the back of the dispatch a note to be sent by Mr. Welles to Admiral Lee, in which, without paying any attention whatever to the style of Mr. Stephens's application, he went directly to the heart of the matter. This draft of an order ran:

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[1] Stephens, "War between the States," Vol. II., p. 558.

[2] Stephens, "War between the States," Vol. II., p. 566.

> You will not permit Mr. Stephens to proceed to Washington or to pass the blockade. He does not make known the subjects to which the communication in writing from Mr. Davis relates, which he bears and seeks to deliver in person to the President, and upon which he desires to confer. Those subjects can only be military, or not military, or partly both. Whatever may be military will be readily received if offered through the well understood military channel. Of course nothing else will be received by the President when offered, as in this case, in terms assuming the independence of the so-called Confederate States, and anything will be received and carefully considered by him when offered by any influential person, or persons, in terms not assuming the independence of the so-called Confederate States.[1]

This note he afterwards evidently considered as entering too much into detail, and he therefore caused the Secretary of the Navy to send this brief reply to Admiral Lee:

> The request of A. H. Stephens is inadmissible. The customary agents and channels are adequate for all needful communication and conferences between the United States forces and the insurgents.

Mr. Stephens, when he came afterwards to relate the history of this abortive mission,[2] frankly admitted that his ulterior purpose was not so much to act upon Mr. Lincoln and the then ruling authorities at Washington as through them, when the correspondence should be published, upon the great mass of the people in the Northern States, who were becoming, he thought, so sensitively alive to the great danger of their own liberties. He wanted, he said, "to deeply impress the growing constitutional party at the North with a full realization of the true nature and ultimate tendencies of the war"; to show them "that the surest way to maintain their liberties was to allow us the separate enjoyment of ours."

Though this hope was baffled by the rebuff which Mr. Stephens received at Fort Monroe, which prevented him from laying before his sympathizing friends of the North his view of their endangered liberties and the best means of preserving them, it may be doubted whether the partisans of peace at the North lost anything by this incident. Certainly, throughout the whole summer of 1863, they fought their losing battle with a courage and a determination equal to that which their sympathizers were displaying in the South. But the very energy and malice with which they carried on the contest roused the loyal people of the North to still greater efforts and increased the dimensions of their ultimate triumph. The election in New Hampshire, the first which took place in the spring of 1863, while it brought victory to the Republicans, still gave painful evidence of the bitter hostility of the Democratic party to the prosecution of the war. Senator Daniel Clark, writing to Mr. Lincoln,[3] said:

> Scarcely a Democrat supported the Administration. Almost every one who had heretofore avowed himself for the Union and the country turned in for peace and party. Yet we have beaten them. They have retired from the field. The two houses in convention will choose a Republican governor, and Frank Pierce in retirement will not have beaten Abraham Lincoln in office.

There were after this, during the summer and early autumn, moments of depression and discouragement in which it seemed that the malignant energy displayed by the opposition could not be without disastrous effect, and as the day of election drew near in the "October States" both sides felt justified in renewing their utmost efforts. In Pennsylvania the contest presented features of special interest. Andrew G. Curtin,[1] who, as governor of the State, had given not only efficient but enthusiastic support to the war, was opposed by Judge George W. Woodward, who, as one of the Democratic justices of the Supreme Court of the State, had just aimed a blow at the prosecution of the war which would have been fatal if followed up and sustained by other courts. He had declared the enrollment law unconstitutional, and upon the record thus made had been nominated for governor. The friends of Mr. Curtin relied on the war spirit to carry their candidate through, and towards the close of the campaign they claimed, most unjudiciously, that General McClellan, whose popularity was still great among the Democrats of Pennsylvania, was in favor of the election of Curtin, with whom he had always sustained friendly personal relations. Just on the eve of election this matter came to the attention of McClellan. Desiring to keep his political standing with his party intact, he sought an interview with Judge Woodward and published a letter declaring that, "having had a full conversation with the judge, he found that their views agreed, and that he regarded his election as governor of Pennsylvania called for by the interests of the nation."[2] But even this dilatory reënforcement of the peace party was not enough to save their canvass; the Republicans of the State were as thoroughly alive to the emergency as their opponents, and the vote polled was greater by many thousands than had ever been cast before. Governor Curtin was reëlected by a majority of over fifteen thousand, and Chief-Justice Lowrie, who with Woodward had aimed from the bench the most mischievous blow ever dealt at the enrollment bill, was defeated for reëlection by Daniel Agnew, and the court, thus reconstituted, reversed its previous judgment.

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[1] Lincoln, autograph MS.

[2] Stephens, "War between the States," Vol. II., p. 561.

[3] March 13. MS.

In Ohio the contest was marked with equal bitterness and enthusiasm. The Democrats, working against hope, but with undaunted persistency for their banished candidate, Vallandigham, were buried under the portentous majority of one hundred thousand votes. This overwhelming triumph of the Union party in the October States made success certain in the general election of the next month. The tide had turned, and the current now swept steadily onward in one way. The great State of New York, which had been shaken to its center by the frightful crimes and excitement incident to the draft riots, now witnessed a great popular political reaction; and reversing the majority of ten thousand given to Seymour in 1862, the Republican State ticket was elected by thirty thousand, and the legislature also passed into the hands of the Unionists. The success of the year which was dearest to the heart of the President was that attained in Maryland. The second passage of rebel armies over her territory seemed at last to have purged the secession sentiment from that State, and four Unionists out of her five districts were elected to Congress, and an emancipation State ticket was carried by twenty thousand majority.

Throughout the West the Union sentiment asserted itself with irresistible strength. An attempt marked with singular boldness and energy had been made during the year by the leaders of the peace party to gain control of the great States of the North-west, which for a time seemed to them so promising that the rebel emissaries in Canada, being informed of it, gave encouragement to their principals in Richmond to hope for the formation of a North-western Confederacy in opposition to the National Government. Meetings were continually held, secret societies were everywhere active, and every effort was made in public and in private to form a basis of organized hostility against the Government. The culmination of this important and dangerous movement may be regarded as having taken place at Springfield, Illinois, on the 17th of June. A great mass meeting, enormous in numbers and wild with enthusiasm, under the presidency of Senator Richardson, listened during all a summer's day to the most furious and vehement oratory, and at last passed resolutions demanding nothing less than submission to the South. They resolved "that a further offensive prosecution of this war tends to subvert the Constitution and the Government, and entails upon this nation all the disastrous consequences of misrule and anarchy"; that they were "in favor of peace upon a basis of restoration of the Union"; for the accomplishment of which they proposed "a national convention to settle upon terms of peace, which should have in view the restoration of the Union as it was, and the securing by constitutional amendment of such rights of the several States and people thereof as honor and justice demand."

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[1] To show how the political emergency overcame the most inveterate personal hostilities, we give a characteristic letter which Simon Cameron wrote to Lincoln September 18, 1863. He said that Curtin would be reëlected, and that all his friends would support him, but that "if the result were to operate simply on his own private fortunes, there are many good Republicans and pious Christians who would see him in —— first. He will cheat us when it is over, and, if he can, sell us to our enemies. But he is now, by one of those accidents which sometimes control great events, the representative of the loyalty of this State, and his defeat might be disastrous to the country. My heart is too much engaged in the struggle for ending the rebellion to allow me to hesitate at even the support of Mr. Curtin."

[2] This letter of McClellan was a severe disappointment to Curtin, who had regarded him as his friend. A friend (now Sir John Puleston, M. P.) who was with him when the newspaper containing McClellan's letter was received said, "'*Et tu, Brute!*' was not a circumstance to it." [J. H., Diary.]

This bold challenge was accepted by the Republicans with equal determination and superior means. The guns of Vicksburg and of Gettysburg might have been regarded as sufficient answer to the resolutions of the Springfield mass meeting, but the Copperheads[1] of that State only clamored the louder for peace after these great victories, and the political canvass went on with tenfold vehemence in the tacit truce of arms that followed the battles of July. The Republicans prepared for the beginning of September the greatest mass meeting of the campaign; and to give especial significance to the occasion, it was to take place at the home of Lincoln, on the very spot where defiant treason had trumpeted to the world its challenge in June.

It was the ardent wish of the Illinois Republicans that Mr. Lincoln might be with them on this important day. Mr. James C. Conkling, chairman of the committee of arrangements, wrote urging him to come in person.

> There is a bad element [he said] in this State, as well as others, and every public demonstration in favor of law and order and constitutional government will have a favorable influence. The importance of our meeting, therefore, at the capital of a State which has sent so many soldiers into the army, and which exercises such a controlling power in the West, cannot be overestimated.[2]

For a moment the President cherished the hope of going to Springfield and once more in his life renewing the sensation, so dear to politicians, of personal contact with great and enthusiastic masses, and of making one more speech to shouting thousands of his fellow-citizens. The temptation, however, only lasted for a moment, and instead of going he wrote a letter which was read amid the hushed attention of an immense auditory, and passed in a moment into the small number of American political classics. The meeting was an enormous one in numbers and in hot, tumultuous feeling; it was addressed by the greatest orators of the Republican party; speaking went on continuously at many stands from morning until twilight. The speeches were marked by the most advanced and unflinching Republican doctrine; the proclamation of emancipation, the arming of negroes, received universal adhesion, and of course every reference to Mr. Lincoln's name was received with thunders of applause; but with all these features of the highest interest and importance, the meeting can only live in the memories of men as the occasion of the letter which Mr. Lincoln wrote to its chairman:

> Your letter, inviting me to attend a mass meeting of unconditional Union men, to be held at the capital of Illinois on the 3d day of September, has been received. It would be very agreeable to me to thus meet my old friends at my own home, but I cannot just now be absent from here so long as a visit there would require.
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> The meeting is to be of all those who maintain unconditional devotion to the Union, and I am sure my old political friends will thank me for tendering, as I do, the nation's gratitude to those other noble men whom no partisan malice or partisan hope can make false to the nation's life.
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> There are those who are dissatisfied with me. To such I would say: You desire peace, and you blame me that we do not have it. But how can we attain it? There are but three conceivable ways. First, to suppress the rebellion by force of arms. This I am trying to do. Are you for it? If you are, so far we are agreed. If you are not for it, a second way is to give up the Union. I am against this. Are you for it? If you are, you should say so plainly. If you are not for force, nor yet for dissolution, there only remains some imaginable compromise.
>
> I do not believe any compromise embracing the maintenance of the Union is now possible. All I learn leads to a directly opposite belief. The strength of the rebellion is its military — its army. That army dominates all the country and all the people within its range. Any offer of terms made by any man or men within that range, in opposition to that army, is simply nothing for the present, because such man or men have no power whatever to enforce their side of a compromise if one were made with them.
>
> To illustrate: Suppose refugees from the South and peace-men of the North get together in convention and frame and proclaim a compromise embracing a restoration of the Union; in what way can that compromise be used to keep Lee's army out of Pennsylvania? Meade's army can keep Lee's army out of Pennsylvania, and I think can ultimately drive it out of existence. But no paper compromise to which the controllers of Lee's army are not agreed can at all affect that army. In an effort at such compromise we should waste time which the enemy would improve to our disadvantage, and that would be all.

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[1] The "peace Democrats" of the North were variously nicknamed "Butternuts" and "Copperheads." The former name referred to the domestic dye which gave color to the uniforms of the Confederate soldiers, and the latter was the name of the most venomous snake in the West. In each case the nickname was assumed and borne with bravado by the younger Democrats, who in some instances wore butternuts as breastpins, and in others, with a clever return upon their opponents, cut the copper head of the Goddess of Liberty from the old-fashioned red cent and bore it as their cognizance.

[2] Conkling to Lincoln, Aug. 21. MS.

A compromise, to be effective, must be made either with those who control the rebel army, or with the people first liberated from the domination of that army by the successes of our own army. Now, allow me to assure you that no word or intimation from that rebel army, or from any of the men controlling it, in relation to any peace compromise, has ever come to my knowledge or belief. All charges and insinuations to the contrary are deceptive and groundless. And I promise you that if any such proposition shall hereafter come, it shall not be rejected and kept a secret from you. I freely acknowledge myself the servant of the people according to the bond of service,—the United States Constitution,—and that as such I am responsible to them.

But, to be plain, you are dissatisfied with me about the negro. Quite likely there is a difference of opinion between you and myself upon that subject. I certainly wish all men could be free, while I suppose you do not. Yet I have neither adopted nor proposed any measure which is not consistent with even your view, provided you are for the Union. I suggested compensated emancipation, to which you replied you wished not to be taxed to buy negroes. But I had not asked you to be taxed to buy negroes, except in such way as to save you from greater taxation to save the Union exclusively by other means.

You dislike the Emancipation Proclamation, and perhaps would have it retracted. You say it is unconstitutional. I think differently. I think the Constitution invests its commander-in-chief with the law of war in time of war. The most that can be said—if so much—is that slaves are property. Is there, has there ever been, any question that by the law of war, property, both of enemies and friends, may be taken when needed? And is it not needed whenever taking it helps us or hurts the enemy? Armies, the world over, destroy enemies' property when they cannot use it, and even destroy their own to keep it from the enemy. Civilized belligerents do all in their power to help themselves or hurt the enemy, except a few things regarded as barbarous or cruel. Among the exceptions are the massacre of vanquished foes and non-combatants, male and female.

But the proclamation, as law, either is valid or is not valid. If it is not valid it needs no retraction. If it is valid it cannot be retracted, any more than the dead can be brought to life. Some of you profess to think its retraction would operate favorably for the Union. Why better after the retraction than before the issue? There was more than a year and a half of trial to suppress the rebellion before the proclamation issued, the last one hundred days of which passed under an explicit notice that it was coming, unless averted by those in revolt returning to their allegiance. The war has certainly progressed as favorably for us since the issue of the proclamation as before.

I know, as fully as one can know the opinion of others, that some of the commanders of our armies in the field, who have given us our most important successes, believe the emancipation policy and the use of the colored troops constitute the heaviest blow yet dealt to the rebellion, and that at least one of these important successes could not have been achieved when it was but for the aid of black soldiers. Among the commanders holding these views are some who have never had any affinity with what is called "Abolitionism" or with "Republican party politics," but who hold them purely as military opinions. I submit these opinions as being entitled to some weight against the objections often urged that emancipation and arming the blacks are unwise as military measures, and were not adopted as such in good faith.

You say you will not fight to free negroes. Some of them seem willing to fight for you—but no matter. Fight you, then, exclusively to save the Union. I issued the proclamation on purpose to aid you in saving the Union. Whenever you shall have conquered all resistance to the Union, if I shall urge you to continue fighting, it will be an apt time then for you to declare you will not fight to free negroes. I thought that in your struggle for the Union, to whatever extent the negroes should cease helping the enemy, to that extent it weakened the enemy in his resistance to you. Do you think differently? I thought that whatever negroes can be got to do as soldiers leaves just so much less for white soldiers to do in saving the Union. Does it appear otherwise to you? But negroes, like other people, act upon motives. Why should they do anything for us if we will do nothing for them? If they stake their lives for us, they must be prompted by the strongest motive, even the promise of freedom. And the promise, being made, must be kept.

The signs look better. The Father of Waters again goes unvexed to the sea. Thanks to the great North-west for it. Nor yet wholly to them. Three hundred miles up they met New England, Empire, Keystone, and Jersey, hewing their way right and left. The sunny South, too, in more colors than one, also lent a hand. On the spot, their part of the history was jotted down in black and white. The job was a great national one, and let none be banned who bore an honorable part in it. And while those who have cleared the great river may well be proud, even that is not all. It is hard to say that anything has been more bravely and well done than at Antietam, Murfreesboro', Gettysburg, and on many fields of lesser note. Nor must Uncle Sam's web-feet be forgotten. At all the watery margins they have been present. Not only on the deep sea, the broad bay, and the rapid river, but also up the narrow, muddy bayou; and wherever the ground was a little damp, they have been and made their tracks. Thanks to all. For the great Republic — for the principle it lives by and keeps alive — for man's vast future — thanks to all.

Peace does not appear so distant as it did. I hope it will come soon, and come to stay; and so come as to be worth the keeping in all future time. It will then have been proved that among free men there can be no successful appeal from the ballot to the bullet, and that they who take such appeal are sure to lose their case and pay the cost. And there will be some black men who can remember that with silent tongue, and clenched teeth, and steady eye, and well-poised bayonet they have helped mankind on to this great consummation; while I fear there will be some white ones unable to forget that with malignant heart and deceitful speech they strove to hinder it.

Still let us not be over sanguine of a speedy, final triumph. Let us be quite sober. Let us diligently apply the means, never doubting that a just God, in His own good time, will give us the rightful result.[1]

Among all the state papers of Mr. Lincoln from his nomination to his death this letter is unique. It may be called his last stump speech, the only one made during his Presidency. We find in it all the qualities that made him in Illinois the incomparable political leader of his party for a generation. There is the same close, unerring logic, the same innate perception of political conduct, the same wit and sarcasm, the same touch of picturesque eloquence, which abounded in his earlier and more careless oratory, but all wonderfully heightened, strengthened, and chastened by a sense of immense responsibility. In this letter, which the chairman took only ten minutes to read, he said more than all the orators at all the stands. It was, like most of his speeches, addressed principally to his opponents, and in this short space he appealed successively to their reason, to their sympathies, and to their fears. By a succession of unanswerable syllogisms he showed them how untenable was their position. He appealed to their generosity, to their sense of duty, to their patriotism, even to their love of glory, and in the end he held out to them with dignified austerity the prospect of shame and self-reproach which lay before them if they continued their hostility to the sacred cause of humanity and nationality. The style of this letter is as remarkable as its matter; each sentence, like a trained athlete, is divested of every superfluous word and syllable, yet nowhere is there a word lacking, any more than a word too much. Modest as he was, he knew the value of his own work, and when a friend called to ask him if he was going to Springfield he replied, " No, I shall send them a letter instead; and it will be a rather good letter."[2]

The Springfield convention, taking up the gauntlet thrown down by the disloyal mass meeting of June, resolved " that we will lay aside all party questions and forget all party prejudices and devote ourselves unreservedly to the support of our Government, until the rebellion shall be finally and forever crushed " : they resolved that " whatever else may die, the Union shall live to perpetuate civil liberty; whatever else may perish, the Government shall survive in all its constitutional integrity; whatever else may be destroyed, the nation shall be preserved in its territorial unity; and to this end we pledge anew our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honor."[3]

In this spirit the campaign was fought through to its victorious close, and on the night of the 3d of November the President, sitting in the War Department, had the pleasure of learning from all the clicking wires about him that the cause of nationality and freedom was triumphant from one end of the Union to the other; that the people had come up fully abreast of him on the question of emancipation, and that the nation was now substantially united in the resolute purpose to prosecute the war to its legitimate conclusion. These victories at the polls made sure the good results of this summer of battles; the Administration felt itself confirmed anew and strengthened for the work before it. To those members of the Administration who had formerly acted with the Democratic party there was a certain sense of humiliation and disappointment. Mr. Stanton said, "The disheartening thing in the affair was that there seemed to be no patriotic principle left in the Democratic party, the whole organization voting solidly against the country."[4] Mr. Seward, on the contrary, came back from Auburn, where he had gone home to vote, in the highest spirits. He considered the political attitude of New York absolutely safe in the present and future. He thought "the crowd that follows power had come over to the Republicans; the Democrats had lost their leaders when Toombs and Davis and Breckinridge forsook them and went South; the inferior Northern Democrats who succeeded to the leadership had proved their incompetency; the best and most energetic portion of the rank and file of the party were now voting shoulder to shoulder with the Republicans.[5]

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[1] Lincoln to James C. Conkling, Aug. 26, 1863.

[2] Nothing he ever uttered had a more instantaneous success. Mr. Sumner immediately wrote to him: "Thanks for your true and noble letter. It is a historical document. The case is admirably stated, so that all but the wicked must confess its force. It cannot be answered." Henry Wilson wrote him: "God Almighty bless you for your noble, patriotic, and Christian letter. It will be on the lips and in the hearts of hundreds of thousands this day." Among the letters which the President most appreciated was one from the venerable Josiah Quincy, then ninety-one years of age, who wrote: "Old age has its privileges, which I hope this letter will not exceed; but I cannot refrain from expressing to you my gratification and my gratitude for your letter to the Illinois convention — happy, timely, conclusive, and effective. What you say concerning emancipation, your proclamation, and your course of proceeding in relation to it was due to truth and to your own character, shamefully assailed as it has been. The development is an imperishable monument of wisdom and virtue." After discussing the question of emancipation, he continued: " I write under the impression that the victory of the United States in this war is inevitable; compromise is impossible. Peace on any other basis would be the establishment of two nations, each hating the other, both military, both necessarily warlike, their territories interlocked with a tendency of never-ceasing hostility. Can we leave to posterity a more cruel inheritance, or one more hopeless of happiness and prosperity? " Mr. Lincoln answered this letter in a tone expressive of his reverence for the age and illustrious character of the writer.

[3] " History of Sangamon County," p. 315.

[4] J. H., Diary, Nov. 3. MS.

[5] Ibid., Nov. 8. MS.

No party," he said, "can survive an opposition to a war. The Revolutionary heroes were political oracles till 1812, and afterwards the 'soldiers of the late war' succeeded to their honors. But we are hereafter a nation of soldiers. These people will be trying to forget years hence that they ever opposed this war. I had to carry affidavits to prove I had nothing to do with the Hartford Convention. Now the party that gained eminence by the folly of the Federalists in opposing the war have the chalice commended to their own lips. I told the Democratic leaders," he said, with his habitual subacid good nature, "how they might have saved themselves and carried the next Presidential election, by being more loyal and earnest in support of the Administration than the Republican party. The Lord knows that would not have been hard."

Although in this memorable contest the Republicans presented a united front to the common enemy, within their own organization there were those bitter differences of opinion which always arise among men of strong convictions. The President's anteroom was thronged with earnest men who desired to warn him in person against the machinations of other men equally earnest, and his mail was encumbered by letters from every part of the country, and every shade of faction, filled with similar denunciations and warnings. The pure and able Senator Dixon of Connecticut wrote: "The heresies of Sumner are doing immense harm in a variety of ways. If his doctrine prevails, this country will be ruined. I do hope you and Mr. Seward will stand firm." From the other wing of the party came the most passionate denunciations of Seward and those who were associated with him in the popular mind; and after the election Senator Chandler of Michigan, one of the most powerful of the Republicans who had by this time assumed to themselves the title of Radicals, having seen in the newspapers a paragraph that Mr. Thurlow Weed and Governor Morgan had been in consultation with the President in regard to his message, wrote a vehement letter to the President, telling him there was a "patriotic organization in all the free and border States, containing over one million voters, every man of whom is your friend upon the Radical measures of your Administration; but there is not a Seward, Weed, or Blair man among them. How are these men," he asked, "to be of service to you in any way? They are a millstone about your neck. You drop them and they are politically ended forever. Conservatives and traitors are buried together. For God's sake do not exhume their remains in your message. They will smell worse than Lazarus after he had been buried three days."[1] There was no man slower than Mr. Lincoln to take personal offense at even the most indiscreet advice or censure; but he answered this letter of Mr. Chandler in a tone of unusual dignity and severity. "I have seen," he said, "Governor Morgan and Thurlow Weed separately, but not together, within the last ten days; but neither of them mentioned the forthcoming message, or said anything, so far as I can remember, which brought the thought of the message to my mind. I am very glad the elections this autumn have gone favorably and that I have not by native depravity, or under evil influences, done anything bad enough to prevent the good result. I hope to 'stand firm' enough to not go backward, and yet not go forward fast enough to wreck the country's cause."[2]

In the month of October Mr. Hood, the postmaster at Chattanooga, wrote to the President a letter setting forth the particulars of a scheme which Emerson Etheridge, Clerk of the House of Representatives, had entered into to give control of the next House to the opposition. Etheridge was a member of Congress from Tennessee before the war, and his sincere attachment to the Union in the face of much obloquy and persecution at home had endeared him to the Republicans in Congress and caused him to be given the post of Clerk of the House; but in the course of two years of war he had become separated from his former political affiliations and now sympathized with the opposition. Mr. Hood, who wrote apparently with great regret as a personal friend of Etheridge, claimed to have become aware of Etheridge's intention to leave off the rolls of the House the names of all members whose certificates did not bear on their face the statement that they had been elected "according to the laws of the State or of the United States." He based this action upon the provisions of a law which had been hurriedly passed during the last day of the Thirty-seventh Congress. At the same time it was understood that he had intimated to the Democratic members what his action would be, so as to allow them to provide themselves with certificates in the form required. The President, on the receipt of this news, put himself confidentially in communication with leading Republicans in all the loyal States, requesting them, without publicity, to have prepared duplicate certificates meeting the objection which it was thought that Etheridge would raise to the ordinary ones. This was in most cases attended to, but not in all, so that when the members began to arrive in Washington a few days before the day fixed for the opening of Congress, a general impression of the contemplated action of Etheridge had transpired and there was some uneasiness in regard to the issue. The President had done what he could to meet the legal requirements of the case; but, that having been done, he was not inclined to rely exclusively upon moral force. In view of the threatened outrage he sent for some of the leading members of Congress and told them the main thing was to be sure that all the Union members should be present. "Then," he said, "if Mr. Etheridge undertakes revolutionary proceedings, let him be carried out on a chip, and let our men organize the House."[1] This practical solution of the trouble had occurred to others, and the Rev. Owen Lovejoy, disregarding for a moment the etiquette of his sacred calling, announced that he was quite ready himself to take charge of Etheridge, and was confident of his muscular superiority to the Tennesseean.

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[1] Chandler to Lincoln, Nov. 15, 1863. MS.

[2] Lincoln to Chandler, Nov. 20, 1863. MS.

There was not so much uncertainty in regard to the issue as to prevent an animated contest among the Republicans for the caucus nomination for the speakership. The prominent candidates were Mr. Schuyler Colfax of Indiana and Mr. Elihu B. Washburne of Illinois. Mr. Cox of Ohio was the principal candidate for the barren honor of the caucus nomination among the Democrats; though for some time before the meeting of Congress there was a good deal of not very practical talk in regard to the nomination of General Frank P. Blair of Missouri as a compromise candidate to be supported by the Democrats and by a few of the so-called Conservative Republicans. General Blair, while one of the earliest and ablest Republicans of the border States, one who had distinguished himself equally in politics and in the field in the cause of freedom and of progress, had, through the vehemence of the factional fight which had so long been raging in Missouri, been gradually forced, partly by the denunciations of his enemies, and partly by his own combative instincts, into an attitude almost of hostility to the Republican party of the nation. Mr. Lincoln saw this with great regret. He had a high personal regard for Blair, and deplored the predicament into which his passionate temper and the assaults of his enemies were gradually crowding him. In the autumn of 1863 the Postmaster-General, in conversation with the President, said that his brother Frank would be guided by the President's wishes as to whether he should continue with his command in the field or take the seat in Congress to which he had been elected from Missouri. The President answered in a letter, dated 2d of November, saying:

> Some days ago I understood you to say that your brother, General Frank Blair, desired to be guided by my wishes as to whether he will occupy his seat in Congress or remain in the field. My wish, then, is compounded of what I believe will be best for the country and best for him; and it is that he will come here, put his military commission in my hands, take his seat, go into caucus with our friends, abide the nominations, help elect the nominees, and thus aid to organize a House of Representatives which will really support the Government in the war. If the result shall be the election of himself as Speaker, let him serve in that position. If not, let him retake his commission and return to the army. For the country this will heal a dangerous schism; for him it will relieve from a dangerous position. By a misunderstanding, as I think, he is in danger of being permanently separated from those with whom only he can ever have a real sympathy — the sincere opponents of slavery. It will be a mistake if he shall allow the provocations offered him by insincere time-servers to drive him from the house of his own building. He is young yet. He has abundant talent — quite enough to occupy all his time without devoting any to temper. He is rising in military skill and usefulness. His recent appointment to the command of a corps, by one so competent to judge as General Sherman, proves this. In that line he can serve both the country and himself more profitably than he could as a member of Congress upon the floor. The foregoing is what I would say if Frank Blair were my brother instead of yours.[2]

In pursuance of this letter Blair came to Washington, though before Congress assembled his candidacy for the speakership had passed out of sight. He took his seat, served for some months, and went back to the army in command of a corps, as the President had promised. This relinquishment of and restoration to a high command in the army occasioned much feeling and a violent attack upon the President on the part of the Radical Republicans, which continued even after he had submitted in a message to Congress the entire correspondence, which reflected nothing but credit upon all parties.

The canvass for Speaker closed on Saturday night, the 5th of December, Washburne withdrawing from the field, and Colfax being nominated by acclamation. All the next day there was great excitement at the hotels frequented by politicians in regard to Etheridge's proposed course of action, which was now no longer a secret to any one. The comments he everywhere heard upon his conduct had its effect upon his nerves, and he began to talk in a complaining and apologetic tone, saying he was simply obeying the law and there was no reason why Republicans should regard him vindictively. The next day, when the House opened, while he did not flinch from the position he had occupied, he did nothing arbitrary or revolutionary. He left off the roll the names of all those members whose certificates were not, in his opinion, in due form, but readily entertained a motion to restore them. This met with a hot protest from some of the pro-slavery members, but a vote was taken showing a majority of twenty for the Government. Mr. Washburne nominated Mr. Colfax, and he was elected by the same majority in a total vote of 181, the Democratic vote being scattered among many members, Mr. Cox receiving more than any other.

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[1] J. G. N., MS. Memoranda.

[2] MS.

As soon as Congress came together Mr. Fernando Wood renewed his furtive overtures with the Government for the appointment of peace commissioners from what he called his wing of the Democratic party, making no secret of his belief that he himself was the most appropriate choice which could be made for such a function. He urged the President to publish some sort of amnesty for the Northern sympathizers with the rebellion which would include Mr. Vallandigham and permit him to return to the country. He promised that in that case there should be two Democratic candidates in the field at the next Presidential election. The President declined his proposition, but he would not take no for an answer. He called again on the morning of the 14th of December and the President refused to see him, merely sending word by a servant that he had nothing further to say to him.[1] Later in the day Mr. Wood offered, in the House of Representatives, a resolution "that the President be requested to appoint three commissioners, who shall be empowered to open negotiations with the authorities at Richmond to the end that this bloody, destructive, and inhuman war shall cease, and the Union be restored upon terms of equity, fraternity, and equality under the Constitution." This resolution was laid upon the table by a party vote, and Mr. Green Clay Smith of Kentucky offered resolutions opposing "any armistice, or intervention, or mediation, or proposition for peace from any quarter so long as there shall be found a rebel in arms against the Government; and we ignore," the resolutions continued, "all party names, lines, and issues, and recognize but two parties in this war—patriots and traitors." Second: "That we hold it to be the duty of Congress to pass all necessary bills to supply men and money, and the duty of the people to render every aid in their power to the constituted authorities of the Government in the crushing out of the rebellion and in bringing the leaders thereof to condign punishment." The third resolution tendered the thanks of Congress to the soldiers in the field. The first resolution was passed by a party vote of ninety-three to sixty-five; the second and third were passed unanimously, with the exception of Mr. B. G. Harris of Maryland. Several times during the session this battle of resolutions was renewed, but always with the same result; the Democratic party constantly favoring negotiations for peace while as constantly declaring their devotion to the Union, and the Republicans repudiating every suggestion of negotiation or compromise so long as the enemies of the Republic bore arms against it.

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[1] J. G. N.. MS. Memoranda.

THE WESTERN SOLDIER.

WHEN General Sherman said to General Grant, "Your belief in victory I can compare to nothing but the faith of the Christian in the Saviour," he specified one of the leading characteristics of the typical Western soldier. At no time, from Sumter to Appomattox, did that devoted servant of the demands of courage and fortitude doubt the success of the Union cause. It was a part of his temperament, of his philosophy, to look for triumph. Not that he was simply a good-humored optimist, unregardful of adverse conditions, nor yet a victim of blind superstition, political or theological, but that heredity and experience had equipped him with a sense of confidence in himself, in his country, and in the force called fortune that was alike heroic and logical. He came of a stock that had conquered the frontier wilderness through a long and hard discipline of toil, vigilance, and sacrifice, and in so doing had exalted self-reliance as the first of virtues. His idea of duty had its root in a deep growth of previous endurance, which was also a present possession of honor and practical advantage. The past appealed to him at a short distance and in voices that were personally familiar; the Union meant to him a tangible daily blessing, purchased for him by the direct efforts of his father and grandfather in the founding of new States; and he scorned to think for a moment that he could not repeat such service with similar results upon the field of battle.

In the beginning, to be sure, he misjudged the proportions of the undertaking; but when the whole truth was made plain to him it only served to emphasize his loyalty and confirm his purpose of success. He reënlisted for three years as readily as he had enlisted for three months. It did not occur to him that he could do otherwise. The only thing that caused him thought was the question of adjusting his home affairs to a longer absence. He had kissed his mother, or wife, or sweetheart good-bye expecting to return in time to cultivate his corn-crop and exchange work with his neighbors as usual during the wheat harvest. Now he must send back word that unforeseen circumstances delayed him, and that they would have to get along somehow without him. If the farm could be rented on shares, or managed with hired labor, and if his creditors would wait for their money until the next pay-day, he would be content. The war might last the whole three years, though he hardly thought it could; but it would end all right — that he knew; and he must see it through, of course. Thus he talked and wrote — not in a lofty and star-spangled style, but calmly, simply, manfully. And in that mood he went forward, prepared for any test, equal to every emergency. It was his way. He wore a blue uniform that never fitted him, and followed a flag instead of a plow; but he did not stop to consider what the change implied from a sentimental point of view. Perhaps it was because he did not care.

In short, the qualities of faith, of resolution, and of self-control which distinguished General Grant were peculiar also to the potential battalions of the West that he commanded. His calculations and their capabilities were in perfect accord. That was first conclusively demonstrated at Fort Donelson, where the first substantial Union victory was achieved, and where the South first began to rectify its disparaging notions of Northern pluck and steadfastness. It is from Fort Donelson, in reality, that the story of the war properly dates. The prior fighting had all been desultory, experimental, and ineffective; but there a blow was struck that had vital significance. It was no longer to be fancied that the military instinct was a sectional monopoly, and that the Union could be saved only by sending five men against one. The big-fisted, hairy-breasted Westerners had not yet learned to keep step with tactical precision, nor to handle their weapons in an entirely graceful fashion; but they went where they were ordered, and they knew how to "get the bulge," as they called it. On the other hand, it was evident that the boasted knighthood of the enemy was not merely "dubbed with unhacked rapier and on carpet consideration," but had a solid basis of determination and intrepidity. These were the thoughts of the soldiers of the two armies as they fraternized, after the surrender, in the cabins on that bleak and memorable hilltop. They had not known each other before; henceforth they would meet with a better understanding. "You-all 'll git licked next time," the Confederates insisted; and the Federals smiled, and said, "Not much, Mary Ann."

When they came together again at Shiloh, where there were no fortifications to divide them, and where Thermopylæ was repeated a dozen times over, they learned a like lesson of mutual respect for bravery that never flinched, and enterprise that never wearied. The same is to be said as to Corinth, Perryville, and Stone's River. It was through these severe experiences that the soldiers of the West, contending with foemen worthy of their steel, became thoroughly inured to the hardship and peril of their new vocation. At the opening of the third year of the war they were veterans. They moved invincibly upon Vicksburg, and made its capture their celebration of the Fourth of July. Then ensued the startling tragedy of Chickamauga, relieved from utter mortification only by the tenacious and splendid valor of George H. Thomas. After Chickamauga — what? That was the query that the soldiers discussed with eager interest around the camp-fires in Tennessee and Mississippi. The general belief among them was that Grant would be selected to retrieve the disaster, and so they were not surprised when he was sent to Chattanooga. They wondered, however, why such a step was not sooner taken, and why Rosecrans was left beleagured for a whole month when there were so many troops doing indifferent service elsewhere. Some of them contended, moreover, that if Grant had been ordered to join and supersede Rosecrans immediately after the fall of Vicksburg the Chickamauga calamity would have been prevented.

The men in the ranks were much given to speculations of this kind. They could not know what unseen complications their commanders had to deal with, nor what sinister influences sometimes frustrated the best-laid plans; and so they were privileged to esteem their personal opinions as highly as they pleased. That was one of the advantages of being a private. Curiously enough, they often anticipated important events as accurately as if they had been advised of the carefully concealed moving causes, which goes to show — does it not? — that there is a certain degree of reciprocity between military science and unscientific common sense. They had views concerning the relative merits of the different generals too, derived from close observation, and not always incorrect, by any means. Their prime favorite at all times was Grant. Their feeling towards him was not exactly one of affection, but rather one of implicit trust, which was better than affection, in the sense that reason is preferable to emotion. He never made speeches to them, and never solicited their admiration in any form of parade; but the humblest of them could always reach him with their petitions, and he had a quiet way of simplifying things that was very pleasing. Sherman had their approbation, with a difference. He was "bully," they would say, but over-demonstrative. Thomas they honored profoundly. Halleck impressed them as a man who thought the war was being prosecuted for the sole purpose of giving lessons in strategy. McPherson delighted them; and so did Logan, after they found him out; and Blair and Dodge. They would have liked Sheridan more if he had been less severe.

They assumed a right of criticism towards their regimental and company officers that was almost as free as that exercised by the average voter with regard to political officials. In some instances they did injustice, no doubt; but, generally speaking, their estimates were sagacious and proper. They had no patience with pretense of any description, and they were quick to detect it. Thus, if a colonel invested his headquarters with unnecessary pomp and formality, as a colonel was occasionally known to do, they would nudge one another in passing and exchange looks and comments that rarely failed to produce a change. On one occasion a lieutenant-colonel, riding out to battle, forfeited the esteem of his regiment by holding a picture of his wife in his hand and gazing fixedly upon it; but he afterwards restored himself to favor by a daring act that cost him two ugly wounds. Another officer of the same rank, on a toilsome march, gained a cheer by alighting from his horse and giving his place in the saddle to a limping soldier; but when the major at his side did the same thing there was no response. The first had performed a kindness without prompting, while the second was a mere imitator. It was by such distinctions that officers were notified of the sharp watch that was being kept upon them, and admonished that they were mortal as well as those who wore no shoulder-straps. Now and then the instruction took a more amusing turn, as when a captain, noted for his conceit, undertook to lecture his company upon the necessity of increased respect for officers, and was checked by a droll fellow who said, with a grin and an extravagant salute, "Cap., I used to know you when you made harness."

At first the idea prevailed that the best men for officers were those who had figured as marshals in civic processions, or as captains in wolf-hunts, or as leaders in the sham warfare of the militia; but, as a rule, such selections proved to be disappointing. The most satisfactory officers were those who had won esteem in private life as intelligent and successful business men. It was ascertained early in the war that one might be very brave and adventurous and yet not be the right kind of man to hold a commission, there were so many other duties for him to fulfill besides that of waving his sword in the bloody vicissitudes of battle. The constant care and active perseverance required to insure comfort, to maintain discipline, and to promote efficiency were quite as important as obligations of a more shining order. It was not an easy task to adapt the Western soldier to those rigid but indispensable rules which often seemed to be only arbitrary devices for trying his patience and subduing his energy. He could not see for a long time what so much drilling had to do with putting down the rebellion, or how the Union was being saved by compelling him to observe a given neatness in his apparel and to do his eating and sleeping according to an invariable time-table. But experience gradually enlightened him in this respect, and towards the last he came to be quite proud of his martial education, though he never forgot how irksome and provoking the process of learning had been. When the war was almost ended, one was heard to say on being aroused from a comfortable snooze, "The first thing I 'm goin' to do after I git home is to hire a man to come and beat the reveille under my window every morning for a month, so I can poke my head out and tell him to go — to — thunder."

There were some officers who, like their men, were restive under the restraint and routine which necessity imposed upon them. They were unable, in particular, to appreciate the value of the minute records they had to keep, and the many reports they had to make; they had not enlisted, they would protest, for service of that mild and sedentary character. One of them went so far at one time as to refuse flatly to prepare an additional copy of one of his returns. "I 've furnished a duplicate and a triplicate and a quadruplicate," he declared, "and I won't send any more — not another d—dplicate." He changed his mind, however, when ordered under arrest. "I s'pose I 'll have to do it," he grimly observed, "or the war can't go on." Many a company commander squared his tangled accounts and preserved his reputation by placing "lost in action" opposite the list of articles for which he had no vouchers. The deception did not signify that the property had been misappropriated, but only that the bookkeeping was irregular. Those who made money dishonestly during the war were others than soldiers. The men who did the fighting did not do the stealing. In all history, it may truly be said, there was never another army that had so many opportunities for plunder and yet pursued its way with so much integrity. There was devastation where it marched, but solely because war at best exacts devastation as a penalty. At times more Federal troops were employed in protecting the property of the Southern people than in carrying on the work of fighting the Southern army. That was a mistake, as experience proved, and it was abandoned after a while; but it had its origin in principle, and illustrated a point of character.

The Western soldier watched eagerly for pay-day, however. He was not in the service on account of the wages, but nevertheless he wanted his money when it was due. That was one of the links that connected him with home, with family, with happiness. He liked to fold up the crisp new bills and put them in a letter to the woman who wrote him so cheerfully about herself and the children, in spite of the constant lump in her throat, and the burden of suspense that made even her dreams a source of agony. It was his habit to think a great deal more about those whom he had left behind him than about those with whom he was in daily association, or about himself and his adventures. If he happened to be in the rear, he was curious to know what was going on at the front; and the approach of a battle, with its hidden possibilities of gain or loss, absorbed his attention for the time. But it was news from home that had the largest place in his mind; and often a very little matter thus related would stir him deeply — as when he would read on the margin of his wife's last letter a babyish scrawl saying, "Dear papa, come back as soon as you can to me and mamma." That had coaxed a smile from mamma, he knew; ah, yes, and afterwards she had gone off by herself to cry, poor, dear woman! Then he would wish that the bugles might blow, or the drums beat, or the guns crack on the picket line. He was a soldier "for three years or during the war," and he must not let himself grow homesick. Some, alas, did fall victims to that insidious and pathetic influence. They had no disease that the doctors could discover, and yet they died — died of the *maladie du pays*.

These examples of death produced by morbid longing might easily have been more numerous if the soldiers as a class had not been blessed with that indefatigable sense of humor which a modern philosopher has declared to be the next best thing to an abiding faith in Providence. They insisted upon seeing the comic side of their toils and misfortunes, and were even able sometimes to invent a ludicrous side when in reality none existed. If melancholy sought to enter a camp it was apt to be halted and turned back by a dry joke from the first sentinel it encountered. There was grumbling in plenty, and it did not always stop short of profanity; but the profanity was usually of that robust and peculiar quality which Emerson guarantees to have a "fructifying" effect. There was always room left for a laugh, if indeed the oath did not prepare the way for the laugh. The chaplains strove diligently for a season to correct this undevout tendency; but in course of time they practically gave it up, on the hypothesis, it may be assumed, that it was better to tolerate a certain kind of profanity than to enlarge the sick-list by repressing it. There is some reason to suspect that some of them had an eye to personal success. Those chaplains were most popular who did least preaching, and devoted their time mainly to works which helped to promote the comfort and welfare of the soldiers. Not a few of them thus endeared themselves to the ranks as they could never have done by the best of strictly spiritual service; and occasionally, too, they won admiration by acts of military sense and courage, like that of the one who, being ordered to burn the transportation and supplies that he had charge of in the rear of the Federal lines at the battle of Corinth, said, "No, sir; the boys are not whipped yet," and thus saved what the panic-stricken commander would have foolishly destroyed.

It was lucky for the soldiers of the West that to their gift of humor was added the even more important attribute of large and capable feet; for they had much marching to do, and were thus fitted to do it in a proper manner. They were always glad when an order came for such an experience. It suited them best to be moving; not only because that "looked like business," as they said, but also because it implied change of scene, duty, and diet. If the march lasted only a day, and had nothing but swamp-water and mosquitoes at the end of it, still it was a welcome relief; and when it was prolonged for weeks, and led to a great battle, like the march of Sherman's forces from Memphis to Chattanooga in the autumn of 1863, it became a supreme gratification. That notable expedition afforded the troops a rare chance to look upon the homes of the South in a continuous and leisurely way, and to learn how the war had affected them. The picture was sad enough in some respects; in others it was merely unpleasant; in yet others it was ludicrous. The Western soldier did not allow any of it to surprise him, unless it was the presence of so much chicken and honey where there were so many signs of general distress and decay. That seemed to him anomalous, and he took care to leave no cause for like wonder on the part of anybody who should visit that region after him. As for the rest, it was only what he had expected. It was the logic of things; and that was all there was to be said about it.

To be with the advance guard of the column, or with the roaming scouts and foragers, was to see army life in its most enjoyable aspect. The novelty of it was unfailing, with just sufficient peril to keep one thoughtful of his cartridges. If the people had entertained a conception of Yankee soldiers as creatures of low-browed ferocity and rapacity, they were speedily undeceived. A better-natured order of invaders never marched into any country. They were disposed to make themselves agreeable, so far as duty permitted, and to effect their "cramping," as they named the procedure by which they obtained necessary supplies, with as little offense as possible. They liked to sit on the doorsteps and chat with the women, and fumble at the toes of the babies, and have the negro urchins dance for them to the juba-patting of a presumptive Uncle Tom. It was very pleasant to them to hear a feminine voice again, if it did drawl its words and cut curious antics of pronunciation. The fact appeared very plainly that the Southern women were true to the cause for which the Southern men were fighting; and their blue-coated visitors really admired their fidelity while dutifully pretending to find it very shocking and lamentable. Their eyes snapped and their cheeks flamed very prettily as they talked of Chickamauga, and ironically pitied the poor Federals whom Bragg had "done got" surrounded at Chattanooga. They could not know — though they must have suspected — that they were then entertaining the very men who were to aid in delivering that beleaguered army, and inflicting a defeat upon Bragg from which he would never recover.

Many of these fair secessionists, with all their haughtiness and vindictiveness, were capable of pleading for the privilege of Rahab to bind scarlet lines in their windows against apprehended dangers. They knew how to be exceedingly polite and flattering when they wanted guards placed about their dwellings or their paltry residue of cows, sheep, and pigs saved from confiscation. Sometimes such negotiations led to episodes of marked romantic interest, in which the soldiers tasted nectar with their bacon and hard-tack, and made vows wholly unauthorized by the army regulations, thus attesting the loyalty of human nature to love in war as in peace. In some instances, too, these performances contained an element of treachery, and furnished prisoners to lurking bands of Confederate cavalry. In other words, it was not safe to assume that because the daughters of the South were willing to incline their ears to Federal love-making, they could not play the wooers false for a military advantage. Their hearts were well under control in that particular. They accepted homage with a reservation of the right to profit by it as they might choose. There should have been some genuine Unionists among them, according to popular report, but on that march of forty days the soldiers came across only one, as they believed. She wore a large pink sun-bonnet and a well-starched white dress, and stood at a wood-pile in a stooping posture, with her back to a party of advancing foragers. The sergeant of the squad stole up behind her, put an arm quickly around her waist, and kissed her. Then he waited to be condemned. But instead of resenting the assault, she lifted a radiant face and said in a soft, appreciative tone, "You 'll find me right yer ev'ry day a-pickin' up chips."

The Federal commanders had cause repeatedly to attribute the failure of their schemes and hopes to the vigilance of the non-combatants of the South, especially the women. It was almost impossible to execute any movement that depended upon the mystification of the enemy. A voluntary and comprehensive system of spying and reporting existed which kept the Confederate authorities so well advised that they could rarely be taken unawares. By common consent those of both sexes who were at home watched continually in every direction for those signs by which the intentions of an army are foreshadowed and the opposite side made acquainted with valuable facts. From the day that a Federal regiment crossed the Ohio River, it was never exempt from this sort of surveillance; and the most innocent-looking old man, or meek-visaged woman, or wondering child was a possible bearer of important secrets to the nearest Confederate headquarters. There was no way to escape such an agency of mischief. The only thing that could be done in that connection was to deal summarily with all spies whose acts were definitely covered by the laws of war. One such, with a pass signed by General Bragg and other convicting documents on his person, was captured, tried by court-martial, and sentenced to be hanged. At the last moment, when sitting upon his coffin, with the gallows directly before him, he was offered an unconditional pardon if he would reveal the whereabouts of a certain prominent character under whose orders he had been immediately acting. He drew himself up, his hands tied behind him,— he was a slight, boyish, handsome fellow,— and answered scornfully, "Would *you* betray a friend? *I* 'd rather die a thousand deaths!" That was as much as he cared to say. With a quick but firm step he ascended the scaffold and made good his fatal declaration. It was an odd coincidence, many of the soldiers remarked, that his name was Davis.

It is to be presumed that the Confederate spies notified Bragg promptly of every step that Sherman took during that forty days' journey, and thus enabled him to divine in due season that the objective point in the case was Chattanooga. But Sherman's soldiers had no means of forecasting their destination. They thought one day that it might be one place, and another day another place. It was certain, at least, that they were not making such a long march merely "to take the kinks out of their legs and hunt up a little poultry," as their commander was said to have observed. There was hard work to be done somewhere, they were satisfied; but what it was or where it was they did not really know until they were ferried hastily over the Tennessee River by night and halted in the baleful shadow of Missionary Ridge. Then they understood. The enemy was to be forced from the strongest position that he had yet held, and Grant had sent for them — waited for them — to insure the success of the undertaking. They were very proud of that, and they were anxious to begin the assault. It was past noon when the last of their artillery crossed the river. At 1 o'clock they moved forward. A drizzling rain was falling, and as they mounted the hill a fantastic drapery of mist involved them. They looked above only to see the low-lying clouds that hid the summit of the ridge, as similar clouds concealed Lookout Mountain, where Hooker's men were also ascending. From the clouds came crash of cannon and peal of musketry to dispute their right to be there. The haze and the smoke met, mingled, and blotted out the heavens; it was as if night had suddenly intervened, and a new sky in which the stars were made by the bursting shells. Then, after a time, it grew lighter. It was not yet sundown, and they stood upon the top of the hill. There they rested for the next day's struggle.

The situation was not conducive to sleep, and the boys longed for the morning to come that they might go on. They got an early start, with bright weather to encourage them, and advanced rapidly to the next hill and to the main ridge, gaining a position at length that meant victory if they could hold it. And they did hold it. They were there for that purpose, and Grant was watching them from Orchard Knob. It was so awfully hot at times that they had to fall back a little; and then they would advance again, driving the enemy before them, and pushing on still farther than they had been before. Column after column was hurled upon them, as Grant had anticipated; it was a part of the plan for them to contend against heavy odds, and they did it with their accustomed courage and faith. In the pauses of the battle they would look about them for chances to serve wounded comrades, or to identify dead ones — and there were plenty of those sorrowful opportunities. And when they died, they did it as if with a feeling that death was not a thing that they could afford to make a fuss about. "Boys," said one, "the doctor was mistaken; I can't live — I 've got to go." The words were hardly spoken when he ceased to breathe. Said another, "Turn me over, some of you, so I can see — the colors"; and when they turned him over he was dead. Still another raised his hand as though it belonged to somebody else and with his own fingers closed his eyes for the grave. Thus it was that they talked and acted on Missionary Ridge. It was the way they had talked and acted when at home; and they saw no reason to do differently because they were in Tennessee instead of Illinois, or Iowa, or Kansas, or Minnesota. They realized, as they often quaintly remarked, that the Government did not provide against accidents to its soldiers. Certain things were to be taken for granted. If they should fortunately escape, very well; if not, then still very well. Such was their philosophy; and in a considerable measure it was also their religion.

In this brilliant and tremendous campaign against Bragg, the Western soldier touched elbows with the soldier of the East, and from that time on, more or less, they marched and fought together. The conjunction furnished a curious and suggestive study. The two types of men differed materially, and comparison was not only easy, but inevitable; in fact, the comparisons made themselves. It was evident that the Eastern soldier was not fortified by the same serene and immovable belief in victory that supported his Western comrade. He had grit and pride to match the best, but he admitted the possibility of failure, and was regardful of lines of retreat and partial to intrenchments. The idea of a campaign conducted without scrupulous regard for the art of war as taught by books did not meet his approval. He preferred to be so led that no disrespect should be shown to the opinions of Cæsar. Battles had been won, he conceded, by simply getting within fighting range of the enemy and staying there until success happened; but he doubted the excellence of such achievements, and held that it was better to be patient and do things scientifically. He thought the rebellion might ultimately be overcome if the North would stand sufficient drafting, and he feared that Mr. Lincoln had some bad advisers who were inducing him so to complicate matters in a political way as to discourage an amicable settlement of the contest. These views were expressed in confident, not to say dogmatic, terms. The Eastern soldier took himself and his cogitations seriously, so much so that at times he was a bit tiresome. But then he had humorous intervals on other subjects, and at all times he was a man who obeyed orders whether he liked them or not.

The thing about the man from the Potomac that the Westerners thought most peculiar was his persistent admiration of McClellan. They could not understand why he should think a man a great soldier who had organized so much victory that never came to pass, and avoided so many defeats by reversing the theory of Hudibras, that military honor is to be won, like a widow, with brisk attempt, "not slow approaches, like a virgin." It seemed to them that while their Eastern brother's McClellanism, as they denominated it, included certain technical virtues that were undoubtedly worth having, it also tended to confuse and hamper him in the presence of circumstances to which they were always superior. He excelled them in drill, they frankly acknowledged; he wore his uniform as if he had never worn anything else, and in all his actions there was a distinct and self-conscious air of martial propriety. It was not true, as was grotesquely asserted, that he wore a corset, used cosmetics, and slept with gloves on. But it was true that he was remarkably fastidious, and attached much importance to his wardrobe. The deprivations of the siege of Chattanooga would probably not have vanquished him, had he been there to bear them, but his endurance would have lacked the capital cheerfulness which was displayed in that extremity of hunger and raggedness. Perhaps he would have joined in the search for undigested kernels of grain which had already served as food for horses and mules, but it would have been with a countenance bereaved of the power to smile; and certainly he could not have surveyed himself in patches and tatters and found it possible to exclaim, as did a Western soldier under those conditions, "Oh, no, I ain't sufferin' for clothes, but my heart 's a-breakin' for a diamond breast-pin!" He was not so constituted. His home life had not qualified him for sacrifices of that kind. He could and did make them, let it be remembered to his honor; but he never learned how to do it in the Western mood of ready and tonic buoyancy.

The Western soldier felt that the victory of Chattanooga, following so soon after the successes of Gettysburg and Vicksburg, should bring the war rapidly to an end; but when he ascertained that such was not to be the case, he made the best of it, as he did of everything. He went on, as fast as the enemy could be persuaded to get out of the way, from Chattanooga to Atlanta; from Atlanta to the sea; thence to Richmond; and at last to Washington. His work was done, and done so well that it was its own most vivid and eloquent commendation. So they mustered him out. He was a soldier no longer, but a visiting citizen at the National Capital, who was to take the first train for home. His uniform was discarded with a sense of surpassing relief. The new garments which he hastened to put on made him feel stiff and awkward, and somehow his thoughts seemed to be affected in the same queer way. It was like beginning life all over again. His talk was not so much of what was past as of what was to come. The Union had been saved,— he had known all the time that it would be,— and he was eager now to get back to his folks. It cost him a little pang to give up his gun; he had come to regard it with a kind of affection. The pungent scent of battle smoke still lingered in its joints and creases. By that sign he had conquered. And having conquered, he was ready to go home. He had gone away under a heavy obligation to his country; now he was his country's creditor, and it acknowledged the debt with pride and gladness—

> The debt immense of endless gratitude;
> Still paying, still to owe.

Henry King.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

No New Sectional Division.

THE old sectional line in the United States is fast vanishing. It may even be said already to have been wiped out a part of the way, when Delaware breaks her long succession of senators from one party, and West Virginia is claimed for weeks by both parties. It is obvious that neither North nor South can be counted upon as "solid" in future national struggles.

This result was as inevitable as it is desirable. The ancient division between the two sections was due to a single cause, and it could not long survive the final removal of that cause. It is an abnormal state of things in a republic for a great group of States always to support the same party in an election — almost as abnormal as for all the men in a community to hold the same political opinions. The natural order is one of divergences among States as among individuals. No better illustration of this truth could be desired than is furnished by the experience of New England. Of all parts of the country this has always been regarded as the most distinctly defined and differentiated. The Yankee has been considered a type, almost a race, and one would have expected to find Yankees in every Yankee State taking the same side of a great public controversy. So far, however, has this been from the case that even such close neighbors as New Hampshire and Vermont have over and over again parted company politically; indeed, they were for many years stoutly opposed to each other. Lying side by side, with only a river between them, similar in physical geography, settled by pioneers of the same character, one of them has gone overwhelmingly one way for more than a generation, while the other was long a "stronghold" of the opposite political party, and still continues a close State.

There were similar divergences in the South originally, and they continued until a special cause broke down all minor differences and fused rival States. In 1840 the Whigs carried Mississippi for Harrison, while Alabama, its next neighbor on the east, went Democratic by a good majority; North Carolina was strongly Whig, South Carolina strongly Democratic. In 1848 North Carolina remained a strong Whig State, while Virginia on one side and South Carolina on the other cast their electoral votes for the Democratic candidate. Even in 1852 Kentucky and Tennessee held aloof from the other Southern States in their adherence to the Whigs, and it was not until 1856 that all of the commonwealths in that part of the Union were found united in a Presidential election, and "Mason and Dixon's line" became an actual line of political division.

As only an overmastering interest which affected them all could weld together States that had differed sharply upon other questions, so the disappearance not only of that interest, but also of the issues which for a while survived its removal, must cause them to fall apart. For some time past it has been chiefly sentiment which has preserved the solidity of the section. The political struggles of the reconstruction era naturally maintained the feeling that the South must make common cause still, as in the years before the war, but the issues of that era have been settled, so far as they can be settled by any agency except that of time. The most urgent appeals to "stand firm," for fear that harm might yet be done to their common interests if they should divide, were not powerful enough last year to hold together the old Whigs and the old Democrats of Virginia, and enough ex-Confederates took sides against the majority of their old associates in the defense of slavery to leave the two great parties almost even in the total poll. It must be accounted one of the brightest auguries for our national future that the last Presidential election of our first century showed that the old sectional division in our politics is not to lap over into the second century.

Is a new sectional division to supplant the old? Now that the South is no longer to be solid, are we to see the West arrayed against the East? Such has been the forecast of some political prophets, and the suggestion is plausible enough to merit attention.

That the West should boast of its growing strength is most natural and justifiable. The centennial of Washington's inauguration serves to bring out in strong relief the wonderful advancement of Western progress. Washington received every electoral vote, but he received not one from beyond the Alleghanies. At the last Presidential election the States west of that range and north of the Ohio River line to the Pacific (counting Missouri among them, as obviously should be done) cast 151 out of 401 electoral votes — almost two-fifths of the whole number. "Beyond the Alleghanies," says Irving, in speaking of Washington's inauguration, "extended regions almost boundless, as yet, for the most part, wild and uncultivated, the asylum of roving Indians and restless, discontented white men." The last census showed 17,209,492 people, out of a total population in the whole country of 50,155,783, in the States already organized out of those regions. The census of 1890 will undoubtedly increase the proportion of the whole population to be found in those States. Moreover, the creation of four new States from the Territories in the North-west will raise still higher the percentage of the electoral college alloted to that portion of the country. It seems safe to say that more than two-fifths of the electoral votes in 1892 will be cast by States beyond the Alleghanies.

Meanwhile the East steadily loses power. Applying this term to New England and the "Middle States" of the old geographies,— New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, and Delaware,— we shall find that the region cast 76 out of 135 electoral votes after the census of 1790, and not until thirty years later failed to hold more than half of the whole number. Now these ten States have only 116 out of 401, or but a little more than a quarter. The proportion is likely to sink a little lower under the next apportionment. Already therefore the West, which, politically speaking, did not exist when Washington was inaugurated, far outweighs the East, and its preponderance seems bound steadily to grow for a long while to come.

That the West could rule the East and the country, through a union of its strength with three or four neighboring States to the southward, is evident enough. That it should be hastily suggested that a new sectional line of this sort may be drawn, is not strange. But reflection will show that such an alignment is both a moral and a physical impossibility. To begin with, the West is itself the offspring of the East. Its institutions are those which were carried by advancing settlers from the Atlantic seaboard. Its political traditions and associations have always been the same as those of the East. No peculiar interest has ever separated these two portions of the North, as slavery once put apart the North and the South. There is nothing in its political development to incline the West towards sectional action against the East. On the contrary, all those underlying causes which in the long run most profoundly influence men work irresistibly towards continued harmony.

The notion that an artificial line of division has been drawn which may array West against East on economical questions is equally fallacious. It is easy to say that the West is an agricultural section and the East a manufacturing one, but the statement will not bear analysis. As long ago as 1880 Ohio reported much more than half the amount of capital invested in manufactures which she should have had relatively to New York on the basis of population; Illinois, nearly half her quota on the basis of Pennsylvania; even Missouri, more than a third of the total needed to place her on an equality with New Jersey in the ratio of such capital to population. Clearly it will not answer to call such States agricultural communities.

Moreover, experience has shown that not even manufacturing States can be lumped together in politics. In the East, Pennsylvania and New York went one way in 1888; New Jersey and Connecticut, the other. It is already coming to be the same with the newer manufacturing States in the West. Indiana has rapidly growing interests in this direction, and it is the closest State in all that region. Illinois has many more manufactories than in 1880, but it gave Harrison a much smaller majority than Garfield. Call the West agricultural or manufacturing, as you please, it cannot be counted as solid any more than the East. The country has suffered so much from sectional politics in the past that the prospect of another line of division might well arouse apprehension, but happily it is plain that no such prospect exists.

Office Seeking the Man.

To a right-minded man, with a taste for public affairs and a conviction that he has the ability to render his country some service, scarcely anything can be more grateful than the spontaneous tender by his fellow-citizens of a position suited to his talents. To such a man also the idea is intolerable that he should have to seek an office in order to secure one; that he must go into the market and cry his own wares; that he may even need to establish "headquarters," and draw people to become his patrons by methods little above those employed by the "puller-in" of a Bowery shopkeeper.

It is always difficult to make comparisons as to the relative amount of office seeking the man and office-seeking by the man at different periods in our history. The longest memory can cover only a portion of the century, and the most trustworthy recollection is liable to err. Newspaper files afford little assistance, for the press of two and three generations ago was apt to overlook or disregard the very matters of detail which are necessary to afford material for a sound judgment. The unanimity with which the highest honors were thrust upon Washington is known to everybody, but the most careful investigation leaves the inquirer uncertain how large was the proportion of such cases and how often an Aaron Burr was ready for any intrigue to secure place.

The decline of rotation as regards representatives in Congress, and the tendency to reëlect senators term after term, are signs which indicate a decided gain in the attitude of the public. But there is a dark side to the picture. Even in a State where a senator is given a third term without a word of protest, lower offices may be sought and won by the hardest workers. "Nominations, nowadays, do not come to men who make no effort to get them, but rather go to those who organize and labor and expend money to secure them," was the melancholy confession last year of a newspaper in Massachusetts, in speaking of an impending vacancy in a congressional district which is largely composed of farming towns. "The idea of office seeking the man is nearly 'played out' in this State. An honest, deserving, and every way capable aspirant for a responsible position has little chance to obtain a nomination before a convention if his rival is a prominent politician, with an abundance of party workers to 'whoop it up' for him." Such was the bitter comment of a Boston paper a few months later. "Oh, what 's the use of talking about ——? He is n't doing anything. He is n't making any trades or giving any pledges, and men don't get elected speaker nowadays without trades and pledges." So spoke a busy Massachusetts politician, himself actively working last winter for another candidate, who had no such scruples.

Massachusetts is not a sinner above all other States in this matter; indeed, it is perhaps the memory of other traditions which were once exceptionally strong there that prompts the bitter confessions of her own people and fixes the surprised attention of outsiders. There is more than one State which at once occurs to the careful observer of national politics where a governorship or a United States senatorship has been carried off by a man whom nobody would have suggested as qualified for the place by eminent talent or distinguished public service; where every one recognizes that it is either money or "push" which secured the place that should have been awarded to merit.

Taken by themselves, such incidents are most discouraging. Even when viewed along with other more hopeful tendencies, they are calculated to depress one. The optimistic attitude is certainly the most agreeable — that they represent temporary and local set-backs in a current which on the whole makes for better politics. But this will only prove to be the case if the offenders are made to feel that public sentiment is outraged by such conduct. This is emphatically one of those cases where silence will be held to mean consent, and the press has a duty which it cannot afford to neglect.

Soldiers' Memorial Services.

WITH every repetition of the ceremonies of Memorial Week the true meaning and import of this unique festival is more fully disclosed. Just after the war the annual gathering of companies of old soldiers to strew with flowers the graves of their comrades who fell in the service was looked upon by the public as a natural and beautiful remembrance of the heroic dead; still, as then exercised, it was a rite affecting only a limited class in each community. When, however, the ceremony was followed up year after year, and the citizens in a body were invited to take part by the donation of flowers and other decorations, and to join in the services,—either in the parades, at the cemeteries, or in the general public exercises of the day,—it was apparent that the occasion appealed to the sentiments of all. Instead of being a narrow rite, and restricted to a class, it was a broad, patriotic symbol, and belonged to the whole nation. The nation adopted the new idea and to-day it is an institution; one, too, that promises to last long.

The world honors martial bravery, and it is not a sign of false civilization that such should be the case. Theoretically, wars in modern times have a moral purpose, and almost always there is a moral issue involved in every great strife. The traditions of this Republic, especially, are that war is justifiable only in a conflict of conscience. And for a man to risk his life for his belief is universally held to be the sublimest duty allotted to mortal. It is this lofty idea — this conviction which to many has the sacredness of a religious creed — that runs through all the ritual services of the military orders in commemorating their dead, and it is becoming generally adopted by orators when addressing public assemblies during Memorial Week. Even the martial bravery of the late enemy is remembered by the Grand Army veterans at the tombs of their own dead comrades, and they there solemnly pledge to their enemy "a soldier's pardon." Upon the common ground of honoring the brave, the Union and Confederate veterans unite to offer tribute to departed valor.

There is another feature of this memorial work that makes the rite a broad one. It is not alone those who died for the cause that are thus honored by the Grand Army, but every Union soldier who has since passed away, so far as the graves can be identified. It does not matter that a veteran has devoted a quarter of a century to civil pursuits since his military service ended, or that changes of opinion on the issues of the war have been openly declared by him: all is forgotten except the fact that he once answered the call of duty. Mere partisan feelings are tabooed, and the veteran, though he died but yesterday, is remembered at his burial with military honors. To his comrades he has become a "dead soldier," whose "march" is just "over," and whose spirit has joined the "long column" above. There is in this catholicity of soldier sentiment, winning, as it does, the admiration and sympathy of former foes, an earnest of civil security in the future.

In that strong fraternal impulse also, which is expressed in the most touching manner in the joint memorial services along the old border, and in some of the chief interior cities of the South, there is a trace of further development of that true national sentiment which has had such remarkable growth in the South since the war. Lincoln said of the people of the North and the South, in 1865: "Both read the same Bible and pray to the same God." To-day the veterans' memories of the conflict that called them to arms are on both sides turning to a single noble ideal — martial heroism. Surely the worshipers of that ideal will know no North and no South while twining chaplets to immortalize the brave.

OPEN LETTERS.

Fraternization — The Blue and the Gray.

IN the number of this magazine for July, 1888, I gave a list of the important reunions of organized bodies of Union and ex-Confederate veterans. The list was as full as the available records would permit.[1] Other instances of fraternal meetings were the receptions given to the Gate City Guard, of Atlanta, Georgia, in 1879, at Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York, Hartford, Boston, and elsewhere, by local military organizations, composed in part of Union veterans, and a reunion at Elizabeth, New Jersey, October 19, 1875, participated in by ex-Confederates living in the North and numbers of Union veterans who responded to the call.

Since the publication of my article on reunions, Mr. William G. James, Assistant Adjutant-General Department of Louisiana and Mississippi, G. A. R., has sent me the following item from the New Orleans "Picayune," in an account of the Confederate Memorial Services of April 6, 1878:

> During the day a deputation from the Grand Army of the Republic visited the Confederate monument with an offering of two baskets of flowers and a number of bouquets, with this inscription attached:
>
> IN MEMORIAM. A TRIBUTE TO THE FALLEN BRAVE FROM JOSEPH A. MOWER POST NO. 1, DEPARTMENT OF LOUISIANA, GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC.

Mr. James adds:

> On the 30th of May following this occurrence, just as the steamboat with the comrades of Mower Post and their friends was landing at Chalmette National Cemetery, there came alongside a tugboat with a barge, evidently fitted up for the occasion, filled with ladies and gentlemen, who proved to be the members and guests of two Confederate veteran organizations, with floral offerings for our dead. This party was followed by another composed of the Continental Guards (ex-Confederates), also bringing offerings. On each Memorial Day since, these Confederate organizations have presented offerings and participated with us in our memorial services at Chalmette National Cemetery, and it is a question whether there are not more ex-Confederates than Union veterans present on these occasions.

Mower Post was organized April 3, 1872, and now has nearly 150 members in good standing.

George L. Kilmer,
Abraham Lincoln Post No. 13, Dep't New York, G. A. R.

General McClellan's Baggage-Destroying Order.

I. BY JAMES F. RUSLING, LATE BREVET BRIGADIER-GENERAL, U. S. V.

IN Messrs. Nicolay and Hay's "Lincoln," referring to General McClellan's conduct after the battle of Gaines's Mill, June 28, 1862 (see THE CENTURY MAGAZINE, November, 1888, p. 142), in a foot-note they say:

> Lieutenant-Colonel B. S. Alexander, of the Corps of Engineers, gave the following sworn evidence before the Committee on the Conduct of the War (p. 592). He said he saw, on the evening of the 28th, at General McClellan's headquarters at Savage's Station, an order directing the destruction of the baggage of the officers and men, and he thought also the camp equipage; appealing to the officers and men to submit to this privation because it would be only for a few days, he thought the order stated. He went to the general at once, and remonstrated with him against allowing any such order to be issued, telling him he thought it would have a bad effect upon the army — would demoralize the officers and men; that it would tell them more plainly than in any other way that they were a defeated army, running for their lives. This led to some discussion among the officers at headquarters, and Colonel Alexander heard afterward that the order was never promulgated, but suppressed.

Now is it not very singular that nobody has ever produced a copy of that "order"? General McClellan in his official report of the Peninsula campaign, and also in his "Own Story" (1887), makes no mention of it. And yet it is the truth of history that just such an "order" was "issued" and "promulgated" by him on that occasion, for I myself saw and read it. I was then a captain and assistant quartermaster of Carr's (Patterson's) brigade, Hooker's division of the Third Army Corps (Heintzelman's). The order was received at brigade headquarters from the division headquarters about 8 P. M., June 28, and handed to me and others there for our official guidance. The brigade itself was out on picket, in front of Fair Oaks, with headquarters pitched near Fair Oaks, just south of the railroad. After showing the order to me and others, the adjutant-general (C. K. Hall, now deceased) mounted his horse and rode to the front to promulgate it to the regiments of the brigade (the 5th, 6th, 7th, and 8th New Jersey and the 2d New York). What became of this order afterward I do not know, but suppose it was destroyed, with most of the official desks and papers of the brigade, near Bristow Station, Virginia, in the August following, when Stonewall Jackson got possession of the railroad there, in the rear of Pope, and burned several hundred cars, including the baggage of our brigade. But the substance of the order I entered in my "Army Journal" a few days subsequent to the issue of it, and it is recorded there as follows:

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[1] In the account of the Antietam reunion of September, 1887, the "50th N. Y. Volunteers" should read "20th N. Y. Volunteers."

> On the night of Saturday above mentioned (June 28, 1862), about dark, we received orders from army headquarters to load the trains with ammunition and subsistence, to destroy all trunks and surplus baggage, to abandon all camp equipage but not to burn it, and to decamp across White Oak Swamp, in the direction of James River, with as much expedition as possible. . . . Ordered headquarters train to gear up, then galloped to the regiments and directed regimental quartermasters to report with their trains to me near Savage's Station as soon as possible. Then returned to camp, and proceeded to arrange for the skedaddle. Resolved to save all private baggage and official papers at headquarters at any rate, and packed my train accordingly. . . . This done, I packed three tents, and abandoned the rest (only three), first cutting them to pieces, and with this exception loaded up everything. About 11 P. M. bade the staff "good-bye," and soon after 12 M. reached the plain by Savage's Station.

My recollection is that the "order" came by telegraph, and read about as follows:

> The general commanding directs that the trains be loaded with ammunition and subsistence, and dispatched as promptly as possible by Savage's Station, across White Oak Swamp, in the direction of James River. All trunks and private baggage, and all camp equipage, will be abandoned and destroyed, but not burned. The general commanding trusts his brave troops will bear these privations with their wonted fortitude, as it will be but for a few days.

In obedience to this order, all of the regiments of our brigade abandoned and destroyed their camp equipage, and most of their private baggage, such as officers' trunks, valises, etc., as well as a large amount of new army clothing just received. The First and Second Brigades of the division received the same order, and of course obeyed it in the same way. Trunks and valises were knocked and hacked to pieces; clothing was cut and torn to rags; tents were ripped and slit to ribbons. Our wall, Sibley, and hospital tents — many almost new — were cut and ripped, and the poles chopped to pieces, but nothing was set on fire that night, lest the enemy should learn of our movement prematurely. Next morning, when the troops fell back to Savage's Station, fire was set to many things, including the commissary depot at Fair Oaks.

That extraordinary order certainly was "issued" and "promulgated" to Hooker's division of the Third Army Corps, and hence, I presume, to the rest of the corps. The truth, I think, is that it was promulgated to the Third Corps, and perhaps to another, but not to the rest of the army, because of the vigorous protests of Colonel Alexander and others, who saw its demoralizing tendency at a glance.

TRENTON, N. J.

II. BY GEORGE E. CORSON.

ON the twenty-eighth day of June, 1862, I was commissary sergeant, and acting quartermaster sergeant, of the first battalion, 17th regiment, United States Infantry, and as such on that date was with the wagon train of Sykes's division of Porter's corps, which was parked near and a little to the south-east of Savage's Station. About 5 or 6 o'clock in the afternoon of the 28th the quartermasters in charge of the train received orders to empty the wagons under their charge of the baggage of the officers and men, and of all camp equipage, and to destroy the same at once by burning. The order was immediately executed. All the personal effects of the officers, consisting of their clothing, bedding, mess-chests, etc., the knapsacks of the men,— left by them in our camp at Gaines's Mill on the morning of the 26th, when the troops were ordered off in light marching order in the direction of Mechanicsville, and which had been brought along in our wagons,— and the tents and other camp equipage, were removed from the wagons, made into large piles, and set on fire.

Strict orders were given the teamsters, guards, and others on duty with the train not to rifle, interfere with, or attempt to save from the flames any of the effects of the officers or men, though it was known that many of the officers' valises and knapsacks contained money, watches, revolvers, and other valuables. One or more of the teamsters or train-guard were, of my personal knowledge, wounded by the discharge of loaded revolvers from the burning piles. I narrowly escaped the same fate myself, while superintending the destruction of the property in my charge. After completing this destruction the now empty train was taken to Savage's Station and there loaded with hard-bread, pork, coffee, sugar, and other commissary stores. The remaining commissary stores, among which there was said to be three hundred barrels of whisky, and the vast amount of quartermaster's stores which had been accumulated at the station for the use of the army, were set on fire, and by the light of the great conflagration our train wended its way towards the James River.

It will be seen from these facts that the order of General McClellan, referred to by Colonel Alexander, was promulgated in the afternoon of June 28, to the officers in charge of the wagon-trains in the immediate vicinity of Savage's Station, to the great loss and hardship at least of the officers and men of Sykes's division; but whether said order was intended for the whole army, or made known to them, I never knew, and have no means of determining. Having assisted in executing the order, and the recollection of the scenes connected therewith being among the most vivid of my memories of the war, I was surprised, when I read Colonel Alexander's statement, to find that any officer connected with McClellan's headquarters should be ignorant of the fact that the order was promulgated and duly executed.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

The Abuse of Applause.

ONE of the canons of art insisted upon by Richard Wagner as an essential reform was that all applause during the acting of a drama or an opera was to be censured as interfering with the purpose of the representation. Take any one of our performances of Italian opera in recent years and consider for a moment the absurdities of the audience heaped upon the absurdities of the stage. We have each act interrupted by applause half a dozen times, and for the most frivolous reasons. When the chief singers of the evening come upon the stage for the first time the house breaks out into applause, no matter what is going on at the time; when the soprano shrieks out her highest note and the ushers trot down the aisle burdened with floral harps, ships, anchors, and other devices of the kind known in newspaper vernacular as trophies, the *Juliet*, *Lucia*, or *Amina* of the evening forgets her despair long enough to receive the flowers with an expression of counterfeit amazement and many smiles of gratitude. The same performance is gone through by the tenor, and perhaps by the baritone. Viewed seriously, it is a farce, for which nothing can be said. Thanks to Wagner's protests, many attempts have been made to remedy these absurdities; but, outside of the notable performances at Baireuth and some other German towns, little has been effected. In New York, until recently, we have had to suffer under the worst of such abuses. Under Mr. Mapleson's régime we had the flowers, the applause right in the middle of an act, the ten or twelve recalls after the performance.

This winter, in the course of the French plays at Palmer's Theater, the same thing was observed. Possibly in the case of a theatrical performance there is less to be said in excuse than where an opera is concerned, for music implies something peculiarly artificial. Think of the absurdity of it all. Take, for instance, Dumas's "Camille." Here we have a dramatist striving to create an illusion. We have a young woman who dies of grief and consumption after a stormy career. The play traces her life through some of its most stirring and pathetic passages. Every act closes with a dramatic incident. Notwithstanding that the whole work of the dramatist and the actors is intended to produce in the audience an illusion, the curtain is raised after every act, and *Camille* appears bowing and smiling, evidently in the best of spirits and full of good-will towards every one. In other words, what has just been built up with so much care and hard work is knocked down again. If we take the case of opera, the same criticism holds good. The singers work hard to fill us with sympathy for some unfortunate person who goes mad and dies, as does *Lucia*, or who stabs himself, as does *Edgardo*. But after harrowing up the feelings of the audience, these people come forward and virtually say that it is all a joke, and that *Lucia* is going forth to refresh herself with beer.

Against such absurdity Wagner inveighed. He tried to the best of his ability to make his art a serious one. That he succeeded no better is no proof of the fallacy of his position, but rather of the persistent wrongheadedness of the Philistines. I take it that any one who goes to the Metropolitan Opera House and hears such noble masterpieces as "Tristan," "Die Walküre," or "Die Götterdammerung" goes away profoundly impressed with the dramatic story. There, at least, no singer is allowed to notice the audience while the act is going on, and not one of the noted German artists whom we have had among us of late years — Frau Lehmann, Herr Niemann, Herr Fischer, and others — pays the slightest attention to the indiscreet applause which greets their entrance upon the stage for the first time during the evening. Nevertheless the practice of allowing the singers to come forward at the end of an act in order to bow their thanks to the audience still obtains. It seems to me that this also should be done away with. If we object to the audience breaking in upon the music and drowning it out with their applause, it is because such vicious practices destroy the illusion which the poet and the composer are striving to produce. Does not the appearance of the singer between the acts destroy this illusion? Take any one of Wagner's dramas. We have persons supposed to be in love with each other, or in deadly enmity, coming forward hand in hand between the acts; and in the case of many of the master's works we have, at the end of the opera, a lot of dead persons waking up in order to bow their thanks again and again.

In order to maintain the poetic illusion, there ought to be no appearance of the singers or actors of the evening except during the acts and in their characters. Neither between the acts nor after the final fall of the curtain ought the singers to be seen; they ought never to remind us that we have not been listening to *Wotan*, to *Siegfried*, and to *Brunnhilda*. We ought not to be compelled to take into consideration Herr Fischer, Herr Niemann, or Frau Lehmann. I admit that many persons will cry out that this is unfair to the public and to the artists. How are these admirers of Wagner's operas and of the work done by these great singers to testify their admiration? This is very true; and yet the public ought to be trained to rest satisfied with applause at the end of an act or at the end of a performance. In the case of an opera the conductor may be considered as the representative of the performers, and Herr Seidl may bow his thanks. In the case of a symphony concert the members of the orchestra do not rise to answer the applause. If any one can make out a valid defense for such sins against art as the appearance of the dead *Siegfried* and *Brunnhilda* bowing and smiling at the end of "Die Götterdammerung," I should like to hear it.

Philip G. Hubert, Jr.

YORK CATHEDRAL.—On page 731 of the March CENTURY a distant view of Durham Cathedral was accidentally inserted as a view of York Minster.—EDITOR.

BRIC-À-BRAC.

Arcady.

(ON SEEING THE WORD IN A BOOK OF CRITICISMS.)

ARCADY! the word has made
The rain, the mist, the rabble fade,
And in a corner of a copse,
Playing on his oaten stops,
Tityrus ripples rounds of song
Forever to a tiptoe throng.

'T was in a book of empty phrase
Where truth was hunted through a maze
That shut the sky out, tall and dark,
Of little leaf and withered bark:
There, weary with the flying skirt
Of beauty doubling through the dirt,
I came, as one at top of hill,
Sudden, on meadow, lawn, and rill.

See how the green slopes to a vale;
The leafage bends to a little gale
Of breeze, that seems to be the print
Of some light-walking spirit in 't;
See how, outside the tilting trees,
The grass grows up to the shepherd's knees,
And how within their rings of shade
The floor hath rugs of leafy braid;
And here, below the even boughs,
Look slanting down and see the cows
At pick and bite about the dell
And dairymaids at the willowed well.

And were it better pipe unheard
Feeding of honey and clean curd,
Corn, and the fruits the breezes pull
When autumn limbs are bending full —
Lusty of thew and tanned of face
From sun-kiss and the air's embrace —
Loving the thatchen eaves of home
Where swallows build and crickets come,
And voices of the melting night
Sing thought too sacred for the light?
Yea, were it better flute unheard
Than build and build the Babel word,
That, neighboring some unlooked-for sky,
Falls into dust nor knows not why?

God wot! And yet that word to me
Outsweetens knowledge — Arcady!

Harrison S. Morris.

At the Sign of the Blind Cupid.

WHEN blushing cheeks and downcast eyes
Set all the heart aflame,
When love within a dimple lies
And constancy 's a name,
Since every lass is passing fair,
Cupid must fly and see;
And, lightly flitting here and there,
A wingéd boy is he.

When creeping years steal on apace
And youth and vigor go,
When time with wrinkles marks the face
And strews the hair with snow,
Ah, then no wingéd boy is he;
But strong-limbed and complete,
With blinded eyes that need not see,
Since memory guides his feet.

Walter Learned.

The Toast.

DREAM not I hold too dear
The gleam of yonder shooting star,
One moment shining near,
The next fading afar.

You touched your glass to mine
In careless, half-regretfulness,
But while you drank the wine,
I drank forgetfulness!

Margaret Crosby.

Paragraphs from the German of Friedrich Netzsche.

To owe gratitude oppresses a coarse nature; to receive it, oppresses a fine one.

SOCIALISM is the fantastical younger brother of a nearly spent despotism whose inheritance he claims.

To correct one's style means to correct one's thought — nothing else.

COWARDICE is the greatest giver of alms.

TRUTH has never yet proved fatal to any one; there are too many antidotes.

PREJUDICE is a more dangerous enemy to Truth than Falsehood.

THERE is not enough religion in the world to admit of the annihilation of religions.

NOT when it is dangerous to tell the truth will she lack a prophet, but only when it is tiresome.

THE gardens of modern poetry too often betray a nearness to the drains of the cities.

MOST writers think badly, for they give us not only their thoughts, but the labor of their thoughts.

FOR many natures it is as much a duty of cleanliness to change opinions as to change clothes.

To treat everybody with equal benevolence may be an evidence of deep scorn as well as of deep love.

Helen Watterson.

Ad Astra.

BLOSSOM, little stars, and fill
The garden of the sky;
Drops of wine that you distil
Upon the grasses lie.

Every thirsty blade holds up
A blessing to the blue,
Every green spear fills its cup
With heaven's cooling dew.

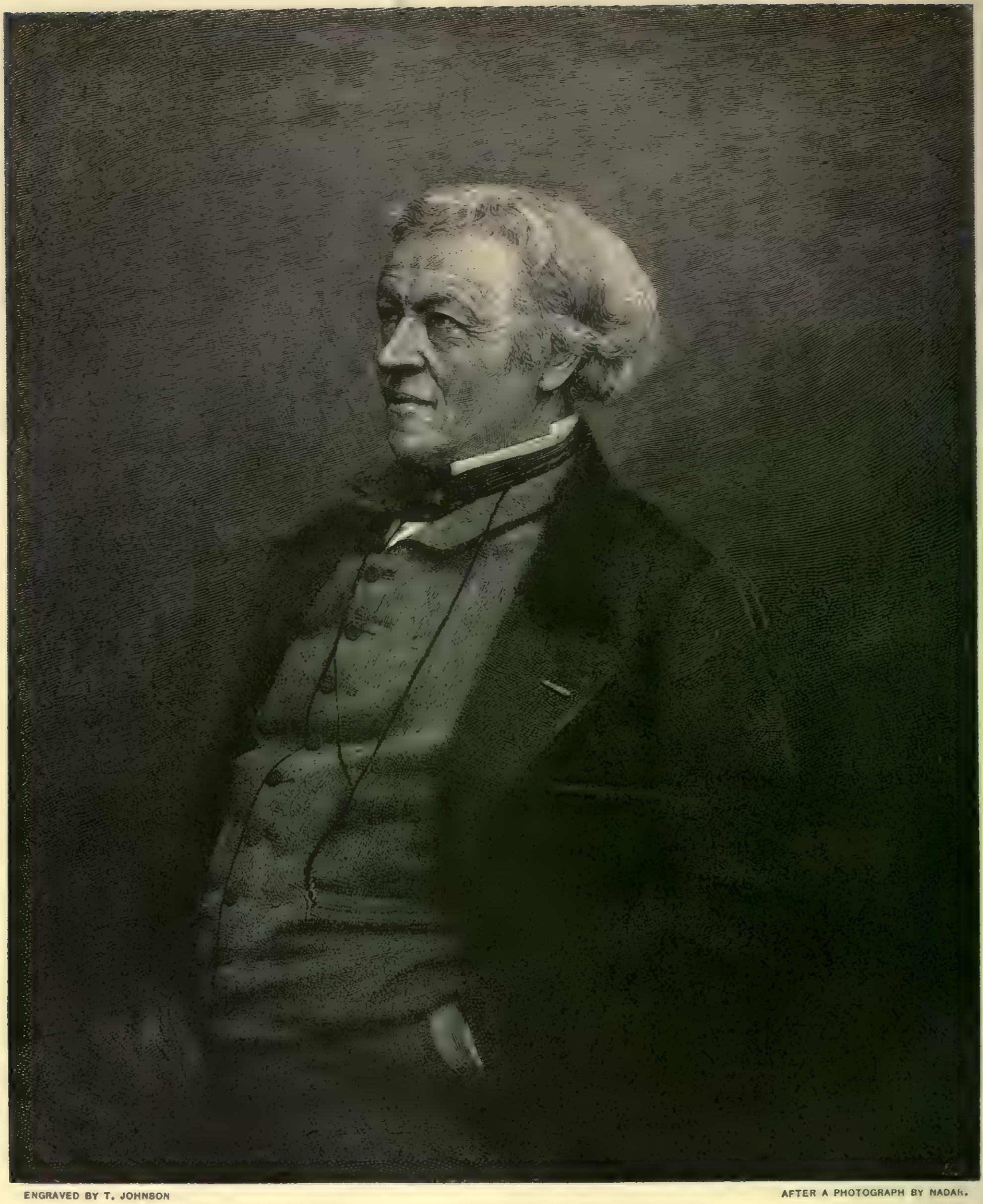
Blossom, little stars of love,
In my beloved's heart;
Blossom like the stars above,
And study well that chart.

Far beneath you there is one
Who dares a cup to raise:
He has thirsted in the sun
These many dreary days.

Blossom, blossom soon, and bring
Love's gladness and the wine
That shall nourish hopes that spring
Up in this heart of mine.

Frank Dempster Sherman.

THE DE VINNE PRESS, NEW YORK.



ENGRAVED BY T. JOHNSON AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH BY NADAR.

C. Corot

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THE CONVICT MINES OF KARA.

IN the vast sub-arctic wilderness of the Trans-Baikal (By-kal′), nearly 5000 miles by road from St. Petersburg and more than 1000 miles from the coast of the Pacific, in a dreary, lonely valley between two lateral spurs of the Yablonoi (Yah′blo-noy) Mountains, there is a little chain of log prisons, gold placers, and convict settlements, known to the Russian public as the mines of Kara (Kah-rah′). When, in your morning papers, you read a dispatch from St. Petersburg saying that such and such "Nihilists" have been tried, found guilty, and condemned to death, but that the Tsar has been pleased to commute their sentence to penal servitude in the mines, it is to the mines of Kara that reference is made. I purpose to describe, in the form of a simple personal narrative, a visit that we made to these mines in the late fall and early winter of 1885, and to set forth, as fully as space will permit, the results of our attempt to investigate the condition of the Kara prisons and to obtain trustworthy information concerning the life of the political prisoners. The subject is one of more than ordinary magnitude, and I shall be prevented by space limitations from dealing with it upon a scale commensurate with its importance; but I can draw, perhaps, a rough outline sketch of an East Siberian convict establishment, and give the reader an idea of what is meant in Russia by "Katorga" (Kat′or-gah), or penal servitude.[1]

The mines of Kara are distant from Chita (Che′tah), the capital of the Trans-Baikal, about 300 miles; but for more than 200 miles the traveler in approaching them follows a fairly good post road, which runs at first through the valley of the Ingoda (In-go-dah′) and then along the northern or left bank of the Shilka (Shil′ka) River, one of the principal tributaries of the Amur (Am-moor′). At a small town called Stretinsk (Stray′tinsk), where the Shilka first becomes navigable, this post road abruptly ends, and beyond that point communication with the Kara penal settlements is maintained by boats in summer and by sledges drawn over the ice in winter. For two or three weeks in autumn, while the ice is forming, and for a somewhat shorter period in the spring, after the river breaks up, the Kara mines are virtually isolated from all the rest of the world, and can be reached only by a difficult and dangerous bridle path, which runs for a distance of seventy or eighty miles, parallel with the river, across a series of steep and generally forest-clad mountain ridges. We hoped to reach Stretinsk in time to descend the Shilka to the Kara River in a boat; and when we left Chita, on Saturday, October 24, there seemed to be every probability that we should succeed in so doing. The weather, however, turned suddenly colder; snow fell to a depth of an inch and a half or two inches; and Wednesday morning, when we alighted from our telega (te-lay′ga) on the northern bank of the Shilka opposite Stretinsk, winter had set in with great severity. The mercury in our thermometer indicated zero (Fahr.); our fur coats and the bodies of our horses were white with frost;

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[1] "Katorga" is a corrupted form of the Greek word *κάτεργον*, "a galley," and it points to the fact that in Russia, as in many other European countries, the galleys were once manned by hard-labor convicts. The word is now used to designate penal servitude in the Siberian factories or mines.

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and the broad, rapid current of the Shilka was so choked with masses of heavy ice as to be almost, if not quite, impassable. A large open skiff was making a perilous attempt to cross from Stretinsk to our side of the river, and a dozen or more peasants, who stood shivering around a small camp-fire on the beach, were waiting for it, with the hope that it would come safely to land and that the ferrymen might be persuaded to make a return trip with passengers. After watching for a quarter of an hour the struggles of this boat with the ice, Mr. Frost and I decided that it would be hazardous to attempt, in an open skiff, the passage of a rapid and ice-choked river half a mile wide, even if the boatmen were willing to take us; and we therefore sought shelter in the small log house of a young Russian peasant named Zablikoff (Zab′lee-koff), who good-humoredly consented to give us a night's lodging provided we had no objection to sleeping on the floor with the members of his family. We were too much exhausted and too nearly frozen to object to anything; and as for sleeping on the floor, we had become so accustomed to it that we should have felt out of place if we had tried to sleep anywhere else. We therefore had our baggage transported to Zablikoff's house, and in half an hour were comfortably drinking tea in the first decently clean room we had seen since leaving Nerchinsk (Ner′chinsk).

We devoted most of the remainder of the day to a discussion of our situation and of the possibility of reaching the Kara mines at that season of the year by an overland journey across the mountains.

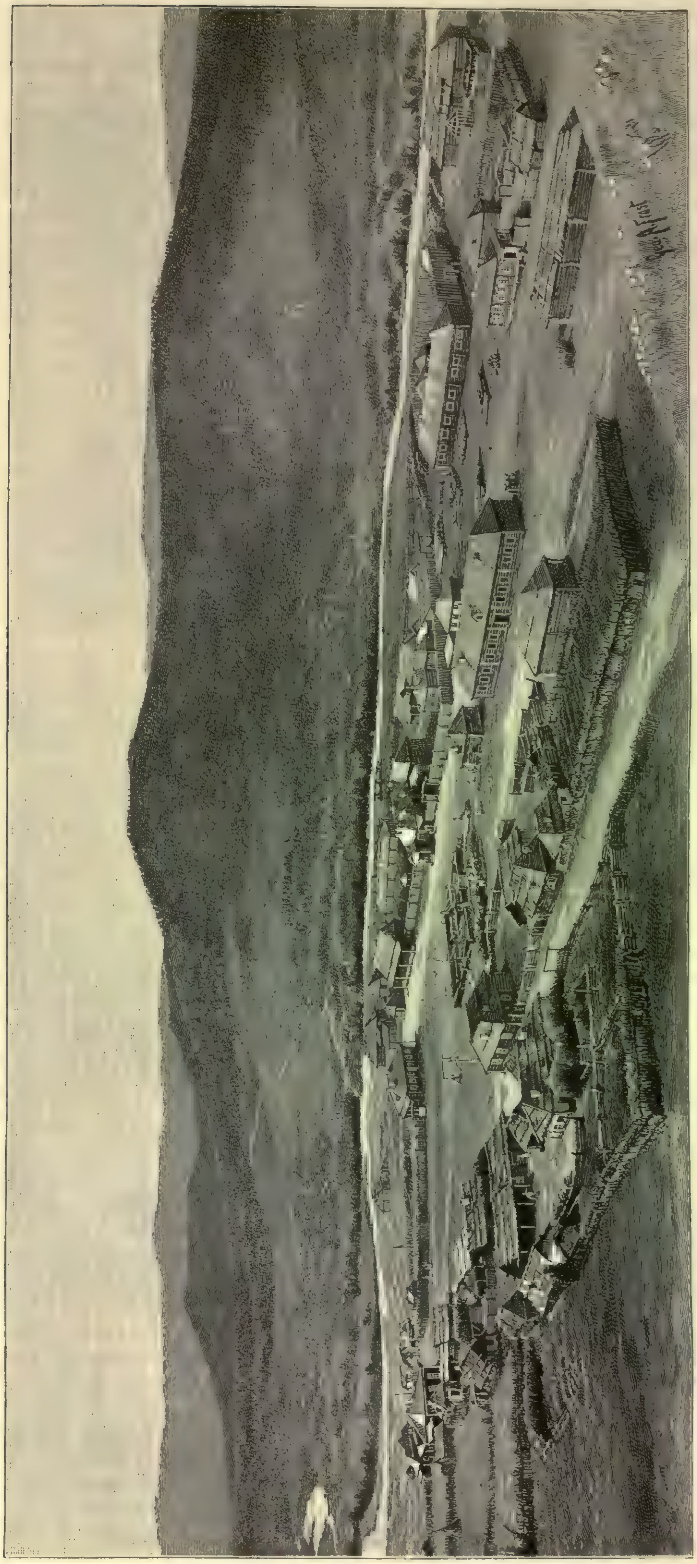
Descending the river in a boat was manifestly impracticable on account of the great quantity of running ice; we could not waste two or three weeks in inaction, and the horseback ride to the mines over the mountains seemed to be the only feasible alternative. There were, on our side of the river, a few horses that Zablikoff thought might be hired; but they belonged to a merchant who lived in Stretinsk, and in order to get permission to use them, as well as to obtain the necessary saddles and equipments and secure the services of a guide, it would be necessary to cross the Shilka to the town. This, in the existing condition of the river, was a somewhat perilous undertaking; but Zablikoff offered to accompany me with two or three of his men, and early Thursday morning we carried his light, open skiff down to the beach for the purpose of making the attempt. The weather had moderated a little, but it was still very cold; the river had become an almost continuous field of swiftly moving ice, intersected by narrow lanes of black open water, and a belt of fixed ice extended from the shore a distance of forty or fifty yards, becoming thinner and thinner as it approached the water's edge. Out over this treacherous surface we cautiously pushed our skiff, holding ourselves in readiness to spring into it quickly all together at the in-

THE SHILKA RIVER AND THE TOWN OF STRETINSK.

LIVING-ROOM OF RUSSIAN PEASANT'S HOUSE AT UST KARA.

stant when the ice should give way under our feet. Four or five yards from the black, eddying current the ice yielded, we felt a sudden sinking sensation, and then, with a great confused crash we went into the water, Zablikoff shouting excitedly, "Now! Into the boat!" The skiff gave a deep roll, first to one side and then to the other, as we all sprung into it; but fortunately it did not capsize, and in another moment we were whirled away and swept rapidly downstream amid huge grinding ice-tables, which we fended off, as well as we could, with oars and boat-hooks. As soon as the first excitement of the launch was over, two of the men settled down to steady rowing, while Zablikoff, boat-hook in hand, stood in the bow as pilot and guided our frail craft through the narrow lanes of water between the swiftly running ice-floes. We were carried downstream about half a mile before we could reach the opposite shore, and when we did reach it the making of a landing on the thin, treacherous edge of the fast ice proved to be a more difficult and dangerous task than even the launching of the skiff. Three or four times while we were clinging with boat-hooks to the crumbling edge of the ice-foot I thought we should certainly be crushed or capsized by the huge white fields and tables that came grinding down upon us from above; but we finally broke our way into the stationary ice-belt far enough to get shelter. Zablikoff sprung out upon a hummock and made fast a line, and after being immersed in the freezing water up to my hips as the result of an awkward jump, I gained a footing upon ice that was firm enough to sustain my weight. The weather was so cold that getting wet was a serious matter; and leaving Zablikoff and the men to pull out the boat, I started at a brisk run for the town and took refuge in the first shop I could find. After drying and warming myself I sent a telegram to Mr. Wurts, the Secretary of the United States legation in St. Petersburg, to apprise him of our whereabouts; found the owner of the horses and made a bargain with him for transportation to the first peasant village down the river in the direction of the mines; hired an old guide named Nikifer (Ne-ke′fer); procured the necessary saddles and equipments, and late in the afternoon made, without accident, the perilous return trip across the river to Zablikoff's house.

As early as possible on Friday we saddled our horses and set out for the mines, taking with us nothing except our blanket rolls and note-books, a bag of provisions, the camera, and about a dozen dry plates. The weather had again moderated and our thermometer indicated a temperature of eighteen degrees above zero; but the sky was dark and threatening, a light snow was falling, and as we rode up on the summit of the first high ridge and looked ahead into the wild, lonely mountainous region that we were to traverse, I felt a momentary sinking of the heart. I was still weak from my sickness in Troitskosavsk (Troy-its-ko-savsk′), winter had set in, and I feared that

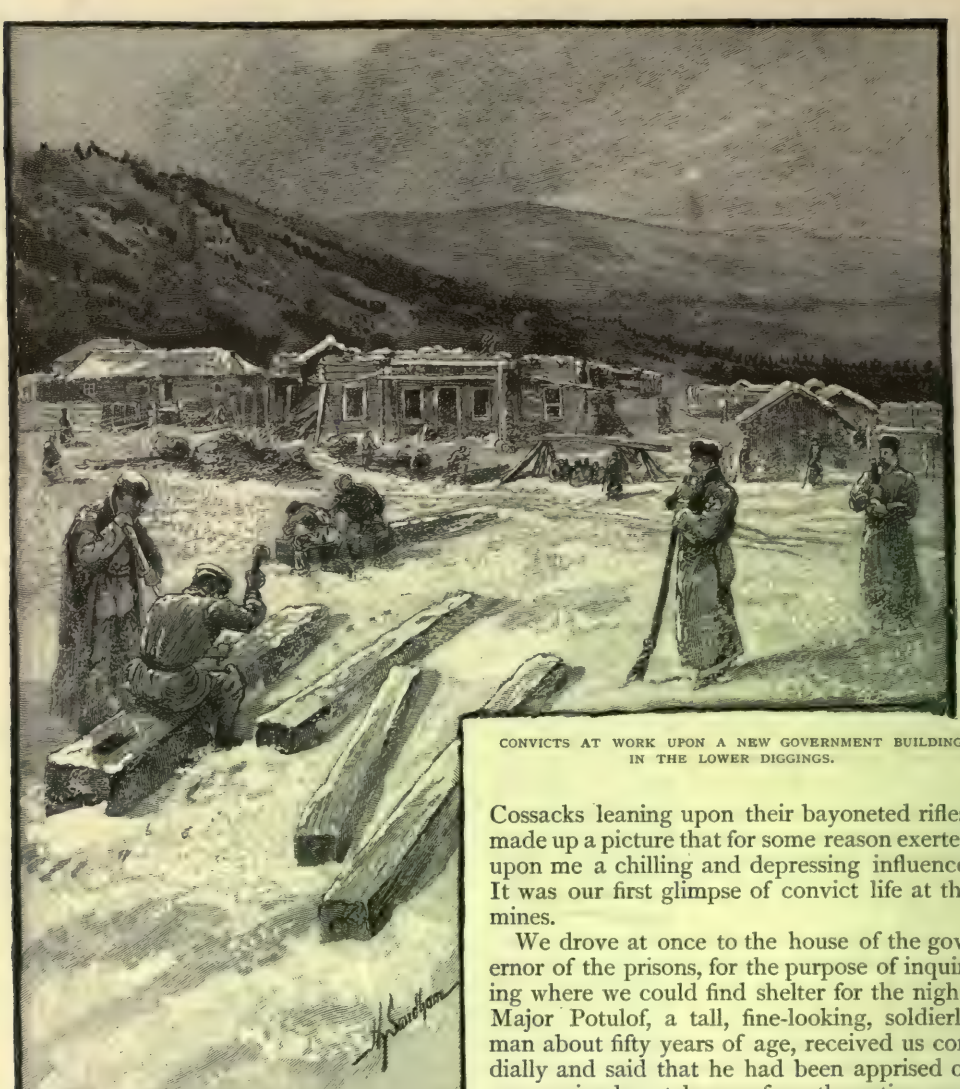


CENTRAL PART OF THE PENAL SETTLEMENT, KNOWN AS THE KARA LOWER DIGGINGS.

my slender stock of reserve strength would not carry me through a ride of eighty miles on horseback over such a trail as this was represented to be. Moreover, our winter equipment was scanty and not at all adapted to such a journey. Presuming that we should be able to descend the Shilka in a boat, we had not provided ourselves with fur sleeping-bags; our sheepskin overcoats were not long enough to protect our knees; we had not been able to obtain fur hoods; and our felt boots were so large and heavy that they would not go into our stirrups, and we were forced either to ride without them or to dispense with the support that the stirrups might afford. Fortunately the trail that we followed was at first fairly good, the weather was not very cold, and we succeeded in making a distance of twenty miles without a great deal of suffering. We stopped for the night in a small log village called Lomi (Lo′me), on the bank of the Shilka, slept on the floor of a peasant's house, in the same room with two adults and five children, and Saturday morning, after a breakfast of tea, black bread, and cold fish-pie, resumed our journey with fresh horses and a new guide. The weather had cleared off cold during the night, and our thermometer, when we climbed into our saddles, indicated a temperature of eight degrees below zero. The bodies of the horses were white and shaggy with frost, icicles hung from their nostrils, and they seemed as impatient to get away as we were. With our departure from Lomi began the really difficult part of our journey. The trail ran in a tortuous course across a wilderness of rugged mountains, sometimes making long détours to the northward to avoid deep or precipitous ravines; sometimes climbing in zigzags the steep sides of huge transverse ridges; and occasionally coming out upon narrow shelf-like cornices of rock, high above the dark, ice-laden waters of the Shilka, where a slip or stumble of our horses would unquestionably put an end to our Siberian investigations. That we did not meet with any accident in the course of this ride to Kara seems to me a remarkable evidence of good luck. Our horses were unshod, and the trail in many places was covered with ice formed by the overflow and freezing of water from mountain springs, then hidden by a thin sheet of snow, so that it was impossible to determine from the most careful inspection of a steep and dangerous descent whether or not it would afford secure foothold for our horses. Throughout Saturday and Sunday we walked most of the time; partly because we were too nearly frozen to sit in the saddle, and partly because we dared not take the risks of the slippery trail. Three days of riding, walking, and climbing over rugged mountains, in a temperature that ranged from zero to ten degrees below, finally exhausted my last reserve of strength; and when we reached the peasant village of Shilkina at a late hour Sunday night, a weak and thready pulse, running at the rate of 120, warned me that I was near the extreme limit of my endurance. Fortunately the worst part of our journey was over. Ust Kara (Oost Kah-rah′), the most southerly of the Kara penal settlements, was distant from Shilkina only ten or twelve miles; the trail between the two places presented no unusual difficulties; and about noon on Monday we dismounted from our tired horses in the large village at the mouth of the Kara River, hobbled with stiffened and benumbed legs into the house of a peasant known to our guide, and threw ourselves down to rest.

The mines of Kara, which are the private property of his Imperial Majesty the Tsar, and are worked for his benefit, consist of a series of open gold placers, situated at irregular intervals along a small rapid stream called the Kara River, which rises on the water-shed of the Yablonoi Mountains, runs in a south-easterly direction for a distance of forty or fifty miles, and finally empties into the Shilka between Stretinsk and the mouth of the Argun (Ar-goon′). The name "Kara" — derived from a Tartar adjective meaning "black" — was originally used merely to designate this stream; but it is now applied more comprehensively to the whole chain of prisons, mines, and convict settlements that lie scattered through the Kara Valley. These prisons, mines, and convict settlements, taking them in serial order from south to north, are known separately and distinctively as Ust Kara or Kara mouth, the Lower Prison, the Political Prison, the Lower Diggings, Middle Kara, Upper Kara, and the Upper or Amurski (Am-moor′skee) Prison. The administration of the whole penal establishment centers in the Lower Diggings, where the governor of the common-criminal prisons resides, and where there is a convict settlement of two or three hundred inhabitants and a company or two of soldiers in barracks. It seemed to me best to make this place our headquarters; partly because it was the residence of the governor, without whose consent we could do nothing, and partly because it was distant only about a mile from the political prison in which we were especially interested. We therefore left our horses and our guide at Ust Kara with orders to wait for us, and, after dining and resting for an hour or two, set out in a telega for the Lower Diggings. The road ran up the left bank of the Kara River through a shallow valley averaging about half a mile in width, bounded by low hills that were covered with a scanty second growth of young larches and pines, and whitened by a light fall of snow. The floor of the valley was formed by huge shapeless mounds of gravel and sand, long ago turned over and washed in the search for gold, and it suggested a worked-out placer in the most dreary and desolate part of the Black Hills.

We reached the Lower Diggings just before dark. It proved to be a spacious but straggling Siberian village of low whitewashed cabins, long unpainted log barracks, officers' tin-roofed residences, with wattle-inclosed yards, and a black, gloomy, weather-beaten log prison of the usual East Siberian type. The buildings belonging to the Government were set with some show of regularity in wide open spaces or along a few very broad streets; and they gave to the central part of the village a formal and official air that was strangely at variance with the disorderly arrangement of the unpainted shanties and dilapidated drift-wood cabins of the ticket-of-leave convicts which were huddled together here and there on the outskirts of the settlement or along the road that led to Ust Kara. On one side of an open square, around which stood the prison and the barracks, forty or fifty convicts in long gray overcoats with yellow diamonds on their backs were at work upon a new log building, surrounded by a cordon of Cossacks in sheepskin "shubas," felt boots, and



CONVICTS AT WORK UPON A NEW GOVERNMENT BUILDING IN THE LOWER DIGGINGS.

muff-shaped fur caps, who stood motionless at their posts, leaning upon their Berdan rifles and watching the prisoners. At a little distance was burning a camp-fire, over which was hanging a tea-kettle and around which were standing or crouching a dozen more Cossacks, whose careless attitudes and stacked rifles showed that they were temporarily off duty. In the waning light of the cold, gloomy autumnal afternoon, the dreary, snowy square, the gray group of convicts working listlessly as if hopeless or exhausted, and the cordon of Cossacks leaning upon their bayoneted rifles, made up a picture that for some reason exerted upon me a chilling and depressing influence. It was our first glimpse of convict life at the mines.

We drove at once to the house of the governor of the prisons, for the purpose of inquiring where we could find shelter for the night. Major Potulof, a tall, fine-looking, soldierly man about fifty years of age, received us cordially and said that he had been apprised of our coming by a telegram from the acting governor in Chita; but he did not really expect us, because he knew the Shilka was no longer navigable, and he did not believe foreign travelers would undertake, at that season of the year, the difficult and dangerous journey across the mountains. He expressed great pleasure, however, at seeing us, and invited us at once to accept the hospitalities of his house. I told him that we did not intend to quarter ourselves upon him, but merely wished to inquire where we could find shelter for the night. He laughed pleasantly, and replied that there were no hotels or boarding-houses in Kara except those provided by the Government for burglars, counterfeiters, and murderers; and that he expected us, of course, to accept his hospitality and make ourselves at home in his house. This was not at all in accordance with our wishes or plans.

We had hoped to find some place of abode where we should not be constantly under official surveillance; and I did not see how we were secretly to make the acquaintance of the political convicts if we consented to become the guests of the governor of the prisons. As there did not, however, seem to be any alternative, we accepted Major Potulof's invitation, and in ten minutes were comfortably quartered in a large, well-furnished house, where our eyes were gladdened by the sight of such unfamiliar luxuries as long mirrors, big soft rugs, easy-chairs, and a piano.

The Kara prisons and penal settlements, at the time of our visit, contained, approximately, 1800 hard-labor convicts.[1] Of this number about one-half were actually in close confinement, while the remainder were living in barracks, or in little cabins of their own, outside the prison walls.

The penal term of a Russian convict at the mines is divided into two periods or stages. During the first of these periods he is officially regarded as "on probation," and is held in prison under strict guard. If his conduct is such as to merit the approval of the prison authorities, he is released from confinement at the end of his probationary term and is enrolled in a sort of ticket-of-leave organization known as the "free command." He is still a hard-labor convict; he receives his daily ration from the prison, and he cannot step outside the limits of the penal settlement without a permit; but he is allowed to live with other "reforming" criminals in convict barracks, or with his family in a separate house of his own; he can do extra work for himself in his leisure hours, if he feels so disposed, and he enjoys a certain amount of freedom. At the end of this second or "reforming" period he is sent as a "forced colonist" to some part of Eastern Siberia for the remainder of his life.

The prisons connected with the Kara penal establishment at the time of our visit were seven in number, and were scattered along the Kara River for a distance of about twenty miles. The slow but steady movement of the working convict force upstream in the search for gold had left the Lower Diggings and Ust Kara prisons so far behind that their inmates could no longer walk in leg-fetters to and from the placers, and a large number of them were therefore living in enforced idleness. The direct supervision of the common-criminal prisons was intrusted to smatritels (smah-tre′tels), or wardens, who reported to Major Potulof; and the prison buildings were guarded by detachments of Cossacks from the Kara battalion, which numbered about one thousand men. The two political prisons — one at the Lower Diggings for men, and the other at Ust Kara for women — were not under the control of Major Potulof, but were managed by a gendarme officer named Captain Nikolin (Ne-ko′lin), who had been sent out from St. Petersburg for this particular duty, and who was at the head of a carefully selected prison guard of 140 gendarmes. The political prisons had also their free command, which at the time of our visit consisted of twelve or fifteen men and women, who had finished their terms of probation and were living in little huts or cabins of their own on the outskirts of the Lower Diggings. All of these facts were known to us long before we reached the mines, and we shaped our course in accordance with them.

MAJOR POTULOF.

The objects that we had in view at Kara were, first, to go through the common-criminal prisons and see the criminals actually at work in the mines; secondly, to make the acquaintance of the political convicts of the free command; and, thirdly, to visit the political prison and see how the condemned revolutionists

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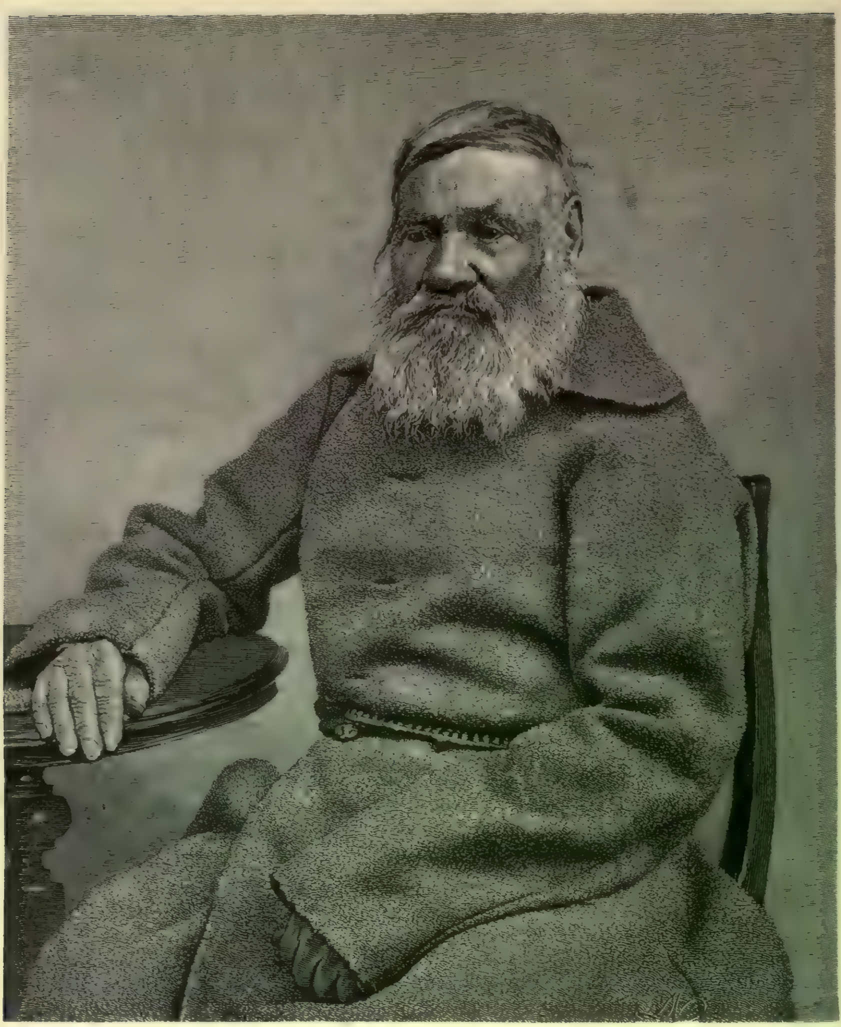
[1] According to the annual report of the Chief of Prison Administration the number of convicts in the Kara prisons and penal settlements on the 1st of January, 1886,— about two months after our visit,— was 2507. This number, however, included 600 or 800 women and children who had come to the mines voluntarily with their husbands and fathers. (See Report of the Chief of Prison Administration for 1886, pp. 46, 47. St. Petersburg: Press of the Ministry of the Interior, 1888.)

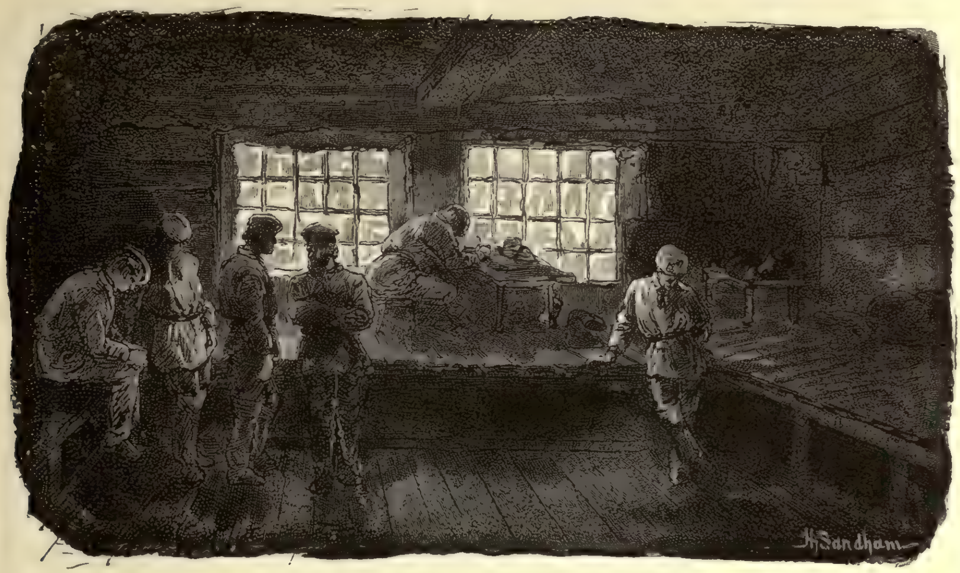


TYPE OF HARD-LABOR CONVICT — SENT TO SIBERIA AT THE AGE OF 65.

lived, even if we were not permitted to talk with them. That we should succeed in attaining the first of these objects I felt confident, of the second I was not at all sure, and of the third I had little hope; but I determined to try hard for all. What instructions Major Potulof had received with regard to us I did not know; but he treated us with great cordiality, asked no awkward questions, and when, on the day after our arrival, I asked permission to visit the prisons and mines, he granted it without the least apparent surprise or hesitation, ordered out his horses and droshky, and said that it would give him great pleasure to accompany us.

It is not my purpose in the present paper to describe minutely all of the prisons in Kara that we were permitted to inspect, but I will sketch hastily the two that seemed to me to be typical, respectively, of the worst class and of the best.

The Ust Kara prison, which in point of sanitary condition and overcrowding is perhaps the worst place of confinement in the whole Kara Valley, is situated on low, marshy ground in the outskirts of the penal settlement of the same name, near the junction of the Kara River with the Shilka. It was built nearly half a century ago, when the Government first began to work the Kara gold placers with convict labor. As one approaches it from the south it looks like a long, low horse-car stable made of squared but unpainted logs, which are now black, weather-beaten, and decaying from age. Taken in connection with its inclosed yard it makes a nearly perfect square of about one hundred feet, two sides of which are formed by the prison buildings and two sides by a stockade about twenty-five feet in height, made of closely set logs, sharpened at the top like colossal lead-pencils. As we approached the court-yard gate, an armed Cossack who stood in the black-barred sentry-box beside it presented arms to Major Potulof and shouted, "Starshe!" (Star′-shay) — the usual call for the officer of the day. A Cossack corporal ran to the entrance with a bunch of keys in his hand, unlocked the huge padlock that secured the small door in the larger wooden gate, and admitted us to the prison court-yard. Three or four convicts, with half-shaven heads, ran hastily across the yard as we entered, to take their places in their cells for inspection. We ascended two or three steps incrusted with an indescribable coating of filth and ice an inch and a half thick, and entered, through a heavy plank door, a long, low, and very dark corridor, the broken and decaying floor of which felt wet and slippery to the feet, and where the atmosphere, although warm, was very damp, and saturated with the strong peculiar odor that is characteristic of Siberian prisons. A person who has once inhaled that odor can never forget it; and yet it is so unlike any other bad smell in the world that I hardly know with what to compare it. I can ask you to imagine cellar air, every atom of which has been half a dozen times through human lungs and is heavy with carbonic acid; to imagine that air still further vitiated by foul, pungent, slightly ammoniacal exhalations from long unwashed human bodies; to imagine that it has a suggestion of damp decaying wood and more than a suggestion of human excrement — and still you will have no adequate idea of it. To unaccustomed senses it seems so saturated with foulness and disease as to be almost insupportable. As we entered the corridor, slipped upon the wet, filthy floor, and caught the first breath of this air, Major Potulof turned to me with a scowl of disgust, and exclaimed, "Otvratitelni tiurma!" (Ot-vra-te′tel-nee tyoor-ma′) — "It is a repulsive prison!"



A KAMERA, OR CELL, IN THE UST KARA PRISON.[1]

The Cossack corporal who preceded us threw open the heavy wooden door of the first kamera (kah′mer-ah) and shouted, "Smirno!" (Smeer′no) — "Be quiet!" the customary warning of the guard to the prisoners when an officer is about to enter the cell. We stepped across the threshold into a room about 24 feet long, 22 feet wide, and 8 feet high, which contained 29 convicts. The air here was so much worse than the air in the corridor that it made me faint and sick. The room was lighted by two nearly square, heavily grated windows with double sashes, that could not be raised or opened, and there was not the least apparent provision anywhere for ventilation. Even the brick oven, by which the cell was warmed, drew its air from the corridor. The walls of the kamera were of squared logs and had once been whitewashed; but they had become dark and grimy from lapse of time, and were blotched in hundreds of places with dull red blood-stains where the convicts had crushed bed-bugs. The floor was made of heavy planks, and, although it had recently been swept, it was incrusted with dry, hard-trodden filth. Out from the walls on three sides of the room projected low sloping wooden platforms about six feet wide, upon which the convicts slept, side by side, in closely packed rows, with their heads to the walls and their feet extended towards the middle of the cell. They had neither pillows nor blankets, and were compelled to lie down upon these sleeping-benches at night without removing their clothing, and without other covering than their coarse gray overcoats. The cell contained no furniture of any kind except these sleeping-platforms, the brick oven, and a large wooden tub. When the door was locked for the night each one of these 29 prisoners would have, for 8 or 10 hours' consumption, about as much air as would be contained in a packing-box 5 feet square and 5 feet high. I could discover no way in which a single cubic foot of fresh air could get into that cell after the doors had been closed for the night.

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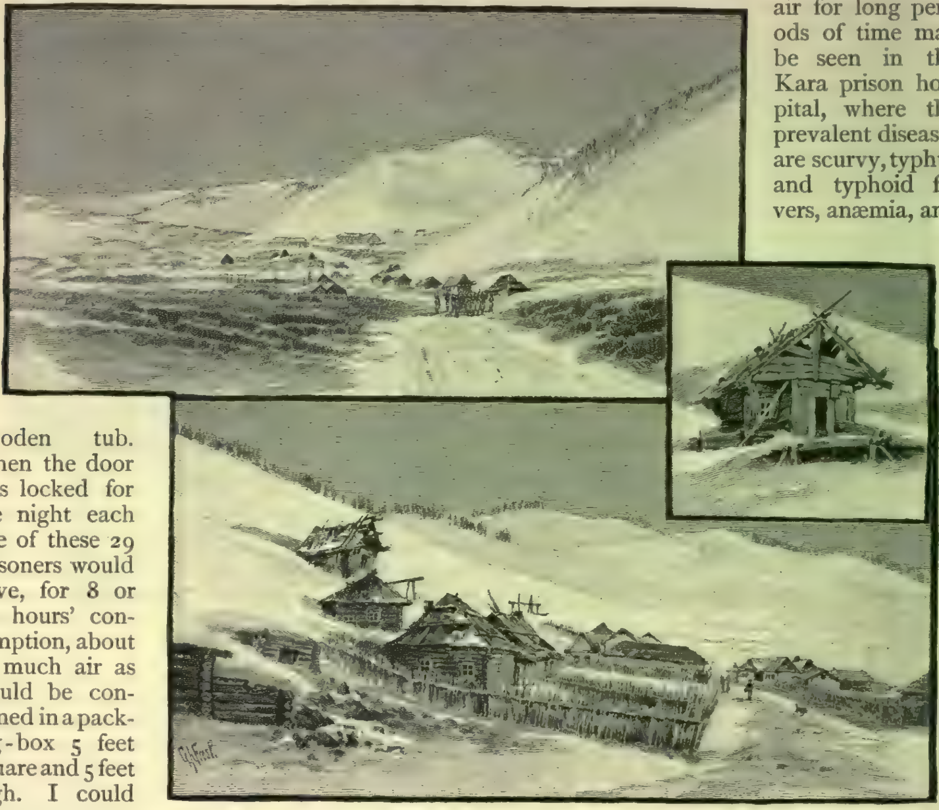
[1] This picture is the reproduction of a rough, hasty sketch made by Mr. Frost from memory. The number of prisoners that the cell contained has been intentionally diminished in order not to hide the nares, or sleeping-platforms. The point of view is the threshold of the door.



VIEW NEAR UPPER KARA, AND HOUSES OF THE FREE COMMAND.

We remained in the first kamera only two or three minutes. I think I was the first to get out into the corridor, and I still vividly remember the sense of relief with which I drew a long breath of that corridor air. Heavy and vitiated as it had seemed to me when I first entered the prison, it was so much better than the atmosphere of the overcrowded cell that it gave me an impression of freshness and comparative purity. We then went through hastily, one after another, the seven kameras that composed the prison. They all resembled the first one except that they varied slightly in dimensions, in shape, or in the number of prisoners that they contained. In the cell shown in the illustration on page 171 I noticed a shoemaker's bench on the sleeping-platform between the windows, and the foulness of the air was tempered and disguised, to some extent, by the fresh odor of leather. Even in this kamera, however, I breathed as little as possible, and escaped into the corridor at the first opportunity. The results of breathing such air for long periods of time may be seen in the Kara prison hospital, where the prevalent diseases are scurvy, typhus and typhoid fevers, anæmia, and consumption. No one whom we met in Kara attempted to disguise the fact that most of these cases of disease are the direct result of the life that the convicts are forced to live in the dirty and overcrowded kameras. The prison surgeon admitted this to me frankly, and said: "We have more or less scurvy here all the year round. You have been through the prisons, and must know what their sanitary condition is. Of course such uncleanliness and overcrowding result in disease. We

CONVICTS AT WORK IN ONE OF THE KARA GOLD PLACERS.

have 140 patients in the hospital now; frequently in spring we have 250."[1]

Most of these cases come from a prison population of less than one thousand; and the hospital records do not, by any means, represent the whole aggregate of sickness in the Kara penal settlements. Many convicts of the free command lie ill in their own little huts or cabins, and even in the prison kameras there are scores of sick whose cases are not regarded as serious enough to necessitate their removal to a hospital that is perhaps overcrowded already. A convict in the early stages of scurvy may therefore lie in a prison kamera for a week or two, poisoning with his foul, diseased breath the air that must be breathed by men who are still comparatively well.

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[1] In 1857, when the famous, or infamous, Razgildeyef (Raz-gil-day'yef) undertook to get for the Tsar out of the Kara mines 100 poods (about 3600 pounds) of gold, more than 1000 convicts sickened and died in the Kara prisons from scurvy, typhus fever, and overwork. Alexander the Liberator was then Tsar, and it might be supposed that such awful misery and mortality in his own mines would inevitably attract his attention, and that he would devote at least a part of the gold bought with a thousand men's lives to the reformation of such a murderous penal system. Nothing, however, was done. Ten years passed, and at the expiration of that time, according to Maximoff (Max-im'-off), there were at the Kara mines "the same order of things, the same prisons, and the same scurvy." (See "Siberia and Penal Servitude," by S. Maximoff, Vol. I., p. 102. St. Petersburg: A. Transhel, 1871.) Nearly twenty more years had elapsed when we visited the mines in 1885, and the report still was, "We have more or less scurvy here all the year round."

The number of cases of sickness treated in the Kara prison hospital and lazarets in 1886 was 1208. The average daily number was 117. (See Report of the Chief Prison Administration for 1886, pp. 46, 47.)

After visiting all the kameras in the men's prison, we came out at last into the pure, cold, delicious air, crossed the court-yard, went through another gate in the stockade, and entered the women's prison — a similar but smaller log building, which contained two large cells opening into each other. These rooms were well warmed and lighted, were higher than the cells in the men's prison, and had more than twice as much air space per capita; but their sanitary condition was little, if any, better. The air in them had perhaps been less vitiated by repeated respiration, but it was so saturated with foul odors from a neglected water-closet that one's senses could barely tolerate it. The floor was uneven and decayed, and in places the rotten planks had either settled or given way entirely, leaving dark holes into a vacant space between the floor and the swampy ground. Into these holes the women were evidently in the habit of throwing slops and garbage. I went and stood for a moment over one of them, but I could see nothing in the darkness beneath; and the damp air, laden with the effluvium of decaying organic matter that was rising from it, seemed to me so suggestive of typhoid fever and diphtheria that I did not venture to take a second breath in that vicinity. The kameras in the women's prison had no furniture of any kind except the plank sleeping-platforms, which, of course, were entirely destitute of bedding. I did not see in either room a single pillow or blanket. In these two cells were imprisoned 48 girls and women, 6 or 7 of whom were carrying in their arms pallid, sickly-looking babies.

At every step in our walk through the two prisons Major Potulof was besieged by unfortunate convicts who had complaints to make or petitions to present. One man had changed names with a comrade on the road while intoxicated, and had thus become a hard-labor convict when he should have been merely a forced colonist, and he wanted his case investigated. Another insisted that he had long since served out his full prison term and should be enrolled in the free command. Three more declared that they had been two months in prison and were still ignorant of the nature of the charges made against them. Many of the convicts addressed themselves eagerly to me, under the impression, apparently, that I must be an inspector or "reviser" sent to Kara to investigate the prison management. In order to save Major Potulof from embarrassment and the complainants from possible punishment, I hastened to assure them that we had no power to redress grievances or to grant relief; that we were merely travelers visiting Kara out of curiosity. The complaints, and the manifestly bad condition of the prisons, seemed to irritate Major Potulof, and he grew more and more silent, moody, and morose as we went through the kameras. He did not attempt to explain, defend, or excuse anything, nor did he then, or at any subsequent time, ask me what impression the Ust Kara prisons made upon me. He knew very well what impression they *must* make.

In another stockaded yard, adjoining the one through which we had passed, stood the political prison for women; but Major Potulof could not take us into it without the permission of the gendarme commandant, Captain Nikolin. From all that I subsequently learned with regard to this place of punishment, I have little doubt that, while it is cleaner and less overcrowded than the common-criminal prisons, it does not rank much above the latter in comfort or in sanitary condition.

Early Tuesday afternoon we visited the Middle Kara prison, which was perhaps the best one we inspected at the mines. It was distant from the Lower Diggings about three miles, and was reached by a road that ran up the right bank of the Kara River through a desolate, snowy valley, dotted here and there with the dilapidated huts and cabins of the free command. More wretched and cheerless places of abode than these can hardly be imagined. Readers who remember the so-called "shanties on the rocks" in the upper part of New York City can form, perhaps, with the aid of the illustration on page 172, some faint idea of their appearance. The best of them could hardly bear comparison with the poorest of the Irish laborers' houses that stand, here and there, along our railroads, while the worst of them were mere dog kennels of driftwood and planks, in which it was almost incredible that human beings could exist throughout a Siberian winter.

The ostensible object of organizing a free command in connection with the Kara prisons was to encourage reformation among the convicts by holding out to them, as a reward for good behavior, the hope of obtaining release from confinement and an opportunity to better their condition. It does not seem to me, how-

CONVICTS RETURNING AT NIGHT FROM THE MINES.

ever, that this object has been attained. The free command is a demoralizing rather than a reforming agency; it promotes rather than discourages drunkenness and licentiousness; it does not guarantee, even to criminals who are actually reforming, any permanent amelioration of condition; and every decade it is the means of turning loose upon the Siberian population three or four thousand common criminals of the worst class. The custom of allowing the wives and children of convicts to accompany them to Siberia and to live — sometimes alone and unprotected — in the free command, results necessarily in great demoralization. Such wives and children are supported — or at least aided to exist — by the Government, with the hope that they will ultimately exert a beneficial domestic influence over their criminal husbands and fathers; but the results rarely justify official anticipations. The women and girls in a great majority of cases go to the bad in the penal settlements, even if they have come uncorrupted through two or three hundred overcrowded étapes and forwarding prisons. There is little inducement, moreover, for a convict in the free command to reform and establish himself with his family in a comfortable house of his own, because he knows that in a comparatively short time he will be sent away to some other part of Siberia as a "forced colonist," and will lose all the material results of his industry and self-denial. He generally tries, therefore, to get through his term in the free command with as little labor and as much vicious enjoyment as possible. Hundreds, if not thousands, of convicts look forward with eagerness to enrollment in the free command merely on account of the opportunities for escape that it affords. Every summer, when the weather becomes warm enough to make life out of doors endurable, the free command begins to overflow into the forests; and for two or three months a narrow but almost continuous stream of escaping convicts runs from the Kara penal settlements in the direction of Lake Baikal. The signal for this annual movement is given by the cuckoo, whose notes, when first heard in the valley of the Kara, announce the beginning of the warm season. The cry of the bird is taken as an evidence that an escaped convict can once more live in the forests; and to run away, in convict slang, is to "go to General Kukushka for orders." (Koo-koosh′ka is the Russian name for the cuckoo.) More than 300 men leave the Kara free command every year to join the army of "General Kukushka"; and in Siberia, as a whole, the number of runaway exiles and convicts who take the field in response to the summons of this popular officer exceeds 30,000. Most of the Kara convicts who "go to General Kukushka for orders" in the early summer come back to the mines under new names and in leg-fetters the next winter; but they have had their outing, and have breathed for three whole months the fresh, free air of the woods, the mountains, and the steppes. With many convicts the love of wandering through the trackless forests and over the great plains of Eastern Siberia becomes a positive mania. They do not expect to escape altogether; they know that they must live for months the life of hunted fugitives, subsisting upon berries and roots, sleeping on the cold and often water-soaked ground, enduring hardships and miseries innumerable, and facing death at almost every step. But, in spite of all this, they cannot hear in early summer the first soft notes of the cuckoo without feeling an intense, passionate longing for the adventures and excitements that attend the life of a brodyag (brod-yag′, a vagrant or tramp).

A CONVICT OF THE FREE COMMAND SURREPTITIOUSLY WASHING OUT GOLD.

"I had once a convict servant," said a prison official at Kara to me, "who was one of these irreclaimable vagrants, and who ran away periodically for the mere pleasure of living a nomadic life. He always suffered terrible hardships; he had no hope of escaping from Siberia; and he was invariably brought back in leg-fetters, sooner or later, and severely punished; but nothing could break him of the practice. Finally, after he had become old and gray-headed, he came to me one morning in early summer — he was then living in the free command — and said to me, 'Bahrin, I wish you would please have me locked up.' 'Locked up!' said I. 'What for? What have you been doing?' 'I have n't been doing anything,' he replied, 'but you know I am a brodyag. I have run away many times, and if I am not locked up I shall run away again. I am old and gray-headed now, I can't stand life in the woods as I could once, and I don't want to run away; but if I hear General Kukushka calling me I must go. Please do me the favor to lock me up, your High Nobility, so that I *can't* go.' I did lock him up," continued the officer, "and kept him in prison most of the summer. When he was released the fever of unrest had left him, and he was as quiet, contented, and docile as ever."

There seems to me something pathetic in this inability of the worn, broken old convict to hear the cry of the cuckoo without yielding to the enticement of the wild, free, adventurous life with which that cry had become associated. He knew that he was feeble and broken; he knew that he could no longer tramp through the forests, swim rapid rivers, subsist upon roots, and sleep on the ground, as he once had done; but when the cuckoo called he felt again the impulses of his youth, he lived again in imagination the life of independence and freedom that he had known only in the pathless woods, and he was dimly conscious that if not prevented by force he "must go." As Ulysses had himself bound in order that he might not yield to the voices of the sirens, so the poor old convict had himself committed to prison in order that he might not hear and obey the cry of the cuckoo, which was so intimately associated with all that he had ever known of happiness and freedom.

It may seem to the reader strange that convicts are able to escape from penal settlements garrisoned and guarded by a force of a thousand Cossacks, but when one knows all the circumstances this ceases to be a matter for surprise. The houses of the ticket-of-leave convicts in the free command are not watched; there is no cordon of soldiers around the penal settlements; and it is comparatively an easy matter for a convict who is not under personal restraint to put into a gray bag a small quantity of food saved from his daily ration, tie a kettle to his belt, take an ax in his hand, and steal away at night into the trackless forest. It is a well-known fact, moreover, that many prison officials wink at escapes because they are able to turn them to pecuniary account. This they do by failing to report the runaways as "absent," by continuing to draw for weeks or months the clothing and the rations to which such runaways would be entitled if present, and by selling to the local representatives of Jewish speculators the food and garments thus acquired. Not infrequently these speculators have contracts to furnish prison supplies, and they fill them by reselling to the Government at a high price the very same flour and clothing that have just been stolen from it by its own officials. To an unscrupulous prison warden every dead or runaway convict is a source of steady revenue so long as his death or flight can be concealed and his name carried on the prison rolls. Under such circumstances, energetic measures to prevent the escape of criminals or to secure their recapture could hardly be expected.

The prison of Middle Kara, which is situated in the penal settlement of the same name, is a one-story log building of medium size, placed in such a way that one of its longer sides stands flush with the line of the street, while the other is inclosed by a high stockade so as to form a nearly square yard. It did not seem to me to differ much in appearance or plan from the prison at Ust Kara; but it was in better sanitary condition than the latter, and was evidently of more recent construction. As nearly all its complement of prisoners were at work in the upper gold placer when we arrived, I could not determine by inspection whether or not it would be overcrowded at night. Major Potulof told me, in reply to a question, that the number of criminals confined in it was 107. At the time of our visit, however, its kameras contained only a few men, who had been excused from hard labor on account of temporary disability, or who had been assigned to domestic work such as sweeping or cooking. The atmosphere of the kameras was heavy and lifeless, but it seemed to be infinitely better than the air in the Ust Kara prison, and I could breathe it without much repugnance. By fastening against the walls over the sleeping-platforms large fresh boughs of hemlock and pine, an attempt had apparently been made to disguise the peculiar odor that is characteristic of Siberian prisons. Between these boughs, in some of the kameras, I noticed, tacked against the logs, rectangular cards about twenty inches long by twelve inches wide, bearing, in large printed letters, verses from the New Testament. The only ones that I can now remember were: "Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out," and "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Whence these scriptural cards came I do not know, but there seemed to me to be a strange and almost ghastly incongruity between the dark, grimy prison walls and the festal decorations of aromatic evergreens — between the rough plank sleeping-benches infested with vermin, and the promise of rest for the weary and heavy laden. How great a boon even bodily rest would be to the hard-labor convicts was shown in the pitiful attempts they had made to secure it by spreading down on the hard sleeping-benches thin patchwork mattresses improvised out of rags, cast-off foot-wrappers, and pieces cut from the skirts of their gray overcoats. Not one of these mattresses contained less than twenty scraps and remnants of old cloth, while in some of them there must have been a hundred. They all looked like dirty "crazy-quilts" made out of paper-rags in a poor-house, and they could hardly have made any appreciable difference in the hardness of the plank sleeping-platforms. A man might as well seek to obtain a comfortable night's rest on a front-door step by interposing between it and his tired body a ragged and dirty bath-towel. There can be no reasonable excuse, it seems to me, for the failure of the Russian Government to provide at least beds and pillows of straw for its hard-labor convicts. Civilized human beings put straw even into the kennels of their dogs; but the Russian Government forces men to work for ten or twelve hours a day in its East Siberian mines; compels them after this exhausting toil to lie down on a bare plank; and then, to console them in their misery, tacks up on the grimy wall over their heads the command and the promise of Christ, "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Mr. Frost and I made a careful examination of ten prisons in the province of the Trans-Baikal, and in none of them — with the single exception of the new central prison in Verkhni Udinsk (Verkh'nee Oo'dinsk) — did we find a bed, a pillow, or a blanket. Everywhere the prisoners lay down at night in their gray overcoats on bare planks, and almost everywhere they were tortured by vermin, and were compelled to breathe the same air over and over again until it seemed to me that there could not be oxygen enough left in it to support combustion in the flame of a farthing rush-light. If any one who can read Russian thinks that these statements exaggerate the facts, I beg him to refer to the description of the convict prison at the Kara Lower Diggings in Maximoff's "Siberia and Penal Servitude," Vol. I., pages 100–103; to the description of the old Verkhni Udinsk prison in Orfanoff's "Afar," pages 220–222; and to the statements of the latter author with regard to East Siberian prisons and prison management generally in the second part of his book.[1] I am not saying these things for the first time; they have been said before, in Russia and by Russians. I do not repeat them because I like to do it; but because they *ought* to be repeated until the Russian Government shows some disposition to abate such evils.

After we had finished our inspection of the cells in the Middle Kara prison, we made an examination of the kitchen. Hard-labor convicts at Kara receive a daily ration consisting of three pounds of black rye-bread; about four ounces of meat, including the bone; a small quantity of barley, which is generally put into the water in which the meat is boiled for the purpose of making soup; and a little brick tea. Occasionally they have potatoes or a few leaves of cabbage; but such luxuries are bought with money made by extra work, or saved by petty "economies" in other ways. This ration seemed to me ample in quantity, but lacking in variety and very deficient in vegetables. The bread, which I tasted, was perhaps as good as that eaten by Russian peasants generally; but it was very moist and sticky, and pieces taken from the center of the loaf could be rolled back into dough in one's hands. The meat, which I saw weighed out to the convicts after it had been boiled and cut up into pieces about as large as dice, did not have an inviting appearance, and suggested to my mind small refuse scraps intended for use as soap-grease. The daily meals of the convicts were arranged as follows: in the morning, after the roll-call, or "verification," breakfast, consisting of brick tea and black rye-bread, was served to the prisoners in their cells. The working parties then set out on foot for the gold placers, carrying with them bread and tea for lunch. This midday meal was eaten in the open air beside a camp-fire, regardless of weather, and sometimes in fierce winter storms. Late in the afternoon the convicts returned on foot to their cells and ate on their sleeping-platforms the first hearty and nourishing meal of the day, consisting of hot soup, meat, bread, and perhaps a little more brick tea. After the evening verification they were locked up for the night, and lay down to sleep in closely packed rows on the "nares," or sleeping-benches, without removing their clothing, and without making any preparations for the night beyond bringing in the "parashas," or excrement buckets, spreading down their thin patchwork crazy-quilts, and rolling up some of their spare clothing to put under their heads. The clothing furnished to a hard-labor convict at Kara consists — or should, by law, consist — of one coarse linen shirt and one pair of linen trousers every six months; one cap, one pair of thick trousers, and one gray overcoat every year; a "polushuba" (pol′oo-shoo-ba), or outer coat of sheepskin, every two years; one pair of "brodnias" (brode′nee-yas), or loose leather boots, every three and a half months in winter; and one pair of "kati" (kot-tee′), or low shoes, every twenty-two days in summer. The quality of the food and clothing furnished by the Government may be inferred from the fact that the cost of maintaining a hard-labor convict at the mines is about $50 a year, or a little less than fourteen cents a day.[1]

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[1] "Siberia and Penal Servitude," by S. Maximoff. St. Petersburg: A. Transhel, 1871. "Afar," by M. I. Orfanoff. Moscow: Kushnereff & Co., 1883.

Mr. Orfanoff says, for example,— and says it in italics,— that in the course of nine years' service in Siberia, he "never saw a prison in which there were less than twice the number of prisoners for which it was intended." (Page 233.)

After having examined the Middle Kara prison as carefully as time and circumstances would permit, we proceeded up the valley to a point just beyond the penal settlement of Upper Kara, and, leaving our vehicles there, walked down towards the river to the mines.

The auriferous sand in the valley of the Kara lies buried under a stratum of clay, gravel, or stones, varying in thickness from ten to twenty feet. The hard labor of the convicts consists in the breaking up and removal of this overlying stratum and the transportation of the "pay gravel," or gold-bearing sand, to the "machine," where it is agitated with water in a sort of huge iron hopper and then allowed to run out with the water into a series of shallow inclined troughs, or flumes, where the "black sand" and the particles of gold fall to the bottom and are stopped by low transverse cleats.

The first placer that we visited is shown in the illustration on page 173, which was made from an imperfect photograph taken by Mr. Frost under very unfavorable conditions. The day was cold and dark, a light powdery snow was falling, and a more dreary picture than that presented by the mine can hardly be imagined. Thirty or forty convicts, surrounded by a cordon of Cossacks, were at work in a sort of deep gravel pit, the bottom of which was evidently at one time the bed of the stream. Some of them were loosening with pointed crowbars the hard-packed clay and gravel, some were shoveling it upon small hand-barrows, while others were carrying it away and dumping it at a distance of 150 or 200 yards. The machine was not in operation, and the labor in progress was nothing more than the preliminary "stripping," or laying bare of the gold-bearing stratum. The convicts, most of whom were in leg-fetters, worked slowly and listlessly, as if they were tired out and longed for night; the silence was broken only by the steady clinking of crowbars, a quick, sharp order now and then from one of the overseers, or the jingling of chains as the convicts walked to and fro in couples carrying hand-barrows. There was little or no conversation except that around a small campfire a few yards away, where half a dozen soldiers were crouching on the snowy ground watching a refractory tea-kettle and trying to warm their benumbed hands over a sullen, fitful blaze. We watched the progress of the work for ten or fifteen minutes, and then, chilled and depressed by the weather and the scene, returned to our vehicle and drove back to the Lower Diggings.

The hours of labor in the Kara mines are from 7 A. M. to 5 P. M. in winter, and from 5 A. M. to 7 P. M. in summer. A considerable part of this time, however, is spent by the convicts in going back and forth between the "razreis" (raz-rays′), or "cutting," and the prisons where they spend their nights. The amount of gold extracted from the placers annually is eleven poods, or about four hundred pounds, all of which goes into the private purse of his Majesty the Tsar. The actual yield of the mines is probably a little more than this, since many of the convicts of the free command surreptitiously wash out gold for themselves and sell it to dealers in that commodity, who smuggle it across the Chinese frontier. To have "golden wheat," as the convicts call it, in one's possession at all in Siberia is a penal offense; but the profits of secret trade in it are so great that many small speculators run the risk of buying it from the convicts, while the latter argue that "the gold is God's," and that they have a perfect right to mine it for themselves if they can do so without too much danger of detection and punishment. The cost of maintaining the Kara penal establishment was estimated by Major Potulof at 500,000 rubles, or about $250,000, a year. What proportion of this expense is borne by the Tsar, who takes the proceeds of the convicts' labor, I could not ascertain. He receives from all his gold-mines in Eastern Siberia — the "cabinet mines," as they are called — about 3600 pounds of pure gold per annum.

George Kennan.

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[1] This was the estimate given me by Major Potulof.

THE LAST ASSEMBLY BALL:[1]

A PSEUDO-ROMANCE OF THE FAR WEST.

BY MARY HALLOCK FOOTE,

Author of "The Led-Horse Claim," "John Bodewin's Testimony," etc.

PART III. THE CATASTROPHE. (CONCLUDED.)

IV.

FRIDAY, the anniversary of the Assembly Ball, was general sweeping-day at Mrs. Dansken's. Ann had taken cold, or so she chose to assert, perhaps as an excuse for an irritability which vented itself in savage excesses of work. Milly's help was wanting, but Ann wrought for both. She worried her tasks, growling like a dog with a bone when her mistress attempted to take a share.

It was matter for curiosity to Mrs. Dansken and for solitary headshakings for Ann that Milly's trunk still stood in the hall, a silent postulate, no one inquiring for it and no sign of the owner's interest in its disposal.

"Don't ye be frettin'," said Ann, who was doing all the fretting herself. "She 'll not be long parted from her clothes. Belike she 's sick like meself, with thrampin' thim snawy streets."

Mrs. Dansken, in the nile-green silk, looked and felt every year of her age as she took her place at table, opposite Hugh Williams, to give him his late supper. He had just presented himself, although the stage had been in an hour. He had not seen his partner; Mrs. Dansken had the field to herself, but she took no advantage. She gave Williams the history of the household during his absence from a point of view that was magnanimous, considering the soreness of the narrator.

"And where is the girl now?" Williams asked.

"She is at the Sisters'."

"No, she is n't; because I 've just been there myself, to make some inquiries about her. I got on the track of that brother of hers — turns out to be her husband." Mrs. Dansken listened with relief and entire conviction to Williams's account of what he had learned about Milly.

"Oh, I shall give Master Frank a dose, if he needs one," he ended. "We 'll have him back here within the week. You don't suppose he could have sent her the gown?"

Mrs. Dansken flouted the idea. "Is it like Frank Embury to be bribing servant girls with cheap finery?" Mrs. Dansken's survey of Frank's purchase had been a hasty and prejudiced one.

"No, of course that 's out of the question," Williams agreed. "She has smiled and retreated with somebody else."

"I 'm not sure about that," said Mrs. Dansken. "Ann insists she is all right — but then, they always stand up for each other."

"I 'm perfectly satisfied, myself," said Williams. "The Sisters had no idea they were giving it away — I 'm keeping you from your party." He looked at his watch.

"Are n't you going?"

"No; I 've done my duty, and it seems there was no hurry after all. And now I 'm going to sleep."

Williams showed the brisk confidence of an ally newly arrived with fresh information on the scene of old complications. Mrs. Dansken was doubtful that the last word had been said; but she knew herself to be helpless, and was glad to leave the matter in his hands.

She was not happy at the thought of meeting Frank, with the difference between them unhealed. The keystone had fallen from the arch of domestic unity. She was no longer sure of the allegiance of her boys. It might transpire that a faction of separatists had secretly been forming in Frank's support; and a revolted favorite has ever been held the most dangerous of private enemies.

It was a relief to find that at half-past nine o'clock — the Assembly assembled early — Frank was not there.

The ladies were all on the floor. Mrs. Dansken noticed the exchange of emphatic looks, the occasional low-spoken words, as they crossed each other's orbits in the dance. The overstock of young men were whispering and smiling queerly in little knots against the wall. Strode was waltzing with a Mrs. Paul, one of

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[1] Copyright, 1889, by Mary Hallock Foote.

the new ladies in the camp, still under consideration by the other ladies, but entirely acceptable, it seemed, to Mr. Strode. The lady was in a thorough-going mood to-night; she neglected even the business of waltzing for energetic conversation with her partner, and seemed impatient of the coolness of his replies.

"He intends to capture the room—take us all by storm." Mrs. Dansken caught these words as the pair swept by her. "Good idea—before you ladies have a chance to combine."

"He 's too late, then," said Mrs. Paul. "It does n't take us long, I can assure you, when we 've got a cause."

Strode laughed, and stooped to murmur something in her ear, with a glance at Mrs. Dansken.

"Does n't she know?" Mrs. Paul exclaimed aloud. "How very queer! Somebody must tell her at once."

The name of her escort, Mr. Blashfield, was the only one on Mrs. Dansken's card; but now the waltz was over and she found herself in the midst of her accustomed circle. She perceived that Strode was walking across the room with Mrs. Paul, and instantly fixed her features in an expression of unconsciousness until they were at her side, when she turned in effusive surprise. But Mrs. Paul proceeded at once to business.

"Mrs. Dansken, have none of these gentlemen told you of the introduction we are to be favored with to-night? They are very considerate, I 'm sure, but it 's no time now to spare one another's feelings. We are to be taken by surprise, it seems."

"Yes?" said Mrs. Dansken.

"I think it 's perfectly abominable he should n't have told you! I 'm afraid you don't look after your young gentlemen, Mrs. Dansken. You are too busy making them comfortable."

Allusions to her professional hospitality were not pleasing to Mrs. Dansken, but she merely smiled, and asked if it was Mr. Strode who needed looking after.

"Oh, Mr. Strode can take care of himself, I think. He is n't going to be run off with by anybody's pretty waitress. It 's that poor young Embury and your Annie, Allie, whatever her name is: they were married last night—goodness knows where! He 's going to present her to us this evening. Do you mean to say you had n't the faintest suspicion what was going on?"

"My dear," said Mrs. Dansken, gallantly hugging to her breast her deep chagrin, "I 've had these young persons on my mind all day, especially 'my' Annie, as you call her. I had my suspicions, but I was ashamed of them." She could not help a little huskiness in her voice. "But it seems one need n't be ashamed of anything. I 'm happy to say nothing that *girl* could do could possibly surprise me."

"But it is too bad about Frank Embury! And the worst of it is, we can't punish her without punishing him too. I think it 's the brazenest performance I ever heard of! The question is, how are we to receive her—as what she is, or what he wants to make us believe she is?" asked Mrs. Paul.

"Oh, I don't care what she is! She is his wife now—let him look out for her." Mrs. Dansken disdained the applause that followed this speech. It was bitter to her that the catastrophe of her household should be paraded in this way, and that a Mrs. Paul should be the one to inform her of it.

"He 's quite capable of it," she went on, her smarting eyes fixed on a far corner of the room. "He has quite circumvented me. I begin to think I 'm a perfect child."

"I don't see why Embury has n't a right to bring his wife. I should want to bring mine, if I had one," said Strode, judicially. "Let them have their dance, I say. Embury has paid for his share of the floor."

"They may have the whole of it for me," said Mrs. Dansken. She asked Blashfield to give her his arm and he took her away, out of the discussion.

"*She 's* all right," commented Mrs. Paul, looking after her. "She will never forgive him—and I would n't either. Any young man may be foolish, but to marry her, and brazen it out to our very faces!"

"I wish you would take me home," said Mrs. Dansken. "I believe I 'm not much of a fighter after all. Mrs. Paul seems to have taken the whole thing upon her shoulders. She will see that justice is done; I can't say I care to stay and look on. It will be thumbs down with every woman in the room."

"I ain't anxious to see it myself," said Blashfield. "But don't you think—had n't we better stand by him, Mrs. Dansken? Frank 's a pretty good boy."

Mrs. Dansken gave him a look. "*You* can come back and stand by him, if you wish to. I think you 'll have your hands full."

They were in the middle of the room, opposite the main entrance, when the whisper went round, "There they come!"

Blashfield fairly blenched. He fell back, leaving Mrs. Dansken to face the triumphant young couple, advancing; Embury looking handsomer than she had ever seen him, with a girl on his arm who was the apotheosis of Milly.

All his personal grievances had been outlawed in that day of Frank's seclusion with his wife—the day that had lasted years. He saw Mrs. Dansken before him, as in dreams one sees a friend from whom one has long been separated. He remembered only that she had been kind — that now, if ever, she must be kind. He looked at her earnestly, insistently, imploringly, seeing that her face remained cold. He held out his hand. She swerved from him, and bore off Blashfield with her to a bench against the wall.

"Tell him to come to me one moment — without that girl."

Blashfield obediently crossed the room to the place where Frank had seated his wife. The neighboring ladies had instantly moved away; he was standing at her side, covering her isolation. He had taken her fan and was beating back the bright hair from her temples, not daring to look at her now the ordeal was upon them.

He could have embraced Blashfield for his bow to Milly and his matter-of-course manner to them both, though the little man was pink with embarrassment. He attempted no foolish congratulations, but asked Milly, quite naturally, if she were well, and said, with a deeper blush, that they missed her awfully.

Milly came out of her stony silence to say, "Mr. Blashfield, would you give my love to Ann, please, and tell her —" A look from Frank disturbed her and she stopped.

"Yes, indeed, Mrs. Embury." Again Frank would have liked to embrace poor Blashfield, who was having a desperate time of it. "Ann is a regular funeral in the house ever since you left. Embury, Mrs. Dansken wants to speak with you. Will you let me stay with Milly?" This was somehow even better than the "Mrs. Embury"; a choking feeling in her throat made Milly put down her head.

"Mrs. Dansken might have spoken to me a moment ago," said Frank. "She did n't seem particularly anxious then."

"She was taken by surprise, you know. You 'd better go and speak to her, Embury. Don't you think he had?" He addressed himself to Milly, who turned her face away and said, "*I* don't want to speak to Mrs. Dansken."

Blashfield looked unhappy. He rose up and bowed again to Milly. "Take her away, for God's sake!" he muttered to Frank, apart. "She has n't a friend in the room."

Frank was cool and savage.

"It would be all right if the women were n't here. But you can't fight women with a woman you know — and your wife. Take her out of it."

"We 'll have a dance first," said Frank. "But I thank you, Blashfield."

"I 'd like to dance with her myself," said Blashfield, "but I 've got to take Mrs. Dansken home."

"What is the matter with Mrs. Dansken?"

"She is afraid there 's going to be a row. Come and speak to her, Frank; you ought to, for your wife's sake."

"For my wife's sake!" said Frank, scornfully. "I must go back to my wife. Thank you, Blashfield."

"Blashfield is the flag of truce," the ladies said. But the flag of truce disappeared a moment later with Mrs. Dansken, and the ladies understood that the terms of surrender were off.

Frank and Milly took their places as third couple in the lanciers. He had not dared to ask her if she could dance, but she showed no hesitation and bore herself to his entire admiration. The manner of the perfect servant, which Mrs. Dansken had approved, did not forsake her now; she stood up as calmly as if she had been behind her mistress's chair, with the double file of laughing young men's faces in front of her.

"My brave girl — my beauty," Frank whispered, and the next moment he saw that they were deserted. The set had melted away and they stood in their places alone. He whirled Milly off into another set that was forming; that too dissolved, and left them objects of commiseration or of derision to the room.

Then they took their seats. "I wish we could go away," Milly said.

"We will go, after a while. I will not skulk out of the room with you and leave a trail of sneers behind us. Who are they? — a lot of washed-out old women; and where did they come from, I should like to know? Ladies don't assemble in mining camps, as a rule." Frank stopped, and Milly said:

"*I*'m not a lady. I never pretended to be."

"And they do pretend, that is just the difference." He was more sure of himself, now that the case was simple — his bride to buckler against the world. "We will have one waltz together. Can you waltz, Milly?"

Milly smiled faintly in reminiscence. "What should I care about the music if I 'd never danced to it?" she asked.

"Ah, that night! Poor Milly! — Heavens, how beautiful you look! You are my Cinderella after all. We 'll make those proud sisters own up who is the belle of the ball. Wait till the men have their turn."

Frank was not himself to-night. He was not in the habit of such speeches as these, but the form of attack he was meeting called up all that was cruelest and coarsest in his nature. The company had now got down to the level of primitive instincts. It was simply a tussle for supremacy.

When the waltz began Frank rose and took Milly by the hand. Her hand was cold. He looked at her beautiful face and saw that she was colorless, except for her bright hair and her opaque, gem-like eyes, on which the light floated as on dark green water.

"Can you go through with it?" he whispered.

"Can I waltz?" asked Milly. "You will see."

"What are those poor things going to do now?" Mrs. Paul exclaimed as they took their places. "Does he imagine that she can dance? I propose we give them the floor."

It was yielded them by tacit consent, and they floated over it, a pair of dancers who might have been chosen to incarnate the spirit of the waltz.

"That 's business," Strode murmured, and then not another word was spoken. The company were reduced to the attitude of mere spectators; every eye followed the exalted, dreamlike motions of the beautiful young pair.

This was Milly's triumph. Whether it was worth the cost Frank did not ask himself. He flung himself into it with an aching forecast that such henceforth would be the nature of his wife's triumphs — conquered by strife, and in a field open to all competitors without subtle distinctions. A perfect physical endowment; a sense of rhythm; muscles true to the quiver of a nerve; a calm, uneager face. The soul of the waltz passed, in anguished ecstasy, before the silent company, and the hearts of the women were pained and the men were at Milly's feet.

But none the less was she doomed.

"Really, one would think it was professional," said Mrs. Paul. "How does she keep herself in practice?"

"By Jove, she 's stunning! It does n't look as if she needed much practice," said Strode.

Such remarks did not help Milly's case, especially as a majority of the young men carried their defection to the point of going over to her in a body, asking to be introduced, and crowding her card with their names.

The ladies were beaten from the field. Those who had escorts summoned them, and at 11 o'clock Milly was the only woman in the room.

The best of the men had gone with the ladies. It needed but a glance to show Frank that the tables were turned, and that the retreat of the women had been a stroke of vengeance. The men whose names were on Milly's list were not such as he intended his wife should dance with.

When it was seen that he was taking his beautiful waltzer away, a crowd of protestants gathered about them, reproaching her familiarly and joking with Frank in a way that drove him wild. Some of them had been drinking. Decidedly Strode was not himself. He had disposed of Mrs. Paul at her door and had hastened back, pausing for a parenthetical glass at the bar, to confirm his indorsement of Milly. It was he who followed up the retreat, who intercepted the pair at the foot of the staircase, and tipsily demanded his dance with the bride. The stairs went up from the office of the hotel, where a crowd of men were laughing witnesses of the scene.

"Some other time, Strode," said Frank, controlling himself.

"Wha' 's your hurry? Have n't you cut her out and got you' brand on her?" Strode muttered, lapsing into cowboy slang.

They had reached the first landing, Strode pursuing. Frank turned upon him. "Clear out, before I kick you downstairs."

Strode braced himself, and Frank took him by the collar and flung him backwards off the landing. It was not far to fall. Strode was up and at the bedroom door, sobered and white with rage, as Frank shut the door upon his wife and faced about to meet him.

Strode looked into his eyes. "You 've got to apologize," he muttered.

Frank laughed at this proposition, following the scene on the stairs. He was perfectly cool. "Do you want any more of the same sort?" he asked.

"When will you meet me like a gentleman?"

"Like an idiot, you mean! Gentlemen don't fight duels off the stage."

"Gentlemen, with us, don't use their fists," said the Arkansas boy. "You are a —— coward!"

"Am I? You shall prove it — any ridiculous way you like, and as soon as you like."

"Twelve o'clock then, out here in the lot back of the hotel. Who 's your friend?"

Frank thought a moment. "Blashfield," he said. "You need n't make a noise about it."

"I think you will squeal first," said Strode.

"Hound!" said Frank, looking after him.

He went into his room and took Milly in his lap, putting his head down upon her shoulder. She laid her hands timidly one on each side of his temples, and felt the hot veins throbbing. Her heart was very soft towards him, her wonderful young lover, her protector, whom she found more formidable than all the dangers he had tried to save her from.

"He 'd taken too much, had n't he?" she whispered.

Frank shuddered.

"You ain't afraid he 'll make you trouble?"

He shook his head. He gripped her to him, gave her a little shake, and put her down from his knees.

"Why would n't you let me dance?" she asked presently, following him with her eyes as he strode about the room. "You was n't jealous, was you?"

He threw up his head like a creature that feels itself stifling. It was clear that Milly had not perceived the nature of her success, and was immensely supported by it. Her exhilaration was even more dreadful to him than the incomprehension he had been beating himself against all day.

"Milly," he said, "did I ever show you my mother's picture?"

"Is it that one in a leather frame on your bureau?"

Again, was it possible he could be sensitive on so slight a point as that Milly should be already intimate with his personal belongings in her domestic capacity? "Yes," he said, with a sigh. Once he had compared this beautiful girl to Enid, who was so sweet and serviceable, and had sympathized with Geraint in his desire to "kiss the tender little thumb that crossed the trencher as she laid it down"; though as a matter of fact Milly's thumb was neither little nor tender, and she had been instructed by Mrs. Dansken never to let it cross the trencher.

"My mother was never anything but kind to any living soul, I believe. Do you think you could be fond of her, Milly? Have you looked at her face?"

"Yes," said Milly, listlessly. "She looks older,"—she hesitated,—"but that, maybe, is the way she 's dressed."

"The way she is dressed? Why, how should she be dressed?" Did Milly suppose his mother wore her hair in a fuzz on her forehead, like Mrs. Dansken, and dressed in nile-green silk? Then he remembered that the picture had been taken when she was in mourning. But it did not matter. He felt as if he should never speak of his mother again.

Milly was silent, feeling that she had missed the right words, as usual. She had not been thinking much of what she was saying. She had not got as far as Frank's mother yet. Frank saw she had sunk into that attitude of stolid watchfulness, with something reproachful in it, that all day had been his despair. Her triumph was cold. He looked at her, fair as she was, with a face of that simple but elusive type the masters felt for, with broad, soft touches, in palest chalks, on the margins of bolder conceptions; he thought of Andrea del Sarto, of Lydgate, of all the men who had wrecked their lives in such frail craft as this. He thought of that nameless youth who was surprised and stabbed as he stepped from a gondola after a night's delirious drifting—the youth who boasted that he had "lived." But he could not find the comfort of a prototype, either in romantic reality or in realistic romance. He was no Andrea, no Lydgate: he was not even a youth who had "lived"; he was merely the husband of Milly. As for the duel, it was the crowning act of this dreary little farcical romance. He most certainly did not intend to hit Strode, and he doubted, on general principles, that Strode would be able to hit him, should the affair culminate in their pointing pistols at each other.

At a quarter to twelve Blashfield came to the door. "Strode will apologize," he said, "if you will give him a chance."

"I 'll give him every chance when we get on the ground."

"He is downstairs now. He has come to himself. There 's no sense in this meeting, you know."

"What do you want of me? It 's a quarter to twelve now. Let him meet me where he said he would and we will shake hands. No, I won't go downstairs, Blashfield. I shall punch his head if I do."

"Are you going to be reasonable?"

"I have been reasonable. Strode was tipsy. Let him say so, when the time comes, and ask my pardon. I 'm not going to hunt him up."

"I 'll bring him up here."

"Thank you, I 've no use for him up here. Keep an eye on him, Blasshy, if you 're afraid he won't stay with it."

"He is n't my man."

"Keep with him all the same. I 'll meet you at the barber's."

The quarter-hour was passed. Frank had said to Milly that he would have to go out for a few moments; it was the little engagement he had told her he would have to sit up for. He would tell her about it, and make her laugh, when he returned. He himself laughed as he kissed her.

He was leaving the hotel when he met Hugh Williams, beaming with outstretched hand.

"The dance lets out early to-night," he remarked pleasantly. "I did n't know Mrs. Dansken was at home till I stumbled over Blashfield."

Frank decided, after a look at Williams, that Blashfield had kept the meeting quiet.

"Well, how 's everything since I 've been away? I 've been asleep for two hours. Mrs. Dansken gave me some supper—and, by the way, I 'm mightily pleased that girl has gone." Williams had concluded to give Frank his "dose" while he could speak without apparent knowledge of all that had taken place in his absence, since it would never do to let Frank suppose he had been talked over.

"What girl?"

"Come out here, Frank," said Williams; and when they were in the street he said, "You know who I mean—the Perfect Treasure. I met the partner of her brother. The brother turns out to be a husband. He was n't a particularly good one, it seems, and so she hedges a little and calls him—"

"It 's a lie."

"I thought it was a lie myself, Frank." Williams would not look at his friend to see how he was taking it. "I 'm not much in the habit of packing lies about, especially lies about a woman, so I stepped round to the Sisters'," he went on, trying to speak naturally and in an unpremeditated way — "who took care of her, you know, when her child was born —"

Frank clutched him by the shoulders. "Stop!" he panted, "you are talking about my wife."

The two men reeled apart and stared at each other.

"Curses on it, why did n't you tell me?"

"Why did you open on me, before I could speak? Out with it now, to the last word!"

"I have nothing to say about your wife, Frank."

"I 'll have it out of you, I say."

Blashfield, who had been waiting for his principal, caught sight of him and joined them. He gripped him by the elbow. "Do you know what time it is?" he suggested.

"I 'll be with you in a moment, Blashfield; I want to speak with Williams — I 'll be around."

Blashfield gave his arm another squeeze and ran off to the rendezvous.

"Frank," said Williams, "I can't take those words back, but you should allow for my ignorance. I 've been gone a thousand years, it seems."

"You can say you believe me when I tell you those words are false."

Williams did not speak.

"Your silence, do you know, is insulting."

"I have nothing to say about your wife, Frank," Williams repeated, "except that she is a very handsome girl and I hope you will be happy."

"It is kind of you to mention her beauty."

"I think we had better not talk any more to-night. There 's all to-morrow, you know."

"I have no desire to talk, but I think there is something more for you to say."

"What is it?"

"You will finish what you began to tell me, and then you will say whether you believe it is true."

"What does it matter what I believe? Go to your wife and find out the truth."

"Go to my wife, and ask her if she has had a child?"

"God help you, Frank. Go to her and learn to know your wife; and be thankful, whatever she is, that she is no worse. You 've got to know the truth, sooner or later. It 's all over the camp to-night."

"What is the truth?"

"Go to her, man. Don't ask me. For God's sake, am I to tell you she has been a mother; that her child was born at the hospital; that its father deserted her before it was born? I 'd have kept it from you with my life, but I told Mrs. Dansken two hours ago, before she went to the ball. It 's all over the town by now, God forgive me!"

Frank could not have been sure that he heard the last words of his friend, or that he was the man who was being led up and down the street, brokenly, like one intoxicated or asleep.

The rage had all gone out of him, the flame that had driven him for the past five days, since the evening he was published before the household. In its place was a light-headed calmness, in which he could think of Milly with a strange indifference.

"Have you got any money about you?" were the first words he said.

"Any money?" said Williams. "Do you want money to-night?"

"Yes, I want some money. I want a good deal. Do you know it 's my wedding night?"

Williams stopped him in the street and fairly shook him, to get his attention.

"Frank, do you mean she is n't your wife yet?"

"Yes, she 's my wife. I was married last night."

"Then, it is too late —"

"Too late to desert her? She 's been deserted once, you say?"

Williams groaned, and they resumed their aimless walk.

"Did you say you had n't any money in your clothes?"

"I 've got two dollars and a half."

"Don't get excited," said Frank; "I 'm not out of my head. I 'm going upstairs a moment. You need n't follow me. Can't a man speak to his wife?"

He went up swiftly to the door of his room. There was something he had yet to do; it was rather a crazy thought, but it chimed in with his fancy that he must not be ungentlemanly, whatever he meant by that. He stood a moment, listening by the door. The room was quiet. Could she be asleep on her wedding night — his bride without a history; the girl who within the year had suffered, in poverty and desertion, the agony of motherhood; who had buried her child; who had waltzed in his arms that night, a spectacle — how had he paraded his shame! This was why the ladies had retreated and the men had staid, those who were suited to the company of his bride. He prayed that she might be asleep.

Milly had been lying dressed and awake on the bed, when she first heard her husband's step and knew that the moment she had been drifting upon had come, and that she must meet it, at last, with her lamp unlighted and the darkness of falsehood in her soul. She wondered if it might be possible for her to speak even now; but as Frank approached the bed the instinct of dread alone prevailed, and she lay still, scarcely breathing, and trembling like a hare in its form.

He stooped over her and thought that she slept; but with that horrible weak yet heavy beating of the heart going on inside his breast he would not have known if it had been death he looked upon, instead of sleep. In the hollow of her arm that was nearest him he deposited all the gold and silver he could find in his pockets, softly, one piece laid against another, not to waken the sleeper. He did not despoil himself further. His watch and the ornaments that completed his dress he kept upon his person. He looked at her once more, her face turned away from the little heaps of coin gleaming against the whiteness of her arm. The sight smote him, and yet what more did he owe her now?

Williams watched him as he came through the office. He stopped at the bar and asked for a glass of brandy; he drank it and then went over to the desk and spoke to the clerk, saying something about feeling the brandy in his head. His behavior struck Williams as simply idiotic under the circumstances, unless the boy had some purpose in making a fool of himself. He caught sight of Williams and smiled in a way that did not allay his friend's uneasiness. Hugh took him by the arm and said, speaking low as they stood by the door together:

"This is n't fair to her, Frank. You ought to give her a chance to explain."

"She can't explain now," said Frank, lightly. "She 's asleep. And I have an engagement. Will you go up there and wait till I come back? The room is the one opposite the ladies' parlor. Stay round where you can hear her if she calls."

"Where in the world are you going? I don't like your engagement, at 12 o'clock at night."

"A man can't help his engagements," said Frank. "You heard me promise Blasshy I 'd be there. You were pretty rough on her, Hugh. You owe her a good turn. And if your friend's wife is n't all you 'd like her to be, is that any reason you should n't stand by her?"

"I should prefer, just now, to stand by you."

"So you will, if you 'll just wait, you know. Wait up there till I get back."

"Go on, then; I will wait: and don't be out all night."

Frank smiled back at his friend with that wretched, inconsequent smile.

Hugh was still uneasy, but the fact that Blashfield was concerned with Frank's engagement comforted him somewhat: his friend could not have any very desperate or tragic intentions, with Blasshy in tow.

The ladies' parlor was empty, but Williams was too restless to compose himself to solitary contemplation of its splendors. He walked the length of the hall, back and forth, pausing once at Milly's door when he thought he heard a sound of weeping. "Poor little fool," he said to himself, "I could be sorry for her if it was n't for Frank — his life spoiled at twenty-four."

He stood in one spot in the middle of the hall for some moments, thinking of his friend's future.

"And what is he up to now, I wonder?" He looked at his watch and saw that Frank had been gone three-quarters of an hour.

A window at the lower end of the hall was open and the wind blew harshly in, making the lamps flicker. He stepped down the hall to close it, and as the keen night air crossed his face he heard the report of a pistol. He went to the window and looked out. It was a high window, opening on the narrow fenced alley between the hotel kitchen and the open lot behind. The alley was lighted for a short distance by the lamps of late workers in the kitchen; beyond, as far as he could see in the direction of the shot, all was dark.

Williams found the door of a back stairway and ran down to a rear entrance opening upon the fenced passage. One or two of the hotel servants — there were but few up at that hour — stood bareheaded in the alley, in the light from the hot kitchen, staring into the blackness of the lot.

"What is it?" Williams asked.

"Some young fellows went past here a while back," one of the waiters said, peering ahead of him. "I do' know what they 're up to."

Williams crowded by him and met Blashfield, a few steps farther on, running, his face towards the light.

"Who is hurt?" asked Williams, seeing that something was wrong.

"Embury."

"How — who did it?"

Blashfield did not answer, but ran on. He gave money to one of the waiters, who disappeared and took himself the nearest way into the street.

Williams ran blindly forward towards a spot of light near the rear fence of the lot. There were figures moving against it; those nearest the light were motionless, but one was moving back and forth in a curious trot. A few steps brought Williams near enough to see that it was Strode, still in evening dress except that he had changed his coat for a reefing-jacket.

He grasped Williams by the hand and began a childish babbling. Hugh could not shake him off; he ran beside him talking excitedly.

"I thought you were the sheriff. I 'm waiting to give myself up; but the boys will tell you, Williams, I never meant to fight. I had n't a thing against him. I offered to apologize. I was n't even heeled. The boys will tell you one of 'em had to lend me a pistol; I had n't a weapon on me."

"Let go of me, Strode. Where is he?"

"I 'm taking you there. He was bound to have the thing come off. You can ask the boys if I could help myself. I don't know how I came to hit him. I never meant to do it. And he never fired a shot. His pistol was cold. I think he was drunk, Williams, or else he 's off his head. Why, good Lord, it was nothing—what I said."

The figures by the spot of light moved aside and showed one that lay on the snow, in an angle of the fence, sheltered from the wind. A lantern at his feet shone upward upon his blanched hands and chin and throat.

"How are you now, Embury?" asked Strode, pressing up. "You ain't much hurt, are you?"

Hugh put him aside. "Where is it, Frank?" he said. "Are you bleeding much?"

Frank groaned as Hugh passed his hand over the soaked clothing, feeling for the wound.

"It was the brandy," he muttered. "You saw me take it, Hugh. Went to my head like—keep them off a minute," he whispered.

"Has Blashfield gone for a doctor?" Hugh inquired.

"Yes," he was told. "We thought we had n't better move him."

"Well, step away, boys, a moment, will you? O Frank, I could curse myself to death, if that would save you!"

"I 've got what I wanted. You 'll hush up the talk, Hugh? Let them think it was the brandy—went to my head," he murmured wanderingly.

"Is there anything else, dear boy? You 'll get a chill lying here."

"No—I wanted to tell you—I 've got what I wanted," Frank repeated dreamily. "You must not think—that you—" He sighed, and gave up the effort to explain. "It was not happy," he whispered, trying to fix his eyes upon his friend's face. They could not hold the look; the meaning faded out of them, and he spoke no more.

"We must get him in," said Hugh. They laid him on an overcoat stretched upon the snow and carried him in, past the lights of the kitchen, by the servants' entrance.

"Not upstairs," Hugh whispered.

They turned into the dining-room, where the tables were set in order again for the morning, and laid him on the floor with a pile of cheap quilts from one of the waiter's beds under him.

. . . .

The doctor had gone, commanding that Frank should not be moved, his slender chance for life depending on absolute quiet. It was a Leadville night, wind and sharp volleys of sleet succeeding the early hours of still darkness. From time to time the watchman came in and put coal noiselessly, with his mittened hands, upon the fire.

Frank had not spoken since his fainting-fit when they carried him in. Towards morning he opened his eyes and turned them upon Hugh, with that look which those who have watched by the dying recognize as the approach of the final change—the look that obliterates personality, that makes the young face old and the old face young. Hugh saw that he wished to speak. He gave him the stimulant the doctor had ordered in case of a return to consciousness, and waited for its effect.

"Could you go up softly, before she wakes, and take that money away?" Frank whispered.

Hugh thought that he was wandering. Presently he said, quite collectedly, "When you take me home, tell them everything. Perhaps they will not mind, if they know—I got what I wanted."

"Oh, my dear boy, was there no way out of it but this?"

"Not for me—the way of the foolish," he murmured.

But at the last the smile that dawned upon the still face was an awesome sight to see. Williams thought, as he dwelt and dwelt upon it, and tried to strengthen his faith and ease his pain by gazing, that if Frank's father and mother could but see that look, there must have been consolation, even for them, in that marvelous light shed by the unknown upon this wreck of the known.

When the smile, with its silent protest against grieving, had been put away out of sight, Hugh's pain returned; he saw all the wasted moments of retrieval, all the turning-points that had been hurried past.

Mrs. Dansken showed him a letter she had written to Frank's mother, bitterly accusing herself and giving minute details.

"You have n't said anything about what I did," said Hugh, when he had read the letter.

"You did nothing that I was not responsible for."

"You can't tell the whole truth about this matter, Mrs. Dansken. Better leave it alone. I will tell them all that he wanted them to know."

"But they will never know his provocation."

"They know their own boy—and would it comfort them to think we had muddled his life away here among us? You can't tell the whole truth, Mrs. Dansken. We don't know it ourselves."

THERE have been dancers and dancing on the floor of the Clarendon dining-room since the night of Milly's début, but very few of the original Assembly ever appeared there again in pursuit of pleasure.

There was one corner of the room, over against the bench where Milly had sat at bay, that was haunted for those who helped to lay the young bridegroom there upon the floor, as it might have been, at her feet. Milly herself never entered the room again, nor willingly looked in the face of one of those who witnessed her entrance and her exit there. Six months after that evening the household at No. 9 had dispersed, and knew each other no more except by hearsay.

Blashfield continued on his amiable career westward until he reached Honolulu, where he married an heiress of the island, with a shade, it is said, of the liberally disseminated blood of the royal family in her veins. She is reported to be a beautiful woman, with a yard or more of darkest brown hair and a constitutional leaning towards the wearing of wrappers in the afternoon.

Mrs. Dansken continued to make Hugh Williams the confidant of her grief and repentance for the miscarriage of her relations with Embury, but in respect to Milly she could never be brought to accuse herself except for the fact of the girl's presence in the house. With no audience to applaud, Hugh ceased to try to make points against her in conversation. Before a year had passed he was the sole boarder at No. 9, and this time the arrangement was a permanent and exclusive one. Mrs. Dansken was a few years older than her philosophical husband, but his was the elder temperament. Hugh had parted with his best hopes, in the way of marriage, some time before he made the acquaintance of his Leadville landlady: he had always liked the merry, capable, honest little woman; he used to feel her wearinesses, her mistakes, and humiliations almost as if they had been his own; he did not mind her sharp tongue or her rowdy little ways, and she made him, he believed, a better comrade in his wandering Western life than a delicately bred, supersensitive, romantic girl from the more carefully weeded ranks of society. But it was long since he had known any girl of this sort, and his ideas on the subject were somewhat vague.

Strode went to New Mexico, where the story of his having killed his man in a duel after a Leadville dance had preceded him, and won for him prestige of a kind he did not covet under the circumstances. He never had occasion to confirm the report which described him as a dead-shot and a dangerous man in a quarrel.

Milly went to live with Mrs. Black, who, with her gift for discerning what was best in those around her, discovered that Milly was "a born sick-nurse"—of the capable and restful, rather than the intuitive, kind. There was plenty of employment outside of the hospitals for Milly's powers during the succeeding season at the camp. Sometimes it was the mother of a young babe at some crazy cabin on a claim that the father was "holding down," perhaps with barricade and shotgun; sometimes a houseful of little children prostrated by an epidemic. Once it was a traveler overtaken at his hotel—a big stock-raiser from Montana, in beaver overcoat and diamond pin, who perforce upon his recovery presented his pretty nurse with the life he was pleased to owe to her services. What Milly did with the gift, after she went back with him to his cattle-ranch, is not known. But Mrs. Black was glad to have the girl off her mind, she said. "For a girl as pretty as that, who has n't learned to say either yes or no, is n't safe to have around in a place where there are so many men folks."

Poor Frank, alas! had given occasion for all the family prophets who had ever doubted him to say, "I told you so." But there is one little girl who will always believe that if they had only allowed her to marry her own love all would have been so different. Perhaps a belief of this kind is a better thing than its realization could have been; at all events, Mr. and Mrs. Mason still think that they knew best.

Mary Hallock Foote.

THE BLOODHOUND.

My hounds are bred out of the Spartan kind,
So flew'd, so sanded; and their heads are hung
With eares that sweep away the morning dew;
Crook-kneed, and dew-lapp'd like Thessalian bulls;
Slow in pursuit, but match'd in mouth like bells,
Each under each. A cry more tuneable
Was never hallowed to, nor cheer'd with horn,
In Crete, in Sparta, nor in Thessaly:
Judge, when you hear.

A Midsummer Night's Dream.

THE bloodhound, formerly called the sleuth-hound (from the word slouth, probably meaning scent), slow or slough hound (as he frequently pursued over bogs or sloughs), limier or lime-hound (so called because he was often led in a leathern thong), is the most ancient breed of hounds in England; and although the favorite of the painter, and universally admired for his majestic and dignified appearance and for his associations with the old-time romances in which he took such an exciting part, and which have been celebrated so frequently in song and prose, he is not common even in England, and is perhaps less understood than any other of the canine race.

Until comparatively recent times these hounds were only to be found in the kennels of the nobility, and even now well-bred bloodhounds are in the hands of very few breeders, and are all closely related.

Jesse says the earliest mention of bloodhounds was in the reign of Henry III. The breed originated from the talbot, which was brought over by William the Conqueror, and seems to have been very similar to the St. Hubert, a breed from St. Hubert's Abbey in Ardennes, which, according to the old legends, was imported by St. Hubert from the south of Gaul about the sixth century. The talbot was the popular hound from the twelfth to the sixteenth century, but became extinct about the end of the last century. The southern hound, another very old breed showing many characteristics of the bloodhound, is very difficult to find now in his pure state, although many of our old packs of harriers are descended chiefly from him. The best authorities agree that the St. Hubert, talbot, and bloodhound are all very closely allied.

Many writers assert that all our English breeds of hounds are descended from the bloodhound; but I am not aware that any attempt has been made to prove this, and must regard these statements as conjectural. At the same time I do not know that any one can trace our other breeds of hounds to any other source than the bloodhound or talbot, and certainly this conjecture seems a very probable one.

One of the most careful and best informed authorities on hound lore, who contributes to "Baily's Magazine" under the signature of "N.," contends that the foxhound is not descended from the bloodhound, but is a hound of pure race, indigenous; or, if not indigenous, that probably his ancestors were brought back by the crusaders, as Xenophon describes a Grecian hound that is very similar. The same writer warns us not to accept the statements of those who assume

> that when fox-hunting became a really national sport, some 150 years ago, the dog now known as the foxhound had to be manufactured in order to carry it out, instead of being already in existence, and, as I may say, only waiting to be put to that special use.

The old English bloodhound is quite different, both in appearance and disposition, from the Cuban bloodhound of slave-hunting notoriety. An authority says:

> We are not of opinion that the dogs which were used in tracing the Indians of Cuba were the same with the bloodhound here alluded to. The dogs of South America were undoubtedly introduced by Columbus from Spain; and, if we mistake not, the Cuban dogs were of such a make and shape as would be produced between the mastiff and pointer, both of which breeds were common to Spain. The British bloodhound is more of an indigenous nature, originally cultivated from a mixture of olden races of *sagaces* and *celeres*, or sagacious and swift-footed, whereas the Cuban dogs were, in all probability, derived from an intermixture between the *pugnaces*, or dogs of war, and *celeres*.

Bloodhounds were originally used for tracking wounded game, and afterwards in the pursuit of outlaws.

"The Actis and Deidis of Wallace," by Blind Harry the Minstrel, who is believed to have written about 1470, contains a description of a pursuit of that chief made with the assistance of a bloodhound; and a bloodhound plays an important part in the poem of Barbour's, written in the fourteenth century, which recites how Sir Aymer de Valence and John of Lorn assembled a large force to attack the Bruce.

In Nicholson and Burns, "History of the

Antiquities of Westmoreland and Cumberland," published 1777, we find that

> slough dogs were for pursuing offenders through the sloughs, mosses, and bogs that were not passable but by those that were acquainted with the various and intricate by-paths and turnings. These offenders were peculiarly styled moss-troopers: and the dogs were commonly called bloodhounds, which were kept in use till within the memory of many of our fathers.
>
> And all along the pursuit of "hot trod" (*flagrante delicto*), with red hand (as the Scots term it), was by hound and horn and voice.

At a still later time bloodhounds were used for the capture of sheep-stealers and others, and a tax was often levied for their maintenance for this purpose.

It is only in very old writings that we find talbots, or white bloodhounds, mentioned. The "thick, round head" Somerville describes would certainly not be admired now, and I believe was never an accurate description of the bloodhound. A long, narrow, peaked head is indicative of great scenting powers, and large flews and dewlap of a deep, mellow voice.

The bloodhound has a much more delicate nose than any other known breed of hound, and can puzzle out a cold scent under the most adverse conditions. He is remarkable for adhering to the scent of the animal on which he is laid. Some years since a pack of staghounds was kept in Derbyshire, and it was no infrequent occurrence for the hunted deer to take refuge among a herd in some park. In this case the pack was whipped off and a couple of bloodhounds laid on, who stuck to the hunted deer until they got him clear of the herd, when the pack was again laid on.

The bloodhound is easily entered to hunt anything, and with a strong scent will sometimes absolutely sit down on his haunches for a few seconds and throw tongue in sheer delight. The note is very deep, mellow, and prolonged, and may be heard for miles. The bay, or "singing," of a kennel of bloodhounds just before feeding or exercising is most melodious.

The bloodhound was originally so slow that in border warfare he was taken up and carried on horseback for a time when the pursuers came to soft ground, where the trail was visible. If the horse of that period was faster than the bloodhound, the latter must indeed have been slow.

Lord Wolverton owned a pack of bloodhounds a few years ago with which he hunted turned-out deer in Dorsetshire and the Blackmoor Vale. He finally gave them up, and Lord Carrington brought them to hunt in Buckinghamshire, but only kept them a season, as he either had not the key to Lord Wolverton's management, or the country was not so suitable for them. In 1881 the greater part of this pack was sold to Count le Couteulx de Canteleu, who has kept a number of pure English bloodhounds for many years, and used them with others crossed between the bloodhound and some of the old French breeds, hunting deer and wild boar.

Count le Couteulx told me that he found the pure bloodhound very suitable for this purpose, except that he is often not so courageous as is desirable for boar-hunting. He showed me the head of a boar which was brought to bay in the middle of a forest and killed eight hounds before the horseman could get up to perform the happy dispatch.

Some years since Mr. Selby Lowndes hunted outlying deer in Whaddon Chase with a small pack of bloodhounds, and sometimes hunted deer-stealers and sheep-stealers with them also, to the great discomfiture of these outlaws. An old man now living who used to hunt with these hounds relates that a hound called Gamester was the most reliable man-hunter they had, and that on one occasion when hunting a sheep-stealer, the man had gone away from his cottage some considerable distance to an old shed or cow byre, where he had literally buried himself in the manure which had been allowed to accumulate there; but the dog found him at once, and he was forced to come out from his hiding-place.

Mr. Lowndes bought Gamester out of a higgler's cart which he was drawing (although quite a puppy), giving £10 for him. Soon afterwards he refused £100 for the hound. The old servant referred to above stated that Gamester was so powerful that he could take up a horse's head, such as a man could only lift with some little difficulty, and leap on his high bed with it. He would hunt a buck through all his travels in the night and find him the next day.

Until a comparatively short time since, each keeper in the New Forest was required to keep a couple of bloodhounds on his walk. They called them talbots, and one keeper named Primer, on the Boldrewood walk, used to boast that he had had the breed in his family for more than three hundred years.

Some forty to fifty years ago Mr. Thomas Nevil of Chillend, New Winchester, procured one or two couples of these hounds from Primer, and from them originated a small pack which is deserving of a separate article. These hounds were described as being much like our present bloodhounds, but somewhat lighter in build, although Random, one of the finest hounds Mr. Nevil bred, is said to have been so high that he could walk round a high dining-room table and with his forefeet on the ground help himself to anything he liked. Mr. Nevil took a fancy to have them all as nearly black as he could,— marked like black-and-tan terriers, in fact,— and so they were at his death. He always destroyed the lighter-colored puppies. Mr. Nichols, one of our most noted bloodhound breeders, obtained a hound called Countess from Mr. Nevil about 1876, and the cross was so successful that there is scarcely a bloodhound living to-day that has not some of this blood in his veins; and through Mr. Nevil's fancy for this color, which had become so emphasized in his pack, the general color of our bloodhounds is much darker than formerly.

Speaking of Mr. Nevil's black St. Huberts, a writer in "Baily's Magazine" says:

> They were the descendants of that pack of which William Rufus was master. They were certainly splendid-looking hounds when we saw them, and their deep bay was a grand thing to hear. Mr. Nevil hunted everything with them, from the wild jackal and the lordly stag to the water-rat and "such small deer." . . . In the summer time, when the St. Huberts were taking holidays, no better sport could be imagined, said Mr. Nevil, than a run with a fine water-rat; and the earnestness with which he described to us a "run" of this sort, and the wonderful behavior of the St. Huberts under rather trying circumstances, was most amusing. He had trained his hounds to hunt the stags he kept in a paddock adjoining his house, and to trot home together side by side, the hunters and the hunted, after the stag had been taken. We have mentioned a jackal — an animal that lay on the rug like a collie dog, and was quite willing to be hunted by the St. Huberts and return to his rug after the hunt was over; but his chief loves were the stags. He had taught them to come to his call and feed out of his hand. He had taught the hounds that hunted them one day to be their companions the next, while the jackal went in and out as an occasional visitor.

There is not now any established pack of bloodhounds in England. Mackenzie's "History of Northumberland," published at Newcastle-on-Tyne in 1811, gives the following account of a pack of partly bred bloodhounds:

> SPITTLE HILL, PARISH OF MILFORD.
>
> The late William Bullock, Esq., of this place, was a keen and skillful sportsman, and kept a small but choice and valuable pack of hounds. So excellently were they trained that, like sleuth-dogs of the borderers, they could trace out a thief through all his turnings and windings. Whenever a hen-roost was robbed, geese killed, or other depredation committed by reynard in the neighborhood, Mr. Bullock was applied to and seldom failed to exterminate the nocturnal robber. At one time a most extraordinary instance occurred of the quality of two of his hounds. He threw off his pack in a covert near this place: when beating the bushes, a fox was unkenneled on the flank of the near hounds. They doubled upon him with their usual eagerness, and after a spirited chase lost his track; but the two leading hounds were missing, and they neither came up at the voice of the huntsman nor the sound of bugle. The fox took towards Rothbury Forest, where he was seen followed by the hounds. Here it would appear he was headed off, when he directed his course to a stronghold on Simonside Hill, from whence, being still pursued, he ran northward and crossed the Coquet at crag-end, where he expected to find an asylum. Being again disappointed, he made towards Thrunton Crag, where he was equally unsuccessful. He then stretched across the country towards Cheviot. A shepherd on the skirts of that mountain in the evening heard the cry of hounds in the distance, and shortly after saw a fox coming towards him at a slow pace, and two hounds a few yards behind, running abreast and alternately chanting in a feeble key. The man confined his cur and stood stationary till they came up to the fox, which they tumbled down and fell upon but were unable to worry. The spectator then sprang to the spot, took reynard by the brush and pulled him forward in order to dispatch him, but he was already at the point of expiring. As soon as the hounds were a little recovered, he gave them some pieces of bread, and then conveying them to his cottage entertained them with the best viands his cupboard could afford. He had them called at Wooler market and the neighboring churches, but no person claimed them. They continued under his hospitable roof until Mr. Bullock accidentally heard of their place of residence, when he instantly recovered his two favorites and liberally rewarded their kind host. The zigzag course they had run in the chase was computed at upwards of seventy miles, and, what is remarkable, the fox seemed perfectly acquainted with all the strongholds in this passage. The writer has often heard these anecdotes repeated in this part of the country, where he resided for some time.

In "Boyle's Life and Works," by T. Birch, 1772, I find the following remarks "On the Strange Subtilty of Effluviums":

> A person of quality, to whom I am nearly allied, related to me that to make a trial whether a young bloodhound was well instructed (or, as the huntsmen call it, made), he caused one of his servants, who had not killed or so much as touched any of his deer, to walk to a country town four miles off, and then to a market town three miles distant from thence; which done, this nobleman did, a competent while after, put the bloodhound upon the scent of the man, and caused him to be followed by a servant or two, the master himself thinking it also fit to go after them to see the event; which was that the dog, without ever seeing the man he was to pursue, followed him by the scent to the above-mentioned places, notwithstanding the multitude of market people that went along in the same way, and of travelers that had occasion to cross it; and when the bloodhound came to the chief market town, he passed through the streets without taking notice of any of the people there, and left not till he had gone to the house where the man he sought rested himself, and found him in an upper room, to the wonder of those that followed him. The par-

ticulars of this narrative the nobleman's wife, a person of great veracity, that happened to be with him when the trial was made, confirmed to me.

When we consider the marvelous attributes of the bloodhound, it is difficult to understand how it could possibly have gone almost out of use, as it evidently did. Probably this decadence began when he was no longer required in border warfare. For some reason he gradually ceased to be used as a limier, and the pursuit of criminals by means of bloodhounds was entirely given up long before the public learned to regard the new police, established in 1829, as their natural protectors. As a matter of course the breed became very scarce, and was only kept up by old families who were loath to part from their ancient traditions, or who had deer parks and used bloodhounds for tracking wounded deer. Fortunately, dog shows came to the rescue, or the breed would probably have by this time become extinct.

I fear that dog shows and their attendant changes of fashion have done an immense amount of harm to some of our most useful breeds; but luckily the bloodhound has been estimated most highly for his best and most characteristic qualities, and the long, narrow, peaked head, always associated with special scenting powers, and the long ears and immense dewlap, indicative of voice, are much more common now than ever before. The chief alteration has been in the lines denoting speed, and we now have a very much faster hound than in the moss-trooping days; in fact, many bloodhounds are quite as fast as average foxhounds. They have seldom been hunted in packs, and it would take generations of careful breeding and handling to make them suitable for English fox-hunting.

Nothing but the foxhound would work with a mob of perhaps 200 or 300 horsemen crashing behind him, and then trot home gayly after 10 or 12 hours of hard work. The huntsman of a pack of foxhounds has to lift them constantly and often guesses his fox to death, but the bloodhound would not stand this treatment. He likes to work out a scent carefully and cast himself, and will not brook much interference. No doubt he might be modified in this respect if it were thought desirable to do so; but it must be remembered that for generations many of our most experienced men have spared neither time, trouble, nor money in the perfection of our foxhound, and for his particular work it would seem scarcely possible to produce a more suitable hound. Probably out of 100 foxhound puppies bred annually at Belvoir Castle all but about 20 are drafted, and out of these 20 one-half are not bred from again; and this kind of careful selection has been going on all over England for nearly a century. I should think that for every bloodhound reared in England there are five hundred foxhounds; and of course foxhounds have had the advantage of being bred for work, which has not latterly been the case with bloodhounds. We have, however, been intensifying the type and formation indicative of the special properties inherent in him, and I am satisfied that with a reasonable amount of careful training we may obtain much more wonderful results in the tracking of criminals than have ever been attained before. We have now few hounds trained to hunt the "clean boot,"—*i. e.*, merely the natural scent of a man through his boots,—and the very few bloodhound owners who attempt anything of this kind do not devote sufficient time to the pursuit to bring their hounds to even a moderate degree of excellence.

I am convinced that the time has now come when we may hope to see this matter taken up in a thoroughly intelligent manner; and if this is done, we shall, in a very few years, be quite unable to understand why the bloodhound was ever allowed to fall into disuse for this purpose. Each succeeding generation of trained hounds must become much more proficient than the last one; and when they have come into general use the deterrent effect on crime will be incalculable. Such detectives would be incapable of accepting a bribe, and would often discover criminals when other means could only end in failure.

At the Warwick dog show of 1886 some bloodhound trials were attempted in the castle park. Seven hounds were entered, but unfortunately several of them had evidently never been trained, and the courses run were made much too short for any real test of the capabilities of the hounds. Still three of them ran the line very accurately, although they had not been trained at all until about two months before the trials.

Some few years ago the idea of the use of bloodhounds for detective purposes was mooted in the daily papers, and the howl of horror at the barbarity of such a proceeding that it raised from the uninformed was most amusing to those who know the tractability of the bloodhound. He was associated with the tales of slave-hunting in "Uncle Tom's Cabin" and "Dred," and was supposed to be a ferocious monster, endowed with witch-like attributes, and capable of pursuing his victim successfully under any conditions until caught, when he would certainly tear him limb from limb.

The horrible murders committed in the East End of London last year and the complete failure of the police to trace the perpetrator of these outrages were the means of calling attention once more to the qualifications of this old-time detective. The daily papers were filled with letters advocating his use; but, from the thoroughly impracticable nature of many of these epistles, I fear that the change in public opinion was due more to a strong desire for vengeance on an exceptionally loathsome miscreant than to increased knowledge of the disposition of the bloodhound. At one time the police received about 1200 letters daily containing various suggestions, and of these some 400 proposed the use of bloodhounds. Some of the newspaper correspondents seemed to believe that the police had only to take a bloodhound of any kind to the place where a murder had been committed weeks or months before, and the animal would at once scent out the trail of the murderer in preference to thousands of others and infallibly run the man down.

R.H. Moore del.

BELHUS.[1]

In the beginning of October I was consulted by Sir Charles Warren, then the Chief Commissioner of Metropolitan Police, as to the feasibility of employing bloodhounds to track the Whitechapel murderer, and after some correspondence I took two hounds up to London to experiment with. We ran them repeatedly in the parks for the information of police authorities and various representatives of the press, and sufficiently demonstrated the facts that the hounds will run a man who is a complete stranger to them, that when they have come up to their man they will not molest him in any way, and that although the line may be crossed by others they will not change. While in London I never ran them without the line of the hunted man being crossed (often by quite a number of people), but the hounds never once changed. They could carry the line across and for a short way along the gravel paths in the parks, but the experiments made on the London stones could not be considered as satisfactory as we should have wished. Hunting the clean boot on a London pavement is, I believe, the most severe test that any hound can be put to, and will of course require special and careful training.

I think I know every breeder of bloodhounds in England, and am not aware that this has ever been attempted before. I have not the least doubt that an intelligent, patient trainer, with well-bred hounds, can surmount these difficulties. At present I believe that no one does more training to hunt the clean boot than myself, but I am unable to give my hounds one-tenth of the work necessary to show really first-rate results.

One method of training advocated is to rub with blood the boots of the man who runs for the hounds, and to discontinue this gradually as the hounds become more expert. This is a very bad system. It is quite easy to enter bloodhounds without any artificial aid of this kind, and it is much more difficult to get them to run a man after they have become accustomed to a stronger scent. I consider that hounds work better when entered to one particular scent and kept to that only, and I never allow my hounds to hunt anything but the clean boot. I begin to take my pups to exercise on the roads when three or four months old, and a very short time suffices to get them under good command. You can begin scarcely too early to teach pups to hunt the clean boot. For the first few times I find it best to let them run some one they know; afterwards it does not matter how often the runner is changed. He should caress and make much of the pups and then let them see him start, but get out of

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[1] The engravings in this article were drawn by R. H. Moore from dogs owned by the author.

BLUEBERRY AND PUPS.

their sight as quickly as possible and run in a straight line, say two hundred yards up wind on grass-land, and then hide himself. The man who hunts the pups should know the exact line taken, and take the pups over it, trying to encourage them to hunt until they get to their man, who should reward them with a bit of meat. This may have to be repeated several times before they really get their heads down; but when they have once begun to hunt they improve rapidly and take great delight in the quest. Everything should be made as easy as possible at first and the difficulties increased very gradually. This may be done by having the line crossed by others, by increasing the time before the pups are laid on, or by crossing roads, etc. When the pups get old enough they should be taught to jump boldly and to swim brooks where necessary. When young hounds have begun to run fairly well it will be found very useful to let the runner carry a bundle of sticks two feet or two feet six inches long, pointed at one end and with a piece of white paper in a cleft at the other end. When he makes a turn or crosses a fence he should put one of these sticks down and incline it in the

BABETTE.

direction he is going to take next. This will give the person hunting the hounds some idea of the correctness of their work, though the best hounds do not always run the nearest to the line. On a good scenting day I have seen hounds running hard fifty yards or more to leeward of the line taken. These sticks should be taken up when done with, or they may be found misleading on some other occasion. The hounds will soon learn to cast themselves or try back if they overrun the line, and should never receive any assistance so long as they continue working on their own account. It is most important that they should become self-reliant. The line should be varied as much as possible. It is not well to run hounds over exactly the same course they have been hunted on some previous occasion. If some hounds are much slower than the rest it is best to hunt them by themselves, or they may get to "score to cry," as the old writers say, instead of patiently working out the line for themselves.

It is a great advantage to get hounds accustomed to strange sights and noises. If a hound is intended to be brought to a pitch of excellence that shall enable him to be used in thoroughfares, he should be brought up in a town and see as much bustle as possible. If he is only intended to be used in open country, with occasional bits of road work, this is not necessary. Bloodhounds give tongue freely when hunting any wild animal, but many hounds run perfectly mute when hunting man. This is, however, very much a matter of breeding. Some strains run man without giving tongue at all; others are very musical.

If any reader is fond of seeing hounds work and has only a limited amount of country to hunt over, he will find much pleasure in hunting man with one or two couples of bloodhounds. In such circumstances it is a great convenience to be able to select the course, which cannot be done if hunting some wild animal, and a great variety of different runs can be made over limited ground. Bloodhounds can be easily entered to hunt a horse; and, if this is preferred, a man may be sent across country on horseback and the hounds laid on when it is thought that he has had sufficient start.

BURGHS.

I know nothing more delightful than to see bloodhounds working out a scent carefully under varying circumstances, and to hear their sonorous, deep, bell-like note. To my ear there is more melody in a chorus such as this than was ever put into song or ballad.

To become, however, a complete fanatic in the breed, one well-bred bloodhound should be kept as a constant companion and inseparable friend. Under these circumstances the hound's individuality is developed, and his capacity as a good comrade will be chiefly determined by the intelligence and fraternity of his human associate. He is essentially and preëminently a gentlemanly dog, and when you have once won his esteem he may be depended upon as your stanch, trusty, and lifelong friend. He has a solemn, stately bearing, and a thoughtful, ingenuous expression, which is quite in keeping with his princely birth.

Landseer painted some very good portraits of the bloodhounds of his day. He was associated with Mr. Jacob Bell in the breeding of bloodhounds, and it is related that on one occasion Mr. Bell drove into his stable-yard when an old favorite named Countess was lying asleep in a hayloft. She half woke up at the familiar sound made by her master's wheels, came to the door, and falling down into the yard was killed instantly. If the death of Countess was sudden her immortality was immediate, for Mr. Bell put her into his dog-cart and drove at once to Sir Edwin Landseer, who posed the hound and painted the picture known as "The Sleeping Bloodhound," which is now in the National Gallery.

Grafton, the model for "Dignity and Impudence," was considered a very fine specimen at that time, but we have now many hounds which are very much better in every particular, so far as it is possible to form an opinion from the picture.

When bloodhounds contract distemper they generally have the disease in a very severe form, owing to their close in-breeding; but if they can be kept clear of this contagion or infection, they are as hardy as other breeds of dogs. Breeders in France and Germany have been more successful, probably owing to their hounds having been bred and reared in a different climate and under different conditions. The last time I had distemper in my kennels I lost only one out of eight pups attacked, and I attribute this good fortune to the use of quinine in large doses. I gave from three to four grains twice daily, and this is the only drug I have tried that has had any effect in reducing the fever.

The most important matters are great cleanliness and unsparing use of disinfectants, absolute quiet, a room of even temperature, admitting plenty of fresh air without draught, and a variety of the most nourishing liquid food possible, given very frequently in small quantities. The puppy should not have any exercise until he has completely recovered and the temperature has for some days been quite natural, as a relapse is generally fatal.

BARNABY — CHAMPION.

The bloodhound may be described as follows:

The head is the chief characteristic of the breed and should be estimated very highly; the skull is very long (good dogs generally exceed eleven inches in length), narrow, and very much peaked; muzzle deep and square; ears very thin, long, and pendulous, set on very

DUCHESS OF RIPPLE.

low, hanging close to the face and curled upon themselves; eyes hazel colored, deep set, with triangular shaped lids showing the haw. Flews long, thin, and pendulous, the upper lip overhanging the lower one. Neck long, with great quantity of loose skin or dewlap. The skin of the face should be very loose and wrinkled, and when the nose is depressed a roll of loose skin should be seen on the forehead. The coat should be close, but rather silky in texture, and the skin thin. Height, dogs from twenty-five to twenty-seven inches at shoulder, bitches rather less. Shoulders deep and sloping, brisket particularly well let down, forming a sort of keel between the forelegs; loins broad and muscular; powerful, muscular thighs and second thighs; good legs and round feet, hocks well bent; tapering, lashing stern.

The color most generally admired now is black and tan, the legs, feet, and all or part of the face being a tan color, and the back and sides and the upper part of neck and stern black. There is generally a white star on the chest, and a little white on the feet is admissible. Some fifteen years since it was not at all uncommon to see white flecks on the back — making the hound look as if he had been out in a snow-storm — and a white tip to stern. The former peculiarity seems unfortunately to be quite lost, but the white tip to stern is still sometimes met with. A deep red with tan markings is common; but to my mind the most beautiful color of all is a tawny, more or less mixed with black on the back. It is, however, very rare, and I only know one or two hounds of this color. The bitch is somewhat smaller than the dog, and in her the head properties are not so fully developed.

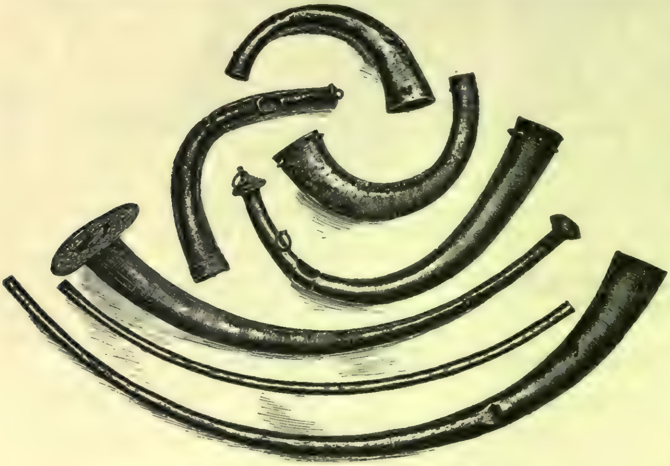
WYNDYATE, NEAR SCARBOROUGH, ENGLAND.

Edwin Brough.

BRADSHAW.

EARLY HEROES OF IRELAND.

ONE who turns over the leaves of a Japanese book of hermits is apt to exclaim: "How like these old men are to hard-featured Scotchmen, or to Irish peasants from Ulster or Connaught!" It is only on studying the past of Ireland and Britain that one sees resemblances much more impressive than such coincidences—perceives they are more than coincidences, and rather in the nature of a radical correspondence between the race mixtures at the two points about the round of the earth east and west between which lies the greatest stretch of land. As a stone dropped in a quiet pool sends waves equally in every direction, so for purposes of illustration we can imagine that from some central point of folk-disturbance successive waves of emigrants, conquerors, colonists rippled out to what was called of old the uttermost parts of the earth.



LARGE AND SMALL HORNS OF BRONZE FOR CHASE AND WAR, MUCH REDUCED IN SIZE.

With the bold imagery of the peoples of Asia Minor, with the pride of the great commonwealths of Semitic-Turanians on the Euphrates, the Bible places that point on the plain of Shinar and gives for the reason of the dispersion a confusion of tongues about the tower of Babel. Under this imagery, under the distortions inevitable from historical perspective and the need of presenting complicated facts in a definite concrete shape, it is the privilege of modern research to find the grand outlines true, and to correct the minor inaccuracies due to ages which lacked the wealth of materials now at hand. Of the many glories of little Ireland this is one, to have retained in her mythology and legends much that illustrates the history of humanity before what is strictly called history found its way into books.

The narrative ballads of Oisîn, whose name is explained by the Gaels of Ireland as "little fawn," in connection with an enchantment of his mother into the form of a doe previous to his birth, contain the longing and resentment of pagans under the yoke of Christianity. He is a revenant from the Land of Youth who finds St. Patrick in virtual control of Ireland. Gone are all the delights intellectual, all the pleasures carnal, of the Fenian days, when the summers were passed by that national militia in picnics among the abundant forests, hunting wild oxen, boars, deer, and wolf, harassing the foes of the arch-king who refused tribute of cattle, sleeping in the open, keeping pirates out of the rivers and estuaries; whose winters were passed in warm quarters at the homesteads of farmers, who did not dare refuse them anything their insolence asked. Oisîn finds asceticism the ideal of the day. The monkish rule forbids bloodshed, sensuality, and carousal, limits polygamy, and in a thousand ways enforces uncomfortable Christian precepts founded on a general doctrine of self-denial.

We may well ask how it comes that such defiant utterances as are given below were able to survive centuries of Christian rule during which the professed teachers of that faith were very often the keepers of tradition. To explain it we must not forget that the people had reason to resent the endowment of village bishopric, village cure, monastery, and clerical establishment. The largess of chief and provincial king to clerics was at the expense of the peasants; always it was the latter who had to pay, and their consent was no more asked than it was under paganism when the Fenians rode over them roughshod. Listen to the dialogue between St. Patrick and Oisîn,

A KEEPER OF THE LEGENDS OF IRELAND.

translated by John O'Daly for the Ossianic Society:

Patrick. Misery attend thee, old man,
Who speakest the words of madness;
God is better for one hour
Than all the Fians of Eire.

Oisîn. O Patrick of the crooked crozier,
Who makes me that impertinent answer,
Thy crozier would be in atoms
Were Oscur present!
Were my son Oscur and God
Hand to hand on Cnoc-na-bh-Fiann.
If I saw my son down—
I would say that God was a strong man!

These are the words of a poet who saw the artistic value of Oisîn's contrast with St. Patrick and made sharp that contrast by a touch of blasphemy; but the spirit is true to the old national feeling of the irksomeness of a religion forced upon the people by their rulers and soon developing into another sort of tyranny from

LISTENING TO THE LEGENDS.

that which their ancestors suffered. Looking back they saw the glories of the pagan past, and did not realize its iniquities; yearned for its freedom, and forgot its death-fires and anarchy. The parish priest of Ireland can best tell if the peasants do not show glimpses of this medieval attitude towards the Church, in spite of three centuries of Protestant oppression which have riveted the bands of love between the people and their pastors. I venture to say that from the point of view at the Vatican the *habitants* of Lower Canada are better Catholics than the Irish, though the latter have done and suffered far more for the sake of their religion; and I explain it from the fact that whereas the *habitants*, by removing from Brittany and Normandy, have broken with most of the traditions of paganism, the Catholic Irish have kept those traditions alive, because all the efforts (even Cromwell's) to dislodge them from the land have been without avail. They possess Ireland still, and retain traces of paganism in the face of steady opposition from their own priests.

Who keeps this healthy, this dignified, note of a nation's past sounding down the centuries despite the frown of the Roman priest, the superciliousness of the Protestant minister, the jeers of the Orange faction? An old witch like this one in the picture, against whose invincible habit of collecting fagots from the "demesne" the landed proprietor builds those charming gray walls crowned with ferns and daisies which convert some Irish roads for mile after mile into open cuts between masonry soft with age. Seated by the turf fire she croons out scraps of old ballads, while the little girl whose earnest face is here depicted listens as if her life depended on it. When the village bard begins to collect his stock of ballads it is from such sources he takes the impulse and materials. Most of the lyrics and dramatic ballads written down between the twelfth and fifteenth centuries have owed their continued existence at one time or another to these humble imitators of the brave old bards and genealogists who lived in times when their office was honored and well recompensed.

The ballad from which the above verse is taken is comparatively late and serves as introduction to the Battle of Cnoc-an-Air, or Hill of Slaughter, in which Oscar succeeds in killing Talc mac Treoin, a demon hero who has forced the king of Greece to give him his daughter. The latter flies to Fion to demand protection—as well she might if Talc looked like this: "Not without cause did I hate him," she says. "Black as the coal was his skin; two ears, a tail and the head of a cat are upon the man of repulsive countenance." His name appears to mean Stout, son of Strong, and as such purely fictitious; but the description tallies with a Keltic view of the aboriginal Irish, with the Finnish view of Lapps, with the fauns and satyrs of Greek statuary, and with Scandinavian descriptions of the *iotuns*, or giants, from whom Jutland gets its name—in general with the darker-skinned inhabitants of Europe exaggerated in the descriptions of Aryans. Compare in the Shah-Nameh the contrast between the champions of Iran and the Deevs they vanquished.

Mixed with these traditions of an actual warfare in the remote past are more poetic ideas such as Professor John Rhys of Oxford brings out with too much exclusion of the historical groundwork in his Hibbert lectures, namely, "Ideas of Night in Contest with the Day, Winter with Summer, the Powers of Darkness and Cold with the Sun." The champion who arrives in Ireland to avenge the death of Stout, son of Strong, is called Meargach, or Melancholy. When Fion mac Cumhal reviews his army before joining battle with this most redoubtable foe it is curious to observe that the van, the first of his seven battalions, is composed of "heroes smooth and fresh." The allusion is to their complexions, and points to the fair-haired, tall Kelts, who were the latest comers into Ireland and the ruling military caste—those blue-eyed, yellow-haired Kelts who sacked Rome, ravaged Greece, and founded the Galatian commonwealth in Asia Minor. The battalion of "middle-sized men" and that of "small men" we may understand as recruited from the true hunter and fisher tribes, who gave the name Fenian to the army itself and Fion to the folk-hero. While it does not seem well to go so far as the author of "Ancient and Modern Britons" (London, 1884) in supposing that there were black tribes in Britain and Ireland, there is evidence of dark and light colored tribes, the former of which perhaps contained more Aryan, the latter more Turanian, blood. But the mixing of these peoples has been so intimate, and lies back so far in the past, that we must be content with the barest hints.

Fion is often called Finn, descendant of Stammering, instead of son of Bondage, which may refer to the contempt one race bears another whose speech they understand with difficulty, and be the nickname Kelts gave to the Ugrian tribes of Ireland. We may even detect the ancient race hatreds among the leaders of the Fenians in the feud that subsists between Fion and a chief lieutenant of his, one-eyed

Goll, descendant of Morna. When Fion asks Goll whether he will face Melancholy alone, that champion sneers:

> O Fionn, saith Goll, cunningly and wisely,
> 'T is true thou lovest not me;
> Thou wouldst wish to put me in danger
> And Oscur from trouble to be safe.

Conan the Bald, another officer, was always ready to show the same spirit of revenge for ancestral wrongs. Goll the One-eyed, though a captain under Fion, had previously slain in battle not only Fion's father, but Luichet the Finn. His sept dwelt in Finn-

TURANIAN OF FINLAND IN THE ANCIENT DRESS.

(FROM "THE KALEVALA IN ENGLISH," PUBLISHED BY JOHN B. ALDEN, NEW YORK: ORIGINAL PUBLISHED AT HELSINGFORS BY THE FINNISH LITERARY SOCIETY.)

magh near Athlone, whence we may suppose they had expelled the former Finno-Ugrian inhabitants. These are only a few instances of traces that confirm the idea that the Fenians were largely made up of aboriginal Irish, between whom and the purer Kelts the antique feuds only slumbered. We must think of Finns as living in Germany, Scandinavia, and Britain. Bania, the queen of an Irish king of the second century, is called the daughter of Scal the Stammerer, king of Finland. She is even said to have been grandmother to Fion. Here we may understand an allusion to Badb, old war-goddess of the primitive Europeans, taken into the pantheon of the Kelts. We lack pictures or sculptures of these early heroes. The woodcut of a warrior of the old Finnic type is taken from an edition of the Kalewala as the nearest approach to the appearance of a Fenian soldier of Ireland of the Turanian type.

Among the most curious traditions concerning Fion not the least is that by which St. Patrick is sharply marked out among saints, namely, the destruction of *piasts*, or dragons, in Erin. As Waïnamoïnen of Finland enters into the mouth of the Song-monster Wipunen, so Fion and his "Fianna" are swallowed by the Arrach, in the ballad called "The Finnian Hunt of Sliabh Truim," in John O'Daly's edition of Fenian poems:

It swallowed Fionn in the midst of them
When the Fianna of Eirinn raised a shout;
We were for some time without aid,
And the serpent dealing destruction amongst us.

An opening in each side of his body
Was made by Fionn, whose mind was not ill
Until he let out without delay
Every one of the Fianna he had swallowed.

In the Kalewala the same episode is wrought with more artistic skill by the rustic bard, possibly with some assistance from Lönnrot when he prepared that epic as now published; but the general scene, though more circumstantially described, belongs to a more primitive race than the Irish.

Waïnamoïnen of Wainola
In his iron shoes and armor
Careless walking, headlong stumbles
In the spacious mouth and fauces
Of the magic bard Wipunen.

BEATEN GOLD ORNAMENT. SUPPOSED TO BE A GORGET OR BREAST ORNAMENT OF CHIEFS. GREATLY REDUCED.

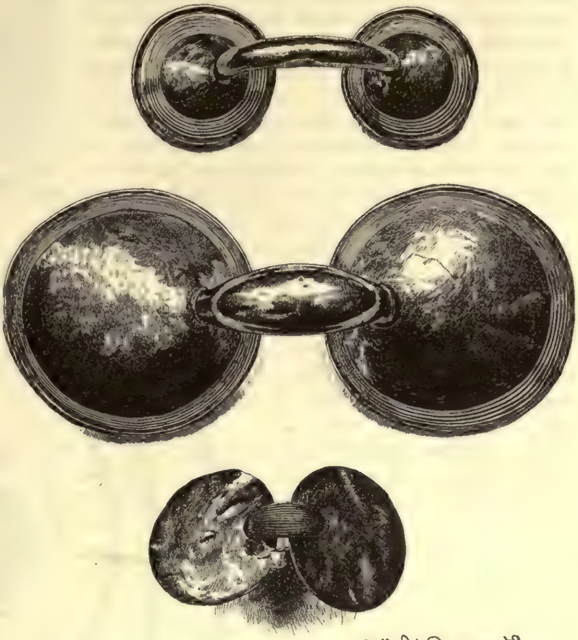
Wise Wipunen, full of song-charms,
Opens wide his mouth and swallows
Waïnamoïnen and his magic
Shoes and staff and iron armor.

Other water-dragons slain by Fion are those which haunted Lough Cuillinn, Lough Neagh near Belfast, the Hill of Howth close to Dublin, loughs Erne, Rea, Mask, and Remar, and the river Shannon. But it hardly is necessary to note many more of the parallels between Fion and Waïnamoïnen from Irish ballads and Kalewala, when their very names are the same. In the Kalewala the magical bard, demi-god, and national hero is also called Vaino, plainly a form of Fion, the root being the same as *wana* in Esthonian and *ven* in Hungarian. The meaning is, "the old one." Fion, son of Bondage, is the same humanized god of the Finno-Ugrians as Vaino, but overlaid by Aryan ideas in Ireland to the point of losing most of his godlike traits.

The hero Cuchulinn belongs to a more shadowy past than Oscar, Oisîn, Fion mac Cumhal, and Diarmait, who elopes with Fion's bride, the sun-goddess. Yet he does many things like Fion, and seems to be another version of the same ancient sun-god. With Cuchulinn we enter an earlier cycle, where Conchobar mac Nessa takes the place of Fion, Cuchulinn has Diarmait's place, Fergus mac Roig stands in the same relation to Cuchulinn that the Bard of the Boyne stood to Fion, as tutor or teacher. These heroes are assigned to the period of Christ's appearance in Judea, while those who revolve about Fion belong to the second century A. D. As Oisîn went to the Land of Youth and married the daughter of its king, returning several centuries later to find, like Rip Van Winkle, and the hero of a similar story in Japan, all his friends mere legends, so Cuchulinn is forced to visit a magical kingdom and marry the daughter of the Irish Neptune, Mananan mac Lir, though he returns betimes to console his jealous wife. The shadowy personage appears in the Kalewala as Mana, the god of death, and came down to Shakspere as a true historical king, namely, King Lear.

Though placed several centuries earlier than the Fenians, the heroes of Ulster at the court of Conchobar mac Nessa belong to the most complete drama of any in Irish legendary. Here occurs an epic of wonderful roundness, in which Ailill and Medb, or Mab, king and queen of Connaught, are arrayed with their heroes against Conchobar of Ulster, whose Achilles is Cuchulinn. It would take more space than this paper affords to tell even in outline the story of the war begun for the possession of a famous bull, and the feats of the chief hero in his contest at the ford with Ferdiadh, his former classmate at the military school of a war-goddess. Mention may be made of two feats, however. When his ordinary weapons fail to overcome Ferdiadh, and his own second begins to revile and taunt him from the bank of the river for his supineness, Cuchulinn gets his fury-fit aboard and turns into the primitive god of the savage; that is to say, he surpasses mere human deeds. He flies through the air and alights bodily on the rim of Ferdiadh's shield.

This Turanian trait crops up in far-off Japan with Yoshitsuné, a hero to whom the Japanese, like the Irish, assign a definite age, and whom they consider a historical personage. A favorite subject for Japanese painters, for the deft molders of decorations for sword-guards and trappings, is Yoshitsuné soaring in the air above Benkei, a burly ruffian whom he finally overcomes and attaches to himself as henchman. The Japanese hero has the same misfortunes in early life, his mother being forced to conceal him, and he too learns swordsmanship from the dark powers, a king of the demons, who is represented in Irish by Scatach, the "shadowy," a female teacher of the military art in Caledonia. In Ireland the Turanian hero fights at a ford, since bridges at that early date were hardly more than stepping-stones or baskets full of stone sunk at convenient distances. In Japan, however, the fight is on a bridge. In both cases there must be some underlying reason for the locality connected with the fact that gods were worshiped at fords, as we know from the votive swords, spears, and coins which are found in such spots.



GOLD ORNAMENTS, SUPPOSED TO BE DOUBLE BUTTONS FOR CLOAKS. FOUND OF MANY SIZES, SOME VERY LARGE.

The other feat is the employment of a weapon whose appearance has not been accounted for by Irish archæologists, whose relationship to known weapons is obscure, whose method of use as given by the epic seems preposterous. Yet the mention of this dart is so specific that no mistake is possible. Thus O'Curry translates:

> This was the character of that dart: it was upon a stream it should be set, and it was from between his toes he should cast it. It made but the wound

of one dart in entering the body; but it presented thirty inverted points against coming back, so that it could not be drawn from a person's body without opening it.

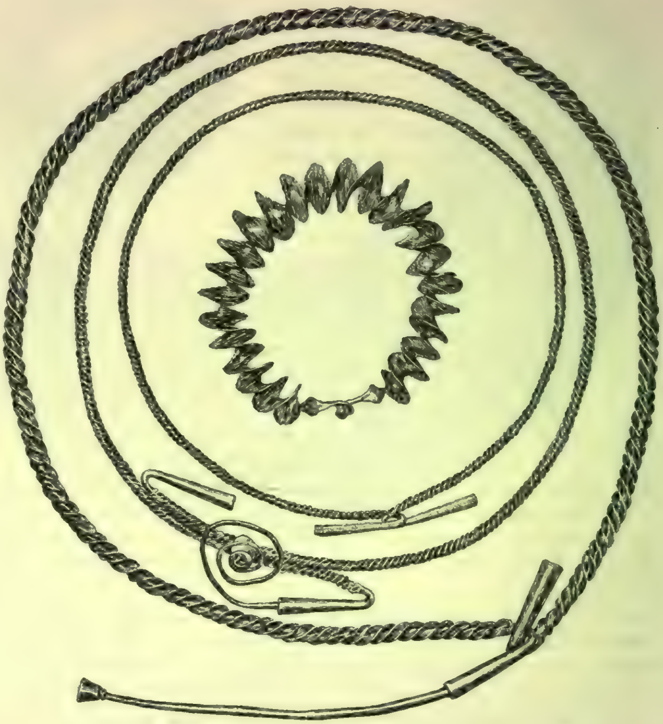
It is this archaic weapon which compasses the death of Ferdiadh in the fearful struggle at the ford when Cuchulinn and his old schoolmate are forced to fight each other to the bitter end. Cuchulinn was the only hero who could wield this water-dart. To extract it from the body of his friend, Cuchulinn had to cut him open. Plainly we have here a barbarous weapon managed with the foot, an Indian or Eskimo salmon-spear, the several barbs of which are detached in the flesh of the prey. Yet a spear propelled by the foot was, and perhaps still is, part of the gear of a Lapp, and has found its way into print among the meager remains of Lapp songs collected by Professor O. Donner. A descendant of the sun, whose father, the sun-prince, has been slaughtered just as Fion's father was, approaches the old slayer of his parent, and a combat ensues like that between Cuchulinn and Ferdiadh in the main, but full of the utmost barbarism, while the Irish battle has along with its wild traits a host of chivalric ideas. The old enemy of the sun-child attempts to kill him with many weapons, among which is a poisonous spear driven by the foot from a bow:

With his footbow from the
window
Casts the old one
At the youth a poisoned javelin.

Doubtless this represents a weapon of the chase and of war, once known in Ireland, the tradition of which adheres to Cuchulinn, a Finno-Ugrian demi-god accepted and explained by the Gaels in their own tongue.

The sun-heroes of Ireland may be sought in a more primitive form in the Kalewala, while the Lapps show the same legends in the most primitive shape. Yet the sun is by no means always masculine in sex. Diarmait the Beautiful is forced by Fion's bride to elope with her, and Fion sends his unwilling heroes in pursuit. She is the humanized Sun, feminine in old Ireland as still among the Germans, who say *Die Sonne* but *Der Mond*, as also in Japan, whose legendary preserves the curious story of the sun-goddess sulking in the cave and lured out by dances which we see so often depicted in the art of Nippon. The story is very different in the cycle that includes Cuchulinn; there it is the Spring who elopes with the hero. Thereby hangs this tale:

In a campaign undertaken against an island, said to be the Isle of Man, a "gray fighter" takes part with the heroes of Conchobar, and is so extraordinary in valor and efficiency that he is allowed what he stipulated as his own part of the spoils, namely, the finest gem. Instead of a jewel, however, he selects from the spoil Blathmat, the "blossom," a lovely princess whom Cuchulinn intended for his own. Being pursued by that champion he turns and defeats him, binds him hand and foot, cuts off his long hair and rubs his head in filth, then disappears to the westward. Afterwards Cuchulinn visits one Curoi mac Dairé in Kerry, and discovers that the "gray fighter" who overthrew him has Blathmat to wife. Like Grainné, bride of Fion in the later cycle, she hates the man Fate has assigned to her, and concocts a plot. Cuchulinn returns to the wild mountain stream that rushes down past the fort of Curoi on a peak of the Kerry hills, and waits for the signal. At last he sees the water of the brook turn



TORQUES AND CHAINS, FOR NECK AND WAIST, MADE BY TWISTING GOLD BARS. GREATLY REDUCED.

ARMLET OF BEATEN BRONZE.

white; Blathmat has caused vats of milk to be emptied in the stream. The champion and his men rush up to the fort, burst open the gates, and murder Curoi as he lies with his head on his wife's lap; then he carries off Blathmat and various wonder-working objects that belonged before to Midir, the fairy-king.

The name of this blossom princess, the stream white from the freshet, the traits of Cuchulinn which ally him to male representatives of summer and the sun, are indications of the seasonal element in the story. The blossoms of Spring are rescued from the frosty arms of Winter. But Finnic legends show in Kuura, the hoarfrost, the same person as Curoi, and prove the "gray fighter" to be, like Fion, one of the original Turanian gods taken up into Gaelic legendary. Cuchulinn, on the other hand, though undoubtedly at bottom Turanian, has been so amplified by the Kelts that he is more national, perhaps, than any other hero. If he can be identified with the Gaulish god of war Cocidius, found on votive stones, his cult must be extremely ancient among the Kelts. Professor John Rhys has very acutely pointed out a Welsh parallel to the story of the frail Blathmat, the false one having a name also meaning the Blossom.

The hero Cuchulinn seems to unite in his story the strains of many traditions both human and divine. Perhaps no other hero famous in Irish song and prose legend takes up in himself so complicated a skein of threads from the Keltic and Turanian past. It may be remembered from an earlier paper that his name was elaborately explained by the Gaels to mean *cu* the dog, *culainn* of Culann, a certain smith whose watch-dog he slew with his childish hands. The Welsh parallel of Cuchulinn serves among others to expose the fallacy of this translation, for in Welsh legend he is associated with King Arthur under the name of Kulhooch. Just as the champions of Ulster search all Ireland for a wife befitting Cuchulinn, so the knights of King Arthur of Wales search Britain for a wife for Kulhooch. She is Olwen, the "wheel" of the seasons, and her father is a giant named Hawthorn who represents Winter. The combat between him and Kulhooch has remarkable points of resemblance to that of the Lapp hero just mentioned. Great is the rejoicing when Kulhooch, the sun-hero, storms the fortress of Winter, and seizes his bride, the Spring. It is the same idea we have just seen in the story of Cuchulinn storming the castle of the "gray fighter" at the signal of the whitened stream, slaying him and tearing Blossom from his embrace. Of Olwen it is said that clover-blossoms sprung up wherever she walked. Eimer, Cuchulinn's first wife, is seized in much the same way.

But how are we to account for that first syllable *cu* in the Irish hero's appellation which rationalizing Gaels translated "dog"? Kulhooch explains Culinn, but not the whole name.

Here we come upon a most curious matter, which shows another strand in the parti-colored thread of Cuchulinn. For that special mystic bird of spring, the ventriloquist cuckoo, was mixed up with the legends about Cuchulinn long before the explanation "dog of Culann" was dreamed of. In Wales the cuckoo, *coocoog* (in Irish *cúach*), held the same position in popular lore as it does to this day in Roumania and Finland, on the one hand as the harbinger of spring, on the other as an oracle — moreover, a bird of sly immoral habits, difficult to see, and hard to locate in the woods owing to the peculiarity of its song. English children sing:

In April
He tunes his bill,
And in May
He sings all day.

Then in June
He alters tune,
In July
Away to fly.

The British superstition is that cuckoos turn

ARMLET OF BEATEN BRONZE.

into merlin hawks at midsummer. Its brown back seems to have given a name to an article of dress common in Ireland when we first get authentic accounts of the national garb from historians, namely, the *cuchul*, Latin *cucullus*, the hooded cloak which the old Romans found among the Gauls and borrowed from them. In Cichol Gri the footless, whose name from the very earliest Gaelic records has been suggested in a former paper for the earlier aspect of Cuchulinn, we get a point where the cuckoo legend and the meaning of hood coalesce.

The rude piece of carving found in the Vosges district in ancient Belgium which has been called a Hercules appears to give this god, from whom Cuchulinn got his name. Keating quotes from an old poem:

> The seventh people that possessed
> The beauteous Eri of high plains
> Came with curt Kical, the short-legged,
> To the fair fields o'er Inber Domnan.[1]

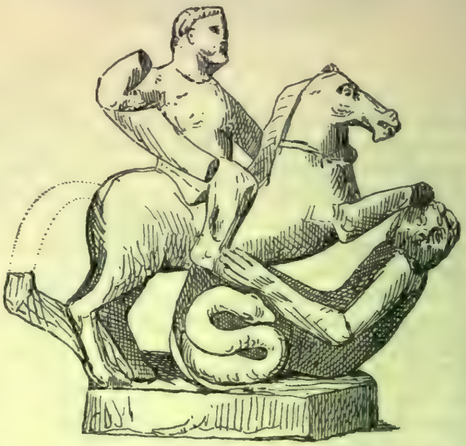
He represents the piratical tribes who lingered longest on remote islands west and north of Britain, and, from constant use of the small skin-boat, were fabled to be like seals, without true feet. The Aryan on his horse who is smiting down this monster must have been the sculptor, for the same reason given by the lion in the fable. In this connection we must recall the Shetland ballad already quoted, in which the seals that turn into men and women are called Finns. They are the same as the Fomoraigh (now pronounced Fowri), and are still thought of as monsters as well as pirates. But the old idea of Cichol must have become blended with ideas of "cuckoo" and "hood" at a very remote period, probably during the amalgamation between a mixed immigration from Britain and the pure Turanian aboriginals.

The Welsh word *coocooll*, "hood," has come into our tongue as "cowl," while in modern Welsh *coocoog*, "cuckoo," has been contracted to *cog*, and has entered English with the meaning "to cheat" as used by Shakspere. The pedigree of Cuchulinn in his connection with the bird of magic may be run back to figures like two in the Kalewala of the Finns, who show in a tragic way those traits of immorality which popular observation associates with the cuckoo, the bird that has no nest: one is a gay, reckless libertine, who loses and gains with equal light-heartedness; the other is guilty of worse crimes than Cuchulinn, without having any of his success or his virtues.

One Finnish equivalent of Cuchulinn, a figure in the Kalewala that springs from the same stem in the Turanian past, is the luckless Kullervo, to dishonor his own sister. But first note that the cuckoo is a sacred bird among the Finns, associated with misfortune, and particularly with unhappy lovers.

> When I hear the cuckoo calling
> Then my heart is filled with sorrow;
> Tears unlock my heavy eyelids,
> Flow adown my furrowed visage,
> Tears as large as silver sea-pearls;
> Older grow my wearied elbows,
> Weaker fall my aged fingers,
> Wearily in all my members
> Does my body shake in palsy—
> When I hear the cuckoo singing,
> Hear the sacred cuckoo calling.[2]

Cuchulinn is, like Kullervo, a son of Bondage, all his family being destroyed while he is a baby, and he is saved with difficulty from the foe. Hardly more than a boy, he develops the strength of a giant. The story of the cheat practiced by the wife of the wondersmith Ilmarinen on Kullervo, namely, the stone baked in the cake, is not told of Cuchulinn, but crops up in a late legend of Fion mac Cumhal. Many of the early legends of Fion are found in the story of Kullervo, where he takes the place of Cuchulinn. But neither can be carried far as a parallel to the Finnic child of ill-luck, whose adventures belong to a very much more primitive state of society than those of the Irish heroes. It must suffice here to say that the name of Kullervo and that of Kulhooch of Wales are the same in probable derivation. Kulhooch has a Welsh explanation in *culhan*, to grow lean, *coola*, faltering, languid. *Chullinn* may be traced to Finnic *kulun*, to lessen, decline. Several Tatar languages have *kul* in the meaning of evil demon. Kindred terms are Finnic *kuolen*, to die, Hungarian *hulla*, corpse, Etruscan and Finnic *kalma*, death. So far as his name is concerned, Cuchulinn harks back



SO-CALLED HERCULES OF THE VOSGES MOUNTAINS—A KELTIC GOD OVERCOMING A GOD OF THE TURANIANS.
(FROM "LIBRAIRIE DE L'ART," BY PERMISSION.)

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[1] John O'Mahony's translation.

[2] Kalewala, Rune IV. Crawford's translation.

to the gods of night and death. This seems to have been his primitive aspect; but under successive alterations by Turanians and Kelts, particularly those made by the purer Gaels, he became a god of the sun and summer, with the sacred cuckoo merely as a herald and the blossom as his partner for a season.

The other parallel of Cuchulinn in Finnic legend is Lemminkaïnen, often called Kauko, a name in which we see a common term for the cuckoo — Irish *cuach*, Lettish *kauk*, Norse *gaukr*, German *gauch*, English gowk. In him appears the less tragical side of the sun-god symbolized by the cuckoo. He seduces all the women, carries off a bride, plays havoc in Pohjola with the magic of his songs and harp-tones, goes like Cuchulinn to remote islands in the West, and is habitually at war with the peoples who represent night and winter. Longfellow has introduced some of his sportive, unstable nature into Paupukkeewis, the gambler, in "Hiawatha."

Those who are so wedded to Greek and Latin mythology that they have little patience with that of barbarians, whether Teutonic or Keltic or Turanian, may be glad of a parallel drawn from the old stores. They will find a plain one in Picus (the woodpecker), the father of Faunus. And if, surprised at the appearance of deified birds among the barbarian as well as classic peoples, they study deeper into the matter, other surprises are in store. Thus Fion is not only the equivalent of Vaino, but is also the equivalent of Faunus among the Latins, and explains that Faunus also once meant, in a language that held Italy before Latin, "the old one." Now the identity of Faunus and the great god Pan, or Phan, is an old story; so that we are able, starting from Ireland, to teach the Greeks what their forefathers of the time of Pericles did not know, namely, that Pan, the old nature deity of the Arcadians, can be explained by languages similar to those spoken by the inhabitants of Greece before the Aryan tribes overran it. As we know, the attempt of the Greeks to explain the name by their own dialects was more in the nature of a pun than serious; but when there is chance to show the analogies between the name and characteristics of this old Greek god and those of Turanian nations, his place and meaning will become clear.

The "Book of Rights" presents a very singular mass of laws mixed with superstitious observances in alternate passages of prose and verse, meant as aids to the memory of those bards and seannachies whose duty it was to prompt the provincial kings by quoting custom and precedent. The strangest, wildest things are taboo to this or that provincial king of Ireland. It also has mention of many articles of luxury and common use which we may confidently assign to those periods when the heroes of Fion and those who fought for or against Conchobar are supposed to have lived. Cloaks, saddles, bridles, querns for grinding grain, coats of mail, belts, red, black, green and blue shields, tunics, helmets of brass, rings of gold and other metals (a primitive form of wealth before coins were known), mugs carved of wood and the same imitated in precious metals, drinking-horns richly ornamented, spears, chariots, enormous pins of bronze inlaid with silver, boats, ships large enough to have sleeping-berths, armlets, bracelets, gold spirals to wind about the hair, broad crescents of gold to decorate the head or lie upon the breast, baldrics highly decorated, a great variety of missile weapons defined by extraordinary names — these are some of the furniture of a rich farmer's home and of a chieftain's fortress. They played with a ball and sticks a game like the "hockey" our boys play on the ice. The chiefs were fond of a game of checkers or chess — one that demanded much pondering, at any rate, and required a board covered with squares, movable pieces, and a system of attack and defense of positions, ending in the capture of a last man by moves long foreseen.

In some respects the ballads yield nowise to the songs of Asia Minor and Greece molded into the incomparable poems of Iliad and Odyssey. They seem to be at the stage just preceding that reached by the Greek epics, needing only some Homer to cast them into undying flawless form. There is the same fighting of individual heroes with spear and sword, on foot or from chariots; the same boasting and superhuman feats of prowess; the same well-nigh invincible champions who succumb at last, Cuchulinn falling by a little warrior lad named Erc, as Achilles fell by the smooth-faced Paris.

The feats which these early heroes performed to show their expertness in the use of their weapons are many and singular, but they cannot be given here. There is an analogy between the relations heroes bore to the invisible beings, the fairies and ogres in hills, lakes, and distant islands of the sea, and that borne by champions at Troy to the minor gods of Olympus; but of course the Irish is far more crude and primitive than the Greek thought. Human heroes attack and wound supernatural beings; sometimes they aid them, as Venus was wounded before Troy and the gods were defended by Hercules. In the delectable story of Bricriu Poison-tongue, a big island is visited by Cuchulinn, who kills Eocho Glas, a ruler who keeps the *sidhaighe*, or fairy-folk, in subjection. As soon as he is dead the vengeful race of beings whom he oppressed appear.

KELT OF THE ROMAN PERIOD — FROM THE COLUMN OF ANTONINUS, AT ROME.

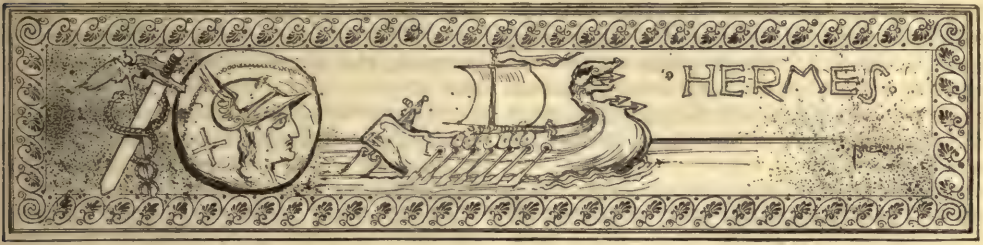
"Spring into the valley from east and west the sidhe-folk to bathe in his blood, since he had insulted them. Thereafter all were made sound [satisfied] from that insult." The word *sidh* or *sighe*, long pronounced "shee" in Irish, was borrowed from the non-Keltic tongue of Ireland, as it well may have been, considering the probability in favor of the oldest race giving the term for the lowest and most ubiquitous form of spirits. It is now known in the compound "banshee," woman-fairy, the apparition said to foretell the death of members of certain famous families in Ireland. *Ban* is the Gaelic word for woman, but of old there was another word, *na*, *ni*, or *nue*, taken up from the tongue of the aboriginals, but now obsolete. *Shee-nu* would therefore mean in the old language "fairy-woman," just as banshee does. In Finland it has entered mythology in the name of Suoyatar, the mother of the serpent. Lemminkaïnen, stayed on his hero-raid against Pohjola by the monster-serpent, sings:

> Leave thy station for the borders,
> I will hunt thine ancient mother,
> Sing thine origin of evil,
> How arose thy head of horror,
> Suoyatar, thine ancient mother,
> Thing of evil, thy Creator!

The Finns have therefore carried the idea of fairies further than the Irish, making a place for one in the pantheon, while the Tatars show the primitive origin of fairies as the ghosts of dead men rather than as personifications of objects in nature, an idea which in their case appears to come later. Among the Irish the fairies have some connection with the wind, however, particularly with whirling winds, which the peasant ascribes to the impish sports of this sly race, a blast of wind being called *sheeyo* and *shee*. In Roumania it is the devil dancing with a witch. Perhaps we may connect the Etruscan word *suthi* with this chain, since Dr. Isaac Taylor translates it "tomb" and *suthina* "offering."

But this word must be left for completer identification at another time. Analogies of Irish legends with those of China, Siberia, Finland, and Etruria are given in order to place them in their general relations to the common stock of mythology throughout the world, in the hope that readers, however prejudiced they may be against the Irish from religious or political reasons, will feel their value and enjoy with a better understanding such popular books as the delightful compilation of Mr. Patrick Kennedy, "Legendary Fictions of the Irish Celts," a book that contains much information given in a brisk and picturesque way. It combines much of the lore dug from the old literature by Eugene O'Curry, President W. K. Sullivan, Whitley Stokes, the late W. H. Hennessy, and others who are not of Irish birth, with similar legends gathered fresh from the lips of village story-tellers and farmers' wives. From such books as these—and there is a wealth of them nowadays—the reader may step to the works of the Irishmen, Frenchmen, and Germans who look chiefly to the "Revue Celtique," edited by Professor H. d'Arbois de Jubainville, for the latest news of interest in Keltic myth and legend.

Charles de Kay.



THE WOMAN IN THE CASE.

"WELL, Alston, my occidental Crœsus, there 's nothing like the meeting of old friends. It wakes up the sympathies, it checks the heart's corrosion. But you—rust has n't touched that organ. How prosperity has agreed with you! Me!—tartrate of acrimony has been my medicine for many a day, and what good has it done me?"

Alston said nothing, but stood looking at the speaker. The two men leaned against the marble breastwork thrown up in the office of the great hotel that the clerks might not be overrun by invading hordes. Servants came and went, arriving and departing travelers jostled one another in their eagerness. Those who sought guests, and guests themselves, attacked the fortified men with ceaseless and varied demands, some perhaps asking to see a potentate, others possibly desiring a postage stamp.

It was a characteristic night in the thronged corridors and crowded rooms. Thousands—fortunes, perhaps—were made or lost in the quick utterance of short words. Hopes, ambitions, found then and there happy issue or paralyzing defeat. A man, master of worldcraft, might laugh with light or bitter sarcasm, as was his temperament or his mood, as he looked upon those who met and talked together, or who sat or stood separately around. He would know, for it was in the air, that the future even of a political party depended largely upon the action of a score or more of its managers gathered in the house that night. A half-dozen men, whose sleight of management was with as many counties, laughed at the turns of speech of another, who thought he manipulated a State, while they awaited the expected appearance of a man of national reputation who intended to "capture" all of them. A rumor flitted about like a bat in a twilight room, that it was expected by the knowing that before midnight a plan would reach its golden acme—a plan by which all the producers of one of the country's great products would finally unite in a long desired, long unattainable "trust," the obdurate and recalcitrant manufacturer without whose concurrence all was impracticable having finally yielded to the irrefragable logic of necessity. In the afternoon there had been one of the usual flurries in the "street." Zenith and Nadir preferred had gone off three points, and brokers slid about with whisper, glance, and shrug, wondering whether a thrill of sympathetic depression would tingle along the stock of competing lines. Lawyers, editors, noted and powerful, were there; millionaires, arch-millionaires, whose wealth made them world-famous, were in the throng. Not only the city's habitual dwellers were to be seen, but many parts of the country had sent worthy representatives to this chaotic congress. Silent and self-contained owners of plantations in Louisiana chatted with alert, restless men whose wealth lay in the dark and odorous forests of Maine. A mining expert from Colorado, panegyrizing the stock of a silver company risen, so to speak, from the lode that day, walked up and down between two rigorously dressed, smooth-shaven capitalists from Massachusetts. Ranchmen from the prairies, almost awkwardly inert just then, and evidently the men they really could be only where there were scope and air and action, talked with prim and pragmatical business men from Manhattan's "swamp." Here and there a quiet provincial, with unacknowledged longing for his home, gazed silently upon the individuals, groups, the crowd, and wondered if he could really like what he thought he saw. Now a messenger boy hurried out; now a telegraph boy, hastening in, handed a dispatch over the counter — a dispatch that might mean so very much, so very little. The incessant tramp — not breaking silence, but crushing it as if into atoms under foot — mingled with the unceasing grind, the suppressed roar, of the wheels in near and in distant streets.

Alston's inattention to all around grew even deeper. His companion stood gathering the ragged end of his mustache between his teeth, biting it vigorously. It was easy to see that, though apparently for the moment lost in thought, he was struggling towards some resolution. His eyes were fixed upon a large mirror that seemed to open up a vista of other lighted halls, filled with other clustering or hurrying men. Then the deep shadowed lines in his face grew thinner, straighter, as if beneath sudden and stronger tension, and he turned towards Alston with at first an inarticulate sound, too unformed for an oath, too raucous for a laugh — still like either, but above all fit at once to arrest attention by its mocking tone of defiant propitiation.

"I say, Alston, I want to celebrate your return. I want some money, I want —" It was evident he was forcing his recklessness to a point where it might give way. "I must do this occasion honor. I want to drink your health. I am particular about my drinks: a man must be particular about something or he'll lose his self-respect. I want to drink your health at one particular place — a place where they know me, perhaps not wisely but certainly too well. But there's nothing like a money difference to keep men apart. I've had their liquids and I have n't liquidated. Lend me —"

Alston turned upon him with a look that was a peremptory stop, a sentinel's challenge to one about setting foot on prohibited ground. The last speaker glanced furtively up, checked himself abruptly, and with sudden confusion his forced effrontery came to a momentary end. Again he gathered his mustache between his teeth, gnawing it savagely, and brushed a particle of dust from the sleeve of his perfectly fitting coat. It was an obstinate particle; it required some embarrassing seconds for its removal, and then the eyes of the men met, but only in instantaneous encounter. They were young men, neither over thirty-five; Alston, perhaps from his heavier figure and broader shoulders, apparently the older of the two; both evidently in the full vigor of manhood; both men with every aspect full of that indescribable significance that belongs only to one who has had something far more than the usual life, who has undergone much and lived all through it, without the weakening of a muscle or the lessening of a faculty. For a moment Alston stood silently looking at his companion — looking at him with the questioning, long practiced look with which experience so quickly sums up, so to speak, the human column that stands before it.

"Trego," he said, — and there was contempt, wonder, pity, perhaps a touch of triumph even, in that one word, — "Trego, come up to my room. I want to talk to you."

Alston turned without waiting for reply and moved towards the main stairway. Trego, not in reluctance, but only instinctively pausing that he might the better gather into comprehensible compass all that the unexpected meeting, the strangely different fortunes of the two, the past and the outlook for the future, brought in mingled confusion to his half-consciousness, stood motionless for an instant, and then with hurried step caught up with Alston, already half-way across the hall, and slipped his hand familiarly over his arm.

"Ah, Alston," he said, "there's nothing like having been boys together."

Alston half drew away.

Without another word they mounted the marble stairs.

"They seem to know you," said Trego, in a tone of jarring, significant jocularity, painful to Alston's ear, as they entered the room. "They've lodged you well. I don't believe they missed a single million when they took your measure for these rooms. I see the railroad president in the bright hangings. I tread on traces of a dozen directorships in big corporations when I walk on these carpets. There is not even a chair in which I cannot detect the essential rich man. Everywhere I see that devil-on-two-sticks, the dollar mark."

It was merely the main room of a suite of apartments in the huge hotel reserved for guests distinguished worthily, or perhaps sometimes unworthily, from their kind — a room not like so many where provision for comfort is so apparent as to make all uncomfortable; where colors are in confusion without blending tone; splendor in its new clothes; a strike, a riot of upholstery, which even assuaging shadows cannot quell. Nevertheless it was a place to which no human creature could ever be bound by the gradually tightening bonds of daily association — a place which retained no more personal impress from any of the hundreds that it had harbored than its mirrors had retained trace of the changing forms they had reflected.

Alston turned up the gas already lighted, and threw himself with decisive action into one of the large arm-chairs.

"Sit down, Trego," he almost commanded, pointing to another. "Sit down; I 've something to say to you."

Trego had really lost nothing of the defiant assurance that had for a moment apparently deserted him, an assurance evidently the result of exertion so apparent that his assumed airiness of language and ease of manner were almost ghastly in their unnaturalness — ghastly as is the flutter, the involuntary twitch, following sudden animal death.

Silently, and a little sullenly, he took the seat to which Alston pointed.

"I did n't think," said Alston, "that you had come to this."

"Nor have I," answered Trego, instantly. "It 's all come to me. I might say that I have n't come to anything. It would be the strict truth."

"No jesting," said Alston, sternly. "I 've a reason for asking. How do you live?"

"I might tell you it was none of your business," answered the other. "But I don't. It 's seldom I can afford such luxury. You might feel insulted. I live on my wits. They don't quote such stock in the market, but it pays nevertheless — pays something. But there 's another kind that pays better, it 's so weak and well watered — the witlessness of others."

"You are telling me the truth," said Alston, half rising.

"Sit down," said Trego. "Truth is another delicacy I can't afford, but to-night I feel extravagant. I waste my substance on a returning friend."

Alston drew his chair slightly nearer the speaker.

"To be fair with myself," Trego began, "I am not generally as low as this. It 's neap tide with me, and my life shows the slime and the ooze and the crawling things. I 've a most irregularly regular occupation, a most unlearned profession, requiring a man to know everything. I am"— and then some humorous recollection or some grotesque turn of thought gave the first real ring of merriment to his voice — "I am an empirical philosopher; peripatetic, and with such places as these for my groves, my porticos. I am a psychological expert. I profess human nature in all its branches. I am about to issue a business card: 'William Trego, Guide, Philosopher, and Friend. Address, care of the Devil, No. 1 the Broad Road.'"

"Trego," interrupted Alston, with peremptory impatience, "what do you do?"

"Practice a liberal art — liberal if it only paid better."

He glanced quickly at Alston before he resumed.

"As fortune failed," he went on,— "and it soon did,— I felt I must be practical. I devoted myself to the study of that sufficiently unnatural branch of natural history — humanity. Perplexing, is n't it, there 's so much of human nature in man, so little of the man in human nature? I found myself hard pressed. Something must be done. I had read or thought — perhaps I thought it — that if a man could supply one of the ordinary needs of mankind in a more satisfactory way than did any other, he might be assured of fortune. What could I do? Supplying appetites was overworked; very accommodating millions were quite busy doing a good many things about people's necessities. Really I did n't want to disturb so many worthy persons by setting up the same kind of shop. Were there any other demands? Curiosity and vanity untiring, insatiate. Here were unbounded wants. Could I bring to market delicacies, in season or out, never before offered? The press had partly anticipated me, but there was much to which that altogether lovely thing 'personal journalism' had not given type. I could beat the newspapers, I thought, and I have done it. I am ringmaster in the world's great though single-ringed circus of performing animals."

The sudden light of merriment that had danced before each sentence as he went on sunk as sinks the will-o'-the-wisp, as he stopped for a moment, abandoning his face to an expression as lacklusterless and repelling as before. The smile stiffened and his lips tightened in his usual expression of light scornfulness.

"What do you mean?" said Alston, exasperated by what seemed to him a display of extravagant nonsense.

"Mean?" said Trego, the underlying bitterness edging every word with spiteful tone. "I 'll tell you what I mean. Suppose yourself some mere raveling from civilization's untrimmed edge, some sober thread pulled from the warp or woof of provincial life; suppose yourself one of human nature's tolerably well-meaning creatures, alone in this considerable city, anxious to see the world, without insurmountable objection to the flesh, and not so terribly averse to that gentleman whose reputation improves every day — the devil. Would it satisfy you to see parks, buildings, libraries, galleries? Would n't it depreciate you with yourself a little that you did n't see more, where you knew there was so much more to be seen? Of course it would. You would rather lounge at the side scenes than sit with the audience. To know a city is more than to know a science or another language than your own, and it takes much more time. I know this city. I give gentlemen seeking knowledge the benefit of what I know — for a consideration. I am a Mentor in a mustache to any Telemachus, white-bearded or otherwise. You jostle against a man in the street and, if it were not for me, you would not know that he bore a name that is a household word. I point out the man of awe-inspiring millions; the politician, who drops, on sight, from his apotheosis; the great actor, on the pavement so very unlike himself as he walked down the stage last night; the gentleman who drives a successful trade in parts of speech, English warranted to go, and who sells his phrases to be put in print; the quite aberrant man, astray from the commands of the decalogue, the prohibitions of the statutes, who might be in prison if others did not fear to go there too; notorieties; celebrities; worthies and unworthies; philanthropists; criminals; mezzo-malefactors, gay enough to catch the public eye — I show them all, all the performers in my raree-show, performers who furnish their own wardrobes and support themselves, playing among properties certainly not mine, every one a star. I am ready to meet all requirements. I furnish gratification for the moment, and I do more — I supply a lasting pleasure. I enable my patrons to make their neighbors and friends miserable, as they recount, in rural quiet, adventures such as have never come within such simple experience. Would you like," he added mockingly, "to see what there is in town, Mr. Alston?"

"Trego," said the other severely, "are you telling me the truth?"

"Truth, not the whole truth, but something very like the truth," answered Trego, in the tone of one administering an oath.

"You mean that you are —"

"I mean nothing," said Trego, suddenly and almost fiercely starting into assumed dignity. "But if you think I am more in a mood for jesting than you are, Harry Alston, you are mistaken. You mistake" — and for an instant he remembered himself, but at once was lost again in the rattling, jibing tone — "the sound of the fool's-cap bells. If you think it was an easy thing, a bearable thing, for me, remembering what I was, to ask you, remembering what you were and recognizing what you are, to lend me money, you think me worse than I think myself. Your plummet sounds, swings in an abyss deeper, wider, darker than any to which I have sunk."

"Why, then, did you attempt it?"

"I am talking to-night as I never expected to talk again. I 'll tell you even that. I did it — strange, is n't it? — from self-respect."

"From self-respect?"

"Those who have always held the straight way know but little of the tricks perverted nature plays us in the crooked. Had I, by the sight of you, found myself so far removed from what I thought myself as to forego an act to which I supposed I had been long since hardened, I should have been shaken in that strength of stolid indifference, cultivated and at last attained, which has become my best protection from shame and remorse. It is as unsettling to skilled, consistent, useful depravity to admit a good impulse as for an honest man to yield to a bad one."

"And you have done a shameful thing to prove to yourself that you were strong enough — or weak enough — to act as if wholly lost to shame."

"Yes."

As he answered he looked up defiantly, and his almost convulsive grasp tightening on the arm of his chair was all that showed consciousness of his situation.

There was silence for a minute, broken only by Alston's scarcely audible step on the thick carpet.

"Trego," said Alston at last, "I will be even more frank than you. I shall speak of much that you know, but when I have said what I shall say you will understand why I have said it."

Trego silently bowed.

"Boyhood," continued Alston, "is no time for friendship; companionship is all it really knows. We were companions — nothing more, nothing less; but as we grew older, — let me be frank, — as each gathered to himself those many things that make character what it is, we did not like each other. It was hardly hatred, possibly only instinctive aversion arising from the repugnance of incongruous, irreconcilable dissimilarity: a feeling, however, at last given intensity by that hostile instinct that comes to all male things at such time as came to us when you were to marry Mary Hayden."

Again Trego bowed his head; now, however, with more emphatic assent.

"But I will go back a little," Alston went on. "You remember Class Day. It is a day when in sudden kindliness men say things that sometimes they do not and sometimes will not remember. If ever there was a time to stand by every inference even a friend might then draw, it is now."

"You are generous," said Trego.

"I am not. We did not think then who would give or take. We will not now. Perhaps you can give me much — more perhaps than I can give you."

"I —"

"Do not speak. I barely got my degree;

they gave you honors — whether you deserved them or not does n't matter now. Then trouble came to me,— ruin they called it,— the consequence of squandered time, of qualities, merits, perhaps, if only differently directed. You may have gloried in my failure — I do not know. I, if it had been otherwise, might have gloried in yours — I do not know. I was disgraced, and then, when all thought me lost— then there came to me that weakness that was my only strength. I dared not ask Mary Hayden to marry me — I — but you — then I must have hated you — you, rich, unassailably respectable, skillful in the pretty, petty ways of what is called society, easily master of that indescribable grace of manner and flexibility of speech that, more than wealth, or reputation, or personal attractiveness, win their way with women; you plying light arts in piqued persistence, affecting humility, yet stealing an upward look to see whether the affectation would not give you vantage enough to push a ready, careful foot another line's breadth in approach — you — you murmured and laughed, and at last, filling a presence into which I was too little or too much of a man to step, you won. I hated you then, Trego, and in such a nature as mine I do not believe such hatred wholly dies out. But I will help you if—if— in such act I can repay in smallest fraction anything of what I owe — to another."

Alston paused, as if hoping that Trego might say something, but the other sat silent. With slow, firm step Alston approached him, and for a moment stood silent himself before the silent man.

"If you knew how I loved her," he continued, "you might not listen to me. I loved her as a strong man, not yet wholly lost, loves the marvel of earth, a good woman; loved her as a man almost lost, a man not unfamiliar with evil, can love the woman who represents to him all that there is of good — for dull inexperience can never have true appreciation of the full beauty of such pure, high, gracious rectitude. I heard of your engagement. Calamity — her loss — neither sunk me in despair nor roused me into anger. All only braced me — it seemed strange to me then, it seems stranger to me now — with strength concentrated in vigorous capability; every power, all that I was, was bent towards the attainment of that wealth and power that best attest success to the world."

Alston paused for an instant.

"I have lived a dozen lives in the last ten years," he resumed. "A man finds easy field for it beyond the Mississippi. I have known mere manual toil — months, years of it — in the very midst of all that was squalid, vicious, vile. I have lived years when I gave up every minute, every power, to that unremitting labor absolutely necessary to the seizure of opportunity, to the control of circumstances, the mastery of men. Courage, firmness, continued endeavor, strength in its fullness, and more, are necessary to win all that I have won in the last ten years. But I feel no touch of vanity. I know too well what we all are, and how weak the strongest is. I know that even with such strength as mine, unaided, I should perhaps have attained little. Mere integrity, industry, intensity of purpose, would not have been enough for me; for men are busy, and expediency, impatience in accomplishment, many things, hasten or persuade men into doing what they otherwise might not have done. But if ever there is present one noble idea, if there lives before the mind's eye a personality, living, breathing, of human kind, though seemingly above it, whose every thought, whose whole being, is purest, best — yes, and most beautiful; and if such personality is loved, worshiped, loved, Trego,— resent it, if you dare, for I speak of your wife,— then comes knowledge of the reality, the power of all things good; then for him who so loves there is a rule ever present, ever strong to control evil, to restrain passion, quick to mold and direct character, acts, career. So my ten years of life have been shaped. The cunning of a doctrine, the stress of a moralist, the dogmatism of a creed, would have been to me as nothing. I was subdued, governed by the idea of one beautiful life. It is the serene life lived nearly two thousand years ago that to-day gives our religion prevailing actuality — the serene life of the sad Man without laughter. I hold but the half-fearful, half-hopeful credence of so many in these days. But there is one devotion that always has had, always will have, strong appeal to my better self — the worship of the Madonna. With an awe that would soften to tenderness if reverence did not restrain, I found my shrine, I worshiped my Madonna. I regulated my life by what I supposed, had she known my acts and all that surrounded them, Mary Hayden would have thought worthy of a man true to himself. I found an absolutely adequate and unfailing rule of conduct. I submitted every plan, every purposed act, to this test — would she approve if she knew all? And more, would I shrink from telling her? There was my safety. The thought that I might so shrink aroused alarm; some baseness must lurk somewhere. It was enough. I did nothing that I would not gladly have told her had I been permitted to seek her guidance — a guidance that I do not believe, Trego, you have followed."

Trego started.

"See here, Alston," he exclaimed, "have

you—how much do you believe a man will—can bear?"

"Sit still and hear me out," said Alston. "This simple rule," he continued, "this simple method—this, more than what I was, has made me what I am, master of circumstance and of myself; has given me all that I possess—wealth, power, the confidence of men. It is as unfailing now—when I am attempting to do mere justice to her; when, not flattering myself, I am the first man in my State—as when all that I had to resist was the push of an appetite, or the persuasion of the chance of small gain. No matter how complicated the circumstances, my rule never fails me. Motives are dexterous in specious pretenses, but what would she say—she, who not knowing all that men know would yet know infinitely more? All else has been nothing, and is nothing, compared with the thought of her. That thought has been my strength, my test, my restraint, my impulsion. It is the vital point around which my life gathers—the nucleus of what otherwise would be baseless, unformed, empty. Life without this reality would be objectless, scattered, weak. Trego, understand me. I did not expect to know anything so soon. That I would have sought information of her and of you before I returned is true. Our meeting here to-night is of course purely accidental. Had I found you holding the place in the world expected of you,—that she expected of you,—I would have said nothing. I would have gone, and neither of you would have seen me. But I have not found you occupying such position. I find you resorting to an expedient, to say the least of it, questionable, even if necessary to the earning of your livelihood. I ask you—and remembering what Mary Hayden has unconsciously done for me, I have the right of a more than grateful man to ask it—what have you done for her? Has she suffered? has she been in want? does she suffer? is she in want now? Have you been as false to the promises that you made to her as you have to the promises you gave the world?"

"Had any other man spoken as you speak," said Trego, hoarsely, "he would suffer for it."

"Not if he spoke as I speak," answered Alston quietly, almost solemnly. "Not if he spoke with such a motive as mine. There is no remedy for the past. We can mend the present. We must assure the future. We cannot do that properly if every word is not the plain, severe truth. What would Mary Hayden say that I should do now if she knew all?"

Trego did not answer.

Both had been silent for some minutes when there came a rap at the door. Neither gave it attention, and Alston continued his walk.

The knock was repeated.

"There is some one at the door," said Trego.

"Come in," commanded Alston.

A servant entered with a card.

"I must see him," said Alston, after he had taken it and glanced at the name it bore. "He is here in answer to my dispatch. I will be gone but for a moment. Wait here; I will meet him in the next room."

He drew a heavily wrought portière aside and passed through the doorway.

Trego did not leave his chair. He glanced at Alston as he disappeared; then, after a moment of irresolution, he drew a letter from his pocket and spread it out upon his knee, carefully smoothing down its creases and turning back its crumpled edges.

He nervously glanced about the room as if he was fearful that some one might see what it contained.

"If I were the man he thinks I am—if I were the man I thought myself—I would do it," he muttered. "I could shake the foundation of his self-satisfied assurance. I could make him feel something of what I have suffered. Hates me, does he? I hate him. Why? How has he hurt me? As success always hurts him who has failed. Because he can—dare offer me aid. But—shall I do him this harm? Shall I take from him that in losing which he says he would lose all? Rich as he is, shall I make him poorer than I am? Shall I rob him of his illusion—of his reality? Because the coin is counterfeit shall I take it from him? And still, he hates me, and I—"

Bending low and with difficulty making out the faint and blotted lines scrawled on the coarse paper, without date or intimation of place, he read:

DEAR BILLY: When in my first love-letter I so wrote your name it was with something of the timidity with which I write it now, and yet how different the feeling! Then I wrote with joyous satisfaction, with shrinking, girlish glee; now I write in shame, and now I am afraid. I did not think then that, as a broken-hearted woman, borne down with the sense of all that she has done, I should write to you, unworthy of forgiveness as I am, and only daring to use that name that I may ask you to remember what I once was to you—what I once really was. I cannot live long, Billy, they tell me, and it is really all that I can do to write this letter. I may die to-night, and I may live longer, and with something of my old strength; but the time will soon come when all that will be left of Mary Hayden will be her bitter memory in the mind of the man she loved with all the strength of which she was ever capable. For I have always loved you, Billy, in my way. All the time that I clogged your every effort, all the time I slowly but surely dragged you down, I loved you,—always in my way,—slight, perhaps, but still outlasting everything else. At the very last I loved you, strange as it may seem and hard as it is to be believed. What I did was through flattered vanity and the need, fierce as an opium eater's, for things — trifles, yet so much to me — which with only our narrowing means I could not have. Even the night when I went away, unnatural as it may seem, I remember thinking how much nicer it would be if you were going with us. It is absurd to have thought it at such a time, but I wanted you to go too — I really did. I was not bad, Billy, I was not. I never could quite see, feel things as others did; I believe I never had what they call a moral sense. But I did so like pretty things, gayety, joy, abundance of bright life. But I am not attempting a vindication. I only wish before I die to tell you the truth, to tell you the remorse I feel for what I have done to you. I have ruined you and I know it. You would have been a good man, perhaps a great man, if it had not been for me.

Everybody I once knew, for whom I cared, thinks me dead — every one but you. It was the least I could do, after leaving you, to help you in the deception. And it is the bitter truth that I am dead. Every hope, every joy that belonged to Mary Hayden has passed away. I am not what I was, a woman yet to suffer, but am dead to you, and dead to all once so very pleasant, so very dear. And I do not tell you what I suffer. I believe even now it would give you pain could you know, and I am silent. If the girl you married could cling to your heart one moment,—sin and suffering have left her a woman even yet, and she would not hurt the man she loved,— agony could not wring from her even one murmur. It may come, for you have not succeeded in the world, and suffering explains so much, softens so much, teaches us to pardon so much: it may come — some moment of tenderness at thought of some little thing; not when our lips met, for such thoughts madden, but of some time when my hand just touched your arm and I laughed up in your face, happy in mocking caprice — some moment of tenderness when you might even wish to see me. But do not seek to do it. I long, but I could not bear it, Billy. Could you? And I will not tell you where I am.

I am dead; and if, as some say, remorse is the punishment that awaits our sins hereafter, I am already in hell. I know the anguish of ineffectual repentance. My guilt stands out in all its naked hideousness, without any of the palliations with which I once clothed it, and I recognize the evil I have always been: do you think that He will punish us that way? He knows we are women and how weak we are. Is it just that the weak should suffer most? If it were so, annihilation were far kinder than a merciful Father. If we sin, how much are we overtempted, how weak to withstand temptation! I know that He will be kind to us. One of us was the mother of the Child.

I can hardly write any more. Why I have written at all, I have told you. I am sorry. That is all I can say. If you can feel more kindly towards me because I feel so kindly towards you,— she who I was would say so much more than this,— I would be glad. But do not seek to have me know it. I shall soon be where if it be possible to know anything I shall know all, and if one does not, then it does not matter.

Good-bye, Billy. I owe you the happiest and best days of my life, and, weak creature that I was, you held me for a long time above myself. I should like to feel that this poor letter even for one moment has softened you towards me, and so made some one better — better through me, who have made so many worse. Good-bye. I am sorry. Good-bye.

MARY.

He ceased reading and sat resting his head upon his hand, gathering the skin of his forehead between his fingers, as is the habit of some men when lost in thought.

"I can't do it," he muttered hoarsely. "I would not darken her heaven; I would not add one agony to her hell. It might be justification of myself, revenge upon him, but — I cannot show him that letter. But they say He knows. He trusted me. Perhaps there is some good left in me after all."

He was so absorbed that he did not notice when Alston entered the room. He said nothing to him, even when he had crossed the floor and stood silently before him.

"I am waiting for your answer," said Alston.

"Wait," he replied roughly.

He rose, went to the window and looked out. The evening was well advanced, but the crowds from the theaters soon to fill the walks had not yet appeared. The square and the converging streets were dismal, almost slimy, repulsive, shining as they were from the just fallen rain. The sharp shadows made by the electric lights, heavy and distinct as the border of a mourning-card, seemed to edge everything — to harden what he saw into greater and more impressive severity.

"What have you to say?" demanded Alston.

"Nothing," replied Trego.

Then he turned, faced Alston for a moment, and added:

"She died five years ago."

Alston stood rigidly erect.

"Died!" he said; "died — and yet it is better so. But stand there — she is no man's now. I too have my rights. Tell me did she die before — did she know — "

"What I am?" said Trego fiercely. "Drop that. You had better."

"I will know the truth."

"I swear, Henry Alston," said Trego, in a tone that dispelled all doubt — "I swear that she suffered nothing from me. I swear it to you by all that there is left to me to hold sacred."

"And I believe you," answered Alston; "and it is well that I do. If I did not, I would shoot you down where you stand."

"Possibly," said Trego, with harsh, rattling, enigmatical laugh.

He rose and moved towards the table in the center of the room.

"Will you allow me?" he added. "A lady's letter. I must see that it reaches no other hands."

He held the paper to the gaslight and the two men stood watching the eager flame snatch at it, watched the play of the yellow blaze, saw the blackening, writhing edges as the paper burned, saw the light ashes fall and pass from sight — watched, and said nothing. Would either have spoken had either thought how typical it was of a lost life?

The rain had stopped some time before, but the air seemed still heavy with moisture. A thin fog had come up suddenly and the usual bright coronal above the trees in the small park was dimmed, and the light lay in only dull, overspreading glow. As the two men stepped upon the walk, the crowd from the theater close at hand had just begun to break upon the street.

"I could not stay inside," said Alston. "There 's a life in every breath of air."

Trego said nothing.

"I am going back to-morrow," continued Alston.

"Yes," replied Trego, absently.

Both men spoke as if there was but little left for which they might care. They seemed bewildered, lost, as if chaos had suddenly turned to blank space — vacancy without confine.

They walked in silence up the avenue.

Then suddenly there came, dull and yet distinct, that ominous sound that means so much to the dwellers in cities,— to every one who knows what it is,— the rush, the clang, the nearing, passing, departing something that brings to mind dark thoughts of disease, of casualty, of crime, of the long silent suffering of the sick-bed, of the mutilation of sudden accident, of the direful wrongs man dares do to man; a sound that brings to mind thoughts of the hospital, the knife, the grave. No man loiters so carelessly that he will not turn in sudden gravity when he hears it; none is so busy that he will not pause as it comes to his ear, a throbbing, dominating sound, heard now above the rattle of glittering equipages giving way before it, and now, at midnight, lessening down the distance of some deserted street.

Alston scarcely noticed the ambulance as it approached.

People farther along were gathered about the edge of the sidewalk, and Trego hastened on alone. What led him to thrust aside those who stood in his way?

A woman lay upon the pavement, her head resting upon the curb-stone as upon a pillow.

With quick, sharp exclamation he started back. The gathering whiteness, the tightening rigidity of his face, could be plainly seen beneath the hard, brutal glare of the electric light. He fell upon his knees, and drawing a handkerchief from his pocket dropped it over the upturned face.

The ambulance came to a sudden stop. The young physician who came with it sprung out and made a hurried examination, utterly disregarding the kneeling man, but in a minute he instinctively turned to him with significant gesture.

"She is dead?" asked Trego.

The young man bowed his head, and with that instantaneous something that, when occasion comes, tells any man whither to turn for aid, he said:

"Will you help me?"

Trego staggered to his feet, and together they placed the lifeless body within the terrible shelter of the injured and the dead.

The bell struck the silence as with sudden blow; the horse leaped beneath the lash; the wheels rattled on the pavement, and the ambulance vanished down the avenue as might some quick and ghastly vision of the night.

"What is it?" asked Alston, as he came up to Trego, who stood silent in the thinning crowd.

He did not answer.

"What is it?" repeated Alston, taking Trego by the arm.

Trego started.

"The end of a tragedy," he answered steadily, rigidly.

Then, after a moment, he added abruptly:

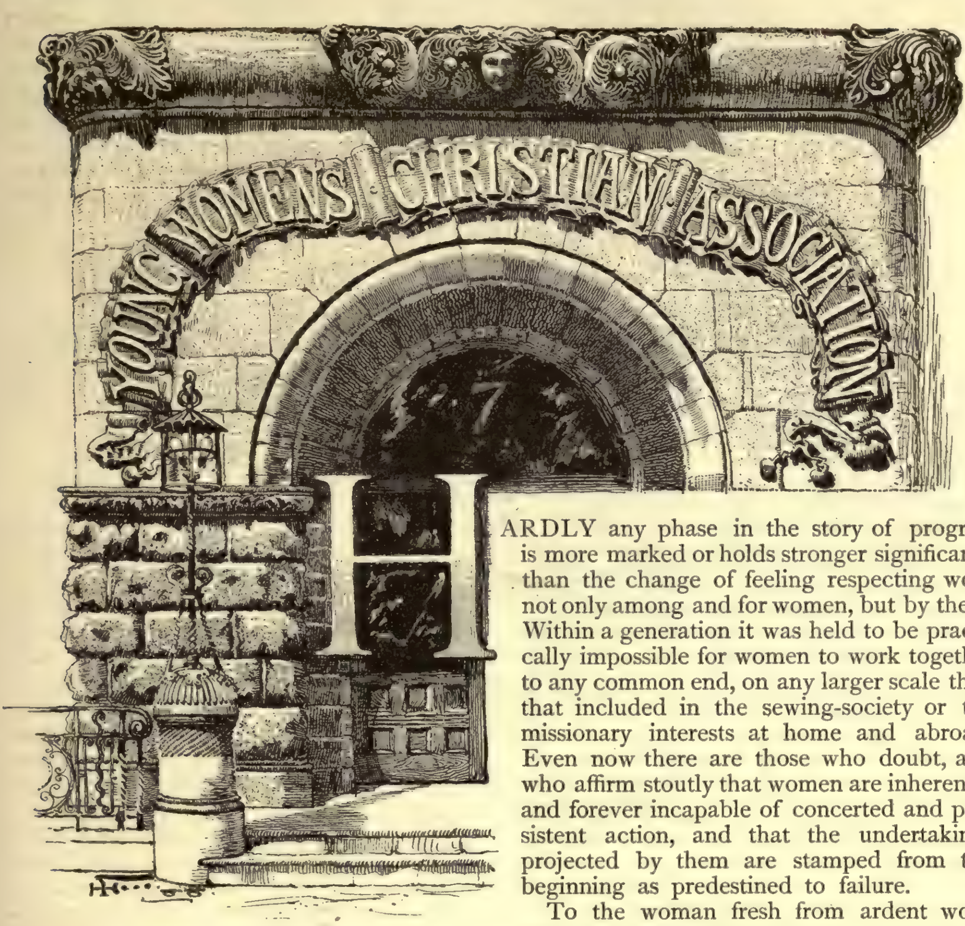
"Let me have some money. I have n't a dollar. I must have money to-night. I 'll need it to-morrow. It is the only way I can get it, and I must have it. Let me have some money. Do you hear me? Money! I will repay it; you may be sure of that."

"Would she say that I should if she knew?" asked Alston.

"Yes," answered Trego, more quietly — "if she knew all that you have told me to-night."

George A. Hibbard.

CERTAIN FORMS OF WOMAN'S WORK FOR WOMAN.



HARDLY any phase in the story of progress is more marked or holds stronger significance than the change of feeling respecting work not only among and for women, but by them. Within a generation it was held to be practically impossible for women to work together to any common end, on any larger scale than that included in the sewing-society or the missionary interests at home and abroad. Even now there are those who doubt, and who affirm stoutly that women are inherently and forever incapable of concerted and persistent action, and that the undertakings projected by them are stamped from the beginning as predestined to failure.

To the woman fresh from ardent work with and among her own sex, any doubt as to the possibility of success ceased long ago, and she may even be too absorbed to realize that the question is still asked or the statement still made with a calmness born of ignorance and an obstinacy that ignores facts and accepts no judgment but its own.

In this wonderful march of the nineteenth century it is always hard to understand how any can be deliberately standing still; or, if moving, moving merely because they are carried on by others, with neither volition nor consciousness of their own. To encounter this form of conservatism in the remote country is not so surprising. The need for organization has had small occasion to define itself there, and one therefore need not wonder at coming suddenly, in the midst of this experimental generation, upon both men and women holding with resolute firmness to some fossilized theory more akin, one would say, to the spirit of the fifteenth than that of the nineteenth century. The narrow village may be pardoned, but what shall be said to the Philistines in town and city, who, with facts before them, close their eyes and announce the same theory?

Happily it is an always lessening number who hold to this belief — a belief that not so long ago had more reason for its existence than it would now be easy to credit. It was not that individual capacity for working harmoniously with others did not exist, but that theology stood always in the way, and hedged in the worker within the sharply defined boundaries of a sect. The earnest Baptist or Methodist or Presbyterian felt always that such service as could

YOUNG WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION, 7 EAST 15TH. STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

be rendered belonged to the denomination, and the passage out of this conviction was slow and full of uncomfortable doubts and suspicions. Women remained under their sway long after their husbands and brothers had settled to their own satisfaction that union is strength, and that prosperous work depends upon union for its successful accomplishment.

Now and then, it is true, some cause or issue held such compelling force that persons and personalities had no place save as both urged to a common action; but this was exception rather than rule, and so the faith formulated itself, and found expression in the creed, "Women cannot work together."

The civil war opened the eyes of all women to the fact that union was not only possible but essential, the Sanitary Commission binding them to a common effort; and there has been no retreat from the position taken then. Yet, inertia is so strongly rooted, that in each fresh step there has always been the same form of opposition to encounter; and though every real worker learned long ago that it is soon silenced, it is none the less a force to be taken into account in every new undertaking.

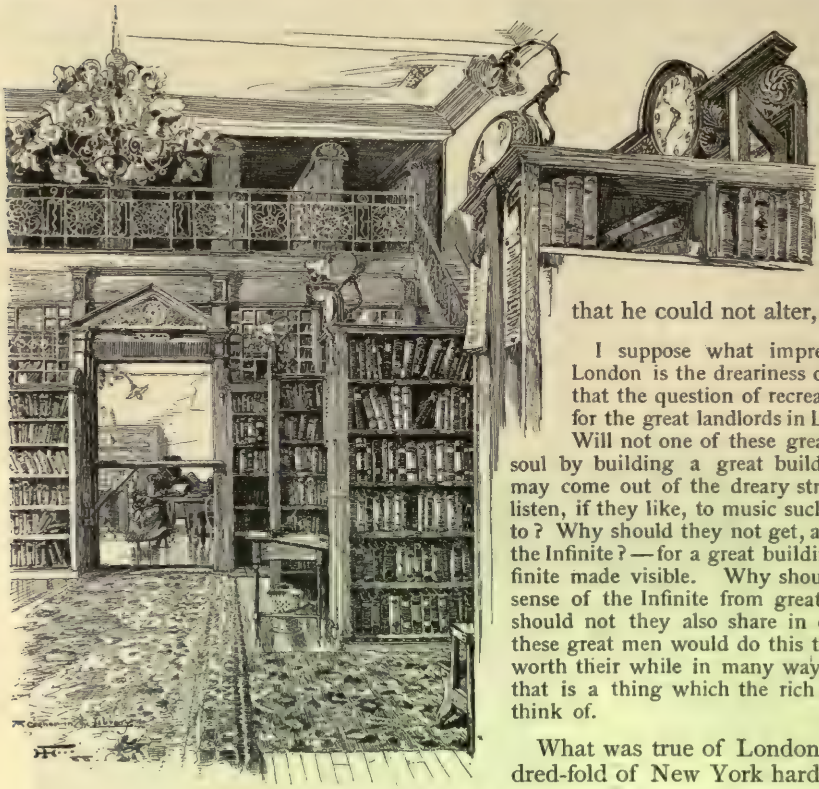
The war and its lessons were soon supplemented by the first attempts at organized charities, the wonderful results of which have been as powerful for the workers as for those in whom their interests centered; and as the field broadened, and mere alleviation gave way to the search for methods of prevention, one more argument for union has arisen.

This is no place for any demonstration of this gradual process. It is rather with results that we are to deal — results and their possibilities for the future. For New York such possibilities are in ever-increasing ratio, no city on the continent facing a problem so complicated or so uncertain of solution. It is not with her own poor or her own workers alone that she must deal, but with the same classes from every nation under heaven, each with its own peculiar disabilities, national and otherwise, and each demanding separate and individual methods. There are white-haired women, whose faces may still be seen at special meetings of the conference of organized charities, who remember well the days when New York had no poor save the limited number who could be disposed of in the poor-house, and whose workers in factory or at trades were either bound out, and thus secure from care, or shared the family life of the employer. Less true for women than for men, it was still true for both, and there was small occasion to ask how their lives might be bettered, since such gifts as life held were practically common property.

Save for isolated instances here and there, all this ended for New York forty years ago. With its transformation to a mere dumping-ground for the offscourings of all nations was born the New York tenement-house, a type at its lowest ranking side by side with the worst that London has to offer. With the tenement-house and its gradual degradation of the inmates, whether workers or whether objects of charity, was born also the conviction that institutions, well endowed, could, if only big enough, hold all who needed help, and thus transfer individual labor to certain fixed centers, a subscription being all that the average citizen need supply. And so year by year the number swelled till the fair islands of the East River one by one were given up to wretched lives, and crime and shameful want became the only passports to such breathing-places as yet remained to the city. Year by year the worker fared worse and the criminal better, till society seemed to have entered into a conspiracy to render labor hopeless of any return save barest existence. The factories, large and small, kept pace with the institutions. Men knew the faces of their employees, and not always even this; but where they lived, or how, formed no part of the contract. Here and there some "Home" sprung up, gray and cheerless, hedged about with sharp restrictions, and ignoring most of the real needs of the dwellers within its walls. But the mass of working-women, reënforced perpetually by the stream of country girls whose faces turned always towards that Mecca in which for them all good was enshrined, had neither homes nor teaching that could give them better outlook for the future, nor any good thing save what their own dull eyes and weak hands saw and held as good.

Men were too busy making money to spend thought on any conditions that might underlie the process; but women had begun to think, and to realize that the energy given chiefly to the heathen needed immediate diversion towards the crop of home heathen, planted and carefully cultivated by ourselves, and presenting as the result a harvest of faithless and often hopeless souls, toiling because they must, and seeking where they could such gleams of pleasure and satisfaction as could by any means, questionable or otherwise, be made a part of their starved and dreary lives. Wealth has come to be more often curse than blessing, but always among its owners may be found a few who count it their own only so far as it can be made to mean good for the many as well as the few. To these few it had become plain that the pauper and the criminal were not the only members of the community demanding attention. Imperceptibly had come up among us a class whose existence was denied, whose needs were ignored, and who found no standing-ground save in the Purgatory which made up the only life the worker seemed likely to know. Evil fortune might thrust her still lower into the Inferno we devote to our poor, but to the Heaven of opportunity and freedom to grow there was no access. It appeared impossible for those who lived at ease to take in the new conditions or to accept the fact that more than one class must be dealt with. We had so assiduously repeated the old formula, "All men are born free and equal," that there had been no time to observe the class distinctions defining themselves more and more sharply every year.

PARLOR OF THE YOUNG WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.



THE LIBRARY.

"We have no class divisions; there is equal chance for all," piped the politician; and the wife of the politician sounded the same note, supplemented by the mass of women who take their opinions at second-hand, and wonder vaguely why things are so uncomfortable, and what had better be done about it. Such wonder, however, did not begin till evils had grown to such dimensions that further ignoring was impossible. It was not alone the poor and the wretched who were pouring into the city, but an equal stress of half-trained, ambitious, eager girls, who looked to factory or shop, or the trades opened up to women, as the road to fortune, and who, as the dream faded and they came face to face with increasing toil and pitifully small reward, turned, many of them, to the life which means temporary ease, and some flavor at least of what the century counts as chief good. Here and there a voice sounded a note of warning. Here and there a worker affirmed that for any such result society was directly responsible; yet neither church nor any method current in society seemed able to control the situation or to make life more tolerable for the mass of women, who, for want of a better term, must be called middle-class. No Palace of Pleasure existed anywhere save in the brain of some persistent dreamer; and facing this lack and this obtuseness of perception, Arnold Toynbee, who spent his high young life in a vain struggle with conditions that he could not alter, wrote:

> I suppose what impresses us most in London is the dreariness of life. I do think that the question of recreation is a question for the great landlords in London to consider. Will not one of these great men ransom his soul by building a great building where people may come out of the dreary streets and rest, and listen, if they like, to music such as Milton listened to? Why should they not get, as we do, a sense of the Infinite? — for a great building is really the Infinite made visible. Why should they not get a sense of the Infinite from great buildings? Why should not they also share in our pleasures? If these great men would do this thing, it would be worth their while in many ways. I do think that that is a thing which the rich at any rate might think of.

What was true of London was true a hundred-fold of New York hardly ten years ago. One woman, whose name stands high on the roll of those whose mission is something more than alleviation, said deliberately in a meeting of those who had projected special missions, "midnight" and otherwise, to a class of women popularly considered unreachable:

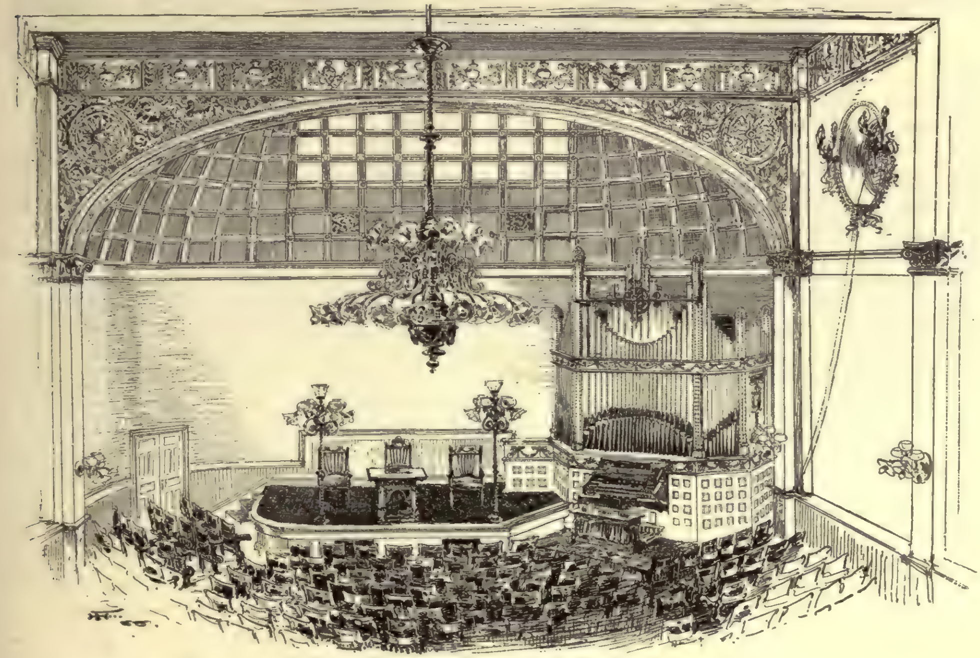
> I think, friends, that there are women even here — I certainly will include myself — who, if forced to live their starved and dreary lives six months, would accept anything that seemed to offer larger outlook. Until we provide some means of interesting and guiding them, give them a few at least of the things that make life worth living, we stand as their impulse towards ruin, and are responsible for every one of these wandering souls. It is not alone for them, but for the thousands we are driving in the same direction, that I speak. Something must be done. Let us consider what.

It was from such thought that the most tangible and fruitful work for women was born, and that the year 1871 saw the first formal report of the Young Ladies' Christian Association, known in the beginning as the "Young Ladies' Branch of the Ladies' Christian Union," the old-fashioned title carrying with it the flavor of Mrs. Ferrer's "Young Ladies' Guide," and being actually a barrier between its holders and the work they most honestly desired to do. But conservative women looked upon the name as in itself a guarantee against unpleasant criticism, and the thirty-one members who formed the little corporation were too busy and too much in earnest to spend any time upon a question of such apparently slight importance. Some common meeting-place was the first essential, and this was found in the room rented for that purpose, furnished, and put in charge of a superintendent who filled all the offices of all the embryo departments.

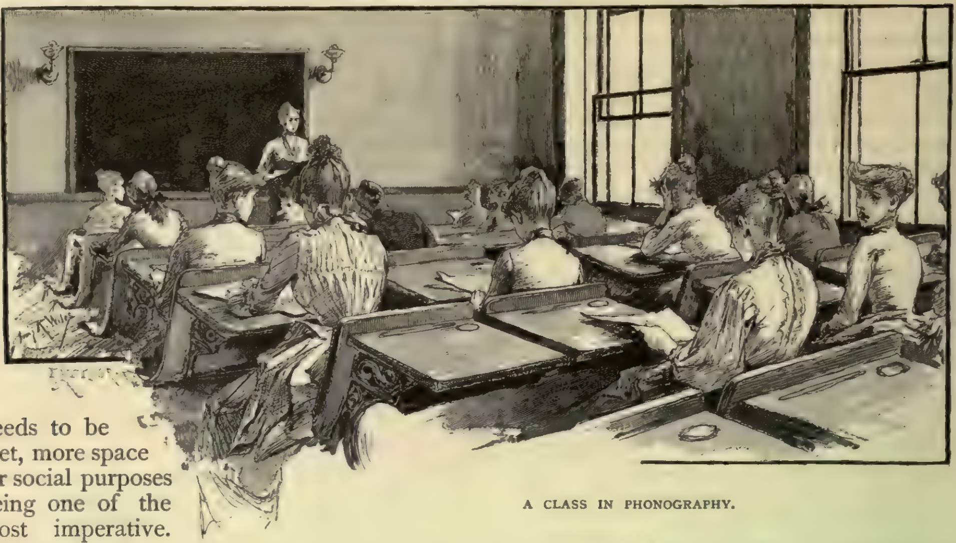
> The desire [read the first report] to extend Christian kindness to the multitudes of young women who come from quiet country homes to this city in search of employment or educational advantages led to the formation of plans by which employment and safe boarding-places in private families might be secured for them; also church privileges with social and intellectual pleasures.

Here, for the first time, was to be found "an accessible free circulating library for women," and the providers announced with gentle pride the fact that it numbered "five hundred bound volumes." An employment bureau, with a paid secretary, was also opened; but superintendent and secretary and the thirty-one members together had no power to deal adequately with the flood of applicants pouring in upon them. Swift and sudden as the tide of Solway Firth these pent-up lives massed and rushed towards this new haven. The room became a house, the "five hundred bound volumes" doubled, various training classes proved themselves indispensable, and all within the first six months.

By 1872 statistics had been taken, and the 185,000 young men for whom clubs and gymnasiums and libraries had grown up were offset by 200,000 young women for whom there was nothing save this one oasis, and to most of whom it was still unknown. Five hundred places of business where women were employed were visited in 1872 and the purpose of the Association made known, and as fast as means admitted facilities for work were enlarged and improved. By 1875 the report announced the "Young Women's Christian Association of the City of New York," and thenceforth the woman who helped and the woman to be helped stood side by side, with no self-erected barrier of name between, and in mutual effort learned more of the underlying facts of human nature than had often found place in the scheme of any organization. It seemed the smallest, most trifling, of matters to a few of those who discussed the change; to others, a momentous departure from tradition, certain to bring disaster. But the point once gained demonstrated at once the wisdom of those who had urged it as vital. A year or two longer in the always narrowing quarters, and then the final move to 7 East 15th street, where the work went on with unflagging enthusiasm, demanding imperatively at last something more than any one house could offer. Friends and funds were equally ready. The ground occupied by the old house, 75 by 103 feet, offered ample room for more generous accommodations, and these were planned after long deliberation as to what were the chief



THE CHAPEL.



A CLASS IN PHONOGRAPHY.

needs to be met, more space for social purposes being one of the most imperative. Necessarily silence had been the rule in the old library, which, for want of space, had served also as reading-room, and the girls begged for any room, no matter how small, where they might talk freely. Plans were studied with anxious deliberation, but it was not till December 1, 1886, that the corner-stone was laid, the Association resigning itself to many months' restriction in a smaller house.

Delays lengthened the period of waiting, but January 18, 1887, saw the dedicatory ceremonies, and the simple, but beautiful building, five stories in height, was thrown open for public inspection. Brick, with red freestone arches and trimmings, was the material employed, terra-cotta ornamentation being freely used, the result being one of the most attractive façades among the many examples of good work which New York now offers in this direction. A vestibule with tiled floor gives access to a broad hall, finished, like the entire interior, in ash, stained to produce the effect of antique oak. Wide double doors open on the west side to the social parlor, thirty feet square, with carved mantel and cheerful open fire; on the east, to the employment rooms and their various offices; while back of both is the chapel, running completely across the building and some 70 by 40 feet. On the second story is the library, running across the entire front, two small rooms at each side being partitioned off—that on the east as reading and reference room; on the west, for magazines and periodicals. Something over 10,000 volumes are now on the shelves, space having been allowed for 50,000; and any woman may use the library as she would the Astor, only working-women, using the term in its largest sense, being allowed to take volumes from the building.

The third, fourth, and fifth stories are devoted to the class-rooms, including type-writing, stenography, machine and hand sewing,

IN THE DESIGNING-ROOM.

dress cutting and fitting, book-keeping and arithmetic, and technical design; in short, all the branches in which women engaged in over thirty trades may desire to fit themselves for more efficient work. In all these, save dress cutting and fitting, instruction is free to members, whose small yearly fee gives opportunities in every direction. On the fifth floor are two art rooms with artists' skylights, one of them occupying the entire back of the building, which is slightly narrower than the front. Altogether the Educational Department occupies more space than any other, and is doing invaluable work, not only for the numbers who seek the city as their working-ground, but for the other numbers who graduate from our public schools, helpless as babies for the real work of life: to such the Association gives the first hint of real education, four hundred having graduated from its classes in 1886, all of whom found positions. These are not included in the 12,000 who found work by means of the Employment Bureau, which in 1886 registered 1985 applications, the successful proportion making 66 per cent. An Industrial Room gives seamstresses an opportunity of exhibiting their work, fancy and otherwise, and orders are taken for every variety. Monthly entertainments, concerts, recitations, etc., give needed diversion; and a small gymnasium with a skilled teacher is the satisfactory climax of the work undertaken.

This is the temporal side. The religious includes as varied help. The great Bible class has 750 regular members, transient ones running it up in 1886 to 1263. There are weekly prayer-meetings, monthly evening meetings, and various special services. A relief committee cares for the sick and needy among the members, and sends tired women to the country, ten thousand having had this opportunity last year, at an actual cost of less than a dollar per head. The yearly expenses are slightly over $10,000, and it is safe to say that no system of education as applied in our public schools gives in any degree so valuable return for the same expenditure. With more money better work could be done, but the sum handled is made to yield the utmost that a dollar can accomplish. Had our legislators any training in real political economy, every ward in the city would have a similar building, supplemented by kindergartens and industrial schools for those not yet compelled to earn, and thus abolish forever the necessity for the enormous appropriations now demanded by asylums and reformatories and the myriad engines of philanthropy. Here, in the Association, is demonstrated again the fact that when brain and hand work together, in conditions that mean rest as well as stimulus, there is neither room nor time for vicious thought or vicious action. The day's work, long and exhausting as it often is, has no power to quench the enthusiasm with which these girls labor at their self-elected task, coming to it in all weather and leaving it reluctantly. Watching their enthusiasm as well as patience, and the steady development of unsuspected powers, one can only long for a time when an earlier beginning may be made possible, and cry shame upon the system which

THE SEWING-CLASS.

wastes the most susceptible years in mere routine, and makes any genuine education of brain and heart and hand the almost unattainable thing.

Few of the recruits who fill the new building have any knowledge of the various forms of industrial training which have kept pace with the work of the Association and are now in more definite shape than anything yet attempted since the organization of Dr. Felix Adler's most successful work. Such training for the children of the poor began as a branch of practical philanthropy, and the endeavor to teach domestic industrial arts to children whose home-life held no possibility of such knowledge. The Kitchen Garden Association, formally incorporated in 1880, had its origin in the endeavor of Miss Emily Huntingdon to apply some of the principles of Froebel's kindergarten system to domestic service, her theory taking form in an admirable little book published in 1878. Twenty-nine classes and 990 children were taught in New York alone during the first year, the results demonstrating the entire practicability of the idea, and 13 other cities at once organized similar classes.

Here then stand two phases of the work already accomplished for women in New York. They deal chiefly with a class to whom self-support was from the beginning a necessity. For another class no less needy, yet shrinking from any public recognition of such need, there was no provision, until wise heads and gentle hearts a few years ago made a way of escape. The educated poor — the thousands who have "seen better days" and who have no training which can serve them when evil days have come — form often the most hopeless class of would-be earners. Cultivated, yet cultivated in that half-way fashion which is one of the curses of American society, they had ample power for pretty work which could not stand before any genuine criticism. So long as it meant merely the production of ornamental nothings for their own houses,— sketches, draperies, embroideries, decorated china, and the myriad possibilities of bric-à-brac,— they were safe, for critics and criticized were alike ignorant. But when an artistic production to be judged by artists became the question, once more the inherent falsity of the system of modern education demonstrated itself, and the wretched victims found themselves compelled to accept a fresh training and to demolish with all speed such foundations as they had counted firm and sure. The Decorative Art Society and the Associated Artists came to the rescue of the best order of intelligence in these directions, and with the Woman's Exchange have acted as a high training-school, the work accomplished in the last ten years showing what quick perception and patient effort have worked together to produce the results we see. In the Woman's Exchange the object was simply to offer a place where the handiwork of gentlewomen, of whatever nature, might be put on sale. Later, when success had become certain, the clear-headed projector of the undertaking told of her conster-

A COMMITTEE MEETING.

nation at the first meeting, when "thirty almost worthless articles covered a small table, and letters in great numbers waited to be answered, from anxious women, wanting to know what would sell."

Naturally the Exchange became instantly a school. General intelligence did its usual good service as background, and out of sharp necessity was born the inspiration that gave invention and skill. Anything and everything good of its kind, from a pickle to a portière, found place in one or another department, and the Exchange has been forced to enlarge its borders, the cheerful house at 329 Fifth Avenue overflowing with the handiwork of women. In seven years it has sent to its consignees $19,074.06, one woman alone receiving in a year over $1000, and eight societies have been established in other cities on the same plan.

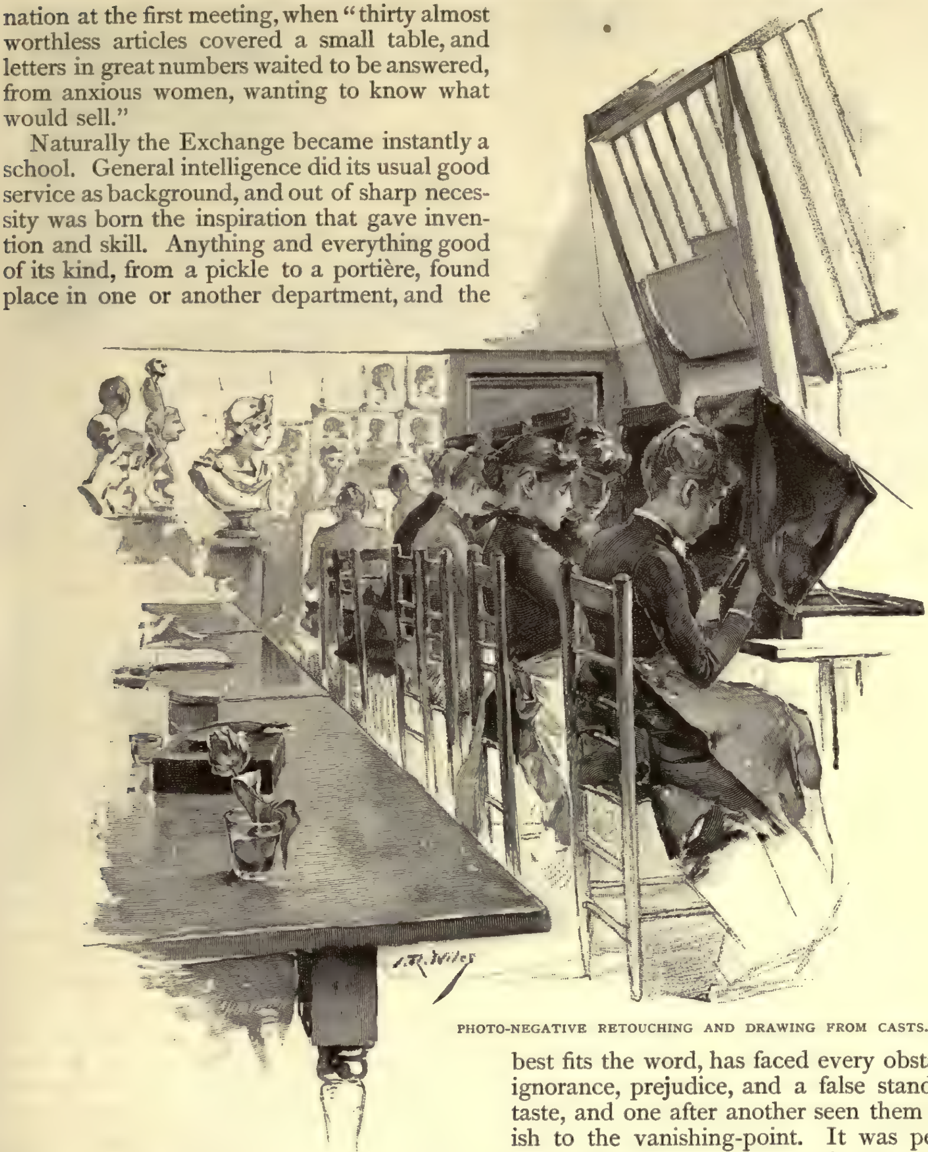


PHOTO-NEGATIVE RETOUCHING AND DRAWING FROM CASTS.

The Associated Artists have taken but one side of the same work,—all that could properly come under the head of decorative art,—and have done work of inestimable value in educating not only the worker but the buyer. A new sense has been born in both. The presiding officer, whose instinct for beauty is only less strong than her nice sense of what definition best fits the word, has faced every obstacle of ignorance, prejudice, and a false standard of taste, and one after another seen them diminish to the vanishing-point. It was perfectly evident that the time was ripe for a more thorough education in artistic work, not alone as a means of help to workers to whom such outlet of energies was the only practicable one, but as a necessity for the people at large.

The tyranny of the Puritan creed trampled out and well-nigh obliterated any æsthetic sense, and our homes represented a consecrated ugliness against which few revolted, because few had the trained eye to distinguish ugliness from beauty. Yet an instinctive protest was made. The æsthetic sense was not dead, but sleeping; but save for the few who traveled, and thus discovered what part beauty had in life, there was small hint of awakening till the Decorative Art Society began its work. The

MODELING.

sense of harmony and fitness in color and fabric was an American possession, gradually discovering itself in the dress of our women, but our houses defied every law of taste. We have yet an infinite deal to learn. We still overload with ornament and are apt to measure by quantity rather than quality; but the tide has turned. The "impassioned seekers after the invisible truth and beauty and goodness" counted any earthly type a distraction from the contemplation of the heavenly. But they were idealists—the disciples, not of things as they are, but of things as they ought to be; and the time came when idealism asserted itself in other lines than the religious, and men claimed the long-withheld inheritance in every form of art. Everywhere the sense of beauty was groping its way to the light, and if its first glimpses held slight distortions, they were at least prophecies of something better to come.

To awaken even in faintest degree this sense of beauty is an instant enlargement of the poorest life, and it is hardly possible to exaggerate its influence on the utilitarian character of the average American, whose life is more barren of beauty than that of any civilized people under heaven. The old idealism had fallen and vanished in the struggle for life on a new continent and the growing passion for getting on, and only in a rousing and quickening of the sense in every child can there be hope of emancipation from the bondage that is the portion of all. To the student of social conditions this fact demonstrates itself at once, and such student alone can rightly estimate the value and importance of a work at which the mere utilitarian sneers. Industrial art is a prime essential of the new industrial training, and is the first hint to the child of this generation of the beauty that coming generations will own. For such possession industrial education in its largest sense is the only foundation. With the many who accept it, as I have lately written elsewhere, "it stands merely an added capacity to make money, and if taken in its narrowest application this is all that it can do. Were this all, it would be simply an added impetus towards the degeneration that money-making for the mere sake of money inevitably brings. But at its best, perfected as it has been by patient effort on the part of a few believers, it is far more than this. Added power to earn comes with it, but there comes also a love of the work itself, such as has had no place since the great guilds gave joyfully their few hours daily to the cathedrals whose stones were laid and cemented in love and hope and a knowledge of the beauty to come that long ago died out of any work the present knows. The builders had small book-knowledge. They could have been talked down by any public-school child in the second or third year. But they knew the meaning of beauty and order and law; and this trinity stands to-day, and will stand for many a generation to come, as an ideal to which we must return till like causes work again to like ends."

The factory dominates daily life. Wholesale manufacture, while it cheapens and gives to the mass the "store clothes" craved by the country lad, destroys all possibility of individual, characteristic work. Reaction is inevitable, and thus the meaning bound up in the phrase "hand-made" has at last made itself plain, and the true disciple of beauty revolts against the deadly monotony of factory production and demands that the human hand shall once more lend its mysterious quality to the fabric which long ago parted with it.

Thus an invaluable part of the work projected as well as that accomplished by the Associate Artists lies in the fact that this necessity has been recognized, and that through their means we see again the opening for the slower processes still in vogue in the mountains of the South, whose women have begun to ask what will sell. And broader outlook still is the possibility that in every quarter of the United States women may come to see how they may associate themselves together, settling upon what industry best suits their special locality, and developing it to its highest point. Thus far all work has been hap-hazard, the result of circumstance, seldom of concerted or deliberate action. A thousand opportunities all untried await women who must earn, but who have never yet sought to discover the real meaning of organization. Practically it is becoming the principle in all philanthropy; but it grows slowly, the intense individualism born of our principles and institutions dominating all life and thought. The organized charities, the Industrial Association, the many industrial schools, the kindergartens managed on this system, are all demonstrations of what may come when the laws of concerted action are taught us from the beginning; and in accepting this wisest type of socialism, the evils of socialism fall away.

I have dwelt at length upon this phase of work, because to my mind its importance as a reconstructing agent can hardly be overestimated. What is true of one great city must, with certain exceptions, be true of all, and the theories that hold regeneration for one hold it for all. Were this article a catalogue of charities, a minutely detailed account of the noble work done by women for women, it would even then point to the same end. From the Wilson Industrial School — the pioneer of much of the work now going on under other names — to the latest trades-school, the one aim is to restore to labor the place it held in the old days, when the poorest cottage possessed what we know now as works of art, and the poorest child had its inheritance of beauty for eye and ear. To all such beauty is still possible, and once a national possession, grosser ideals fall away and new possibilities lie before every child of the Republic. The training-school underlies any and all work of the future. The women who work to-day in countless ways seeking to alter existing conditions know this as truth, and bend every energy towards reaching the children and setting their feet in the only path that leads to freedom or fulfillment of desire. We have had enough of charity. All that is needed now is simple justice — a chance for the child whose time to earn has not yet come; a chance for the earner, for whom life can be made less barren. Accept this, and institutionalism dies naturally. Reject it, and we remain at its mercy, and have no refuge save in never-ceasing additions to the long list, which, if it means honor to warm and tender hearts, means also unending shame to senseless heads.

IN THE CUTTING AND FITTING ROOM.

THE SALESROOM.

We want no more institutions. Rather we want to empty those that already exist; and this will be done most effectually by precisely the order of work imperfectly recorded here.

It is not pessimism or even a momentary despair that impels the final word which must have place. We want no more institutions, and we want as little the palaces of pleasure which at present are the latest ideal in philanthropic work, unless, indeed, these palaces be owned and built by the people themselves. That there is need of them need not be affirmed, nor that in time every city will see great buildings dedicated to such happy uses.

" Every great city must have, every great city will have in time, its 'People's Palace,'" said an eager philanthropist not long ago. " Here we have the wealth to endow it, the poverty that needs such solace, and the philanthropy to utilize the first for the benefit of the second. Let us have more and more 'people's palaces.'"

Can there be any question of the beauty, the fitness, the justice of such action? For the writer the first doubt was silenced; but as, more and more, a question seemed involved, words were spoken for a few, that have reproduction here only because time appears to seal their truth, and to make such interrogation the first necessity for every eager worker. Till it arises, it is the instinct of such worker to urge the rich everywhere to give from their abundance towards the creation of such tremendous redemptive forces, and to bend every energy born of personal conviction to the same ends. Hope and desire and fruition seem marching hand in hand in this new path. Is it possible that it is still a side path, and that the king's highway to the Delectable Mountains has been missed? Can ardent souls have lost the way, and is the palace not the Palace of the Interpreter, but the fortress in which Giant Despair still crouches, and from which he will still issue to destroy? It is hard to question anything so beautiful, so filled with promise; hard to doubt where the best that man can do for man would seem to be at work; and yet never was there sterner need of question. Manhood is emasculated, freedom abolished, slavery of mind and soul perpetuated by every new form of charity; and there is no hint of anything but charity in these free schools, free baths, free concert halls, and all the appliances of the "palaces." Could they be built like the great cathedral in New York, from the small contributions of untold numbers, so that each might feel his or her personal share in work and ownership, this curse of mere charity might be annulled. But the gift of one or of many, to whom fortune may have come through a lifetime of oppressing their fellows, holds small justice. Better such return than none; yet for many of these givers the very stones will cry out and some day bear witness against them. The man who sees before him a Palace of Pleasure as the end for which he works is just so far beyond the man whose hope is bounded by his own pleasure; and yet, encompassed by that future, the day that is passes out of sight. Deeper than any need recognized by charity in general lies the need of a justice that asks, "What place, what right, have this man and this woman on the earth where we are walking side by side? How shall I help them to that place? How shall I teach them to know it when it opens before them?" When we have learned how to answer this question, there will be fewer institutions, for no numbers will stand waiting to fill them; and there will be less need for "palaces of pleasure," for men and women will have found that the "gate beautiful" is within their own souls, and that earth and sky — nay, the universe itself — makes the palace. If this seem carping, or even a form of hopelessness or pessimism, read again and find if such words do not hold the only escape from pessimism, the only sure hope for this or any age.

Helen Campbell.

SPINELLO ARETINO (1330–6–1410).

(ITALIAN OLD MASTERS.)

IN Spinello we have at least the satisfaction of a clear artistic genealogy which goes back to Giotto. He was the pupil, properly apprenticed, of Jacopo di Casentino, who was the pupil of Taddeo Gaddi, the pupil of Giotto. Jacopo was one of the founders of the Company of Painters of Florence, a similar association to that which we have noticed[1] as having at an early date been founded in Siena, and, like the Sienese, the Florentine Company was the outgrowth of the religious feeling which was characteristic of the time as well as of its art. The preamble of their constitution was the expression of the sentiment of the masses of the people of Florence as much as of the Company of Painters:

> As it is our understanding that during this perilous pilgrimage on earth we should have St. Luke the Evangelist for our special advocate before God and the most blessed Virgin, and that at the same time his followers should be pure and without sin, we order that all who subscribe themselves members of this company, be they men or women, shall confess their sins or show that they intend doing so at the first opportunity, etc.

The dates for the biography of the artists of this epoch are mainly to be found in the records of work done, in the entries of the books of convents and of communes, and in contracts preserved by chance from the ravages of war and from the consumption of parchment by the goldbeaters. Of Spinello, as of others whom I have dealt with, we know little else than what comes to us in this way; but that little shows how wide was his range of influence and his reputation. That his early literary education was much neglected by his father we know from the scraps of Latin that he left, for they are curiously incorrect for one who must be supposed to have read the Bible continually for his subjects. His love of painting, however, led to his being put early to study under Jacopo di Casentino, and his perseverance and talent were such that, by the time he was twenty years old, according to Vasari (who had a weakness for prodigies), he had surpassed his teacher. His early productions show also the influence of Bernardo Daddi, one of the most eminent of the Giottesques, whose work is contemporary with that of Taddeo Gaddi, and who, though conventional in design and somewhat heavy in color, shows a certain sense of proportion and facility in the draping of his figures. Besides possessing these good qualities of his masters, Spinello manifested more freedom and energy in his story-telling and was perhaps the best of Giotto's followers at the end of the fourteenth century, excelling all his contemporaries in vivacity of coloring and largeness of execution. His frescos, as is frequently the case in this period, are more interesting than his easel-pictures, owing probably in part to the fact that the latter were often intrusted to his pupils, but mainly to the fact that his style was better suited to a large scale. Very few of his works are dated, and this makes their classification difficult.

It is probable that Spinello accompanied his master Jacopo to Florence about the year 1347, and that Jacopo worked with him there in decorating the church of Santa Maria Novella with many legends of the Virgin and of St. Antonio. Very little remains of these paintings, a few figures only having been discovered under the coating of whitewash with which they were subsequently covered, and even those in very bad preservation. Vasari tells of frescos painted in various other churches of Florence, but no trace of them remains, save in San Miniato.[1]

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[1] See article on Duccio, in THE CENTURY for December, 1888.

After the democratic revolution at Arezzo about 1360, Spinello was called thither by the governing body of citizens to decorate several churches. In S. Francesco he executed an Annunciation, which is considerably damaged by the damp and by retouching; and near it have recently been discovered, under the whitewash, remains of another fresco, evidently by the same hand, representing a bishop and a figure holding a young child. In the chapel of St. Michael he painted a fantastic composition of the archangel driving Lucifer from heaven. The evil spirits are in the form of hideous serpents. This fresco was afterward repeated by him in the same city for the guild of St. Angelo. On the other wall of the chapel is the vision of Pope Gregory when Michael appeared to him. In a shrine over the gate of the Misericordia is a Trinity, which Vasari praises very highly. In Spinello's own shop is a half-figure of the Virgin and a Christ crucified, with wings, as he appeared to St. Francis. In 1361 Spinello painted a panel for the Abbey of the Camaldolesi in the Casentino. The side-pieces of an altar-piece painted for the altar of Monte Oliveto Maggiore of Chiusi, illustrating the life and martyrdom of various saints, are to be found, according to Cavalcaselle, at Cologne in a private collection, bearing the names of the builder and carver of the frame [2] and the date MCCCLXXX.

In 1384, Arezzo having been sacked, Spinello took refuge in Florence, with his family, among whom was his son Parri, who painted with him. There, in the sacristy of San Miniato, Spinello painted scenes from the life of St. Benedict. They are, according to Cavalcaselle, very much in the manner of Giotto, though in attitude and expression they reveal a slight influence from the Sienese school.

Spinello's fame was now great, and he was soon after called to Pisa to fill in the empty spaces in the Campo Santo there. He set to work in 1391. In one compartment was represented the legend of St. Ephesius, who, being sent by Diocletian at the head of an army to persecute the Christians, was converted by a vision of Christ and turned his forces against the heathen of Sardinia. St. Michael gave him the banner which afterward became the standard of the Pisans. Ephesius was condemned to the stake, from which his prayers saved him. He was afterward beheaded. The three scenes underneath, representing the legend of St. Potitus, with the exception of the scene of the saint's decapitation and the removal of the coffin to Alexandria, are almost entirely defaced.

The documents relating to this work are preserved in the archives of the Campo Santo, and from them we learn that, having completed the frescos in the spring of 1392, Spinello received 150 florins [about $330] for the life of St. Ephesius, and 120 for that of St. Potitus. In 1391 he had painted for the church of San Andrea in Lucca the panel of the Madonna and Saints which is now in the Academy of Florence. From Pisa, Spinello, always accompanied by his family, went back to Florence, then to Arezzo again, where Vasari makes him die of fright at a horrible dream of the Lucifer which he himself had painted. But in 1404 we find him writing to Caterino Cosimo of Siena to say that he will fulfill his promise of going there, although his countrymen are unwilling to let him leave them. In October of that year father and son arrived at Siena, where they were lodged and fed at the expense of their hosts, receiving besides 11½ florins [about $25] a month, while they worked in the Duomo. This they did uninterruptedly till August 17 of the next year, save for a short visit Spinello paid to Arezzo; yet no trace of this work remains.

They returned to Florence, where at each of his visits Spinello received new commissions; and in 1407 we find him again with his son Parri in Siena, where they painted the walls of the council-room in the town hall, while Bartolomeo, a Sienese painter, decorated the ceiling. The subject chosen was the struggle between Venice and Barbarossa, and the frescos illustrate the triumphs of the Republic and of Pope Alexander III., and the humiliations and defeats of the Emperor and his son. One represents the naval battle in which Otho was taken prisoner; another, Barbarossa prostrating himself at the feet of the Pope, the latter blessing the Emperor; while the best of the whole series, which includes many scenes of the same nature, shows the Pope on horseback, his bridle held by the Doge Ziani and Barbarossa. The last we hear of Spinello in Siena is in 1408, after which time he probably returned to his birthplace, where he died in March, 1410. He was buried at Morello. He had two sons, of whom the elder, Parri, was, as we have seen, a painter.

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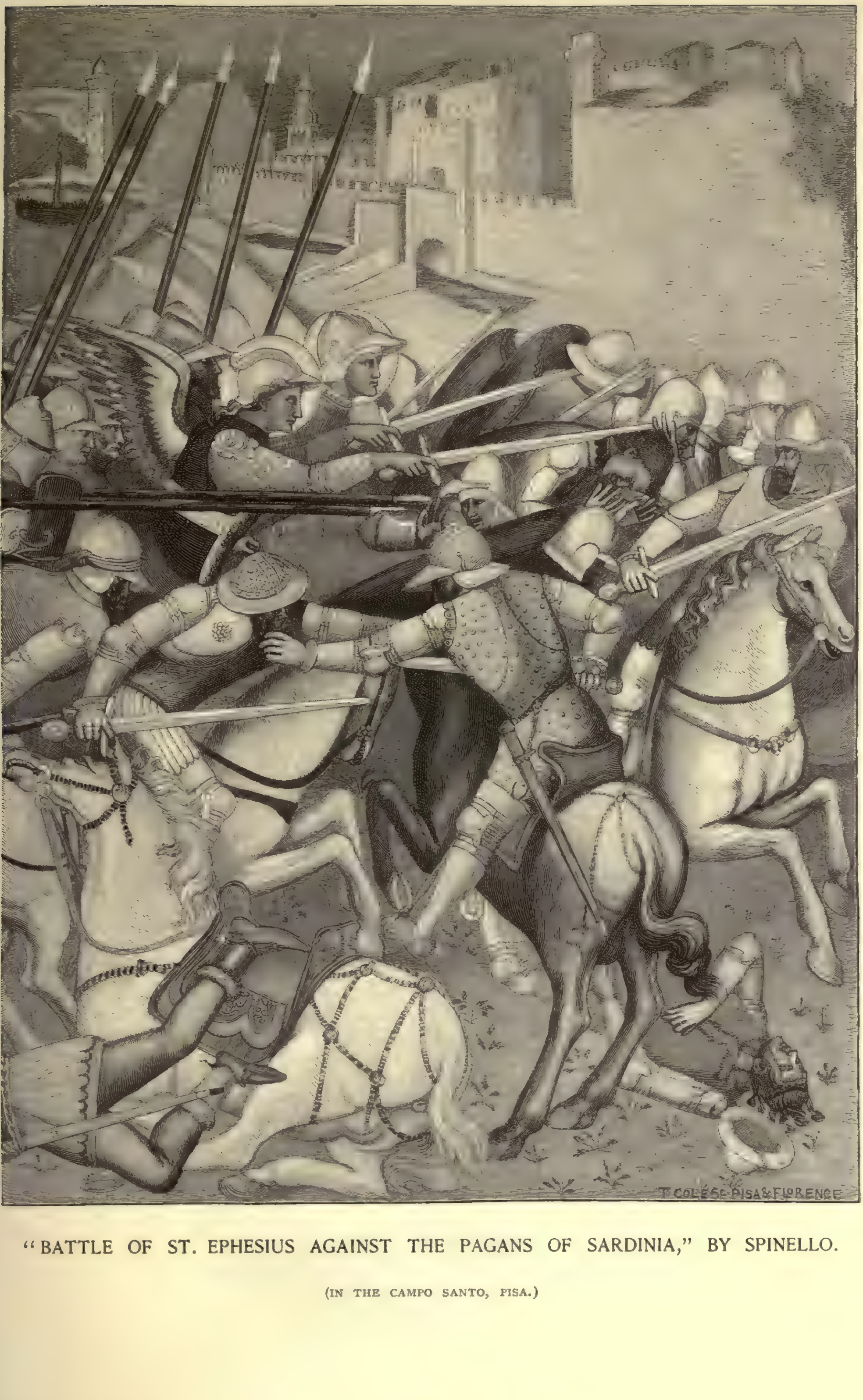
[1] The frescos from the history of St. Cecilia and St. Urban, in the sacristy of Santa Maria del Carmine, Florence, which were discovered in 1858 and are attributed by Baedeker to Spinello, are now thought to be the work of his master Jacopo di Casentino, in which Spinello assisted. The same relation no doubt existed in the work which has been mentioned as formerly in Santa Maria Novella. See Encyclopædia Britannica, article "Spinello Aretino."—EDITOR.

[2] The frames of these altar-pieces were generally complicated architectural designs comprising many separate subjects. I have mentioned heretofore a capital example in the Boston Museum of Fine Arts. (See THE CENTURY for February, 1889, p. 543.)



"BATTLE OF ST. EPHESIUS AGAINST THE PAGANS OF SARDINIA," BY SPINELLO.

(IN THE CAMPO SANTO, PISA.)

Spinello may be counted as in one sense the most important of the Giottesques, in that he was the last great and individual painter who followed throughout the precepts and traditions of the master, and his immense fertility and readiness of invention are surpassed only by Giotto himself. The naturalistic element had not made its appearance, and the supreme creative power of Giotto descended on none of his school; but in the distinctly scholarly (*i. e.*, school-like) manner of composition, in which much is clearly artificial and even conventional as it is scholarly, which manner is the dominant characteristic of the school of Giotto as opposed to the spontaneous and vision-like character of the compositions of the master himself, Spinello was, I conceive, the foremost of his followers. The color in the school remains always the same in system — broad surfaces were to be covered with lovely tints which should furnish relief by their variation alone, as the churches were dark and the work required the high key and the opaque surface of the fresco to be distinguishable; and the general effect was much the same as in mosaic. There can be no attempt at tone, nor at what I must be allowed to call orchestration of color, even in the simple form of harmonies which we shall find a little later in the Florentine school and of which a hint may be found in a picture by Ambrogio Lorenzetti in the Academy —a hint, however, so slight, and so alone, that I fear to give it too great importance. The landscape throughout is absolutely conventional and shows not even a recollection of the aspect of nature; and the drawing is, to use a familiar expression, "done out of the artist's head," as all rightly ideal work must be. The relief depends entirely on variety of color, as there is no instance, so far as I can remember, in any of the work of the Giottesques, of one figure in a picture throwing a shadow on another, or even on the ground. Nothing is thought of but the telling of the story, and with Spinello this is always done intelligibly. Of all his works known to me, the frescos at Pisa are the most instructive and characteristic, and are, moreover, in the upper line of subjects, well preserved; and of these the piece which Mr. Cole has engraved is, on the whole, the most interesting. In the church of St. Dominic at Arezzo, which was entirely painted by Spinello, there remain only two noble figures of apostles, framed separately in painted architectural framings characteristic of the time, and a few fragments, a head here and part of a figure there; but of these, one is an angel's head so beautiful in its profile that I am half inclined to attribute it to Piero della Francesca, who painted many things at Arezzo at a later time; but I have only this beauty to justify me in this attribution, and one of Spinello's heads in the Annunziata in the same city (which I have not been able to see) is spoken of as of extreme beauty.

It is in the composition of single figures — the casting of broad draperies where no action is involved — that we see the best quality of Spinello's ability. In his groups he seems indifferent to harmony of line, as were his lesser and greater school-fellows; and the "Martyrdom of St. Ephesius," the companion of the combat from which Mr. Cole's example is taken, shows most violent defiance of the academical in its repetitions of lines. But this is better than the extreme artificiality of some of the later schools, for it is the result of one of the most precious qualities in art — naïveté — and it is more or less characteristic of all archaic art. Art for art's sake was an object of study that had not yet dawned on the Italian schools.

W. J. Stillman.

NOTES BY T. COLE, ENGRAVER.

THE block represents a portion of a fresco in the Campo Santo, Pisa. It is the first one on the right as one enters, and measures about ten feet high by twenty feet long, and is known as the "Battle of St. Ephesius against the Pagans of Sardinia." The lines that I have put on three sides of the block define the extent of the fresco in those directions, so that the continuation is in the direction of the side left without a line. I have chosen the thickest portion of the fight, where the action is most lively and where two angels appear fighting on the side of the Christians. The coloring of the whole is light and vivacious, delicate greenish, yellowish, brownish, and gray tints prevailing. The upper right-hand corner of the fresco is somewhat obliterated. In black and white it looks like a blank portion of the wall that runs around the city.

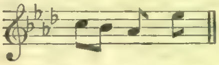
BIRD MUSIC.

THE MEADOW LARK.

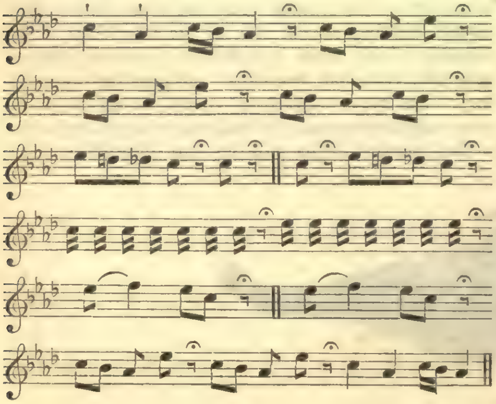
THE meadow lark, like the partridge, has favorite places of resort. His flight resembles that of the partridge and of the quail. Though one of the largest of our singing birds, his voice is neither loud nor deep, some of his tones being rather sharp and weak. Although his music is charming, he lacks the vocal power of the robin and of the oriole, a bird of not more than half his size; still Wilson, in comparing him with the skylark, says: "In richness of plumage, as well as sweetness of voice (as far as his few notes extend), he stands eminently its superior." The meadow lark's song is essentially tender and plaintive.

In the early, dewy morning and towards evening he will stand a long time upon a stump, a large rock or rock-heap, singing at intervals little snatches of melody, occasionally, like the oriole and the kingfisher, giving his "low, rapid, chattering" monotones.

It is a favorite pastime with him to repeat these four tones many times in succession, with rests intervening:

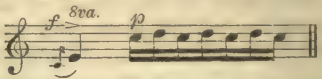


These fragmentary strains form, when connected, an original and interesting song. Now and then there is a subtile tremor in the tones of this singer, no more to be described than the odor of a rose, but somewhat resembling that in the tones of Wilson's thrush as he trembles along down to the close of his quivering silvery song.



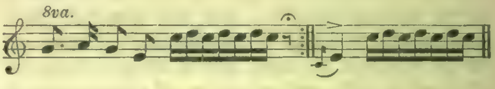
TOWHEE BUNTING, OR CHEWINK.

THIS sprightly, showy bird indulges in a variety of vocal exercises, the most characteristic of them consisting of one loud and well-prolonged tone, followed by a trill a sixth above it, rather softly given. At a little distance the effect is that of the singing of two birds; one taking the long tone, the second taking the trill.

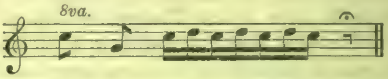


The trill, however, is often wholly lost in the distance.

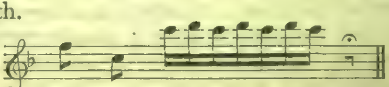
But this pompous singer is not confined to the interval of a sixth. During the last days of May and the first of June, I have heard him as follows:



At other times,



The chewink generally sings in the key of C. I once heard him in F, in which key he made the skip of an octave in place of a sixth or fourth.

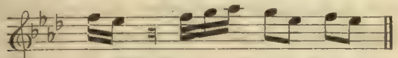


It is worthy of notice that the second example, if we cut short the trill, is identical with the first strain of "Rock of Ages." This species seems to have a special dislike to the sea. So says the close observer Wilson; but I have found him much at home at different points close to the ocean.

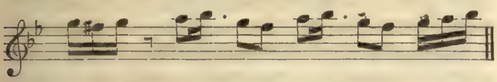
SCARLET TANAGER.

THE tanager is the only rival of the oriole in beauty of plumage. The tanager is less active, less vigorous than the oriole, and has the weaker voice; but it would be difficult to imagine a bird more fascinating, both to the eye and to the ear, than this scarlet singer, bound in black, as he stands shining in the early sun, and singing his morning song.

The percussive tones of the oriole invite or compel attention; while the tanager is content to sing in the forest with his fellows, with no human ear to hear. The oriole must be out of the forest and near the earth, where he can be heard and seen of men. The oriole is restless, always in motion when he sings; he even chatters as he flies; while the tanager is gracefully quiet, moved only by the vibrations of his voice. I heard him nearly every day during last bird season (1888), when he repeated almost exactly over and over again the following nine tones:

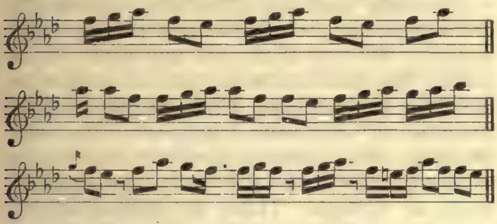


The key was F minor except in one instance; then it was only a degree higher:



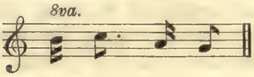
If there is some of the oriole's music here, I must think it original with the tanager.

Other forms of the tanager's song:

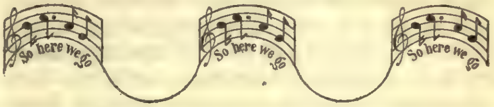


YELLOW-BIRD, OR AMERICAN GOLDFINCH.

The roadsides afford these birds an abundance of seeds, especially those of which they are so fond and from which they take the name "thistle-bird." Frequenters of our dooryards and gardens, they are tame and confiding, and of all birds the gentlest mannered. With their heads crowned with black caps, their yellow bodies, black wings and tails, they are dainty, high-bred visitors. When singing in chorus, as is their habit, their soft warblings are expressive of great delight. In their most characteristic song, of only four notes, they are stronger voiced, and sing with distinctness and moderation. This song is performed while on the wing, and is all the more charming because of the touch of sadness that it has for the sensitive listener. The flight of the yellow-birds follows the fashion of the woodpeckers. It is like the riding of a boat over great billows — up — down — up — in graceful curves, with a stroke of the wings for each swell, to the accompaniment of the little song:

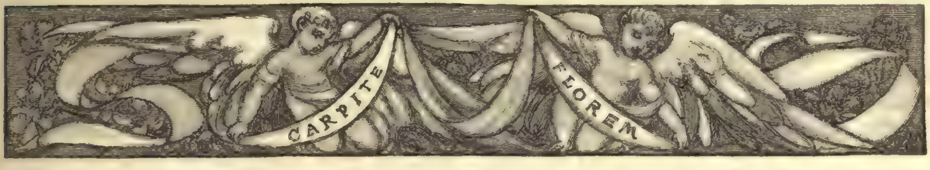


With sweep and swing from crest to crest, the song runs:



Since writing the above description, a friend showed me a very similar one by Burroughs.

Simeon Pease Cheney.



DECORATION DAY.

WITH acclamation and with trumpet tone,
With prayer and praise, and with triumphal state
Of warlike columns, and the moving weight
Of men, whose firmness never overthrown,
Proved itself steadfast; which did add to fate
Speed, vision, certainty, and ever grown
More terrible as more enduring shone
A fire of retribution and swift hate,
All visibly advancing — with these we keep
Unsullied in our breast and pure and white
The spirit of gratitude that may not sleep,—
A nation's safeguard against shame and blight,—
Since sacred memories and the tears men weep
Alone can keep a nation at its height.

Langdon Elwyn Mitchell.

THE RELATIONS OF THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA.

A CANADIAN VIEW.[1]

NORTH AMERICA, considered geologically, consists of three fundamental divisions, in a general sense parallel to one another and to the adjacent oceans, viz.: the Appalachian section, the central plain, and the Rocky Mountains section. No natural line of demarcation extends east and west across the continent. All the great rivers flow either to or from the north; the great mountain chains follow the meridians. From the semi-tropical region of the Gulf States to the icy coast of Labrador, from the Mexican border to the snowy peaks of Alaska, there is an uninterrupted gradation in climate, and hence in natural products. No mountain range, like the great Altai, or the Himalayas, or even the Alps, presents a barrier alike to man, animals, and vegetation; no vast desert, like the Sahara, or far-penetrating sea, like the Mediterranean, tends to develop diverse races, or by the force of physical necessity compels a marked diversity of habits and occupations among the people, or abrupt changes of species in the animal and vegetable kingdoms. Geographically, commercially, agriculturally, and industrially the continent is by nature one country — the north the complement of the south, the south of the north.

If events had so shaped themselves during the last century that North America had been developed as one country politically, a suggestion that an arbitrary line ought to be drawn across the continent from east to west, and that trade between the regions thus set apart should be hampered by regulations, artificial, variable, and often inconsistent, would be treated as contrary to nature and to common sense. It would be pointed out that every argument which could be urged in favor of one such line could with equal force be advanced in favor of a score. But events have proved themselves for the time being stronger than nature, and the statesmen of America have to deal with the resulting conditions. Indications multiply that the time is near at hand when the many difficult questions involved will demand solution.

In the abstract the question of continental free trade is simple enough; but however unnatural a line of demarcation may be, to remove it will give more or less of shock to the established order of things. Commerce and industry adapt themselves in a measure to political conditions; important interests are developed by favoring tariffs; national sentiment gets a bias from long years of semi-antagonism. Hence to deal with the commercial amalgamation of the United States and Canada as a measure of practical politics is a matter of no small difficulty. One phase only of the subject is treated in this paper, namely, the interchange of natural products.

Reaching from the Atlantic to the Pacific, the United States and Canada divide North America between them into two nearly equal parts. The institutions of both countries are the same in principle. Their people have for the most part the same origin, speak the same language, read the same literature, cherish the same aspirations, and follow the same general trend of thought. There are differences between Americans and Canadians; but these are no greater than the differences between the inhabitants of the several States on the one hand, or of the several Provinces on the other.

This condition of things is without precedent or parallel, and presents a political and commercial problem altogether *sui generis*, in the solution of which Old World experience is of little value. American questions must be settled in America by Americans. This is recognized by English statesmen of both parties, the consensus of opinion being that Canada must be allowed full liberty to work out her own destiny, the Imperial Government holding itself ready to assent to any political change or commercial arrangement desired by the people of the Dominion.

For ten years previous to 1864 what is commonly called the Reciprocity Treaty was in force, by which the unrestricted interchange of natural products between the two countries was permitted; and under its fostering influence international commerce increased with tremendous strides, even though the resources of Canada were at that time scarcely guessed at, and the demands of the United States market had not assumed so varied a character or become of such enormous magnitude as in recent years. Since the expiration of the treaty both countries have industriously set up tariff walls against each other, until in the year ending June 30, 1887, Canada collected over seven millions of dollars in duties from imports from the United States, the latter country collecting a much larger sum from imports from Canada. Yet, notwithstanding opposing tariffs, if account be taken of all the ramifications of their dealings, it will undoubtedly appear that more than half of the business that the less than five million Canadians do with the world outside of their own country is done with the people of the United States, and that fully one-tenth of all the foreign business of the sixty millions of Americans is done with these same less than five million Canadians. The transactions between the two countries of which the custom-house takes cognizance average upwards of eighty million dollars a year. They rose to $97,701,056 in 1883; and in the twelve months ending June 30, 1887, were $82,767,265.[1] There are, in addition, many vast transactions and numberless minor ones of which the customs authorities are not supposed to keep a record, such as the disbursements in connection with railway lines having a part of their systems in both countries, with the shipping carrying commerce between them, with the purchase and transportation of merchandise, and the enormous sum spent in each country by visitors from the other.

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[1] An American view of the resources of the United States will be presented in articles now being prepared. — EDITOR.

Following is a statement of the trade in natural products between the two countries. The figures are taken from the Trade and Navigation Returns of Canada for the year ending June 30, 1888.

	Imports of Canada from U. S.	*Imports of U. S. from Canada.*	*Total.*
Animals and their products	$5,477,213	$6,949,270	$12,426,483
Agricultural produce	7,711,242	7,634,185	15,345,427
Products of fisheries	439,294	2,697,432	3,136,726
Coal	7,465,901	1,252,867	8,718,768
Lumber	1,711,310	9,620,235	11,331,545
Other articles (about)	1,800,000	2,200,000	4,000,000
	$24,604,960	$30,353,989	$54,958,949

Or, in round numbers, $55,600,000.

Although the increase in this international commerce is not constant from year to year, if periods of five years are taken it will be found that its growth is continuous, on the Canadian side at least, notwithstanding frequent changes in the tariff, and other elements of disturbance, such as the expiration of the Treaty of Washington, the strained interpretation sometimes put upon the customs laws in both countries, not to speak of panics and crises affecting the whole commercial world.

Are there any reasons to anticipate a great development in this interchange of natural products? Is one country at all necessary, in a commercial sense, to the other? Or if not necessary, is close commercial intercourse between them a thing to be fostered in the interest of both? In order to arrive at satisfactory answers to these questions, several lines of investigation must be followed.

First, as to the probable demand in the United States for the products of her northern neighbor.

I approach this branch of the subject with considerable hesitation, knowing how any statements made in regard to it will be challenged. The practice is to represent the food-producing capacity of the United States as practically boundless; but in computing the ability of America to support a resident population, the statistics of China or of India, which are generally quoted, or even those of continental Europe, are of very little value. Americans live better than the people of the Old World. They require food in greater quantity and in greater variety. They employ more horses in work and pleasure; wear more clothes and better ones; live in better houses and furnish them better; and, what is perhaps of even more importance, they are as prodigal of land as of everything else. They are far from thorough in methods of cultivation; they require vast ranges for pasturage for their flocks and herds, even in localities where the population is comparatively dense; and they have gone on exhausting the fertility of the soil as though there was no limit to the supply of arable land. These considerations must be kept in mind when we endeavor to estimate, not the possible expansion of United States agriculture under certain fanciful conditions, but its probable relation to the population thirty years from now, when there will be 120,000,000 people living within the bounds of the Republic, if the present rate of increase continues.

To supply the needs of the United States for home consumption in 1887 and the $523,073,798 worth of agricultural produce exported, over eight acres per head of the population were required. This calculation is based on an estimated population of 60,000,000. Not that to every individual the crop grown on eight acres was, on an average, necessary for food purposes; for, in addition to the human population, an immense number of animals were maintained to supply food or materials to be worked up into various manufactured articles, or to be themselves employed in some useful capacity. Following is a statement of the number of animals kept in the United States in the year 1888.[2]

Horses	13,172,936	Sheep	43,544,755
Mules	2,191,727	Swine	44,346,525
Milch cows	14,856,414	Other cattle	34,378,363

These animals are sustained from the land, either by harvested crops or by pasture; and it is reasonable to suppose that for the next thirty years there will be an increase in live stock corresponding with that in population. Therefore in estimating the capacity of the country to sustain population under existing conditions, the acreage necessary for the support of live stock must be taken into account.

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[1] Trade and Navigation Returns of Canada for 1887.

[2] Report of Department of Agriculture on number of farm animals, February, 1888.

Estimate of the land in crop and pasture in 1888:

Acreage in wheat	36,000,000	Report of United States Agricultural Department, 1888.
" Indian corn	78,000,000	
" oats	27,000,000	
" other grains	6,500,000	Based on Department returns for 1884.
" potatoes	2,800,000	
" hay	40,000,000	
" tobacco	700,000	
" cotton	19,000,000	
" other crops	10,000,000	
Total acreage in crop	220,000,000	
Pasturage for sheep	10,000,000	
" cattle	245,000,000	
" horses	15,000,000	
Total	490,000,000	

It is impossible to be accurate in the estimate of pasturage; but taking the country as a whole, there is in the settled districts fully as much land in pasture as in crop. Much of it, indeed by far the most of it, is unimproved land, some of it serving the double purpose of wood reserve and pasture. Under cultivation it would carry an immensely increased amount of stock; but it is to be remembered that a very large area must be left unimproved in order that the supply of fuel may be kept up. In addition to the pasturage appurtenant to farms, the great extent of land included in the Western cattle ranches has to be considered.

This question may be looked at from another point of view. The number of acres in farms in the United States, as given in the report of the Department of Agriculture for 1884, and taken apparently from the census of 1880, was 536,081,835. An examination of later crop statistics, a comparison with the increase in previous years, and the well-known rapidity with which vacant lands in the West have been taken up, justify an estimate of a twenty per cent. increase since 1880, or that the area in farms in the United States in 1888 probably exceeded 700,000,000 acres, nearly one-third of which appears from the returns quoted above to have been in crop. This indicates that the productive capacity of the farms has not been nearly reached; but in estimating upon any probable expansion several considerations must be kept in mind. One of these is the preservation of forests, the importance of which, for both climatic and economical reasons, is being more strongly inculcated and better understood from year to year. As population becomes denser the necessity for judicious forest conservation becomes greater. For the sole purpose of providing fuel it is estimated that at least one-fourth of the farm lands must be reserved as woodland, leaving available three-fourths for tillage and pasture. On this basis there is an immense area on existing farms to be utilized as tillage land, sufficient, no doubt, to permit their food-producing capacity to be doubled; but here comes up the question of cost. To double the area in crop on existing farms — that is, to clear the land of forest, where that is necessary, or to break up the virgin prairie, to provide fencing, implements for planting and harvesting, and buildings to store the crop and house the additional stock needed — would cost fully $40 per acre, or a total of $8,800,000,000. To duplicate the live stock now on the farms — and this would have to be done if their productive capacity is to be doubled — would call for an outlay of $2,409,043,398,[1] making in the whole upwards of $11,000,000,000. In other words, to double during the next thirty years the output of existing farms would require an expenditure of $366,000,000 annually on capital account, or ten per cent. of their present product. This would be in addition to the enormous but indefinable sum which must be expended in keeping up the fertility of the soil, in repairs to buildings and fences,[2] the renewal of farm implements, and the payment of interest on mortgages. This estimate is necessarily only an approximation, but it will serve as a measure of the tremendous problem involved in providing for the wants of the rapidly increasing population of the Republic.

Hitherto the greater part of the increase in the agricultural product of the United States has been due to the taking up of new farms; and if the present rate is maintained, every available acre of arable land will be in the hands of private owners before the close of the present century. The estimate generally received of the extent of this arable land is 1,500,000 square miles, or 960,000,000 acres; and if this is correct it follows, from what has been stated above, that only 260,000,000 acres are not already included in farms, which is clearly not sufficient for the needs of the 60,000,000 people likely to be added to the population of the United States during the next three decades. Therefore within a few years the Republic will be brought face to face with a new and most difficult problem — a rapidly increasing population and all the arable land in the hands of private owners. This does not take account of the elevated western areas, of which the Department of Agriculture in the Report for 1884, page 468, says:

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[1] Report of the Department of Agriculture on the numbers and values of farm animals, 1888.

[2] In 1871 the Department of Agriculture estimated that the fencing in the United States had cost, as it then stood, $1,747,549,931, and that the annual expenditure for repairs was $198,806,182.

> A large part of the elevated western area is assumed to be unfit for general agriculture, though special culture, carefully adapted to situation and humidity, with amelioration of irrigation and cultivation and judicious selection of plants in crop distribution, will produce results in agriculture which will surprise the farmers of to-day who live to witness the development of the next twenty years.

In the four years 1871–74 the yield of corn over the United States averaged 25½ bushels to the acre. In the next four years it was 27.2 bushels; in the next four, 25 bushels; in 1883, 23.7 bushels; in 1884, 26 bushels. In 1886 it was 22 bushels; in 1887, 20 bushels; and the preliminary reports for 1888 put the probable yield below that of 1887. I have not the returns for 1885 by me. The annual average yield of wheat per acre in the ten years ending 1879 was 12.4 bushels per acre, while for the subsequent nine years it was 11.8 bushels. The average yield of oats for the ten years ending 1879 was 28.4 bushels per acre; in the eight years 1880–87 it was 26.5 bushels. Let it be remembered that during all this time a vast and constantly increasing area of virgin soil has been added yearly to the tilled land, the tendency of which is to keep up the average product per acre, and it will be conceded to be at least arguable that when the whole of the arable public domain has been divided up into farms, as will be the case within a little more than a decade, a permanent reduction in the yield per acre may be looked for, unless an improvement takes place in methods of cultivation and more attention is paid than is now given to keeping up the fertility of the soil.

From a paper published in the "Northwestern Miller" I gather that in the five years ending 1878 the export of wheat was, in round numbers, 300,000,000 bushels, that of Indian corn 266,000,000 bushels; in the five years ending 1883 the respective amounts were, of wheat 626,000,000 bushels, of Indian corn 358,000,000 bushels; and in the five years ending 1888, of wheat 374,000,000 bushels, of Indian corn 222,000,000 bushels.

From the facts above presented, the following conclusions seem warranted:

That the population of the United States will be 120,000,000 by the year 1920;

That, to provide food for this number of people, to keep farm stock proportionate in number to what is now kept, and to maintain a relative position in the matter of exports of farm produce, 980,000,000 acres will be required for tillage land and pasture.

That there are in round numbers about 500,000,000 acres of arable land exclusive of the mountain section not now utilized;

That at the close of the present century this area will be in the hands of private owners;

That a large portion of it is below the line of profitable wheat culture, and is not adapted to successful stock raising.

Therefore, if Canada contains any great extent of fertile virgin soil, capable of profitably producing breadstuffs, beef, mutton, and other commodities of this class, the United States will probably become a very extensive purchaser of them, if the tariff is not absolutely restrictive; and in proportion as the commercial relations between the two countries are broadened and the interchange of commodities is facilitated, the demand for the products of Canada will be augmented.

Has Canada such a territory?

In considering this phase of the subject it is necessary to be on guard against "glittering generalities," to take no account of the fanciful figures and hasty conclusions in which political orators and even parliamentary committees sometimes indulge. Fifteen years ago the people of the Dominion had little idea of the resources of their country. Since then a vast mass of facts has been collected. Areas which less than a score of years ago were supposed to be a trackless waste of snow for the greater part of the year and a barren inhospitable wilderness for the remainder have been found to possess a summer climate of a highly favorable character. It has been shown that summer isotherms are independent of latitude; that the slight elevation of the Canadian North-west above the sea, the Chinook winds from the Pacific, and the alternate southerly winds, heated on the plains of the United States, cause a balmy temperature to extend during five months of the year to within twenty-five degrees of the Pole; so that wheat is a reasonably safe crop in the great Mackenzie Basin within a comparatively short distance of the Arctic Circle. The Canadian Senate committee in 1888, after examining over a hundred witnesses, either orally or by correspondence, felt warranted in reporting that there was in the great Mackenzie River Basin and north of the fifty-fourth parallel of latitude an area of 800,000 square miles suitable for grazing, of which 316,000 square miles were adapted to the cultivation of wheat.[1]

This conclusion is so startling, so out of keeping with the preconceived ideas of almost everybody, that it will be received with hesitation; yet it seems fully borne out by the testimony given before the committee. The Canadian North-west is full of surprises, presenting a most inviting field for exploration; but the region spoken of above—that is, the country north of the fifty-fourth parallel of latitude—may be disregarded for the purposes of the present article, as, in view of the large unoccupied area south of that parallel, it is doubtful if the more northerly area will play any considerable part in international commerce during the next thirty years. As showing the probable ultimate development of Canadian agriculture, the following estimate may be given of what is officially claimed to be either arable or grazing land:

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[1] Appendix to the Journal of the Senate of Canada, Vol. XXII., p. 10.

	Acres.
In the Maritime Provinces	18,000,000
In Ontario and Quebec	130,000,000
In Manitoba, Saskatchewan, Assiniboia, and Alberta	200,000,000
In British Columbia (exclusive of Peace River)	50,000,000
In the Peace River and Mackenzie valleys	500,000,000
Total	898,000,000

For the reason given above, the last item will be eliminated from the present calculation, leaving 398,000,000 acres of tillable or pasture land in Canada south of the fifty-fourth parallel. Of this not more than 60,000,000 acres are now embraced in farms, so that 338,000,000 acres are yet to be occupied. One hundred million acres, principally in the North-west Territories, may be regarded as more especially adapted to grazing than to cultivation; so that we arrive at the conclusion that there is in Canada, south of the fifty-fourth parallel, 238,000,000 acres of vacant tillage land. Or, to state the case in general terms, the area of arable land in Canada within the well-ascertained limits of profitable wheat culture is about equal to the arable public domain in the United States. I am satisfied that this is a moderate estimate. Canadians generally will be inclined to think it far below the mark. Adding to the Canadian area the vacant arable land in the United States, we get a total of over 500,000,000 acres, or sufficient to provide for the wants of the people of this continent, at the present rate of increase and under present methods of cultivation, for the next quarter of a century, without calling for any large increase in the product of existing farms.

Taking up the several parts of the Dominion in detail, the Maritime Provinces may be first considered. These are Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Prince Edward Island. The whole area set down to their credit in the foregoing statement may be treated as fit for agriculture. Only about one-tenth of it, or 1,800,000 acres, is under cultivation; so that, making a reasonable allowance for pasturage, their yield of farm produce may be increased fivefold without any improvement upon existing methods of farming. They furnish the New England States with horses, sheep, potatoes, eggs, hay, and some other articles.

The principal export of agricultural produce from Quebec to the United States consists of hay and potatoes, the aggregate value of the two items being about $1,000,000 annually. This will probably increase from year to year gradually, but no very great stress ought to be laid upon the part which this province will play in supplying the market of the Republic. French-Canadians, at least the agricultural part of the population, are not aggressive in a business sense, and not likely to be formidable competitors in any foreign market. What the *habitants* would do if spurred up by an active demand for the products of their farms remains to be seen. The province is adapted to much the same class of farming as the Maritime Provinces.

Ontario is a great agricultural province. Its wheat crop in 1881, 20,406,091 bushels,[1] had in 1884 risen to over 31,000,000 bushels.[2] This last amount was exceeded in 1887 by only four of the United States (Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, and Minnesota) and one Territory (Dakota). The average yield per acre of wheat in Ontario, as taken from returns to the Provincial Bureau of Agriculture, extending over a period of six years, is 18½ bushels. This is exceeded only by the yield of California and Colorado. After supplying the demand from the eastern part of the Dominion, Ontario has annually a large surplus of wheat; and as only about 1,700,000 acres of its available area have been sown to this grain, it is evident that the wheat-producing capacity of the province has not nearly been reached. Ontario also produces a surplus of barley, of which 9,365,724 bushels were sold to the United States in 1887. Its yield of this grain can be enormously augmented. The province also exports largely of horses, cattle, and sheep, the first and last to the United States principally, by far the greater number of the horned stock finding a sale in Great Britain. The total area of Ontario is 128,000,000 acres, of which, up to 1885, 22,000,000 acres had been granted to private owners. Of the remainder 12,000,000 must be deducted for water surface, leaving 94,000,000 acres to be drawn upon for new farms. With a liberal allowance for non-arable land, it is evident that Ontario agriculture and stock-raising are capable of great expansion; and as the people of the province are energetic and enterprising, they will be sharp competitors in any market open to them.

I have estimated the arable and pasture land of British Columbia at 50,000,000 acres, exclusive of the Peace River region. The climate of this province and its luxuriant and nutritious grasses adapt it especially to stock-raising.

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[1] Census of 1881.

[2] Report of Bureau of Agriculture, 1885.

There remain to be considered Manitoba and the North-west Territories, south of the fifty-fourth parallel, embracing within the limit of wheat cultivation 276,000,000 acres. Of this area the late Hon. Horatio Seymour of New York is quoted by the Canadian Department of Agriculture as saying: "There is a country owned by England with greater grain and stock-raising capacity than all the lands on the Baltic, the Black Sea, and the Mediterranean combined." United States Vice-Consul Taylor, in a letter to be found at length in the Appendix to the Journal of the Canadian Senate for 1888, Vol. XXII., says:

> I can add nothing to the demonstration, by innumerable explorations and reports, that the navigable channels of the Mackenzie and Mississippi are connected by a territory of 1500 miles in extent north-west of St. Paul, Minnesota, having an average width of 800 miles (1,200,000 square miles), which is substantially identical in climate and natural resources. There is a great variety of illustrations, but I shall confine myself to one—a flower. The prairie's firstling of spring has the popular designation of "crocus," but it is an anemone. . . It is often gathered on the Mississippi bluffs near the Falls of St. Anthony on the 15th of April. It appears simultaneously on the dry elevation near Winnipeg. It was observed even earlier, on the 13th of April, during the Saskatchewan campaign of 1885, and is reported by Major Butler as in profusion on Peace River, 1500 miles from St. Paul, on the 26th of April. Even 1000 miles beyond, on the Yukon, within the Arctic Circle, Archdeacon Macdonald, a missionary of the Church of England, has gathered the flower on the 14th of May. Equally significant as this delicate herald of spring are the records of ice obstruction in rivers—their emancipation being simultaneous from Fort Snelling, Minnesota, to Fort Vermilion, Athabasca.

A fair estimate would perhaps take from the area of the district now under consideration, which does not include the whole country referred to by Mr. Taylor, 76,000,000 acres as adapted to neither agriculture nor grazing, and divide the remainder equally between those two industries.[1] In other words, there is in the Canadian North-west, south of the fifty-fourth parallel, 100,000,000 acres of land admirably adapted to wheat culture. The average yield per acre over the whole district, as given by the census of 1886 (a local census), was, of wheat, 18.4 bushels; of barley, 22.5 bushels; and of oats, 32.4 bushels. By far the greater part of this region is unoccupied; indeed, immigration has only of recent years begun to find its way into it. It lies adjacent to existing and projected railways, and may be regarded as immediately available for the production of breadstuffs for the markets of the world.

What may be regarded as the probable wheat-producing capability of this district? The area in farms in Ohio, Illinois, Indiana, Minnesota, and Iowa was in round numbers 100,000,000 acres in 1880, or about equal to the acreage of arable land in Manitoba and the Canadian North-west, south of latitude 54°. Of the area of the States named sufficient was sown to wheat and corn in that year to have produced if sown to wheat alone 320,000,000 bushels. Indian corn will not assume especial importance as a field crop in the Canadian North-west for some time, if ever; certainly not until years of acclimatization have produced a variety which will come to perfection with great rapidity. It is otherwise with wheat, which is essentially a northern grain, growing in its greatest perfection during the long days of the high latitudes. Therefore it is reasonable to presume that the Canadian farmer will sow in wheat alone an area corresponding to that which his neighbor in Iowa and the other States named sows in corn and wheat. But the average yield of wheat per acre in the virgin soil of Manitoba and the Canadian North-west is one-third greater than in the old-settled States to the south; hence the probable wheat production of this part of Canada, which may be described as lying west of Lake Superior, east of the Rocky Mountains, north of the United States boundary, and south of the fifty-fourth parallel of latitude, is 426,000,000 bushels. This, however, will only be possible when the population of the country has reached 8,000,000, the population of the States named in 1880 necessitating a home consumption of 60,000,000 bushels, which leaves the probable surplus wheat production of the district 366,000,000 bushels annually, an amount equal to the total probable increase in the annual consumption of wheat in the United States at the expiration of thirty years from the present date.

So much for the trade in one direction. What of that in the other direction? Will Canada continue to increase her purchases of the products of United States farms? No reason can be assigned why she should not. No important item of her agricultural imports from her southern neighbor can be replaced by home-raised articles. The trade between the two countries rests upon the natural and legitimate foundation of an interchange of products between a southern and a northern region.

Canada purchases $13,000,000 worth of the products of her neighbor's farms every year, including both animal and vegetable products, but exclusive of articles manufactured from material raised on the farms; that is, about three dollars' worth per head. In the future the several items will of course vary from year to year; but there will be a constant increase even under existing tariffs. An important influence which will affect and stimulate the Canadian importation of United States farm produce is to be found in the constant improvement in the condition of the people. The number of those who eat little except what they raise themselves, and wear nothing except the products of their flocks and the little patch of flax before the door, has greatly decreased and is becoming less every year. In part this is due to a general improvement in the condition of the people, who are advancing beyond the pioneer stage, and in part to the opening of the country by railways.

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[1] The area of arable land in this part of the North-west is equally put at 140,000,000 acres, but this seems excessive.

Certain lines of Canadian imports from the United States may be considered as necessaries; such, for example, as Indian corn and meal, and cotton, raw and manufactured. Portions of the Dominion are adapted to the successful growth of Indian corn, but there is no probability of its being cultivated in those localities in sufficient quantity to affect appreciably the foreign supply. Hence also pork, which can be grown cheaper in a corn-producing country than elsewhere, will always be imported largely into Canada.

Raw and manufactured cotton may both be classed among the products of the farms of the United States in this connection. The Canadian import of these articles from the States in 1887 was valued at $8,404,430. The first point to be noted is that of the $2,933,078 worth of raw cotton imported by Canada in 1887, all but $799 worth came from her southern neighbor. The second is that of the $5,471,352 worth of manufactured cottons imported by Canada in the same year, the United States furnished goods to the value of $915,126 only, the bulk of the remainder coming from Great Britain. There is no reason to anticipate that Canada will buy her raw cotton outside of the continent. It is now admitted into Canada duty free; the import is steadily increasing, and as large amounts of capital have been invested in mills and the cost of manufacturing is not greater than in the United States, it is probable that, no matter how intimate the trade relations of the two nations become, the amount of raw cotton needed in the Dominion will grow larger from year to year. There can also be no doubt that if the Canadian duty were removed from manufactured cottons coming from the United States, that country would furnish more than one-sixth of the Dominion's purchases in foreign markets. It would seem indeed not unreasonable to anticipate that if continental free trade became established, the larger part of the Canadian importation of raw and manufactured cottons would be supplied by the United States.

Next in value to farm products in this international trade come the products of the forest; but in this line the purchases made by the one country from the other do not nearly balance each other, the United States paying Canada over five dollars for wood and wood goods for every dollar that Canada pays in return. Perhaps there is no one line in which consumption is increasing more rapidly in the United States than in this; and there certainly is none in which the source of supply is in such danger of being exhausted. It can be only a few years at the most before the principal source of the wood supply of the United States will be the forests of Canada. No approximation can be given of the resources of the Dominion in this particular. Practically every acre of unimproved land in the five eastern provinces, or, in round numbers, 300,000,000 acres, is covered with a forest growth of some commercial value. The North-west Territories contain an immense area covered with forest. Captain Craig, in his evidence before the Senate committee, said the forest extended from the head of Lake Manitoba to the Rocky Mountains, a distance of a thousand miles. How wide the timber belt is, it is impossible to say with accuracy; but the committee felt justified in reporting that the growth was "far in excess of the needs of the district, and of great prospective value to the treeless regions of Canada and the United States." The principal woods in this region are spruce and poplar, which grow as large as two feet in diameter; not large certainly when compared with the trees of British Columbia or of the great pine regions of the Northern States, yet of sufficient size to make valuable timber. The forests of British Columbia are very extensive and the growth is of the highest quality. Speaking in general terms, the forests of Canada can probably meet any demand likely to be made upon them for many years to come. The Canadian export of forest products averages from $20,000,000 to $25,000,000 in value annually, of which considerably less than a half finds its way to the United States market, the greater part of the remainder being sold in Great Britain, in competition with stock brought from Scandinavia and the Baltic. It is conceded by the best authorities in the trade that a very slight change in existing conditions would divert Canadian lumber largely from European channels, and hence the means are at hand to more than double the lumber trade between the Dominion and the Republic the moment the pressure of circumstances renders it necessary that the foreign wood supply of the latter country should be increased by removing the duty from the imported article.

Some anthracite coal is found in Canada, but there are no reliable data as to the extent of the known deposits; nothing indicates a probability of their being sufficient to lessen the importation of this mineral from the United States, which in 1887 was of the value of nearly $4,500,000. This line of trade will increase steadily, especially as the cities and towns in Canada grow larger. Of bituminous coal both countries have a supply essentially inexhaustible, the development of the international trade in it depending altogether upon the cheapness at which it can be delivered at the place of consumption. Ontario buys nearly $4,000,000 worth of bituminous coal annually in the United States and pays the duty upon it, presumably for the reason that it comes as cheaply this way as the Nova Scotia article, which is, of course, free of duty. In like manner California imports largely of British Columbia coal. If the duty were removed, the New England States would undoubtedly become large purchasers of Nova Scotia coal, as it could be brought from the mines by water. Immense coal-fields are found in nearly every part of the Canadian North-west, from the shores of the Arctic Ocean to the international boundary. Their existence, while having an important bearing upon the settlement of the country, and indirectly upon the timber supply of the future, is not material at present in connection with international commerce.

The effect which continental free trade would have upon the trade in metallic ores between the United States and Canada must be a matter of mere conjecture, and the same may be said of the probable trade in the crude metals themselves. It is interesting to note the presence of excellent iron ore in Nova Scotia in close proximity to large coal deposits; of great beds of Bessemer iron ore in Ontario, in the immediate vicinity of a part of country which is an extensive consumer of Pennsylvania coal; of manganese, antimony, building stone, and other minerals of value; but these have more bearing upon the internal development of Canada than upon the interchange of natural products between the two countries.

In her extensive and productive fisheries Canada possesses what must be of inestimable advantage to her in the future. There is no measure of her wealth in this particular; for in addition to her seaboard fishing-grounds, there are thousands of miles of river and lakes teeming with food fishes. In recent years a large trade in fresh frozen fish has been done between the gulf shore of New Brunswick and the cities of New England, the fish being shipped in refrigerator cars, the demand keeping pace with the supply. In like manner, as population increases in the central plain of the continent, the great northern rivers and lakes of Canada will be drawn upon as a source of food supply. It may not be within a quarter of a century, but the time cannot be far distant when the enterprise of Canadians will provide railway communication as far north as the Great Slave Lake, an immense body of water, little, if any, smaller than Lake Superior, and with the Mackenzie River, which during five months of the year affords a navigable channel on which for over a thousand miles large steamers can safely float to the Polar Ocean.[1] Considerable progress has already been made in this direction. A railway from Winnipeg to Hudson's Bay is also projected, and its early construction appears probable.

The masterly way in which Canada has set about the herculean task of utilizing her vast domain will, when it is better understood, challenge the admiration of the world. It is impossible to read the long reports of explorers and the voluminous testimony of residents, or to reflect upon the magnitude of the great enterprises completed, undertaken, or contemplated, without feeling that the men who have gone into the Canadian North-west are worthy to be the founders of a nation. To hear of railways projected into a region which, only twenty-five years ago, we were told in school was given up to the dominion of the Polar bear and the reindeer; to read of successful farming in a latitude so northerly that during the summer months there is scarcely any night at all; to be told that the navigation of Hudson's Bay and even of the Arctic Ocean, by way of Behring Strait to the mouth of the Mackenzie and thence up that stream, two thousand miles into the heart of the continent, to a land capable of producing millions upon millions of bushels of wheat, of pasturing almost countless herds of cattle, of supplying the petroleum market of the world and abounding with gold and other valuable mines — to realize that this not only is feasible, but likely soon to become a reality, is to get a new insight into the probable future of the continent and of the race which is taking possession of the northerly but by no means less valuable half of it. The purview of this paper does not embrace the discussion of the future of Canada; but it may be asked whether, in view of the great natural advantages hereinbefore referred to, the Dominion cannot claim to possess the elements necessary to the establishment of an independent nationality; by which I mean, not politically independent, but commercially. I wish to avoid the political side of the question at present. The principal products of Canada are of the class which the world needs—food, clothing, and building materials. Her geographical position is commanding, her eastern ports being nearer Europe and her western ports nearer Asia than any other accessible harbors on the seaboard of America. Much has been said recently of the dependence of the Dominion upon the United States for a winter outlet; and if the views expressed by numerous newspaper writers and others are indicative of the general opinion of the United States public, the commonly received idea in that country is that in the winter Canadian railways are long stretches of unbroken snow, extending from vast drifts in the interior to ice-bound harbors on the coast. As a matter of fact the Canadian railway system is probably not more interrupted by snow than are the railways in the Northern States, while the harbors on the east, at Halifax, St. John, and elsewhere, and on the west on Queen Charlotte Sound, are open and safe to vessels of all classes every day in the year. If not a self-contained nation, Canada has too many and too great resources to render it necessary for her to become a suppliant for commercial favors. Undoubtedly it is in her interest to obtain the most intimate trade relations possible with her southern neighbor. To the people of this continent the trade of the continent is of greater importance than commerce with the other hemisphere, and hence whatever tends to promote this trade ought to be a matter of paramount consideration. The expensive and unnatural tariff wall between the United States and Canada ought to be removed; but Canadians are unwilling to admit that the benefit of such a step would be all on their side, and that if it is not taken the Dominion will disintegrate and drop piecemeal into the arms of the Republic.

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[1] Report of Canadian Senate Committee, 1888, pp. 56–60.

Charles H. Lugrin.

KING SOLOMON OF KENTUCKY.

By the author of "The White Cowl," "Two Gentlemen of Kentucky," etc.

IT had been a year of strange disturbances—a desolating drought, a hurly-burly of destructive tempests, killing frosts in the tender valleys, mortal fevers in the tender homes. Now came tidings that all day the wail of myriads of locusts was heard in the green woods of Virginia and Tennessee; now that Lake Erie was blocked with ice on the very verge of summer, so that in the Niagara new rocks and islands showed their startling faces. In the blue-grass region of Kentucky countless caterpillars were crawling over the ripening apple orchards and leaving the trees as stark as when tossed in the thin air of bitter February days.

Then, flying low and heavily through drought and tempest and frost and plague, like the royal presence of disaster, that had been but heralded by all its mournful train, came nearer and nearer the dark angel of the pestilence.

M. Xaupi had given a great ball only the night before in the dancing-rooms over the confectionery of M. Giron—that M. Giron who made the tall pyramids of méringues and macaroons for wedding suppers, and spun around them a cloud of candied webbing as white and misty as the veil of the bride. It was the opening cotillon party of the summer. The men came in blue cloth coats with brass buttons, buff waistcoats, and laced and ruffled shirts; the ladies came in white satins with ethereal silk overdresses, embroidered in the figure of a gold beetle or an oak leaf of green. The walls of the ball-room were painted to represent landscapes of blooming orange trees, set here and there in clustering tubs; and the chandeliers and sconces were lighted with innumerable wax candles, yellow and green and rose.

Only the day before, also, Clatterbuck had opened for the summer a new villa-house six miles out in the country, with a dancing-pavilion in a grove of maples and oaks, a pleasure boat on a sheet of crystal water, and a cellar stocked with old sherry, Sauterne, and Château Margaux wines, with anisette, "Perfect Love," and Guigholet cordials.

Down on Water street, near where now stands a railway station, Hugh Lonney, urging that the fear of cholera was not the only incentive to cleanliness, had just fitted up a sumptuous bath-house, where cold and shower baths might be had at twelve and a half cents each, or hot ones at three for half a dollar.

Yes, the summer of 1833 was at hand, and there must be new pleasures, new luxuries; for Lexington was the Athens of the West and the Kentucky Birmingham.

Old Pete Leuba felt the truth of this, as he stepped smiling out of his little music-store on Main street and, rubbing his hands briskly together, surveyed once more his newly arranged windows, in which were displayed gold and silver epaulets, bottles of Jamaica rum, garden seeds from Philadelphia, drums and guitars and harps. Dewees & Grant felt it in their drug-store on Cheapside, as they sent off a large order for calomel and superior Maccoboy, rappee, and Lancaster snuff. Bluff little Daukins Tegway felt it, as he hurried on the morning of that day to the office of the "Observer and Reporter" and advertised that he would willingly exchange his beautiful assortment of painted muslins and Dunstable bonnets for flax and feathers. On the threshold he met a florid farmer, who had just offered ten dollars' reward for a likely runaway boy with a long fresh scar across his face; and to-morrow the paper would contain one more of those tragical little cuts representing an African slave scampering away at the top of his speed, with a stick swung across his shoulder and a bundle dangling down his back. In front of Postlethwaite's Tavern, where now stands the Phœnix Hotel, a company of idlers, leaning back in Windsor chairs and planting their feet against the opposite wall on a level with their heads, smoked and chewed and yawned, as they discussed the administration of Jackson and arranged for the coming of Daniel Webster in June, when they would give him a great barbecue and roast in his honor a buffalo bull taken from the herd emparked near Ashland. They hailed a passing merchant, who, however, would hear nothing of the bull, but fell to praising his Rocky Mountain beaver and Goose Creek salt; and another, who turned a deaf ear to Daniel Webster, and invited them all to drop in and examine his choice essences of peppermint, bergamot, and lavender.

But of all the scenes that might have been observed in Lexington on that day, the most remarkable occurred in front of the old courthouse at the hour of high noon. On the mellow stroke of the clock in the steeple above, the sheriff stepped briskly forth, closely followed by a man of powerful frame, whom he commanded to station himself on the pavement several feet off. A crowd of men and boys had already collected in anticipation, and others came quickly up as the clear voice of the sheriff was heard across the open public square and old market-place.

He stood on the topmost step of the courthouse and for a moment looked down on the crowd with the usual air of official severity.

"Gentlemen," he then cried out sharply, "by an ordah of the cou't I now offah this man at public sale to the highes' biddah. He is able-bodied but lazy, without visible property or means of suppoht, an' of dissolute habits. He is therefoh adjudged guilty of high misdemeanahs an' is to be sole into labah foh a twelvemonth. How much, then, am I offahed foh the vagrant? How much am I offahed foh ole King Sol'mon?"

Nothing was offered for old King Solomon. The spectators formed themselves into a ring around the big vagrant and settled down to enjoy the performance.

"Staht 'im, somebody."

Somebody started a laugh, which rippled around the circle.

The sheriff looked on with an expression of unrelaxed severity, but catching the eye of an acquaintance on the outskirts, he exchanged a lightning wink of secret appreciation. Then he lifted off his tight beaver hat, wiped out of his eyes a little shower of perspiration which rolled suddenly down from above, and warmed a degree to his theme.

"Come, gentlemen," he said, more suasively, "it 's too hot to stan' heah all day. Make me an offah! You all know ole King Sol'mon; don't wait to be interduced. How much, then, to staht 'im? Say fifty dollahs! Twenty-five! Fifteen! Ten! Why, gentlemen! Not *ten* dollahs? Remembah this is the blue-grass region of Kentucky — the land of Boone an' Kenton, the home of Henry Clay!" he added, in an oratorical *crescendo*.

"He ain't wuth his victuals," said an oily little tavern-keeper, folding his arms restfully over his own stomach and cocking up one piggish eye into his neighbor's face. "He ain't wuth his 'taters."

"Buy 'im foh 'is rags!" cried a young law-student, with a Blackstone under his arm, to the town rag-picker opposite, who was unconsciously ogling the vagrant's apparel.

"I *might* buy 'im foh 'is *scalp*," drawled a farmer, who had taken part in all kinds of scalp contests and was now known to be busily engaged in collecting crow scalps for a match soon to come off between two rival counties.

"I think I 'll buy 'im foh a hat-sign," said a manufacturer of ten-dollar Castor & Rhorum hats. This sally drew merry attention to the vagrant's hat, and the merchant felt rewarded for his humor.

"You 'd bettah say the town ought to buy 'im an' put 'im up on top of the cou't-house as a scarecrow foh the cholera," said some one else.

"What news of the cholera did the stage-coach bring this mohning?" quickly inquired his neighbor in his ear; and the two immediately fell into low, grave talk, forgot all about the auction, and turned away.

"Stop, gentlemen, stop!" cried the sheriff, who had watched the rising tide of good-humor, and now saw his chance to float in on it with spreading sails. "You are runnin' the price in the wrong direction — down, not up. The law requires that he be sole to the highes' biddah, not the lowes'. As loyal citizens, uphole the constitution of the commonwealth of Kentucky an' make me an offah; the man is really a great bargain. In the first place, he would cost his ownah little or nothin', because, as you see, he keeps himself in cigahs an' clo'es; then, his main article of diet is whisky — a supply of which he always has on han'. He does n't even need a bed, foh you know he sleeps jus' as well on any doohstep; noh a chair, foh he prefers to sit roun' on the curbstones. Remembah, too, gentlemen, that ole King Sol'mon is a Virginian — from the same neighbohhood as Mr. Clay. Remembah that he is well educated, that he is an *awful* Whig, an' that he has smoked mo' of the stumps of Mr. Clay's cigahs than any other man in existence. If you don't b'lieve *me*, gentlemen, yondah goes Mr. Clay now; call *him* ovah an' ask 'im foh yo'se'ves."

He paused, and pointed with his right forefinger towards Main street, along which the spectators, with a sudden craning of necks, beheld the familiar figure of the passing statesman.

"But you don't need *any*body to tell you these fac's, gentlemen," he continued. "You merely need to be reminded that ole King Sol'mon is no ohdinary man. Mo'ovah he has a kine heaht, he nevah spoke a rough wohd to anybody in this worl', an' he is as proud as Tecumseh of his good name an' charactah. An', gentlemen," he added, bridling with an air of mock gallantry and laying a hand on his heart, "if anythin' fu'thah is required in the way of a puffect encomium, we all know that there is n't anothah man among us who cuts as wide a swath among the ladies. The'foh, if you have any appreciation, any magnanimity; if you set a propah valuation upon the descendants of Virginia, that mothah of presidents; if you believe in the proud laws of Kentucky as a State of the Union; if you love America an' love the worl' — make me a gen'rous, high-toned offah foh ole King Sol'mon!"

He ended his peroration amid a shout of laughter and applause, and, feeling satisfied that it was a good time for returning to a more practical treatment of his subject, proceeded in a sincere tone:

"He can easily earn from one to two dollahs a day an' from three to six hundred a yeah. There 's not anothah white man in town capable of doin' as much work. There 's not a niggah han' in the hemp factories with such muscles an' such a chest. *Look* at 'em! An', if you don't b'lieve me, step fo'wahd and *feel* 'em. How much, then, is bid foh 'im?"

"One dollah!" said the owner of a hemp factory, who had walked forward and felt the vagrant's arm, laughing, but coloring up also as the eyes of all were quickly turned upon him. In those days it was not an unheard-of thing for the muscles of a human being to be thus examined when being sold into servitude to a new master.

"Thank you!" cried the sheriff, cheerily. "One precinc' heard from! One dollah! I am offahed one dollah foh ole King Sol'mon. One dollah foh the king! Make it a half. One dollah an' a half. Make it a half. One dol-dol-dol-dollah!"

Two medical students, returning from lectures at the old Medical Hall, now joined the group, and the sheriff explained:

"One dollah is bid foh the vagrant ole King Sol'mon, who is to be sole into labah foh a twelvemonth. Is there any othah bid? Are you all done? One dollah, once —"

"Dollah and a half," said one of the students, and remarked half jestingly under his breath to his companion, "I 'll buy him on the chance of his dying. I want to dissect him."

"Would you own his body if he should die?"

"If he dies while bound to me I 'll arrange *that*."

"One dollah an' a half," resumed the sheriff; and falling into the tone of a facile auctioneer he rattled on:

"One dollah an' a half foh ole Sol'mon — sol, sol, sol, — do, re, mi, fa, sol, — do, re, mi, fa, sol! Why, gentlemen, you can set the king to music!"

All this time the vagrant had stood in the center of that close ring of jeering and humorous bystanders — a baffling text from which to have preached a sermon on the infirmities of our imperfect humanity. Some years before, perhaps as a master-stroke of derision, there had been given him that title which could but heighten the contrast of his personality and estate with every suggestion of the ancient sacred magnificence; and never had the mockery seemed so fine as at this moment, when he was led forth into the streets to receive the lowest sentence of the law upon his poverty and dissolute idleness. He was apparently in the very prime of life — a striking figure, for nature at least had truly done some royal work on him. Over six feet in height, erect, with limbs well shaped and sinewy, with chest and neck full of the lines of great power, a large head thickly covered with long reddish hair, eyes blue, face beardless, complexion fair but discolored by low passions and excesses — such was old King Solomon. He wore a stiff, high, black castor hat of the period, with the crown smashed in and the torn rim hanging down over one ear; a black cloth coat in the old style, ragged and buttonless; a white cotton shirt, with the broad collar crumpled, wide open at the neck and down his sunburnt bosom; blue jeans pantaloons, patched at the seat and the knees; and ragged cotton socks that fell down over the tops of his dusty shoes, which were open at the heels.

In one corner of his sensual mouth rested the stump of a cigar. Once during the proceedings he had produced another, lighted it, and continued quietly smoking. If he took to himself any shame as the central figure of this ignoble performance, no one knew it. There was something almost royal in his unconcern. The humor, the badinage, the open contempt, of which he was the public target, fell thick and fast upon him, but as harmlessly as would balls of pith upon a coat of mail. In truth, there was that in his great, lazy, gentle, good-humored bulk and bearing which made the gibes seem all but despicable. He shuffled from one foot to the other as though he found it a trial to stand up so long, all the while looking the spectators full in the eyes without the least impatience. He suffered the man of the factory to walk round him and push and pinch his muscles as calmly as though he had been the show bull at a country fair. Once only, when the sheriff had pointed across the street at the figure of Mr. Clay, he had looked quickly in that direction with a kindling light in his eye and a passing flush on his face. For the rest, he seemed like a man who has drained his cup of human life and has nothing left him but to fill again and drink without the least surprise or eagerness.

The bidding between the man of the factory and the student had gone slowly on. The price had reached ten dollars. The heat was intense, the sheriff tired. Then something occurred to revivify the scene. Across the market-place and towards the steps of the court-house there suddenly came trundling along in breathless haste a huge old negress, carrying on one arm a large shallow basket containing apple crab-lanterns and fresh gingerbread. With a series of half-articulate grunts and snorts she approached the edge of the crowd and tried to force her way through. She coaxed, she begged, she elbowed and pushed and scolded, now laughing, and now with the passion of tears in her thick, excited voice. All at once, catching sight of the sheriff, she lifted one ponderous brown arm, naked to the elbow, and waved her hand to him above the heads of those in front.

"Hole on, marseter! Hole on!" she cried, in a tone of humorous entreaty. "Don' knock 'im off till I come! Gim *me* a bid at 'im!"

The sheriff paused and smiled. The crowd made way tumultuously, with broad laughter and comment.

"Stan' aside theah an' let Aun' Charlotte in!"

"*Now* you 'll see biddin'!"

"Get out of the way foh Aun' Charlotte!"

"Up, my free niggah! Hurrah foh Kentucky!"

A moment more and she stood inside the ring of spectators, her basket on the pavement at her feet, her hands plumped akimbo into her fathomless sides, her head up, and her soft, motherly eyes turned eagerly upon the sheriff. Of the crowd she seemed unconscious, and on the vagrant before her she had not cast a single glance.

She was dressed with perfect neatness. A red and yellow Madras kerchief was bound about her head in a high coil, and another was crossed over the bosom of her stiffly starched and smoothly ironed blue cottonade dress. Rivulets of perspiration ran down over her nose, her temples, and around her ears, and disappeared mysteriously in the creases of her brown neck. A single drop accidentally hung glistening like a diamond on the circlet of one of her large brass ear-rings.

The sheriff looked at her a moment, smiling, but a little disconcerted. The spectacle was unprecedented.

"What do you want heah, Aun' Charlotte?" he asked kindly. "You can't sell yo' pies an' gingerbread heah."

"I don' *wan'* sell no pies en gingerbread," she replied contemptuously. "I wan' bid on *him*," and she nodded sidewise at the vagrant. "White folks allers sellin' niggahs to wuk fuh *dem;* I gwine buy a white man to wuk fuh *me*. En he gwine t' git a mighty hard mistiss, you heah *me!*"

The eyes of the sheriff twinkled with delight.

"Ten dollahs is offahed foh ole King Sol'mon. Is theah any othah bid? Are you all done?"

"'Leben," she said.

Two young ragamuffins crawled among the legs of the crowd up to her basket and filched pies and cake beneath her very nose.

"Twelve!" cried the student, laughing.

"Thirteen!" she laughed too, but her eyes flashed.

"*You are bidding against a niggah,*" whispered the student's companion in his ear.

"So I am; let 's be off," answered the other, with a hot flush on his proud face.

Thus the sale was ended, and the crowd variously dispersed. In a distant corner of the courtyard the ragged urchins were devouring their unexpected booty. The old negress drew a red handkerchief out of her bosom, untied a knot in a corner of it, and counted out the money to the sheriff. Only she and the vagrant were now left on the spot.

"You have bought me. What do you want me to do?" he asked quietly.

"Lohd, honey!" she answered, in a low tone of affectionate chiding, "I don' wan' you to do *nothin'!* I wuz n' gwine t' 'low dem white folks to buy you. Dey 'd wuk you till you dropped dead. You go 'long en do ez you please."

She gave a cunning chuckle of triumph in thus setting at naught the ends of justice, and, in a voice rich and musical with tender affection, she said, as she gave him a little push:

"You bettah be gittin' out o' dis blazin' sun. Go on home! I be 'long by en by."

He turned and moved slowly away in the direction of Water street, where she lived; and she, taking up her basket, shuffled across the market-place towards Cheapside, muttering to herself all the while:

"I come mighty nigh gittin' dah too late, foolin' 'long wid dese pies. Sellin' *him* 'ca'se he don' wuk! Umph! If all de men in dis town dat don' wuk wuz to be tuk up en sole, d' would n' be 'nough money in de town to buy 'em! Don' I see 'em settin' 'roun' dese taverns f'om mohnin' till night?"

She snorted out her indignation and disgust, and sitting down on the sidewalk, under a Lombardy poplar, uncovered her wares and kept the flies away with a locust bough, not discovering in her alternating good and ill humor that half of them had been filched by her old tormenters.

This was the memorable scene enacted in Lexington on that memorable day of the year 1833—a day that passed so briskly. For whoever met and spoke together asked the one question: Will the cholera come to Lexington? And the answer always gave a nervous haste to business—a keener thrill to pleasure. It was of the cholera that the negro woman heard two sweet passing ladies speak as she spread her wares on the sidewalk. They were on their way to a little picture gallery just opened opposite M. Giron's ball-room, and in one breath she heard them discussing their toilets for the evening and in the next a large painting representing Christ in the Garden of Gethsemane.

So the day passed, the night came on, and M. Xaupi gave his brilliant ball. Poor old Xaupi—poor little Frenchman! whirled as a gamin of Paris through the mazes of the Revolution, and lately come all the way to Lexington to teach the people how to dance. Hop about blithely on thy dry legs, basking this night in the waxen radiance of manners and melodies and graces! Where will be thy tunes and airs to-morrow? Aye, smile and prompt away! On and on! Swing corners, ladies and gentlemen! Form the basket! Hands all around!

While the bows were still darting across the strings, out of the low, red east there shot a long, tremulous bow of light up towards the zenith. And then, could human sight have beheld the invisible, it might have seen hovering over the town, over the ball-room, over M. Xaupi, the awful presence of the plague.

But knowing nothing of this, the heated revelers went merrily home in the chill air of the red and saffron dawn. And knowing nothing of it also, a man awakened on the doorstep of a house opposite the ball-room, where he had long since fallen asleep. His limbs were cramped and a shiver ran through his frame. Staggering to his feet, he made his way down to the house of Free Charlotte, mounted to his room by means of a stairway opening on the street, threw off his outer garments, kicked off his shoes, and taking a bottle from a closet pressed it several times to his lips with long outward breaths of satisfaction. Then, throwing his great white bulk upon the bed, in a minute more he had sunk into a heavy sleep—the usual drunken sleep of old King Solomon.

He too had attended M. Xaupi's ball, in his own way and in his proper character, being drawn to the place for the pleasure of seeing the fine ladies arrive and float in, like large white moths of the summer night; of looking in through the open windows at the many-colored waxen lights and the snowy arms and shoulders; of having blown out to him the perfume and the music; not worthy to go in, being the lowest of the low, but attending from a doorstep of the street opposite—with a certain rich passion in his nature for all splendor and revelry and sensuous beauty.

II.

About 10 o'clock the sunlight entered through the shutters and awoke him. He threw one arm up over his eyes to intercept the burning rays. As he lay outstretched and stripped of grotesque rags, it could be better seen in what a mold nature had cast his figure. His breast, bare and tanned, was barred by full,

"YOU HAVE BOUGHT ME. WHAT DO YOU WANT ME TO DO?"

arching ribs and knotted by crossing muscles; and his shirt-sleeve, falling away to the shoulder from his bent arm, revealed its crowded muscles in the high relief of heroic bronze. For although he had been sold as a vagrant, old King Solomon had in earlier years followed the trade of a digger of cellars, and the strenuous use of mattock and spade had developed every sinew to the utmost. His whole person, now half naked and in repose, was full of the suggestions of unspent power. Only his face, swollen and red, only his eyes, bloodshot and dull, bore the impress of wasted vitality. There, all too plainly stamped, were the passions long since raging and still on fire.

The sunlight had stirred him to but a low degree of consciousness, and some minutes passed before he realized that a stifling, resinous fume impregnated the air. He sniffed it quickly; through the window seemed to come the smell of burning tar. He sat up on the edge of the bed and vainly tried to clear his thoughts.

The room was a clean but poor habitation—uncarpeted, whitewashed, with a piece or two of the cheapest furniture, and a row of pegs on one wall, where usually hung those tattered coats and pantaloons, miscellaneously collected, that were his purple and fine linen. He turned his eyes in this direction now and noticed that his clothes were missing. The old shoes had disappeared from their corner; the cigar stumps, picked up here and there in the streets according to his wont, were gone from the mantelpiece. Near the door was a large bundle tied up in a sheet. In a state of bewilderment, he asked himself what it all meant. Then a sense of the silence in the street below possessed him. At this hour he was used to hear noises enough—from Hugh Lonney's new bath-house on one side, from Harry Sikes's barber-shop on the other.

A mysterious feeling of terror crept over and helped to sober him. How long had he lain asleep? By degrees he seemed to remember that two or three times he had awakened far enough to drink from the bottle under his pillow, only to sink again into heavier stupefaction. By degrees, too, he seemed to remember that other things had happened—a driving of vehicles this way and that, a hurrying of people along the street. He had thought it the breaking-up of M. Xaupi's ball. More than once had not some one shaken and tried to arouse him? Through the wall of Harry Sikes's barber-shop had he not heard cries of pain—sobs of distress?

He staggered to the window, threw open the shutters, and, kneeling at the sill, looked out. The street was deserted. The houses opposite were closed. Cats were sleeping in the silent doorways. But as he looked up and down he caught sight of people hurrying along cross-streets. From a distant lumber-yard came the muffled sound of rapid hammerings. On the air was the faint roll of vehicles—the hush and the vague noises of a general terrifying commotion.

In the middle of the street below him a keg was burning, and, as he looked, the hoops gave way, the tar spread out like a stream of black lava, and a cloud of inky smoke and deep-red furious flame burst upward through the sagging air. Just beneath the window a common cart had been backed close up to the door of the house. In it had been thrown a few small articles of furniture, and on the bottom bedclothes had been spread out as if for a pallet. While he looked old Charlotte hurried out with a pillow.

He called down to her in a strange, unsteady voice:

"What is the matter? What are you doing, Aunt Charlotte?"

She uttered a cry, dropped the pillow, and stared up at him. Her face looked dry and wrinkled.

"My God! De chol'ra 's in town! I 'm waitin' on you! Dress, en come down en fetch de bun'le by de dooh." And she hurried back into the house.

But he continued leaning on his folded arms, his brain stunned by the shock of the intelligence. Suddenly he leaned far out and looked down at the closed shutters of the barber-shop. Old Charlotte reappeared.

"Where is Harry Sikes?" he asked.

"Dead en buried."

"When did he die?"

"Yestidd'y evenin'."

"What day is this?"

"Sadd'y."

M. Xaupi's ball had been on Thursday evening. That night the cholera had broken out. He had lain in his drunken stupor ever since. Their talk had lasted but a minute, but she looked up anxiously and urged him.

"D' ain' no time to was'e, honey! D' ain' no time to was'e. I done got dis cyart to tek you 'way in, en I be ready to start in a minute. Put yo' clo'es on en bring de bun'le wid all yo' yudder things in it."

With incredible activity she climbed into the cart and began to roll up the bedclothes. In reality she had made up her mind to put him into the cart somehow, and the pallet had been made for him to lie and finish his drunken sleep on, while she drove him away to a place of safety.

Still he did not move from the window-sill. He was thinking of Harry Sikes, who had shaved him many a time for nothing. Then he suddenly called down to her:

"Have many died of the cholera? Are there many cases in town?"

She went on with her preparations and took no notice of him. He repeated the question. She got down quickly from the cart and began to mount the staircase. He went back to bed, pulled the sheet up over him, and propped himself up among the pillows. Her soft, heavy footsteps slurred on the stairway as though her strength were failing, and as soon as she entered the room she sank into a chair, overcome with terror. He looked at her with a sudden sense of pity.

"Don't be frightened," he said kindly. "It might only make it the worse for you."

"I can' he'p it, honey," she answered, wringing her hands and rocking herself to and fro; "de ole niggah can' he'p it. If de Lohd jes spah me to git out'n dis town wid you! Honey, ain' you able to put on yo' clo'es?"

"You 've tied them all up in the sheet."

"De Lohd he'p de crazy ole niggah!"

She started up and tugged at the bundle, and laid out a suit of his clothes, if things so incongruous could be called a suit.

"Have many people died of the cholera?"

"Dey been dyin' like sheep ev' since yestidd'y mohnin' — all day, en all las' night, en dis mohnin'! De man he done lock up de huss, en dey been buryin' 'em in cyarts. En de grave-diggah he done run away, en hit look like d' ain' nobody to dig de graves."

She bent over the bundle, tying again the four corners of the sheet. Through the window came the sound of the quick hammers driving nails. She threw up her arms into the air, and then seizing the bundle dragged it rapidly to the door.

"You heah dat? Dey nailin' up cawfins in de lumbah-yahd! Put on yo' clo'es, honey, en come on."

A resolution had suddenly taken shape in his mind.

"Go on away and save your life. Don't wait for me; I 'm not going. And good-bye, Aunt Charlotte, in case I don't see you any more. You 've been very kind to me — kinder than I deserved. Where have you put my mattock and spade?"

He said this very quietly and sat up on the edge of the bed, his feet hanging down, and his hand stretched out towards her.

"Honey," she explained coaxingly, from where she stood, "can't you sobah up a little en put on yo' clo'es? I gwine to tek you 'way to de country. You don' wan' no tools. You can' dig no cellahs now. De chol'ra 's in town en de people 's dyin' like sheep."

"I expect they will need me," he answered.

She perceived now that he was sober. For an instant her own fear was forgotten in an outburst of resentment and indignation.

"Dig graves fuh 'em, when dey put you up on de block en sell you same ez you wuz a niggah! Dig graves fuh 'em, when dey allers callin' you names on de street en makin' fun o' you!"

"They are not to blame. I have brought it all on myself."

"But we can' stay heah en die o' de chol'ra!"

"You must n't stay. You must go away at once."

"But if I go, who gwine tek cyah o' *you?*"

"Nobody."

She came quickly across the room to the bed, fell on her knees, clasped his feet to her breast, and looked up into his face with an expression of imploring tenderness. Then, with incoherent cries and with sobs and tears, she pleaded with him — pleaded for dear life; his and her own.

It was a strange scene. What historian of the heart will ever be able to do justice to those peculiar ties which bound the heart of the negro in years gone by to a race of not always worthy masters? This old Virginia nurse had known King Solomon when he was a boy playing with her young master, till that young master died on the way to Kentucky.

At the death of her mistress she had become free, with a little property. By thrift and industry she had greatly enlarged this. Years passed and she became the only surviving member of the Virginian household, which had emigrated early in the century to the blue-grass region. The same wave of emigration had brought in old King Solomon from the same neighborhood. As she had risen in life, he had sunk. She sat on the sidewalks selling her fruits and cakes; he sat on the sidewalks more idle, more ragged and dissolute. On no other basis than these facts she began to assume a sort of maternal pitying care of him, patching his rags, giving him money for his vices, and when, a year or two before, he had ceased working almost entirely, giving him a room in her house and taking in payment what he chose to pay.

"GOOD-BYE, OLD SOLOMON!"

He brushed his hand quickly across his eyes as she knelt before him now, clasping his feet to her bosom. From coaxing him as an intractable child she had, in the old servile fashion, fallen to imploring him, with touching forgetfulness of their real relations:

"O my marseter! O my marseter Solomon! Go 'way en save yo' life, en tek yo' po' ole niggah wid you!"

But his resolution was formed, and he refused to go. A hurried footstep paused beneath the window and a loud voice called up. The old nurse got up and went to the window. A man was standing by the cart at her door.

"For God's sake let me have this cart to take my wife and little children away to the country! There is not a vehicle to be had in town. I will pay you —" He stopped, seeing the distress on her face.

"Is he dead?" he asked, for he knew of her care of old King Solomon.

"He *will* die!" she sobbed. "Tilt de t'ings out on de pavement. I gwine t' stay wid 'im en tek cyah o' 'im."

III.

A LITTLE later, dressed once more in grotesque rags and carrying on his shoulder a rusty mattock and a rusty spade, old King Solomon appeared in the street below and stood looking up and down it with an air of anxious indecision. Then shuffling along rapidly to the corner of Mill street, he turned up towards Main.

Here a full sense of the terror came to him. A man, hurrying along with his head down, ran full against him and cursed him for the delay:

"Get out of my way, you old beast!" he

cried. "If the cholera would carry you off it would be a blessing to the town."

Two or three little children, suddenly orphaned and hungry, wandered past, crying and wringing their hands. A crowd of negro men with the muscles of athletes, some with naked arms, some naked to the waist, their eyes dilated, their mouths hanging open, sped along in tumultuous disorder. The plague had broken out in the hemp factory and scattered them beyond all control.

He grew suddenly faint and sick. His senses swam, his heart seemed to cease beating, his tongue burned, his throat was dry, his spine like ice. For a moment the contagion of deadly fear overcame him, and, unable to stand, he reeled to the edge of the sidewalk and sat down.

Before him along the street passed the flying people — men on horseback with their wives behind and children in front, families in carts and wagons, merchants in two-wheeled gigs and sulkies. A huge red and yellow stage-coach rolled ponderously by, filled within, on top, in front, and behind with a company of riotous students of law and of medicine. A rapid chorus of voices shouted to him as they passed:

"Good-bye, old Solomon!"

"The cholera 'll have you befoah sunset!"

"Dig yoah grave, old Solomon! That 'll be yoah last cellah."

"Dig us a big wine cellah undah the Medical Hall while we are away."

"And leave yo' body there! We want to use yo' skeleton."

"Good-bye, old Solomon!"

A wretched carry-all passed with a household of more wretched women; their tawdry and gay attire, their haggard and painted and ghastly faces, looking horrible in the blaze of the pitiless sunlight. They, too, simpered and hailed him and spent upon him their hardened and degraded badinage. Then there rolled by a high-swung carriage, with the most luxurious of cushions, upholstered with white satin, with a coat-of-arms, a driver and a footman in livery, and drawn by sparkling, prancing horses. Lying back on the satin cushions a fine gentleman; at the window of the carriage two rosy children, who pointed their fingers at the vagrant and turned and looked into their father's face, so that he leaned forward, smiled, leaned back again, and was whirled away to a place of safety.

Thus they passed him, as he sat down on the sidewalk — even physicians from their patients, pastors from their stricken flocks. Why should not he flee? He had no ties, except the faithful affection of an old negress. Should he not at least save her life by going away, seeing that she would not leave him?

The orphaned children wandered past again, sobbing more wearily. He called them to him.

"Why do you not go home? Where is your mother?" he asked.

"She is dead in the house," they answered; "and no one has come to bury her."

Slowly down the street was coming a short funeral train. It passed — a rude cortége: a common cart in the bottom of which rested a box of plain boards containing the body of the old French dancing-master; walking behind it, with a cambric handkerchief to his eyes, the old French confectioner; at his side, wearing the robes of his office and carrying an umbrella to ward off the burning sun, the beloved Bishop Smith; and behind them, two by two and with linked arms, perhaps a dozen men, most of whom had been at the ball.

No head was lifted or eye turned to notice the vagrant seated on the sidewalk. But when the train had passed he rose, laid his mattock and spade across his shoulder, and, stepping out into the street, fell into line at the end of the procession.

They moved down Short street to the old burying-ground, where the churchyard is to-day. As they entered it, two grave-diggers passed out and hurried away. Those before them had fled. They had been at work but a few hours. Overcome with horror at the sight of the dead arriving more and more rapidly, they, too, deserted that post of peril. No one was left. Here and there in the churchyard could be seen bodies awaiting interment. Old King Solomon stepped quietly forward and, getting down into one of the half-finished graves, began to dig.

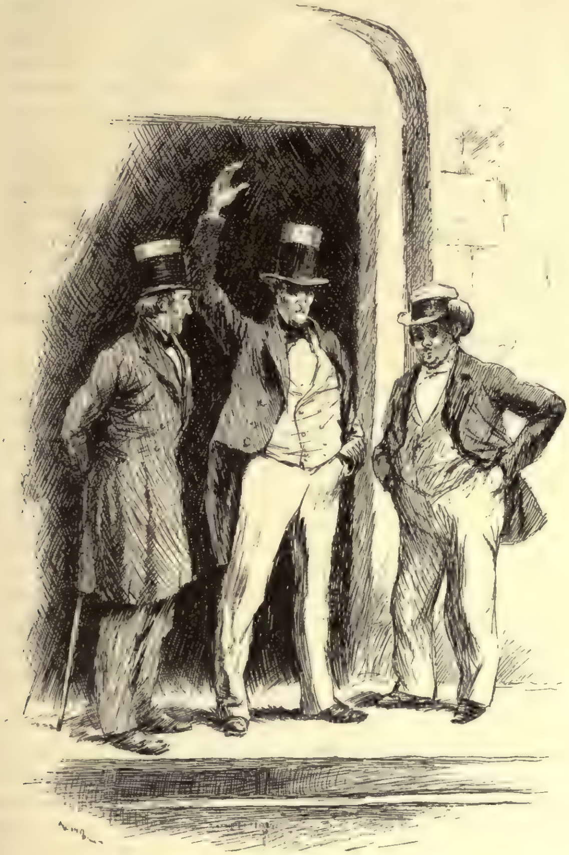
The vagrant had happened upon an avocation.

IV.

All summer long, Clatterbuck's dancing-pavilion was as silent in its grove of oaks as a temple of the Druids, and his pleasure-boat nestled in its moorings, with no hand to feather an oar in the little lake. All summer long, no athletic young Kentuckians came to bathe their white bodies in Hugh Lonney's new bath-house for twelve and a half cents, and no one read Daukins Tegway's advertisement that he was willing to exchange his Dunstable bonnets for flax and feathers. The likely runaway boy, with a long, fresh scar across his face, was never found, nor the buffalo bull roasted for Daniel Webster, and Peter Leuba's guitars were never thrummed on any moonlighted verandas. Only Dewees & Grant were busy, dispensing, not snuff, but calomel.

Grass grew in the deserted streets. Gardens became little wildernesses of rank weeds and riotous creepers. Around shut window-lattices roses clambered and shed their perfume into the poisoned air, or dropped their faded petals to strew the echoless thresholds. In darkened rooms ancestral portraits gazed on sad vacancy or looked helplessly down on rigid sheeted forms.

In the trees of poplar and locust along the streets the unmolested birds built and brooded, the oriole swung its hempen nest from a bough over the door of the spider-tenanted factory, and in front of the old Medical Hall the blue jay shot up his angry crest and screamed harshly down at the passing bier. In a cage hung against the wall of a house in a retired street a mocking-bird sung, beat its breast against the bars, sung more passionately, grew silent and dropped dead from its perch, never knowing that its mistress had long since become a clod to its full-throated requiem.



ON THE STEPS OF THE COURT-HOUSE.

Famine lurked threateningly in the wake of the pestilence. Markets were closed. A few shops were kept open to furnish necessary supplies. Now and then might have been seen, driving a meat-wagon in from the country, some old negro, his nostrils stuffed with white cotton saturated with camphor. Oftener the only visible figure in the streets was that of a faithful priest going about among his perishing fold, or that of the bishop moving hither and thither on his ceaseless ministrations.

But over all the ravages of that terrible time there towered highest the solitary figure of that powerful grave-digger, who, nerved by the spectacle of the common misfortune, by one heroic effort rose for the time above the wrecks of his own nature. In the thick of the plague, in the very garden spot of the pestilence, he ruled like an unterrified king. Through days unnaturally chill with gray cloud and drizzling rain, or unnaturally hot with the fierce sun and suffocating damps that appeared to steam forth from subterranean caldrons, he worked unfalteringly, sometimes with a helper, sometimes with none. There were times when, exhausted, he would lie down in the half-dug graves and there sleep until able to go on; and many a midnight found him under the spectral moon, all but hidden by the rank nightshade as he bent over to mark out the lines of one of those narrow mortal cellars.

What weaknesses he fought and conquered through all those days and nights! Out of what unforeseen depths of nature did he draw the tough fiber of such a resolution! To be alone with the pestilential dead at night — is not that a test of imperial courage? To live for weeks braving swift death itself — is not that the fierce and ungovernable flaring up of the soul in heroism? For all the mockery and derision of his name, had it not some fitness? For had he not a royal heart?

V.

Nature soon smiles upon her own ravages and strews our graves with flowers, not as memories, but for other flowers when the spring returns.

It was one cool, brilliant morning late in that autumn. The air blew fresh and invigorating, as though on all the earth there were no corruption, no death. Far southward had flown the plague. A spectator in the open court-square might have seen many signs of life returning to the town. Students hurried along, talking eagerly. Merchants met for the first time and spoke of the winter trade. An old negress, gaily and neatly dressed, came into the market-place, and sitting down on a sidewalk displayed her yellow and red apples and fragrant gingerbread. She hummed to herself an old cradle-song, and in her soft, motherly black eyes shone a mild, happy radiance. A group of young ragamuffins eyed her longingly from a distance. Court was to open for the first time since the spring. The hour was early, and one by one the lawyers passed slowly in. On the steps of the court-house three men were standing: Thomas Redd, the sheriff; old Peter Leuba, who had just walked over from his music-store on Main street; and little M. Giron, the French confectioner. Each wore mourning on his hat, and their voices were low and grave.

"Gentlemen," the sheriff was saying, "it was on this very spot the day befoah the cholera broke out that I sole 'im as a vagrant. An' I did the meanes' thing a man can evah do. I hel' 'im up to public ridicule foh his weaknesses an' made spoht of 'is infirmities. I laughed at 'is povahty an' 'is ole clo'es. I delivahed on 'im as complete an oration of sarcastic detraction as I could prepare on the spot, out of my own meanness an' with the vulgah sympathies of the crowd. Gentlemen, if I only had that crowd heah now, an' ole King Sol'mon standin' in the midst of it, that I might ask 'im to accept a humble public apology, offahed from the heaht of one who feels himself unworthy to shake 'is han'! But, gentlemen, that crowd will nevah reassemble. Neahly ev'ry man of them is dead, an' ole King Sol'mon buried them."

"He buried my friend Adolphe Xaupi," said François Giron.

"There is a case of my best Jamaica rum for him whenever he comes for it," said old Leuba.

"But, gentlemen, while we are speakin' of old King Sol'mon we ought not to fohget who it is that has suppohted 'im. Yondah she sits on the sidewalk, sellin' 'er apples an' gingerbread."

The three men looked in the direction indicated.

"Heah comes ole King Sol'mon now," exclaimed the sheriff.

Across the open square the vagrant was seen walking slowly along with his habitual air of quiet, unobtrusive preoccupation. A minute more and he had come over and passed into the court-house by a side door.

"Is Mr. Clay to be in court to-day?"

"He is expected, I think."

"Then let 's go in; there will be a crowd."

"I don't know; so many are missing."

They turned and entered and found seats as quietly as possible. For a strange and sorrowful hush brooded over the court-room. Until the bar assembled, it had not been realized how many were gone. The silence was that of a common overwhelming disaster. No one spoke with his neighbor, no one observed the vagrant as he entered and made his way to a seat on one of the meanest benches, a little apart from all the others. He had not sat there since the day of his indictment for vagrancy. The judge took his seat and, making a great effort to control himself, passed his eyes slowly over the court-room. All at once he caught sight of old King Solomon sitting against the wall in an obscure corner; and before any one could know what he was doing, he hurried down and walked up to the vagrant and grasped his hand. He tried to speak, but could not. Old King Solomon had buried his wife and daughter — buried them one clouded midnight, with no one present but himself.

Then the oldest member of the bar started up and followed the example; and then all the other members, rising by a common impulse, filed slowly back and one by one wrung that hard and powerful hand. After them came all the other persons in the court-room. The vagrant, the grave-digger, had risen and stood against the wall, at first with a white face and a dazed expression, not knowing what it meant; afterwards, when this was understood, his head dropped suddenly forward and his tears fell thick and hot upon the hands that he could not see. And his were not the only tears. Not a man in all that long file but paid his tribute of emotion as he stepped forward to honor that image of sadly eclipsed but still effulgent humanity. It was not grief, it was not gratitude, nor any sense of making reparation for the past. It was the softening influence of an act of heroism, which makes every man feel himself a brother hand in hand with every other — such power has a single act of moral greatness to reverse the relations of men, lifting up one, and bringing all others to do him homage.

It was the coronation scene in the life of old King Solomon of Kentucky.

James Lane Allen.

COROT.

COROT AT WORK. (FROM A DRAWING BY WYATT EATON.)

WHAT do we understand by the interest that attaches to an artist's work? First, I think, the interest that may lie in any one of his creations separately judged — in its peculiarities as a piece of beauty and as an interpretation of some aspect of nature or mood of the mind. Then, the larger interest we find when his work is considered as a whole and its revelation of his gifts and methods is thoroughly understood. And, finally, the interest of the work and the man together as factors in the history of art — as proofs of the development of antecedent tendencies, or types of the general temper of art in their time, or prophets or leaders of the future course of things.

Sometimes an artist who is not very important in himself is extremely important from the historical point of view. But when one who has produced very fine and individual work has likewise been a potent influence in art at large — then, indeed, his claim upon us is insistent. This is the case with Corot. He was one of the greatest landscape painters who has ever lived, and one of the most influential leaders and teachers that our century has seen.

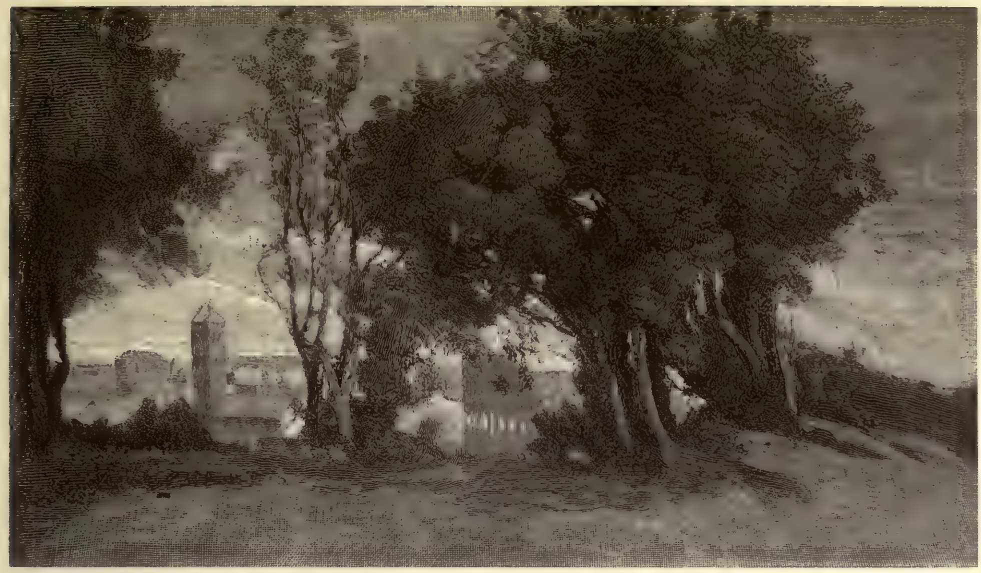
I.

Jean Baptiste Camille Corot was born in Paris in the year 1796. His father, a native of Rouen, had been a hair-dresser, but, marrying a milliner, transferred his talents to her service, and in their little shop on the Rue du Bac gradually amassed a snug bit of a fortune. An artist in his way was this elder Corot, and not deprived of such fame as the Muse of Fashion can bestow — advertised in a popular comedy which held the stage of the Français for years. "I have just come from Corot's," cries one of the actors, "but I could not see him. He had retired to his *cabinet* to compose a *bonnet à la Sicilienne*."

Meanwhile Camille was at school in Rouen, where he remained seven years and gained the whole of his education. From school he went to a cloth-merchant's shop in the Rue de Richelieu, and here eight years were passed. Then his love for art broke through the uncongenial tie. While at Rouen his holidays had been spent with an old friend of his father's in long walks beside the borders of the Seine; and later the unwilling "dry-goods clerk" found solace in summer days at Ville d'Avray, where his people had a little country home. A love for nature was thus gradually fostered in a soul which by birth was peculiarly receptive; and we read of long night-watches at his bedroom window filled with vague poetic musings, visions of nymphs, and aspirations towards some more congenial tool than the yardstick. Indeed, the brush was soon the yardstick's rival. An easel was set up in the humble bedroom; a sketch-book was always in hand out-of-doors; and lithographic stones and sheets of scribbled paper strewed the merchant's counter, underneath which they retired with Corot during the pause between one customer and the next.

A casual acquaintance with the young painter Michallon brought about the crisis long deferred by Camille's sweet and docile temper. The tale is the old one of loud parental opposition, but is not followed by the usual sequel of lasting bitterness. When once convinced that there was nothing else to do, Corot *père* made a rather sharp bargain with his son, but stuck to it ever after in good faith, if for thirty years with no slightest mitigation of its sharpness. "Your sisters' dowries have been promptly paid, and I meant soon to set you at the head of a respectable shop. But if you insist upon painting, you will have no capital to dispose of as long as I live. I will make you a pension of fifteen hundred francs. Don't count upon ever having more, but see whether you can pull yourself through with that." And Camille, "much moved," fell upon the neck of the artist in Sicilian caps: "A thousand thanks! It is all I

FOREST OF FONTAINEBLEAU. (OWNED BY MRS. S. D. WARREN.)



VIEW OF THE COLISEUM, ROME. (OWNED BY ERWIN DAVIS.)

need, and you make me very happy." He too kept his word. For thirty years he lived on his three hundred annual dollars, pulled himself very well through, and was one of the happiest mortals in Paris.

The first day he was free he took easel and brush and set himself down before the first thing he saw — a view of the Cité from a spot near the Pont Royal. "The girls from my father's shop," he said in later life, "used to run down to the quay to see how Monsieur Camille was getting on. There was a Mademoiselle Rose, for instance, who came most often. She is still alive, and is still Mademoiselle Rose, and still comes to see me now and then. Last week she was here, and oh, my friends, what a change and what reflections it gave birth to! My picture has not budged. It is as young as ever, and keeps still the hour and the weather when it was done. But Mademoiselle Rose? But I? What are we?"

Michallon taught Corot at first and gave him counsel good for a youngster — to put himself face to face with nature, to try to render her exactly, to paint what he saw, and translate the impression he received. But soon he died, and Corot, seeking help elsewhere, chose Victor Bertin, who had been Michallon's own master. Bertin was a landscape painter of the classic school, worshiping Poussin's mastery of form, but in his own execution cold, measured, mechanical, and hard. He might have taught Corot more and hurt him more had he not been forestalled by the long apprenticeship to nature, and an inborn gift. As it was, he taught him two things of priceless value — accurate drawing, and a sense for "style" in composition.

In 1825 Corot went to Rome, where most of his fellow-artists laughed at his work, but where all of them loved the worker, gay in spirit as he was, with a good voice for a song, and a modest, patient ear for the spoken words of others. Encouragement first came from Aligny, who, surprising him at work on a study of the Coliseum, declared that it had qualities of the first value — exactness, skillful treatment, and an air of style. Corot smiled as at the chaffing of a friend; but the friend was an authority in the artist circle at the Café Grec, and, repeating there what he had said in private,— protesting that Corot might some day be the master of them all,— the bashful young clerk soon found that his art was respected and his future believed in. Many years later, when Aligny's body was brought from Lyons to be re-interred in Paris, Corot was one of the very few who followed it; a "sacred duty," as he said,— the duty of gratitude to his first champion,— bringing him forth in his white hairs under the swirling snow of a bitter winter dawn.

Naples as well as Rome was visited at this time, and perhaps Venice too. In 1827 Corot returned to France and sent his first picture to the Salon exhibition; and thereafter, until his death, in 1875, he was never once absent from its walls. In 1834 he went again to Italy, but got no farther than Venice, coming promptly home when his father wrote how much he missed him. In 1842 it was Italy again for some five or six months. In 1847 his father died. During all his later years Corot traveled much in Switzerland and various parts of France, and once he went to England and the

Netherlands. In 1874 the widowed sister with whom he had lived for many years died, and his own health broke down. And on the 23d of February, 1875, his spirit passed away.

This is not much to tell of a life which lasted seventy-nine years; but it is all there is to be said about Corot's, except as it was bound up with his art. He never married, for, he said, he had a wife already — a little fairy called Imagination, who came at his call and vanished when he did not need her. He lived chiefly at Ville d'Avray, with always a *pied-à-terre* and studio in Paris, and mixed in no society but that of his brother artists.

II.

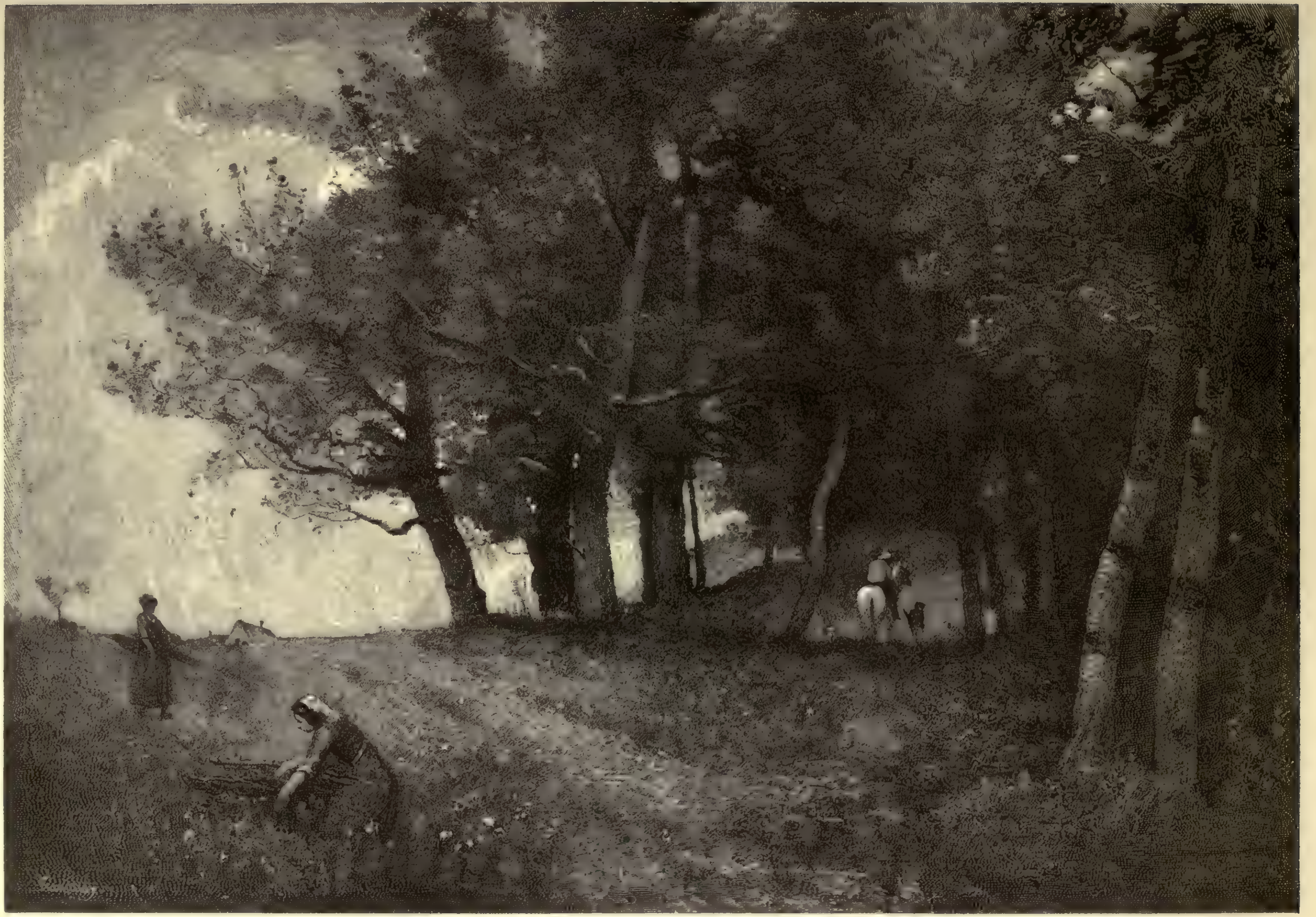
In 1833 Corot got a minor medal for one of his exhibited pictures; but almost the first mention of his name that can be traced in print is where Alfred de Musset, writing of the Salon of 1836 in the "Revue des Deux Mondes," speaks of "Corot, whose 'Roman Campagna' has its admirers." The next year Gustave Planche praised a "St. Jerome," which now hangs (the gift of Corot) in the little church at Ville d'Avray. In 1846 he was decorated for a scene in the forest of Fontainebleau. In 1855 he received a first class medal, and in 1867, oddly enough, one of the second class, but accompanied by the higher decoration of the Legion of Honor; and year by year artists and critics were louder in his praise. But the public was long in learning the fact that he even existed, and his father was quite as long in believing that his art was really art. When the first decoration came, "Tell me," he said to one of Corot's comrades, "has Camille actually any talent?" Nothing would convince him that he was "the best of us all"; nevertheless he doubled his pension.

Fifty years old when he thus achieved an income of six hundred dollars, Corot was sixty before any one bought his pictures, save now and then a brother artist. When the first customer departed with his purchase, "Alas!" he cried in humorous despair, "my collection has been so long complete, and now it is broken!" And when others followed he could hardly believe them serious, or be induced to set prices on his work. "It is worth such and such a sum; but no one will give that, and I will not sell it for less. I can give my things away if I see fit, but I cannot degrade my art by selling them below their value." When he actually dared to price one at ten thousand francs, and heard that it had been sold, he was sure he had dropped a zero in marking the figures, and wrote to the Salon secretary repeating the sum in written-out words. When a sale of his works was held at the Hôtel Drouot in 1858 he accused his friends of kindly cheating because it brought him $2846; yet there were thirty-eight pictures, and among them five of great importance.

Fortunately, Corot lived long enough to see the prices he thought no one would pay increased twenty-fold at public sales. A picture he had sold for 700 francs went many years later in the auction-room for 12,000, and Corot "swam in happiness," for, he felt, "it is not I that have changed, but the constancy of my principles that has triumphed." Never, indeed, did artist pursue his own path with a steadier disregard of public praise; and rarely has an artist so persistently neglected lived to enjoy his fame so long. It is a record to set against Millet's for the reviving of faith in the justice of Heaven.

Yet even had Corot died at seventy-nine without seeing a ray of the coming aureole, we can fancy no despairing exit. Material cares never weighed upon him in his bachelorhood, and he had the merry heart that goes all the day with less discomfort than a somber spirit finds in the first mile or two. The fact of living and the act of painting were almost enough for him, and the appreciation of a few brother artists filled his cup. We read of seasons of brief discouragement, and there were tears in his eyes sometimes when he came home from a Salon where his pictures were obscurely placed and he had overheard a scoffing phrase. But a look at his easel soon brought comfort, and the darling children of his hand were there in a "complete collection" to assure him that he had not lived in vain. "It must be confessed," he once exclaimed, "that if painting is a folly it is a sweet one — one that should excite envy, not forgiveness. Study my looks and my health and I defy any one to find a trace of those cares, ambitions, and remorseful thoughts which ravage the features of so many unfortunate folk. Ought one not to love the art which procures peace and contentment and even health to him who knows how to regulate his life?" But just here was Corot's talisman, shared, alas, with how few! He knew how to regulate his life, and knew that it meant to live for his painting and to paint for himself.

In his young days he was the liveliest among the lively. Tall of stature and herculean in build, possessed of perfect health, high spirits, and a gentle temper, student balls and studio suppers were his delight, and he was the delight of their frequenters. Yet wherever he was he never failed to disappear for a while at 9 o'clock, when *la belle dame*, as he called his mother, awaited him for a hand at cards. In his old age he was "Papa Corot" to the whole artist world of Paris — no one more respected, more beloved and cherished; no one so ready with

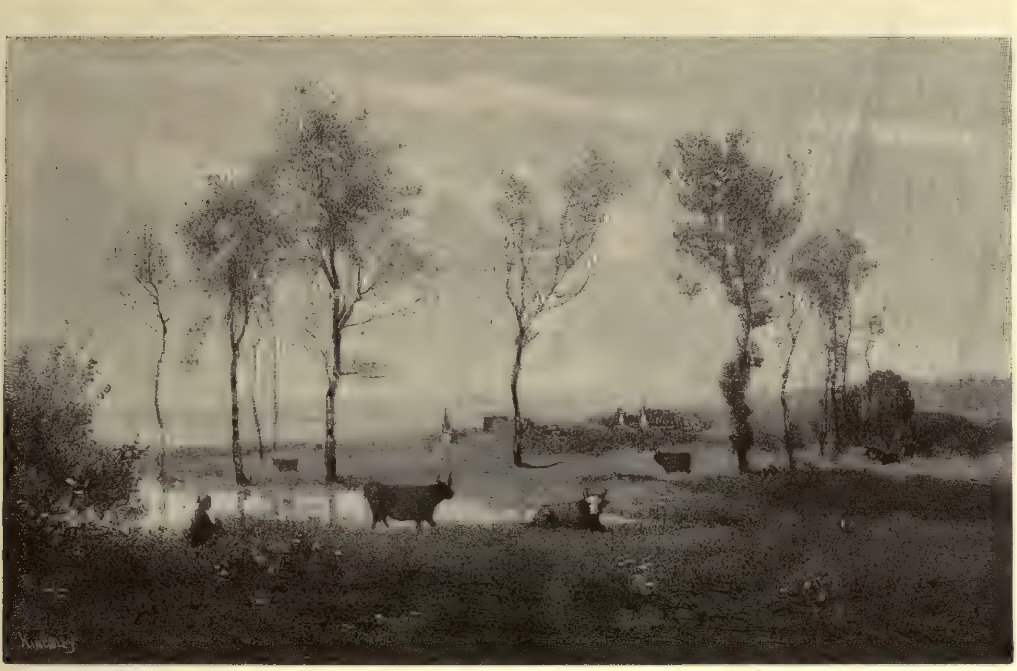


THE WOODGATHERERS. (OWNED BY THE CORCORAN GALLERY, WASHINGTON.)

a helping hand full of money, a helping tongue full of cheer and wise advice.

Of book-learning he had little, and his interest in the world outside his art was never very great. He often bought books from the stalls along the quays, but merely for the sake of their shape and color. He had an odd superstition that he ought to read "Polyeucte" through, and began it perhaps a score of times; but he never got to the end, and we find no record of attempts with other works. Music, however, he loved with passion and rare intelligence. Nature he adored, understood, and explained with singular felicity of speech. In his walks abroad he wore a long black coat and a high satin stock; in his studio, a blouse, a gay striped cotton night-cap, and invariably smoked a long clay pipe; and with his shock of white hair and smooth-shaven face — where the very wrinkles did but define a smile around the vigorous mouth — we can well believe that he looked at first sight less like a poetical painter than a *roi d'Yvetot* or a jolly Norman carter. We smile back with pleasure even at his printed portrait, and wish ourselves among the students of Paris as they clustered, charmed, about the clever, wise, benevolent, and brave old man.

There seems to have been no serious cloud upon his life until the fatal year when France was slaughtered. Then he said he should have gone mad had he not had the refuge of his easel. It was not only wrong but stupid — *bête* I must write, the French word means so much more — to kill people and destroy the face of nature and the works of man. "Compare the savage hate of war with art, which at the bottom means simply love!" Yet with the instinct of a patriot he came back to Paris when the siege seemed certain, and gave largely from his slender purse not only to relieve the sick but "to drive the Prussians out of the woods of Ville d'Avray." His brush and his summer memories filled part of his time, and the rest was spent among the poor and suffering. During the whole siege he ministered and worked, and some of his loveliest pictures date from these dreary weeks.


LANDSCAPE WITH CATTLE. (OWNED BY P. H. SEARS. PHOTOGRAPHED IN THE AMERICAN ART GALLERY.)

When they were shown in 1874 he narrowly missed, for the second time, the grand medal of honor. But a better reward came to him in a letter from a group of artists saying that after all "the greatest honor is to be called Corot." And soon after the same impulse found still more emphatic expression. A gold medal was subscribed for by a long list of artists and amateurs and presented to the venerable master. The state never had a chance to retrieve its error. This was the year when Corot's sister died, and when her death proved the beginning of his own. The day when the medal was given him at a big banquet in the Grand Hotel, when he read its inscription, "To Corot, his brethren and admirers," and could only whisper through deep emotion, "It makes one very happy to be loved like this" (*loved*, let me emphasize the characteristic word) — this was the last day he was seen in public, and even then he was nervous, weak, and broken.

Dropsy was the final stage of his disease, and he foresaw the fatal end. "I am almost resigned," he said to his pupil Français, watching by his bed, "but it is not easy, and I have been a long time getting to the point. Yet I have no reason to complain of my fate — far otherwise. I have had good health for seventy-eight years, and have been able to do nothing but paint for fifty. My family were honest folk. I have had good friends, and think I never did harm to any one. My lot in life has been excellent. Far from reproaching fate, I can only be grateful. I must go — I know it; but don't want to believe it. In spite of myself there is a little bit of hope left in me." The next day he asked for a priest, saying his father had done so, and he wished to die like his father. But his last thought was for his art. His feeble fingers believed they held a brush, and he exclaimed, "See how beautiful it is! I have never seen such beautiful landscapes." And then he died.

At his funeral the great church was more than full, and the crowd spread through the streets outside. Faure sang his requiem to an air Corot had himself selected — the slow movement from Beethoven's seventh symphony. And by the open grave M. de Chennevières, Director of the Beaux Arts, spoke about him in touching words: "All the youth of Paris loved him, for he loved youth, and his talent was youth eternally new. . . And in his immortal works he praised God in his skies and birds and trees."

As the last phrase was spoken, we are told, a linnet perched on a branch near by and burst into a gush of song; and when in 1880 a monument to the beloved great painter who talked so often of "*mes feuilles et mes petits oiseaux*" was set up by his brethren on the border of the little lake at Ville d'Avray, the sculptor carved on it the branch and the singing bird.

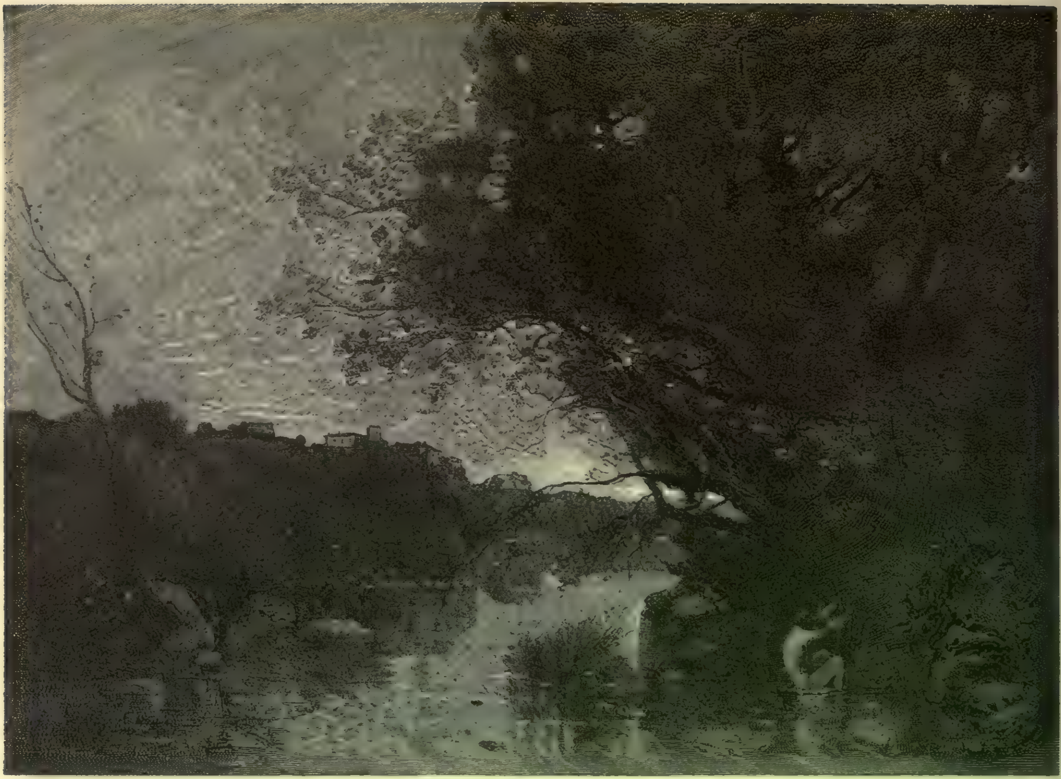
III.

Every one knows that Corot was a landscape painter with an especial love for the neighborhoods of Ville d'Avray and for effects of springtime foliage and early morning or evening light. But it is a great mistake to think of him as confined to such effects, or even as narrowly devoted to landscape painting. He painted all hours of the day and now and then moonlight too, and all seasons of the year save those when snow lies on the ground. Figures enliven nearly all his landscapes. Sometimes they are peasants laboring in wood or field; more often classic nymphs or dancers in surroundings that reveal his memories of southern scenes; and occasionally the characters of some antique fable. Twice, for instance, Corot painted Orpheus and once Silenus, Diana at the bath, Homer with a group of shepherds, Democritus, Daphne and Chloe, Biblis, and Virgil serving as a guide to Dante. Sacred history likewise attracted him. Nothing he produced is more remarkable than the "St. Sebastian" now in Baltimore; and he often drew upon the life of Christ and the stories of the Old Testament. He also painted flowers, and still-life subjects and interiors; many street and distant city views; animals; large draped figures and studies of the nude, and no less than forty portraits. Mural decoration he essayed whenever he got the chance — which was by no means so often as he wished. In his later years he etched some delightfully characteristic plates. And whoever glanced through his sketch-book or his letters saw that nothing which had met his eye had appealed to his hand in vain.

But the grossest misconception with regard to Corot is not the one which ignores his width of range. It is a much more serious mistake to believe that because he "idealized" nature he did not represent her faithfully, because he suppressed details he did not see or could not render them, because his maturer work looks "very free" he had not studied conscientiously. Nothing so afflicts a real student of Corot as to hear him called an exponent of superficiality or "dash."

If ever a man worked hard at his art it was Corot. The number of his preparatory studies was immense, and they were made in his latest as well as his earliest years. "Conscience" was his watch-word, the nickname his scholars gave him, the one recipe he gave them when they asked him how to learn to paint. The first thing to produce, he said, were "studies in submission"; later came the time for studies in picture-making. He did not approve of academies and schools, and deemed it enough to study the old masters with the eye, without much attempt at actual copying. He thought the great school of nature might suffice to form soul and sight and hand; but this school one should never desert and could not frequent too diligently. It is true, as a friend once said, that what Corot wanted to paint was "not so much nature as his love for her." But to love her meant to peruse her with patient care, to know her well and fully; and to paint his love meant not to alter her charm, but to bring into clear relief those elements therein which most appealed to him. Individuality in art no man prized more highly. But he defined it as "the individual expression of a truth"; and said

ORPHEUS GREETING THE MORN. (IN THE POSSESSION OF COTTIER & CO.)



LAKE NEMI. (OWNED BY THOMAS NEWCOMB. PHOTOGRAPHED IN THE AMERICAN ART GALLERY.)

that to develop it one must work "with an ardor that knows no concessions." His whole life was given up to work, and his whole work was an effort to see nature with more and more distinctness and to render her with more and more fidelity. A gray-haired man, a master among his fellows, a poet before the world, he was to the end a child at the great mother's knee; and to the end a conscientious, often a despairing, aspirant when he had a brush in hand.

No one can doubt Corot's accurate vision and patient labor who has seen his earlier pictures. Certain of his noblest qualities appear in them all — his care for harmony in composition and for dignity and grace of line, his belief that the whole is of more importance than any one part, and his desire to speak from a personal point of view. But there is none of the breadth, freedom, synthesis, which characterize his later works. Conscientiousness is apparent as well as real; details are carefully expressed, and the touch is dry, slow, and not a little heavy. Even the splendid "Forest of Fontainebleau" here reproduced, which was painted in 1846 and won the cross of the Legion of Honor, might not be recognized as a Corot by superficial students of those later pictures with which in this country we are more familiar. But a wiser critic would feel sure that an "early Corot" must be pretty much what we find it: he would know that truth cannot be based on ignorance, and that knowledge cannot be acquired except through patient labor.

Corot's aim was always to simplify expression, to disengage the thing he wished to say — the main idea and meaning, the picture he had in mind — from the thousand minor pictures and ideas that had been wound up with it in nature. As he lived and labored his power to do this increased. When he retouched an early canvas he never added anything; improvement always meant suppression — some broadening, simplifying touch. But the fact is a proof of growing knowledge, not of waning interest in truth. What he wanted to repeat were not nature's statistics, but their sum total; not her minutiæ, but the result she had wrought with them; not the elements with which she had built up a landscape, but the landscape itself as his eye had embraced and his soul had felt it. This he wanted to paint, and this he did paint with extraordinary truth as well as charm and individuality. But can any superficial brush do this? Can any one know the things to say without knowing the things to omit, build up broad truths in ignorance of the minor truths which compose them, reproduce an impression without remembering what elements had worked together to create it and which had been of preponderant, controlling value?

No: the real lesson taught by Corot's pictures and Corot's life is that breadth in painting (if it is not meaningless and empty) must repose on accurate knowledge; that freedom (if it is not mere idle license) must have its basis in fidelity to facts; that feeling must be guided by reason and self-restraint. Corot's knowledge of natural facts — within the cycle of such scenes as he preferred to paint — was greater probably than that of any painter who has ever lived, except Théodore Rousseau; and the loving patience of his efforts to express it has never been surpassed. These are the reasons why he could permit himself to be the most free and personal and poetic of all landscape painters.

IV.

"TRUTH," said Corot, "is the first thing in art and the second and the third." But the whole truth cannot be told at once. A selection from the mass of nature's truths is what the artist shows — a few things at a time, and with sufficient emphasis to make them clearly felt. You cannot paint summer and winter on a single canvas. No two successive hours of a summer's day are just alike, and you cannot paint them both. Nor, as certainly, can you paint everything you see at the chosen moment. Crowd in too much and you spoil the picture, weaken the impression, conceal your meaning, falsify everything in the attempt to be too true.

This was Corot's creed. What now were the truths that he interpreted at the necessary sacrifice of others which were less important in his eyes? They are implied, I think, in the words I have already written.

Corot prized effects rather than what the non-artistic world calls solid facts. But effects are as truly facts as are the individual features and details which make them. Indeed, they are the most essential as well as interesting of all facts. It is effects that we see first when we are in nature's presence, that impress us most, and dwell the longest in our minds. Outlines, modeling, local colors, minor details — these shift, appear, and disappear, or alter vastly as light and shadow change; and most of them we never really see at all until we take time to analyze. Look at the same scene on a sunny morning or by cloudy sunset light. It is not the same scene. The features are the same, but their effect has changed, and this means a new landscape, a novel picture. The mistake of too many modern painters, especially in England, is that they paint from analysis, not from sight. They paint the things they know are there, not the things they perceive just as they perceive them. This Corot never did. He studied analytically and learned all he could about solid facts; but he painted synthetically — omitting many things that he knew about, and even many that he saw at the moment, in order to portray more clearly the general result. And this general result he found in the main lines of the scene before him and its dominant tone; in the broad relationships of one mass of color with all others; in the aspect of the sky, the character of the atmosphere, and the play of light; and in the palpitating incessant movement of sky and air and leaf.

Look at one of Corot's foregrounds and you will see whether it is soft or hard, wet with dew or dry in the sun: you will see its color, its mobility. Look at his trees, and you will see their mass, their diversities in denseness, their pliability and vital freshness. Look at his sky, and you will see its shimmering, pulsating quality: it has the softness of a blue which means vast depths of distance, or of a gray which means layer upon layer of imponderable mist, and the whiteness of clouds which shine as bright as pearls but would dissipate at a touch. And everywhere, over all, behind all, in all, you will see the enveloping air and the light which infiltrates this thing and transfigures that — the air and the light which make all things what they are, which create the landscape by creating its color, its expression, its effect; the air and the light which are the movement, the spirit, the very essence of nature. No man had ever perfectly painted the atmosphere till Corot did it, or the diffused, pervading quality of light; and for this reason no one had painted such delicate, infinite distances, such deep, luminous, palpitating skies.

See now how Corot managed to paint like this — to interpret the life, mood, and meaning of the scene he drew. It was just through that process of omission and suppression which the superficial misread as proof that he did not really "render" nature at all. Even the smallest, simplest natural fact cannot be "rendered" in the sense of being literally reproduced; and to attempt the literal imitation of large features is merely to sacrifice the whole in favor of what must remain but a partial rendering of a part. A leaf can be painted, but not a myriad leaves at once; we are soon forced to generalize, condense, suppress. And to try to paint too many leaves is to lose the tree; for the tree is not a congregation of countless individual leaves distinctly seen — it is a mass of leaves which are shot through and through with light and air, and always more or less merged together and moving. It is an entity, and a live one; and which is the more important — that we should see the living thing, or the items that compose it? What we ask the painter is, not just how his tree was constructed, but just how it looked as a feature in the beauty and aliveness of the scene. What we want is its general effect and the way it harmonized with the effect of its surroundings.

Does it matter, then, if he omits many things, or even if he alters some things, to get this right result? Such altering is not falsifying. It is merely emphasis — a stress laid here and a blank left there that (since all facts cannot possibly be given) the accented fact shall at least be plain. The generalized structure of Corot's trees, their blurred contours and flying, feathery spray — these are not untruths. They are merely compromises with the stern necessities of paint — devices he employed, not because he was unable to draw trees with precision, but because, had he done this, his foliage would have been too solid and inert for truth. A twig is never long in one position. It cannot be painted in two positions at once. But a twig that is blurred to the eye because it is passing from one position to another — this can be painted, and this Corot preferred to paint rather than ramifications with exactness or leaf-outlines with a narrow care. So his trees are alive, and, as he loved to say, the light can reach their inmost leaves and the little birds can fly among their branches.

It is the same thing with color. The color schemes to which Corot kept were never as strong and vivid as those we find with some of his contemporaries and many of his successors. Browns and grays and pale greens predominate on his canvas with rarely an acuter accent, a louder note. But he fitted his themes to his brush, so that we feel no lack; or, in other words, he chose his color schemes in accordance with the character of the natural effects that he loved best. And within the scale he chose his coloring is perfect. His tone (the harmony, or, as used to be said, the "keeping" of his result) is admirable beyond praise. But it is gained at no sacrifice of truth in local color. There are cheap processes for securing tone which are indeed falsifications of nature — ways of carrying over into one object the color of another, throwing things out of their right relationships, harmonizing with some universal gauze of brown or gray. But Corot's was not a process like any of these. His power to harmonize and unify his colors sprung from the fact that he studied colors with a more careful and penetrating eye than ever before had been brought to bear, and never forgot their mutual relationships. Look at one of his pictures where the general effect, perhaps, is of soft delicious greens. Everything in it is not greenish. The sky is pure blue and the clouds are purest white. The water is rightly related to the sky, and where things were gray in nature, or brown, or even black, they are so on canvas. Harmony does not mean monotony. Tone does not mean untruth. And this Corot could accomplish because he studied "values" as no painter before him had studied them.

This word — new in our language but indispensable — has been a little hard of comprehension to those who know nothing of the painter's problems and devices. But it means, as simply as I can say it, the difference between given colors as severally compared with the highest note in the scale (white) and the lowest (black); the difference between them as containing, so to speak, more light or more dark. This does not mean the same thing as the relative degrees of illumination and shadow which may fall upon them. The one quality may be involved in or dependent upon the other, but the two are distinct to the painter's eye.

It is not easy even to perceive differences in value. Given two shades of the same tint, as of a blue-green or a yellow-green, it is easy enough to say which is the darker; but it is more difficult when a yellow-green is compared with a blue-green, and still more when we set a brown beside a green or a blue beside a yellow. Yet the painter must not only learn to see values in nature but to transpose them correctly on canvas — for color can never be exactly copied on canvas; from the nature of paint there must always be transposition, adaptation, compromise. Corot mastered the difficulty as no one else had done; and this mastery has made him the guide and teacher of all the landscape painters who have since been born.[1]

V.

"THERE are four things for a painter," Corot was wont to say. "These are: form, which he gets through drawing; color, which results from truth to values; sentiment, which is born of the received impression; and finally the execution, the rendering of the whole. As to myself, I think I have sentiment; that is, a little poetry in the soul which leads me to see, or to complete what I see, in a certain way. But I have not always color, and I possess only imperfect elements of the power to draw. In execution I also fail sometimes — which is the reason why I labor harder than ever, little though some people may imagine it."

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[1] A conspicuous example of what is meant by the falsification of values may be seen in photographs taken by any of the usual processes. Chemical action deals differently with different colors, so that a light yellow, for instance, comes out darker than a dark blue. The trouble has been obviated in some of the newer methods. But it is easy to see that this question is of vast importance in all translations into black and white. In nothing has the success of American wood-engravers been more remarkable than in this.

In accepting these words about himself we must make allowance for that spirit of aspiration which always leads a true artist to remember his ideal as better than the best possible rendering. It is natural that Corot should have thought he often failed to get his values right, although the world gradually saw that he had at least come nearer right than any one before him; and of course he knew that he had not even attempted many schemes and scales of color which he perceived in the actual world. As regards his power to draw he spoke with stricter verity. A lifetime of study in the woods and fields had enabled him to draw landscapes fully and exactly when he chose, and some of his portrait-heads are wonderfully true. But in our modern world schools alone can give scientific knowledge of the figure; and for the lack of this Corot's figures are weak in anatomy and loose in modeling, though often most delightful in color and sentiment.

It is the same with his execution. Born at a time when few painters painted really well, and trained almost wholly by his own efforts, he is not one of the supreme masters of the brush — one of those whose every line and touch delights the connoisseur in handling. But he painted well enough to express with charm as well as clearness the impressions he received; and as these were the impressions of a very great and individual artist, the verdict is still a high one. Had his growth been assisted by stronger outside influences he would doubtless have reached technical skill more quickly, and perhaps have conquered it more completely; but something of the personality of his manner might have perished. So we are content with his technical shortcomings, and after all they are far from serious. Although a few men have painted landscapes still more beautifully, Corot's surely satisfy the eye while delighting and moving the soul.

If but a single phrase of Corot's had been recorded I should wish it the one which says that sentiment in art is a poetic power to see things or *to complete* them in some personal way. Here the whole import of idealism in art lies crystallized in a word. Not to depart from nature, but to complete her, is the true idealization; not to conceive an ideal foreign to her own, but to perceive her own with so much sympathy that it can be more perfectly revealed than, on this imperfect earth, she herself is often able to reveal it; not to be untrue to fact, but to choose and arrange particular facts so that the type, the ideal, towards which they tend shall be most clearly shown.

The whole world prizes such work as this when it is the poet's or even the figure-painter's. Why is it so often disallowed when the landscape painter brings it? A drama of Shakspere's never happened, yet we feel it is truer than any literally reported scene of the police-court, or "realistic" stage-play or novel. The character of a man, we know, is a higher fact than any of his daily deeds; why, then, is not the aspect of a landscape a higher fact than any of its details? More significant than any individual character, again, is the essence of human nature; why, then, does not the essence of some kind or type of natural beauty mean more and purer truth than the aspect of any one actual spot? Must not an artist see broadly, synthetically, if he is to show us general aspects? And must he not see imaginatively, poetically,— must he not "complete" what he sees,— if he is to search out and render the ideal therein suggested? All his interpretations must be based on facts which he has observed in this place or that; but to make a good picture and a true one he need not confine himself to facts which he has chanced to see together. Very likely Corot never painted a scene without omitting some features and adding others; and in more than one of his works there are elements both of French and of Italian origin. But there is never disharmony in the result, for his knowledge was too great and his imagination too artistic — which means too logical and too sympathetic. He made no mere patchwork pictures. He created landscapes of his own out of the elements with which, in nature's presence, he had stored his sketch-books and his memory. He might alter a scene — he did not alter nature. He but completed the beautiful message she had been suggesting here and half revealing there.

It is easy to prove that Corot's painted poetry was true — much truer than the realist's painted prose. We have only to consult our own experience with him as an interpreter of nature. Here and there, at home or abroad, we may recognize some scene which some realist has faithfully portrayed; but Corot's scenes are everywhere — by the little lakes and brooks of France, in the forest glens of Italy, in the misty glades of England, and along the river borders of our own far western world. What he painted were not items from nature, but certain broad beauties and moods of nature; and though we may rarely be able to put a finger on documentary proof of his veracity, we carry it about with us in a new sensitiveness of eye, a new receptiveness of mood. Everywhere, I say, we see from time to time some beautiful living Corot; but should we see it so quickly or would it seem so beautiful had he not taught us how to value it? The commonplace painter shows us things that we had seen and felt in the same way ourselves. The true artist selects more delicate yet more general facts, explains them with poetic stress, shows us things which probably we had not remarked before, and makes them forever ours. We may never possess a picture by Corot, but how immeasurably poorer we should be had he painted none! His message is our own if his canvases are not; and who shall say this of a painter unless he is as true as truth, yet personal, poetical, in that creative way which alone means the highest art?

The special character of Corot's idealism shows first of all in his choice of subject-matter. He was most attracted by the most idyllic scenes and moods of nature. Grandeur, force, terror, sadness, did not appeal to him. He had no taste for storms and rugged wildness; he loved high noon less than the glinting tender prophecies of morn or the mysterious grace of twilight; and if it was high noon he painted, still it was not prosaic clearness, but noon in a day of soft veiling mists and passing gleams and shadows. The peculiar broad softness of his touch — a softness which lacks neither delicacy nor nerve — fits well with the sentiment of these favorite themes. But to keep feeling and execution of this sort above mere sentimentality and vagueness, a painter needs the great gift of style. This gift Corot had in a very high degree — the power to give his pictures a quality which every one will understand when I call it classic. No one could be more thoroughly modern, more thoroughly Gallic, than Corot; but no one in modern art has been more classic in the fundamental meaning of the word. It was not because he often painted classic subjects — how many have done this and given us a breath from English firesides, a blast from the Parisian boulevard, in pictures which have perhaps all other virtues, but are conspicuously devoid of style! It was because he felt things with Greek simplicity, joy, and freshness, and saw them in a way which meant Greek dignity, harmony, and repose, and a real yet ideal grace. If his figures are often dreams of Hellas it was simply because he saw the landscape he was painting in such a way that it could be most fittingly peopled thus. The idyllic, classic note was in the voice of the man and would have rung out in his work whatever the themes he chose. It must have been his by birth, though it was happily fostered by the course of his student years. From Bertin and Aligny he imbibed sobriety in taste and that love for harmonious composition which more than any other single element means style in painting; and his long Italian months had enforced the lesson, showing him broad reposeful tones as well as lines. Yet had he not already dreamed of nymphs and fountains in his boyhood by the window at Ville d'Avray?

VI.

If we can fix upon any one of Corot's pictures as the most famous it must be, I think, the "St. Sebastian" owned by Mr. Walters in Baltimore. Painted in 1851, it admirably represents Corot's art in that middle period which French critics have held to be his very best. His individuality had then fully developed — both his poetry in conception and his freedom in treatment; the difference from the "Forest of Fontainebleau," which he had painted only five years earlier, is immense. Yet a little of his early reserve of manner still clings about the "St. Sebastian," giving it more massiveness and grandeur than we find in pictures of a much later date. It seems to have been Corot's favorite work. He would never sell it, but in 1871 gave it to the lottery held for the benefit of the wounded defenders of France. Delacroix called it the most truly religious picture of modern times; and, indeed, to great external charm and purest poetry it adds a marvelous depth and solemnity of mood. It is the least idyllic, the most epic in sentiment, of all Corot's great works, yet instinct with a pathetic tenderness. The dying saint lies on the ground, cared for by two holy women, in a shadowy forest glen. On each side rise enormous trees, and between them, in far perspective, a little hill with horsemen silhouetted against the sky. Two baby angels float high above the saint, bearing the palms of martyrdom. The hour is twilight, and the shadows are dense beneath the trees; but there is a soft radiance still in the wonderful sky and the very breath of living nature in the atmosphere.

Not so grand, not so impressive, but still more beautiful, perhaps, is another work of this middle period, the "Orpheus Greeting the Morn," owned by Mr. Cottier in New York — another famous Corot and another that well deserves its fame. The upright shape of the large canvas (seen likewise in the "St. Sebastian") is characteristic of Corot, who loved a composition in which the dignity of vertical lines might be emphasized. In no picture is the very essence of morning more truthfully, exquisitely, portrayed: we are bathed in its air, steeped in its light; our ears are filled with the soft rustle of its wakening leaves; our souls are thrilled with its fresh and tender promise; and the infinite lovely distance draws us till we share the passionate poetic yearning of Orpheus himself. And in the execution what breadth combined with delicacy, what soft yet radiant color, what a sense of freedom, sincerity, inspiration! And what a delicious golden tone to compare with the darker yet silvery tone of the "St. Sebastian"! This, indeed, is the poetry of art — nature's poetry truthfully reported, yet accented, explained, "completed" by a great artist's soul and sight and touch.

The "Orpheus" was painted in 1861, and in 1866 the splendid "Danse des Amours," which is also in New York, owned by Mr. Charles A. Dana — a surpassingly fine example of one of Corot's most characteristic themes. We need not ask whether this wood is of France or Italy, whether this little temple and these gracious, buoyant figures were painted from fact or fancy. It is the true ideal world — the world of actual nature, but seen in one of its most beautiful aspects, peopled by joyous figures, and with all its fair suggestions amplified and fulfilled.

The "Dante and Virgil" in the Boston Museum of Fine Arts is much less complete and magnificent than these, and it shows too clearly Corot's shortcomings as a draughtsman: the tigers crouching at the poet's feet were sketched in by Barye, but his outlines were lost in the painting. Nevertheless, the work is admirable as a whole and most interesting in sentiment — more strongly dramatic than any other Corot I have seen. Seldom has Dante been shown so nearly as he must have looked when, as the Florentine children said, he went down into hell.

The "Lake Nemi," the "Landscape with Cattle," and the "Wood-gatherers," here reproduced, were all in the Morgan collection. The "Nemi" seems to be a picture which, we are told, was painted at Ville d'Avray, but afterwards recast as a memory of the nymph-haunted southland. Its sky is a marvel. The "Wood-gatherers" is one of Corot's very latest works, shown at the last Salon held before his death. The tone is brown and rather dark and the handling very summary; but it has great strength and dignity, and impressive sentiment. In default of an "Orpheus," for example, it is a good Corot for the American public to possess. The placid, sunny little river landscape, with cattle, is a good type of many of Corot's smaller works. Its sky and its distance are its chief beauties, and no distance, no sky, could be lovelier. The "View of the Coliseum" is a much earlier work. It is deeper and stronger in tone, more solid in handling, more dignified in composition — an excellent example to set beside the delicate landscape and the poetic "Orpheus" as proof that Corot's range in art was not a narrow one.

Thus, it appears, there are Corots in America of the very highest quality; and, indeed, this list of them might be greatly lengthened. Mr. Jay Gould in New York owns a "Danse des Nymphes" only less admirable than the "Danse des Amours." In the collection of Mr. Quincy Shaw at Brookline, Massachusetts, are several perfect examples, representing different epochs from almost the very earliest. And in a hundred other American galleries hang Corots of more or less distinction. With the best, of course, there are many not so good, and others, alas, which are Corot's only in name. A superficial eye is easily deceived by imitations of Corot's slighter works, and such have been foisted on the public, abroad as well as here, in considerable numbers. But a really fine Corot has qualities beyond the reach of any plagiarist — qualities of truth on the one hand, of feeling on the other. We run no risk of seeing a fictitious "St. Sebastian" or a "Danse des Amours" which shall deceive a true lover of Corot.

VII.

To understand Corot's influence on art and artists we must recall the times when his work began.

The formalizing, pseudo-classic tendencies of the school of David had just lost their sovereignty. The "romantic" reaction was in its lusty youth under the leadership of Géricault and Delacroix. The fetters of academic tradition were loosened; freedom in thought and practice was proclaimed for every painter; the modern spirit of inquiry and inventiveness, the modern gospel of individuality, were daily winning new disciples. Oddly enough, as it now seems to us, the first fresh impulse in the field of landscape came from across the Channel: certain pictures by Constable and Bonington, exhibited in Paris, gave the first hint that landscape, too, might be painted in free and varied fashions, and made the medium for expressing simple local beauties and personal ideas. But the fact is easily explained: in France landscape painting had meant for generations nothing but a memory of Claude and Poussin, while in England the old Dutch masters — so much more simple, naïve, yet modern in their feeling — had never been lost to sight. Now the hint from England led Frenchmen back to the art of Holland, and its fructifying influence soon showed in France as it has never yet shown in England. Almost instantly a new school was born, a new development began — a school and a development which we must call the noblest and completest that modern painting counts.

Georges Michel was one of the very first to feel the new impulse. But he seems a survivor of the old Dutch school rather than a leader in the school of France — a weaker brother of Ruysdael, not his modernized descendant; a forerunner, not a fellow of Rousseau, Corot, Troyon, Millet, and Dupré. Paul Huet was another innovator, but he is better known to us by the influence he had in his time than by his actual work. Rousseau was the first of the really complete new masters in landscape, and almost on a line with Rousseau stands Corot.

It is difficult to say just in how far Corot was formed by this influence or by that. Bonington's spirit seems very near akin to his — Mr. Henry Adams in Washington owns a little Bonington which might almost pass for a comparatively early Corot. But there can be no question as of teacher and scholar in the case. Corot can have had no more than a mere glimpse of Bonington's work, and his own was at once immeasurably wider, deeper, and more subtile. For Rousseau he had an immense admiration; but their natures were wholly unlike, and the longer they lived the further apart grew the lines on which they labored. We can say no more of Corot than that the hint of naturalism he got from England, the draught of classicism he imbibed from his first teachers and from the air of Italy, and the Dutch lesson of simplicity and sobriety, germinated and grew together in his soul while eye and hand were training themselves outdoors.

It is impossible, again, to attempt any weighing of the intrinsic merits of Corot and his great contemporaries. Odious in most connections, a process of definite comparison is nowhere so detestable as when applied to mighty artists. It is a sin against the first law of computation we were taught at school — it is an effort to reckon with unrelated quantities. It is as though we took an apple from a pile of peaches and declared the number of peaches less, or compared an apple with a fig to explain its rank among apples, or gauged the breadth of one stream by the depth of another. We may like best the peach or the fig or the apple and confidently declare our liking. But when it comes to comparisons, they should be of figs with figs, of Corots with Corots. To be an artist means to be individual; and individuality can be tested only by its own standard. A Corot is none the worse whatever Rousseau or Troyon may have painted; and it would be none the better had its creator been the only man who ever painted landscapes.

But from the historical standpoint the case is different. If we may not rightly ask of two great contemporaries which was the greater, we may very rightly ask which was the more typical of his time, the more influential upon the world of art. From this point of view Corot seems to me the most significant figure in his generation. Personal, individual, as were all his brethren; boldly, beautifully, as they all preached the gospel of freedom and freshness in art, none except Millet was quite so personal, none quite so fresh as Corot; and to an individuality as strong as Millet's he added other qualities all his own. No art of the time is so complex as Corot's, and its complexity gives it peculiar value to those who look deeper than the surface of paint. No one departed further from that mock classicism which means academic formality, bloodless self-suppression; yet no one then alive or now alive has done so much to prove the persistent value of true classicism. David tried for the form of ancient art and missed its spirit. Corot, the great apostle of modernness and personality, caught its spirit while casting utterly away its form. A Greek of the time of Pericles might easily prefer his paintings to any others we could show him: yet how thoroughly French they are; and yet, again, how close they lie to the heart of the American of to-day.

There is still another point in Corot's supremacy. The profound and accurate study of values — the knowledge how to keep tone perfect and yet keep color complete and true — is the greatest technical achievement of modern times. Here Corot led all his rivals, and therefore he has become the leader and teacher of all younger painters. In many ways they have carried his lesson further than he went himself. To paint things truthfully in the open air means to-day tasks of a variety and difficulty which Corot never essayed, results of a vividness and splendor he never achieved. But the whole development rests on his own. He was the first great "impressionist," and the modern impressionists are but his more daring sons. Sometimes we — and perhaps they themselves — forget the fact; for there is one great point of difference between him and most of his sons in art. He was a poet on canvas, and most of them are speakers of prose. It is their fashion to rave about "realism," to despise idealism — to exalt the mere facts they chance to see above the greater fact which Corot divined and gave. But, do what they will, the best among them are more idealistic than they think; and, say what they will, the world will never agree to rank the reporter above the poet. For the great body of lovers and students of art Corot's supreme merit is that he was the most poetic soul among those who have ever painted landscapes; and his chief value as a teacher is that he showed so well what poetry in painting means. Too many have thought it meant the effort to do with color the same thing that a writer does with words, and have lost the picture in the effort to paint a poem. But with Corot the picture is the first consideration — beautiful forms, beautiful tones, beautiful expression with the brush. The poetry is an infusion merely, an intangible essence breathed from the soul of the maker. Perhaps the time will come when Corot's teaching as regards this point will be more generally heeded than it is to-day. But, of course, conscious effort cannot determine the fact. Any painter can learn much from Corot in the way of technical secrets; no one can learn from him how to idealize nature except a man who, like himself, chances to be born with a poet's heart; and we can do no more than hope that all new poets who may be born to paint shall be souls of Corot's sort. But we must indeed hope this; for what the world needs just now are not mournful temperaments, reading into nature the sorrow of the human race, but apostles of the joy and peace which those who seek can always find in her, valiant yet tender singers like Corot—happy singers of a glad new day.

VIII.

THE more we study Corot's art the more we love the man who stands behind it; and I have dwelt at some length on the record of his life because it completes the revelation of a strong and serious will, of perseverance, modesty, and self-reliance, of noble desires, unfailing courage, sincerity, and loving-kindness.

It is a little the fashion nowadays to think of artists as excusing themselves, on the strength of being artists, from the duties and virtues we demand of commoner clay. It is too much our way to think of them as eccentric, egotistic, nervously excitable or morbidly sensitive, at odds with a prosaic world and often at odds with themselves—pushed one way by the artistic impulse, pulled another by mere human loves and obligations. We think too often of them thus to pardon or condemn them according as we value art or care little for it as a factor in the progress and aspiration of the world.

Corot's story is of priceless value as proving how far wrong are these ideas; and all the more because it is not an exceptional story. Men like Corot, in all the essentials of what even a pharisaical world would call good conduct, have never been rare among artists and are not rare to-day; nor men as courageous and persevering in disappointment, as simple, modest, and laborious in success. As was Corot, so, in a more or less marked degree, were almost all the great painters and sculptors of his great time. Not all of them could be so cheery and happy, but most of them were as single-minded in their devotion to art, as generous and sincere in their dealings with their fellows.

Let me make a good ending now with a few more words from Corot's lips: "Do we know how to render the sky, a tree, or water? No; we can only try to give its appearance, try to translate it by an artifice which we must always seek to perfect. For this reason, although I do not know my craft so very badly, I am always trying to go further. Sometimes some one says: 'You know your business and don't need to study more.' But none of that, I say; we always need to learn. . . . Try to conquer the qualities you do not possess, but above all obey your own instinct, your own way of seeing. This is what I call conscience and sincerity. Do not trouble yourself about anything else, and you will have a good chance of being happy and of doing well."

M. G. van Rensselaer.

GENERAL LEE AFTER THE WAR.

IT would not be easy, for one who had not been in the midst of it, to realize the enthusiasm that existed among the Southern people for General Lee at the conclusion of the war. Nothing could exceed the veneration and love, the trust and absolute loyalty, which people and soldiery alike had manifested towards him through the struggle. But it was after the war had closed that the affection of the people seemed more than ever a consecrated one. The name given to him universally in the army, "Ole Mars' Robert," is an evidence of the peculiar tenderness with which he was regarded. But after defeat came, all this feeling was intensified by the added one of sympathy. Nowhere could he move abroad without being greeted with such demonstrations of love and interest as always touched his generous and gracious heart.

Living near General Lee as I did, from 1865 till his death, in 1870, I was cognizant of many little instances and scenes which illustrate this feeling, and also serve to bring out some of the finer points of his character in a way no stately biography would condescend to do. It may be worth while to focalize some of these minute side-lights, in order to indicate the less known characteristics of that inner life which shrunk from manifesting itself to the world at large.

A brief period only had passed after the surrender at Appomattox when offers of homes began to be pressed upon him. His family was originally English, and he had many relatives among titled people in the old country, who insisted upon his coming and sharing, for a time, the ease and luxury of their homes. But he positively declined to expatriate himself. "No," he said, "I will never forsake my people in their extremity; what they endure, I will endure, and I am ready to break my last crust with them." And he refused to leave Virginia. Nothing ever gave him greater pleasure than to witness personal, strenuous effort to overcome the disasters of the war. To see a small farmer attempting to fence his fields with green saplings was to him a sight that made his eyes brighten.

Many homes were urged upon him in his native State; but as my sister, Mrs. E. R. Cocke, of Cumberland, said when he accepted her offer of a vacant plantation adjoining her own, which was a part of her estate, "He chose among these homes one of the most unpretending." With furniture from her own house, she fitted up for him and his family a comfortable abode at "Derwent," Powhatan County; and here he gathered together, for the first time since they had left Arlington, his wife and children around him. "Never shall I forget," she said, "his unaffected gratitude, and his gracious acceptance of this simple home I and my sons had prepared for him. The plantation of Derwent was only two miles from my own, and our great country gardens readily met the wants of the new residents. As I saw the beautiful simplicity with which these trifling supplies were received, it seemed impossible for me to realize that this was the man upon whom the fate of the South had hung; that this was the man for whom thousands were ready to rush to death; that this was the man before whom the hearts of all the Southern Confederacy bowed in reverence. One day, shortly after he came to Derwent, he rode over on Traveler[1] (his famous war-horse) to a neighboring country-store, which was also the post-office. The desire of the people, black as well as white, to see the General was intense, for this was but a few weeks after the surrender. He walked quietly into the store, and was engaged with its proprietor in talk about the prospects of the crops, and such like things, when the place began to be crowded by the country people, intent upon catching a glimpse of the great commander. He seemed not to observe them at first; but turning round, and noticing the press about him, he said, in an apologetic way, 'Ah, Mr. Palmer, pardon me for keeping you talking about corn and tobacco so long; for I see I am detaining you from your many customers.' There was nothing whatever to indicate the slightest consciousness that the crowd had pressed in to see him.

"Another incident," she went on to say, "I recall of General Lee, which seems to me worth relating. My head dining-room servant, who had occupied his post for twenty-five years, and whose ancestors for more than a hundred years had been born on the plantation, had determined to avail himself of his sudden freedom. We were all sitting at dinner — for it was before the General and his family had taken possession of Derwent — when Shepherd, the man in question, all ready for departure, entered the dining-room, to take leave of the assembled family. I well remember the kindness with which the General rose from his seat, and, shaking the old servant cordially by the hand, gave him some good advice and asked Heaven to bless him. There was no feeling of bitterness towards him because he was leaving his mistress to much distraction and care from which he might have saved her; instead of this, a benediction and a Godspeed."

When homes were being offered to him, both abroad and from one end of the late Confederacy to the other, his eldest daughter, who was visiting in our neighborhood, said one day, in the hearing of a trustee of Washington College, "Why don't they propose to my father some place in which he can work? For he never will accept the *gratuity* of a home." The remark was caught up, and conveyed to the board of trustees. This college, situated in the very heart of Virginia, was founded before the American Revolution; and after it had received a large endowment from Washington himself its name was changed from Liberty Hall to Washington College — the first institution of any kind whatever that bore the name of the great patriot. Thenceforth this college was the educator of a large number of the prominent men of Virginia. Its buildings had been injured, its professors and students scattered, and its resources crippled by the war. An offer of its presidency was made to General Lee with scarcely a hope that he would accept it; but accept it he did, without hesitation, saying, "I may thus influence my young countrymen."

I once heard it said by Professor White, the professor of Greek in our college, who had himself been a Confederate officer: "The first appearance of the General in our streets was thoroughly characteristic. As I passed up our main street one day in the summer of 1865 I was suddenly confronted by General Lee on his fine war-horse Traveler, dressed in white linen from head to foot, wholly unattended, even by his black groom. Nobody in the town knew he was coming. This was as he wished it, for it was his desire to shun every demonstration. Here was the man who for four years had never moved abroad without being attended by a military staff composed of some of the most brilliant younger men of the South, and who never appeared anywhere without being received with enthusiastic shouts from all beholders — now with only one person to greet him, and an old Confederate to hold his stirrup! But as every man in the town had been a soldier, it was not long before the street rang with cheers."

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[1] For portrait of General Lee on Traveler, see THE CENTURY MAGAZINE for July, 1886.

I well remember the first visit I paid to Mrs. Lee on the General's taking possession of the house of the college president. There were many visitors present, who all came, with a sort of exalted reverence, to pay their formal respects to the General and Mrs. Lee. When we rose to take leave, my little son, who accompanied me, could not find his cap. What was my surprise to hear Mrs. Lee interrupt her husband in his animated talk with some distinguished gentlemen present — not to ask him to summon a servant to do her errand, but to say:

"Robert, Herbert Preston has lost his cap; will you go into the back parlor and see if he has left it there?"

We were not used then to hear the leader of our armies bidden to wait on a child!

At one of the first Commencements — I think the very first — at which General Lee presided after he became president of the college, the hall was filled with an immense crowd to whom he was the central object of interest. During the progress of the speeches, a little boy four years old became separated from his parents and went wandering up one of the aisles in frightened search of them. The General noticed the child's confusion, and, gaining his eye, beckoned him to come to him on the platform, where he sat surrounded by many of the brilliant officers of the late Confederacy. The tender signal was irresistible to the child. He instantly made his way to the feet of the General, sat down there, and leaned his head against his knee, looking up in his face with the utmost trust, apparently thoroughly comforted. Thus resting, he fell asleep, with his protector's arm around him, and when the time came for the General to take his part in the prescribed ceremonies we who were looking on were touched in no little degree as we saw him carefully rise from his seat and adjust the little head softly upon the sofa so as not to waken the confiding little sleeper.

His love for children was one of his most marked traits. He possessed the royal attribute of never forgetting faces or names; and not a boy in our streets ever took off his cap to salute him as he passed by on Traveler, nor a little girl courtesied to him on the sidewalk, that he did not for a moment check his rein to give an answering salute, invariably naming them, and perhaps the pleasure of a ride on the saddle before him. We found him early one Christmas morning at our door. He had come to bring some Christmas presents to my little boys; and I discovered that he had done the same for all the children of his friends. He told me once of an amusing scene he encountered, in which children played a part, from which he laughingly said he retreated, ignominiously defeated. A few miles out of the town he was overtaken in his ride by a thunder-storm, and sought refuge in the house of a gentleman whom he knew. Mr. W—— and his wife were absent, but a group of children who were playing marbles on the parlor carpet came forward at once and made him welcome. But the attractions of the game were too powerful for their politeness and that of the little visitors they had with them; and as the General begged them not to stop their playing, they took him at his word and went on with their game. In a little while an altercation arose.

"Now, Mary," said Tom, "I call that cheating! You did n't do that thing fairly!"

"Take that back, Tom!" broke out Charlie. "You sha'n't say my sister cheats!"

"But she did," cried Tom, with sullen persistence, "and I 'll say it again!" With that Charlie rose in his wrath and collared Tom; and Mary, trying to separate the combatants, burst into tears and cried out, "O General Lee, please don't let them fight!"

"My good fellows," said the General, grasping each boy by the shoulder, "there 's some better way to settle your quarrels than with your fists." But in vain he tried to separate the little wrestlers. "I argued, I remonstrated, I commanded; but they were like two young mastiffs, and never in all my military service had I to own myself so perfectly powerless. I retired beaten from the field, and let the little fellows fight it out."

His ability to recall a name, after he had once heard it, was peculiar. One of the college professors told me that in riding out with him one day they passed an old mill, at the door of which stood the dusty German miller, with the most barbarous of German names, waiting with the hope of receiving a handshake from the leader under whom his sons had served. His wish was gratified, and the old man was made proud and happy. Not long after, the same professor was passing the same mill, when at the door the miller again presented himself. By no effort of memory could the queer German name be recalled by the professor; but before he had time to speak, the General rode straight to the door, and, with a cheerful "Good-morning," named the old man at once.

He had the gentlest way possible of giving counsel and administering rebuke. I remember hearing him say, in a presence where such testimony was worth more than a dozen temperance lectures: "Men need no stimulant; it is something, I am persuaded, that they can do without. When I went into the field, at the beginning of the war, a good lady friend of mine gave me two sealed bottles of very superb French brandy. I carried them with me through the entire campaign; and when I met my friend again, after all was over, I gave her back both her bottles of brandy, with the seals unbroken. It may have been some comfort to me to know that I had them in case of sudden emergency, but the moment never came when I needed to use them."

His skill and wisdom in managing the young men who crowded to the college after his accession as president was extraordinary. Owing to the closing of so many of the Southern schools of learning, the number of students was very large, reaching five hundred in the earlier sessions; but a case of discipline rarely occurred. He was accustomed to say to the students when they presented themselves in his office, on their entrance at college, "Now, my friends, I have a way of estimating young men which does not often fail me. I cannot note the conduct of any one, for even a brief period, without finding out what sort of a mother he had. You all honor your mothers: need I tell you that I know you will have that honor in reverent keeping?" So tender an appeal as this went straight to the heart of many a youth as no formal advice could have done.

He told me that once at Arlington, when he was on a visit home from one of the frontier posts, he went out one wintry morning, after a slight fall of snow, and strolled down one of the graveled walks. Hearing some one behind him, he turned and saw his eldest son fitting his little feet into the distinct tracks he had left in the snow, and making great strides in order to do this effectually. "I learned a lesson, then and there," he said, "which I never afterwards forgot. My good man, I said to myself, you must be careful how you walk, and where you go, for there are those following you who will set their feet where you set yours." Something similar to this has been told of another, but I had this from General Lee himself.

Few men were more skilled in the avoidance of everything that could wound the feelings of others. On the occasion of General Lee's being summoned to Washington to give testimony, an incident occurred which illustrates this characteristic. A connection of my own, who attended him as one of his complimentary staff, told me that when in Washington there were multitudes of persons — and among them many of the most distinguished in the land, North and South — seeking audience with General Lee; evening after evening was occupied with these interviews. Again and again had my friend been beset by a person who had no claim to be presented, and as often had he been waived aside on the plea that the number of gentlemen coming to be introduced was so great as to embarrass his provisional staff. But this persistent Confederate watched his opportunity and made the best of it. Coming up to Colonel M—— when he was a little off his guard he whispered, "Take me up now; there is nobody being introduced at this moment."

"But don't you see that the General is surrounded by a group of officers and congressmen, and that it won't do to break in upon their conversations?"

But the old soldier would not be shaken off. So Colonel M—— thought the best way to end the matter would be to lead him up to the General, and thus in a moment put a stop to his pertinacity. Taking him, accordingly, by the arm, he drew him forward. The large circle opened and allowed a pathway, and the man was presented in due form and received with as much courtesy as if he had been a prince of the blood. Colonel M—— was about to lead him instantly away, when he suddenly stepped into the open space where the group had made way for him, and in a rather loud voice said:

"General, I have always thought that if I ever had the honor of meeting you face to face, and there was an opportunity allowed me, I would like to ask you a question which nobody but you can answer. I seem to have that opportunity now. This is what I want to know: *What was the reason that you failed to gain the victory at the battle of Gettysburg?*"

To have such an ill-timed question dropped like a bomb-shell in such a presence was, to say the least of it, embarrassing, and some curt rejoinder would have been natural and to the purpose; but General Lee's kind-heartedness would not permit a rude dismissal even to so unwarrantable a questioner. Advancing and gently taking him by the hand, while all the listening group stood round amazed at the man's presumption, the General quietly said:

"My dear sir, that would be a long story, and would require more time than you see I can possibly command at present; so we will have to defer the matter to another occasion."

This same friend gave me an instance of a similar encounter that concerned Mrs. Lee, whose simplicity and kindliness of heart rivaled that of her husband.

The General and his wife were at the Virginia White Sulphur Springs, occupying one of the pretty cottages that had been set apart for them. The crowd of visitors was great, and everybody who had the least show for so doing was asking for introductions, for the war had not long been over.

"I encountered a good-natured but absurd man from the far South," said Colonel M——, "whose enthusiasm for the Lee family was at fever heat. His pompous way of talking was a constant amusement to me; and when he asked that I should intrude upon the gay group that always filled the piazza of the General's cottage and introduce him, I naturally hesitated somewhat, fearing lest he should overpower them by one of his magniloquent apostrophes. He joined me one evening just as we were passing the cottage door, where a party of visitors were being entertained by the General and his wife. 'Now is your time,' he whispered; and he forthwith drew me to the steps, where, as in duty bound, I presented him. Withdrawing a little, he assumed a Hamlet-like pose, and lifting his hand with a most dramatic air, he began:

"'Do I behold the honored roof that shelters the head of him before whose name the luster of Napoleon's pales into a shadow? Do I see the walls within which sits the most adored of men? Dare I tread the floor which she who is a scion of the patriotic house of the revered Washington condescends to hallow with her presence? Is this the portico that trails its vines over the noble pair —'

"I stumbled back aghast," said Colonel M——, "at my own blunder, as I listened to this ridiculous speech, which I really believed was gotten up and conned for the occasion. But I was relieved in a moment when Mrs. Lee, quietly laying down her knitting and interrupting the rhetorical effort, with a kind look upon her face replied:

"'Yes, this is our cabin; will you take a seat upon the bench?'"

General Lee's considerate courtesy never failed him. He used to be overpowered with letters from every part of the South, on every imaginable subject, written by the wives and mothers of his old soldiers, asking questions which it was impossible for him to answer, and seeking aid which it was impossible for him to give. Indigent women would write, begging him to find places where their boys and girls might support themselves. Crippled soldiers by scores sought for help from him; and multitudes whose only claim was that they had fought for the Confederacy entreated his counsel and petitioned for his advice in every sort of emergency.

I once said to him, "I hope you do not feel obliged to reply to all these letters."

"I certainly do," was his reply. "Think of these poor people! It is a great deal of trouble for them to write: why should I not be willing to take the trouble to answer them? And as that is all I can give most of them, I give it ungrudgingly." And yet at this time he had five hundred young men under his management, and a corps of twenty-five professors; and this in a line of work totally novel to him.

His humility was as conspicuous as anything about him. His religious character was pronounced and openly shown. But he arrogated nothing to himself as a religious man. I was present once when my husband informed him of an effort just being made to supply our county with Bibles, of which it had been stripped to meet the wants of the army during the war. The Bible Society was being reorganized, and the General was pressed to accept the post of president—"For the sake of the cause; for the sake of the testimony his name would bear; for the sake of the example it would be to his five hundred students." My husband was called out before he had finished his plea, and I was left in the library for a few moments alone with the General. I shall not easily forget the expression of profound humility on his face, as with a subdued voice he turned to me and said:

"Ah, my dear madam, I feel myself such a poor sinner in the sight of God that I cannot consent to be set up as a Christian example to any one. This is the real reason why I decline to do what the colonel urges so strongly."

He was in the act of saying grace at his own dinner-table when the fatal stroke fell which terminated his life.

It was not in General Lee's nature to entertain feelings of bitterness against any human being. As was the case with Stonewall Jackson, he never used the word "Yankee"—the term so generally applied through the South to the soldiers of the Northern army. He always spoke of them as the "Federals" or the "enemy." On the occasion of Mr. Greeley, Mr. O'Conor, and others coming to Richmond to offer bail for ex-President Davis, I heard him, with something more approaching to acrimony than I had ever been witness of, speak of some of the expressions used by Southern editors. "I condemn," he said, "such bitterness wholly. Is it any wonder the Northern journals should retort upon us as they do, when we allow ourselves to use such language as I found in some of our papers yesterday?"

As to the immediate personality of the man, we people of the South naturally enough think that, take him for all in all, physically, intellectually, socially, and morally, we never saw his equal. He was a superb specimen of manly grace and elegance. He had escaped that preciseness of manner which a whole life spent in military service is apt to give. There was about him a stately dignity, calm poise, absolute self-possession, entire absence of self-consciousness, and gracious consideration for all about him that made a combination of character not to be surpassed. His tall, erect figure, his bright color, his brilliant hazel eyes, his perfect white teeth (for he had never used tobacco), his attractive smile, his chivalry of bearing, the musical sweetness of his pure voice, were attributes never to be forgotten by those who had once met him.

His domestic life was idyllic in its beautiful simplicity. His devotion to his invalid wife, who for many years was a martyr to rheumatic gout, was pathetic to see. He had her often conveyed to our various medicinal springs in Virginia, himself riding on horseback beside her carriage. I recall one instance in which he preceded her by a few days in order that he might have an apparatus prepared, under his skillful engineering, by means of which her invalid-chair was placed upon a little platform and carefully lowered into the bath, in order that the descent and ascent of steps might be avoided. His tenderness to his children, especially his daughters, was mingled with a delicate courtesy which belonged to an older day than ours — a courtesy which recalls the *preux chevalier* of knightly times. He had a pretty way of addressing his daughters, in the presence of other people, with a prefix which would seem to belong to the age of lace ruffles and side-swords.

"Where is my little Miss Mildred?" he would say on coming in from his ride or walk at dusk. "She is my light-bearer; the house is never dark if she is in it."

He was passionately fond of nature, and never wearied of riding about on Traveler among our beautiful Virginia hills and mountains, with one of his daughters invariably at his side. His delight in the early flush of the spring, in the rich glow of the summer, and in the superb coloring of our autumn landscape, was wonderfully fine and keen. "No words can express," says one of his daughters, "the intense enjoyment he would get out of a brilliant sunset."

He was fond of literature, and indulged all his life in a wide range of reading quite apart from the bearings of his profession. When at home he was always in the habit of reading aloud to his family. "My first and most intimate acquaintance with Sir Walter Scott's metrical romances," one of his daughters says, "came through papa. He read them to us when we were children, till we almost knew them by heart, and the best English classics were always within reach of his hand. One of the last winters of his life he read aloud to the family group the latest translation of the Iliad and the Odyssey."

General Lee possessed one quality which only those who came into close intimacy with him were much aware of — he had a delicious sense of humor. Many a student was turned aside from some perilous course by a sly shaft, feathered with his keen wit, or by some humorous question which conveyed a gentle reproof, of which only he for whom the reproof was intended could understand the bearings. He could be very stern when it was necessary, but somehow his sternness never embittered.

When he became president of the college he immediately had morning prayers established in the chapel; and never during his incumbency was he known to be absent from them, if he was well and at home. The only things with which he ever grew impatient were self-indulgence and failure in duty. The voice of duty was to him the voice of God. Under no circumstances was he willing to disobey it, nor could he understand how others could be. This was something he continually impressed upon his students. What is duty to God and man, and how to do that duty, were the two leading questions of his life. His persistent assiduity in giving himself up to every detail of college discipline and life was so scrupulous as sometimes to lead to the suggestion on the part of professors of a little more indulgence towards himself, but they never succeeded in getting him to relax the rigid rules by which he governed every action.

One of the last acts of his life was a filial one. Accompanied by his daughter Agnes he went to Florida to visit the grave of his father, "Light-Horse Harry Lee." This journey — his last earthly one — was a sort of sacred pilgrimage. As he returned from Florida he sought out, in North Carolina, the final resting-place of his lovely daughter Annie, who had died in that State in the early freshness of her beautiful girlhood, just at the moment when her father was winning his most brilliant successes. Agnes told me, when she came home, of her father's extreme unwillingness to be made a hero of anywhere, and of the reluctance he manifested, which it took many pleas to overcome, to show himself to the crowds assembled at every station along his route who pressed to catch a sight of him.

"Why should they care to see me," he would say, when urged to appear on the platform of the train — "why should they care to see me? I am only a poor old Confederate." This feeling he carried with him to the latest hour of his life.

One who had been a member of his staff, and who was present in the death-chamber most of the time during his last illness, told me how impressed he was with the General's unwillingness to give any expression to his thought. "Not," he said, "that he was incapable of speaking; but a supreme reticence, that was to me very noble, held him back. He seemed averse to any utterance of the sacred secrets of his soul, lest they should afterwards be spoken aloud in the ear of the world."

Margaret J. Preston.

CAN THE EMPEROR FORGET?

RUMBLE of drums in the flashing and crashing of battle,
Rushing of horses, with foam upon nostrils and flanks;
Clashing of bayonets, striking of swords, and the rattle
Of wrath in the standing, of death in the fast-falling ranks.

Trample the blood in the turf till the earth is afire,
Burning in gore: be it English or French, it is blood.
Profligate waste of it, spendthrift contempt of it! Dire
The flow of it, thus making crimson the Waterloo mud!

"Death to the enemy!" Children may suffer and languish;
Wives may speak softly of one who is baring his heart.
"Death to the enemy! Forward!" No thought of the anguish
Of wounds, with the cannon-wheels pressing their red sides apart.

What of the Emperor? Austerlitz, Jena, Marengo?
Can he foresee that the conquering eagle must fall,
Beating his wings on the traitor wind? Forward the men go —
"Viva Napoleon! Death to the enemy, all!"

Falling like rain come the bullets, and falling like flowers
Drop the French musketry, rising no more from the plain.
See the firm brow of Napoleon: massive it lowers.
Shout for his victory! Never, ah, never again!

Back from the mud that is crimson, and back from the corses
That lie by the cannon with eyes that can stare at the sun
Without shrinking. "Awake! They are leaving you, dumb-gazing forces!"
Aye, shout in their ears, but they move not. Their battle is done.

Done. And the Emperor? Exiled. Napoleon defeated?
He who has conquered the world? Say that rather the sun
Fell from his course and was chained by the earth. Fate has meted
His portion. March back what is left of you, soldiers! 'T is done.

. . . .

Far in that isle he is ceaselessly walking his prison,
As a lion his cage, who is thinking of night-dews that wet
His mane, and the servient sun that to dry it had risen.
Monarch then, prisoner now. Can the lion forget?

. . . .

Hark to the guns, that are greeting with long detonation
Him who is back from the stranger; is home again — home!
"Vive l'Empereur!" Hush! What mean you, fool? This coronation
Is dust crowned with dust, and the sky is the Invalides' dome.

"Vive l'Empereur!" Will they cease in their idiot babble?
Never more "Vive l'Empereur!" Men, he lies on his shield,
Broad-browed and yellow. Those hands are so white; did they dabble
In men's blood? And hold,—did those thin lips cry "Fire!" on the field?

Hark to the resonant guns! Remember, my brothers,
Thundering Waterloo's cannon and bright bayonets!
Oh, how they rattled! To him they were once as a mother's
Lullaby. "Vive l'Empereur!" Silence. Ah, he forgets!

Louise Morgan Smith.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN: A HISTORY.[1]

THE POMEROY CIRCULAR — THE CLEVELAND CONVENTION — THE RESIGNATION OF CHASE.

BY JOHN G. NICOLAY AND JOHN HAY, PRIVATE SECRETARIES TO THE PRESIDENT.

THE POMEROY CIRCULAR.

BEFORE the close of the year 1863 the public mind became greatly preoccupied with the subject of the next presidential election. Though the general drift of opinion was altogether in favor of intrusting to Mr. Lincoln the continuation of the work which he had thus far so well conducted, this feeling was by no means unanimous. It will seem strange to future students of the events of this time that the opposition in the Republican party to Mr. Lincoln, whose name will stand in history as the liberator of the slaves, came almost entirely from the radical antislavery element. The origins of this opposition have been so fully stated in other portions of this work, that it is not worth while to set them forth at any length in this place. They were principally the action of the President in regard to the administration of affairs in Missouri; the conflict between General Frémont and the Missouri conservatives, and between General Schofield and the Missouri radicals; the retention in command of various generals, who, from the radical point of view, had "no heart in the cause"; the deliberation with which the great antislavery acts of the President were performed; and, in general, the dissatisfaction with the slow progress of the war, of eager and ardent spirits imperfectly informed as to the processes of the Government and the facts of the situation. At the end of the year 1863 and the beginning of the following year all these elements of discord were seeking a rallying-point. This it was not easy to find. Every one sufficiently acquainted with practical politics to note the drift of public opinion saw the hopelessness of contending against the popularity of the President. There was not a Republican general in the field, of sufficient prominence to be thought of, who would give the least encouragement for the use of his name against Mr. Lincoln. In neither House of Congress was there a statesman who for a moment would enter into such a contest; and in the higher circles of the Administration there was only one man so short-sighted as not to perceive the expediency of the President's renomination and the impossibility of preventing it. Mr. Chase alone had the indiscretion to encourage the overtures of the malcontents, and the folly to imagine that he could lead them to success. Pure and disinterested as he was, and devoted with all his energies and powers to the cause of the country, he was always singularly ignorant of the current of public thought and absolutely incapable of judging men in their true relations. He was surrounded by sycophants who constantly assured him of his own strength with the people, and who convinced him at last that all manifestations to the contrary were the result of mystifications set on foot by his enemies. He regarded himself as the friend of Mr. Lincoln; to him and to others he made strong protestations of friendly feeling, which he undoubtedly thought were sincere; but he held so poor an opinion of the President's intellect and character in comparison with his own, that he could not believe the people so blind as deliberately to prefer the President to himself. In November, 1863, he wrote to his son-in-law, Governor Sprague: "If I were controlled by merely personal sentiments, I should prefer the reëlection of Mr. Lincoln to that of any other man; but I doubt the expediency of reëlecting anybody, and I think a man of different qualities from those the President has will be needed for the next four years." Of course, he adds, "I am not anxious to be regarded as that man; and I am quite willing to leave that question to the decision of those who agree in thinking that some such man should be chosen." To another he wrote early in December: "I have not the slightest wish to press any claims upon the consideration of friends or the public. There is certainly a purpose, however, to use my name, and I do not feel bound to object to it."[2] He never admitted to himself that he had any personal desire for the place, and in this letter he continued: "Were the post in which these friends desire to place me as low as it is high, I should feel bound to render in it all the service possible to our common country." Yet he always felt that he could render better service in the higher places than in the lower, and when it was once in contemplation

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[2] Chase to Spencer, Dec. 4, 1863.

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to offer him a seat on the Supreme Bench he distinctly intimated he would accept no place there but that of Chief-Justice. There never was a man who found it so easy to delude himself. He believed that he was indifferent to advancement and anxious only for the public good; yet in the midst of his enormous labors he found time to write interminable letters to every part of the country, all protesting his indifference to the Presidency but indicating his willingness to accept it, and painting pictures so dark of the chaotic state of affairs among his colleagues that the irresistible inference was that only he could save the country. For instance, he wrote to the editor of a religious newspaper, saying:

> Had there been here an Administration in the true sense of the word — a President conferring with his Cabinet and taking their united judgments, and with their aid enforcing activity, economy, and energy in all departments of public service — we could have spoken boldly and defied the world. But our condition here has always been very different. I preside over the funnel; everybody else, and especially the Secretaries of War and the Navy, over the spigots — and keep them well open, too. Mr. Seward conducts the foreign relations with very little let or help from anybody. There is no unity and no system, except so far as it is departmental. There is progress, but it is slow and involuntary; just what is coerced by the irresistible pressure of the vast force of the people. How, under such circumstances, can anybody announce a policy which can only be made respectable by union, wisdom, and courage?[1]

A few days later he wrote to another:

> The Administration cannot be continued as it is. There is, in fact, no Administration, properly speaking. There are departments and there is a President. The latter leaves administration substantially to the heads of the former, deciding himself comparatively few questions. These heads act with almost absolute independence of each other.[2]

He could not bring himself to feel that the universal demonstrations in favor of the reëlection of Mr. Lincoln were genuine. He regarded himself all the while as the serious candidate, and the opposition to him as knavish and insincere. To one of his adherents he wrote:

> It is impossible to reform and investigate without stirring up slanderers and revilers, both among those whose wrong-doings are exposed and unrighteous profits taken away, and among those, too, who think they see a good chance to take advantage of clamor to the injury of a public man, who, they fear, stands too well with the people.[3]

To another adherent in Ohio he wrote:

> I cannot help being gratified by the preference expressed for me in some quarters, for those who express it are generally men of great weight, and high character, and independent judgment. . . . They think there will be a change in the current, which, so far as it is not spontaneous, is chiefly managed by the Blairs.[4]

He said that he should be glad to have Ohio decidedly on his side, and that if Ohio should express a preference for any other person he would not allow his name to be used. This was quite an unnecessary engagement, as no candidate could possibly be nominated without the support of his own State.

Indifferent as he claimed to be in regard to his personal prospects, he yet wrote on the 6th of February[5] promising to try to find a place for a man recommended by the editor of the "Evening Post," and complaining with some bitterness that that paper had not uttered a kind word in reference to him for some months past. There was, in fact, no limit to these overtures of the Secretary in every direction which he thought might be serviceable to him. A few days after the death of Archbishop Hughes, we find him writing to Archbishop Purcell of Cincinnati, reporting the efforts which he is making in every quarter to have the Western prelate appointed the successor of the dead archbishop.[6] On the 18th of January he wrote to a friend of his in Toledo, Ohio, Mr. James C. Hall, formally announcing his candidacy for the Presidency. He told him that a committee of prominent senators, representatives, and citizens had been organized to promote his election; that a sub-committee had conferred with him, and he had consented to their wishes. He then went on to say:

> If I know my own heart, I desire nothing so much as the suppression of this rebellion and the establishment of union, order, and prosperity on sure and safe foundations; and I should despise myself if I felt capable of allowing any personal objects to influence me to any action which would affect, by one jot or tittle, injuriously, the accomplishment of those objects. And it is a source of real gratification to believe that those who desire my nomination desire it on public grounds alone, and will not hesitate in any matter which may concern me to act upon such grounds and on such grounds only.

He added that he desired the support of Ohio, and that if he did not receive it he would cheerfully acquiesce.

All through the winter this quasi-candidacy continued. It seemed of the utmost importance to the Secretary and his few adherents, though it really formed an imperceptible eddy beside the vast current in which the will of the people was sweeping forward to its purpose. Being confined exclusively to politicians, it had, of course, its principal manifestation in the city of Washington. It played its little part in the election of Speaker of the House of Representatives. An attempt was made to identify Mr. Colfax, the most popular candidate for that office, with the adherents of Mr. Chase; but upon hearing of this he at once sought an audience with the President and positively repudiated any such connection. When Congress had organized, the message of the President was received with an enthusiasm which for the moment swept out of sight every trace of opposing opinion. From that moment there was no further question in regard to the Republican nomination.

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[1] Chase to the Rev. J. Leavitt, Jan. 24, 1864. Warden, "Life of S. P. Chase," p. 562.

[2] Chase to Dickson, Jan. 27, 1864. Ibid., p. 564.

[3] Chase to Gilbert, Jan. 30, 1864. Ibid., p. 567.

[4] Chase to Flamen Ball, Feb. 2, 1864. Warden, "Life of S. P. Chase," p. 570.

[5] Chase to Bailey. Ibid., p. 571.

[6] Chase to Purcell, Feb. 1, 1864. Ibid., p. 568.

There was at one time an effort on the part of some of the leading spirits in the Union League, a secret Republican organization which had been very zealous and effective in political work throughout the Union, to commit it to some measure hostile to Mr. Lincoln. This had alarmed even so experienced and astute an observer as Thurlow Weed, who sent to Mr. Seward in the autumn of 1863 a warning that "loyal leagues, into which Odd Fellows and Know Nothings rush, are fixing to control delegate appointments for Mr. Chase."[1] Mr. Seward accepted this warning somewhat too readily, induced by his inveterate anti-masonic prejudices; these fears had no substantial foundation. Some of the leaders of the League, sympathizing strongly with the radicals of Missouri, had indeed from time to time made efforts to commit the order against the President; but such attempts failed there, as elsewhere, on account of the overwhelming tide of contrary opinion, and when the principal chapter of the order met in Washington on the 10th of December, they elected a list of officers who were almost all either friends of Mr. Lincoln or men of sufficient sagacity not to oppose him.

From the beginning Mr. Lincoln had been fully aware of Mr. Chase's candidacy and of everything that was done for its promotion. It was impossible for him to remain unconscious of it; and although he discouraged all conversation on the subject and refused to read letters relating to it, he could not entirely shut the matter out from his cognizance. He had his own opinion of the taste and judgment displayed by Mr. Chase in his criticisms of himself and of his colleagues in the Cabinet; but he took no notice of them.

> I have determined [he said] to shut my eyes, so far as possible, to everything of the sort. Mr. Chase makes a good Secretary, and I shall keep him where he is. If he becomes President, all right. I hope we may never have a worse man. I have observed with regret his plan of strengthening himself. Whenever he sees that an important matter is troubling me, if I am compelled to decide in a way to give offense to a man of some influence, he always ranges himself in opposition to me and persuades the victim that he has been hardly dealt with, and that he would have arranged it very differently. It was so with General Frémont, with General Hunter when I annulled his hasty proclamation, with General Butler when he was recalled from New Orleans, with these Missouri people when they called the other day. I am entirely indifferent as to his success or failure in these schemes so long as he does his duty at the head of the Treasury Department.[2]

When Rosecrans was removed from the command of the Army of the Cumberland, Mr. Chase pursued the same course. His spiteful comments on that act were reported to the President, who simply laughed at the zealous friend who brought him the news. When told that such tactics might give Mr. Chase the nomination, he said he hoped the country would never do worse. He regretted, however, that the thing had begun, because although it did not annoy him, his friends thought it ought to. He went on appointing by the dozen Mr. Chase's partisans and adherents to places in the Government. He knew perfectly what he was doing, and allowed himself the luxury of a quiet smile as he signed their commissions. He heard more of such gossip than was amusing or agreeable to him. He said on one occasion, "I wish they would stop thrusting that subject of the Presidency into my face. I do not want to hear anything about it."

Of course one reason for the magnanimity with which Mr. Lincoln endured this rivalry of his able and ambitious minister of finance was his consciousness of the inequality of the match between them. Although his renomination was a matter in regard to which he refused to converse much, even with intimate friends, he was perfectly aware of the drift of things. In capacity of appreciating popular currents and in judgment of individual character Mr. Chase was as a child beside him; and he allowed the opposition to himself in his own Cabinet to continue, without question or remark, with all the more patience and forbearance because he knew how feeble it was.

The movement in favor of Mr. Chase culminated in the month of February in a secret circular signed by Senator Pomeroy of Kansas, and widely circulated through the Union. It is admitted by Mr. Chase's sincerest admirers that the weak point of his character was the incapacity shown in his judgment of men and his choice of intimates; and in no instance was this defect more glaringly exhibited than in the selection of such a man as Senator Pomeroy to conduct his canvass for the Presidency. The two Kansas senators, Lane and Pomeroy, hated each other intensely, and as long as they were in office together wrangled persistently over the patronage of their State. The President once wrote to Pomeroy, after declining an interview with him:

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[1] MS.

[2] J. H., Diary, Oct. 16, 1863.

> I wish you and Lane would make a sincere effort to get out of the mood you are in. It does neither of you any good; it gives you the means of tormenting my life out of me, and nothing else.[1]

Each thought the other got the advantage of him, each abused the President roundly behind his back; but Lane, being the more subtle and adroit politician of the two, never allowed himself to be put in an attitude of open hostility to the Administration. Pomeroy's resentment drove him at last into a mood of sullen animosity towards the President, and it was under his weak leadership that the elements of opposition to Mr. Lincoln at last came together. As the confidential circular issued by the committee of which Pomeroy was the head was the most considerable effort made within the Republican party to defeat the renomination of Mr. Lincoln, we give the document, to show upon how slender a foundation this opposition was based.

> The movements recently made throughout the country to secure the renomination of President Lincoln render necessary counter-action on the part of those unconditional friends of the Union who differ from the policy of the Administration.
>
> So long as no efforts were made to forestall the political action of the people, it was both wise and patriotic for all true friends of the Government to devote their influence to the suppression of the rebellion; but when it becomes evident that party and the machinery of official influence are being used to secure the perpetuation of the present Administration, those who conscientiously believe that the interests of the country and of freedom demand a change in favor of vigor and purity and nationality, have no choice but to appeal at once to the people before it is too late to secure a fair discussion of principles.
>
> Those in behalf of whom this appeal is made have thoughtfully surveyed the political field, and have arrived at the following conclusions: *First*, that even were the reëlection of Mr. Lincoln desirable, it is practically impossible against the union of influences which will oppose him. *Second*, that should he be reëlected, his manifest tendency towards compromises and temporary expedients of policy will become stronger during a second term than it has been in the first, and the cause of human liberty, and the dignity of the nation, suffer proportionately, while the war may continue to languish during his whole Administration, till the public debt shall become a burden too great to be borne. *Third*, that the patronage of the Government through the necessities of the war has been so rapidly increased, and to such an enormous extent, and so loosely placed, as to render the application of the one-term principle absolutely essential to the certain safety of our republican institutions. *Fourth*, that we find united in Hon. Salmon P. Chase more of the qualities needed in a President during the next four years than are combined in any other available candidate. His record is clear and unimpeachable, showing him to be a statesman of rare ability and an administrator of the highest order, while his private character furnishes the surest available guarantee of economy and purity in the management of public affairs. *Fifth*, that the discussion of the Presidential question, already commenced by the friends of Mr. Lincoln, has developed a popularity and strength in Mr. Chase unexpected even to his warmest admirers; and while we are aware that its strength is at present unorganized, and in no condition to manifest its real magnitude, we are satisfied that it only needs a systematic and faithful effort to develop it to an extent sufficient to overcome all opposing obstacles. For these reasons the friends of Mr. Chase have determined on measures which shall present his claims fairly and at once to the country. A central organization has been effected, which already has its connections in all the States, and the object of which is to enable his friends everywhere most effectually to promote his elevation to the Presidency. We wish the hearty coöperation of all those who are in favor of the speedy restoration of the Union on the basis of universal freedom, and who desire an administration of the Government during the first period of its new life which shall to the fullest extent develop the capacity of free institutions, enlarge the resources of the country, diminish the burdens of taxation, elevate the standard of public and private morality, vindicate the honor of the Republic before the world, and in all things make our American nationality the fairest example for imitation which human progress has ever achieved. If these objects meet your approval, you can render efficient aid by exerting yourself at once to organize your section of the country, and by corresponding with the chairman of the National Executive Committee for the purpose either of receiving or imparting information.

Of this circular, sent broadcast over the country, many copies of course fell into the hands of the President's friends, and they soon began to come to the Executive Mansion. The President, who was absolutely without curiosity in regard to attacks upon himself, refused to look at them, and they accumulated unread in the desk of his secretary. At last, however, the circular got into print, and it appeared in the "National Intelligencer" of Washington on the morning of the 22d of February. Mr. Chase at once wrote to the President to assure him that he had no knowledge of the existence of the letter before seeing it in print. He gave a brief account of the solicitations of his friends, in compliance with which he had consented to be a candidate for the Presidency, adding, with his usual nobility of phrase:

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[1] Lincoln to Pomeroy, May 12, 1864. MS.

> I have never wished that my name should have a moment's thought in comparison with the common cause of enfranchisement and restoration, or be continued before the public a moment after the indication of a preference by the friends of that cause for another. I have thought this explanation due to you as well as to myself. If there is anything in my action or position which in your judgment will prejudice the public interests under my charge, I beg you to say so. I do not wish to administer the Treasury Department one day without your entire confidence. For yourself I cherish sincere respect and esteem, and, permit me to add, affection. Differences of opinion as to administrative action have not changed these sentiments, nor have they been changed by assaults upon me by persons who profess themselves the special representatives of your views and policy. You are not responsible for acts not your own; nor will you hold me responsible except for what I do or say myself. Great numbers now desire your reëlection. Should their wishes be fulfilled by the suffrage of the people, I hope to carry with me into private life the sentiments I now cherish, whole and unimpaired.

The President next day acknowledged the receipt of this letter, and promised to answer it more fully when he could find time to do so. The next week he wrote at greater length:[1]

> I would have taken time to answer yours of the 22d sooner, only that I did not suppose any evil could result from the delay, especially as, by a note, I promptly acknowledged the receipt of yours, and promised a fuller answer. Now, on consideration I find there is really very little to say. My knowledge of Mr. Pomeroy's letter having been made public came to me only the day you wrote, but I had, in spite of myself, known of its existence several days before. I have not yet read it, and I think I shall not. I was not shocked or surprised by the appearance of the letter, because I had had knowledge of Mr. Pomeroy's committee and of secret issues which, I supposed, came from it and of secret agents who, I supposed, were sent out by it, for several weeks. I have known just as little of these things as my friends have allowed me to know. They bring the documents to me, but I do not read them; they tell me what they think fit to tell me, but I do not inquire for more. I fully concur with you that neither of us can be justly held responsible for what our respective friends may do without our instigation or countenance; and I assure you, as you have assured me, that no assault has been made upon you by my instigation or with my countenance. Whether you shall remain at the head of the Treasury Department is a question which I do not allow myself to consider from any standpoint other than my judgment of the public service, and, in that view, I do not perceive occasion for a change.[2]

Before the President wrote this letter the candidacy of Mr. Chase had already passed completely out of sight. In fact, it never could have been said to exist except in the imagination of Mr. Chase and a narrow circle of adherents. He was by no means the choice even of the great body of the radicals who were discontented with Mr. Lincoln. So early as the 17th of December, 1863, Mr. Medill, the editor of the "Chicago Tribune," who represented the most vehement Republican sentiment of the North-west, wrote:

> I presume it is true that Mr. Chase's friends are working for his nomination, but it is all lost labor; Old Abe has the inside track so completely that he will be nominated by acclamation when the convention meets. . . . The people will say to Chase: "You stick to finance and be content until after 1868"; and to Grant, "Give the rebels no rest; put them through; your reward will come in due time"; but Uncle Abe must be allowed to boss the reconstruction of the Union.

And from the opening of the year 1864 the feeling in favor of the renomination of Lincoln grew so ardent and so restless that it was almost impossible for the most discreet of the Republican leaders to hold the manifestations of the popular preference in check. An attempt was made by the Treasury officials in Indiana to prevent the State convention which met in February from declaring for Lincoln, but it was all in vain. Wherever any assembly of Republicans came together fresh from the people the only struggle was as to who should get first on the floor to demand the President's renomination. Mr. Chase's principal hope was, of course, founded upon the adhesion of his friends in Ohio; but the result there, as elsewhere, proved how blind he was to the course of politics. The governor of the State wrote to the President[3] that he was mortified to hear that he had been set down as a Chase man.

> The fact that Mr. Chase has been laboring, for the past year at least, with an eye single to promoting his own selfish purposes, totally regardless of the consequences to the Government, as I believe has been the case, is alone sufficient to induce me to oppose him; but aside from this, the policy inaugurated under your lead must be maintained, and it would be suicidal to change leaders in the midst of the contest.

This is only a specimen of dozens of letters which came from the leading men of the State, who had been relied upon by Mr. Chase to promote his canvass; and finally the feeling grew so strong in Ohio that although no authorized convention of Republicans was to meet at that time, the Union members of the legislature took the matter in hand and gave, on the 25th of February, the *coup de grâce* to the Secretary's candidacy. They held a full caucus, and nominated Mr. Lincoln for reëlection, at the demand, as they said, of the people and the soldiers of Ohio. The State of Rhode Island, which Mr. Chase had expected the personal influence of his son-in-law, Governor Sprague, to secure for him, also made haste to range itself with the other States of the North; and as more than a month before the great State of Pennsylvania had by the unanimous expression of the Union members of its legislature declared for Lincoln, the Secretary at last concluded that the contest was hopeless, and wrote another letter to Mr. Hall, referring to his former statement that should his friends in Ohio manifest a preference for another he would acquiesce in that decision, and adding:

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[1] Lincoln to Chase, Feb. 29, 1864. MS.

[2] After this correspondence had passed, Mr. Pomeroy, who, whatever his defects of character, did not lack courage, rose in his place in the Senate (March 10), reiterated with added energy his criticisms of the President and his eulogy of Mr. Chase, and claimed that the latter had nothing to do with the circular, but had been "drafted into the service" without his consent.

[3] Tod to Lincoln, Feb. 24, 1864.

> The recent action of the Union members of our legislature indicates such a preference. It becomes my duty, therefore,—and I count it more a privilege than a duty,—to ask that no further consideration be given to my name. It was never more important than now that all our efforts and all our energies should be devoted to the suppression of the rebellion, and to the restoration of order and prosperity, on solid and sure foundations of union, freedom, and impartial justice; and I earnestly urge all with whom my counsels may have weight to allow nothing to divide them while this great work, in comparison with which persons and even parties are nothing, remains unaccomplished.

In the closing line of this letter occurs the first intimation of that feeling of revolt against the Republican party which afterwards led Mr. Chase to seek the nomination of the Democrats. In numerous letters written during the spring he reiterated his absolute withdrawal from the contest, but indulged in sneers and insinuations against the President, which show how deeply he was wounded by his discomfiture.[1]

THE CLEVELAND CONVENTION.

BEFORE the snows melted, it had become evident to the most narrow and malignant of Mr. Lincoln's opponents that nothing could prevent his renomination by the Republican convention which was to meet at Baltimore in June. There was no voice of opposition to him in any organized Republican assembly, except in Missouri, and even there the large majority of radical Republicans were willing to accept the universal verdict of their party; but there were a few earnest spirits scattered throughout the country to whom opposition to the Administration had become the habit of a lifetime. There were others not so honest, who had personal reasons for disliking the President. To these it was impossible to stand quietly by and see Mr. Lincoln made his own successor without one last effort to prevent it. The result of informal consultations among them was the publication of a number of independent calls for a mass convention of the people to meet at Cleveland, Ohio, on the 31st of May, a week before the assembling of the Republican convention at Baltimore.

The two centers of this disaffection were in St. Louis and New York. In the former city it was composed of a small fraction of a faction. The large majority of those radical politicians who had been for two years engaged in the bitter struggle with Blair and his associates still retained their connection with the Republican party, and had no intention of breaking off their relations with the Union party of the nation. It was a small fraction of their number which issued its call to the disaffected throughout the nation. Harking back to the original cause of quarrel, they had attached themselves blindly to the personal fortunes of General Frémont; they now put themselves in communication with a small club of like-minded enthusiasts in New York called the "Central Frémont Club," and invited their radical fellow-citizens to meet them in convention at Cleveland. They made no pretense of any purpose of consultation or of independent individual action. The object stated in their call was "in order then and there to recommend the nomination of John C. Frémont for the Presidency of the United States, and to assist in organizing for his election." They denounced "the imbecile and vacillating policy of the present Administration in the conduct of the war, . . . its treachery to justice, freedom, and genuine democratic principles in its plan of reconstruction, whereby the honor and dignity of the nation have been sacrificed to conciliate the still existing and arrogant slave power and to further the ends of an unscrupulous partisan ambition"; they demanded the immediate extinction of slavery throughout the whole United States by congressional action, the absolute equality of all men before the law, and a vigorous execution of the laws confiscating the property of the rebels. This circular was stronger in its epithets than in its signatures; the names of the signers were, as a rule, unknown to fame. One column was headed by the name of the Rev. George B. Cheever, another by the apparently farcical signature of "Pantaleon Candidus." Perhaps the most important name affixed to this document was that of Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton, who wrote desiring to sign her name to the call, "taking it for granted," she said, "that you use 'men' in its largest sense." She informed the committee that they had "lifted politics into the sphere of morals and religion, and made it the duty of all true men and women to unite with them in building up the New Nation." She spelled "new nation" with capital letters, and gave occasion for a malicious accusation that her letter was merely an advertisement of a radical Frémont paper of that name which was then leading a precarious existence in New York. Mr. Samuel Bowles inferred from her letter that the convention was to be composed of "the gentler sex of both genders."

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[1] In an article published in "The Galaxy," July, 1873, by Mr. J. M. Winchell, whom Mr. Schuckers in his "Life of Chase" calls the author of the Pomeroy circular (see Schuckers' "Life of Chase," p. 500), occurs this singular passage: "The movement in favor of the Secretary of the Treasury, Mr. Chase, had culminated in disaster; that gentleman's chief supporters, including his senatorial son-in-law, having manifested a plentiful lack of nerve or zeal, when the critical question became public, of arraying him against his official chief, and made haste to *take him at his word of declination, diplomatically spoken, in order to rouse their flagging spirits.*" In a letter of the 7th of May (Chase to Riddle, Warden, p. 576) Mr. Chase said: "I am trying to keep all Presidential aspiration out of my head. I fancy that as President I could take care of the Treasury better with the help of a Secretary than I can as Secretary without the help of a President. But our Ohio folks don't want me enough, if they want me at all, to make it proper for me to allow my name to be used. I hope the time is not distant when I can honorably separate myself from political affairs altogether, leaving the new era to the new men whom God may raise up for it."

Another call was issued by the People's Committee of St. Louis, though signed by individuals from several other States. These gentlemen felt themselves

> impelled on their own responsibility to declare to the people that the time had come for all independent men, jealous of their liberties and of the national greatness, to confer together and unite to resist the swelling invasion of an open, shameless, and unrestrained patronage which threatens to engulf under its destructive wave the rights of the people, the liberty and dignity of the nation;

declaring that they did not recognize in the Baltimore convention the essential conditions of a truly national convention: it was to be held, they thought, too near Washington and too far from the center of the country, its mode of convocation giving no guarantee of wise or honest deliberation. This circular was signed by B. Gratz Brown of Missouri and by a number of old-time abolitionists in the East, though its principal signers were from the ranks of the most vehement German radicals of St. Louis. Still another call was drawn up and issued by Lucius Robinson, Controller of the State of New York. The terms of this address were properly applicable to all the Administration Republicans. It called upon the

> citizens of the United States who mean to uphold the Union, who believe that the rebellion can be suppressed without infringing the rights of individuals or of States, who regard the extinction of slavery as among the practical effects of the war for the Union, and favor an amendment of the Federal Constitution for the exclusion of slavery, and who demand integrity and economy in the administration of government.

The signers of this call approached the question from an entirely different point of view from that of the radical Germans of St. Louis. In their view Mr. Lincoln, instead of being a craven and a laggard, was going entirely too fast and too far. Their favorite candidate was General Grant. Mr. Wendell Phillips, the stormy petrel of all our political disturbances, found enjoyment even in this teapot tempest. He strongly approved the convention at Cleveland, and constructed beforehand a brief platform for it.

> Subdue the South as rapidly as possible. The moment territory comes under our flag reconstruct States thus: confiscate and divide the lands of rebels; extend the right of suffrage broadly as possible to whites and blacks; let the Federal Constitution prohibit slavery throughout the Union, and forbid the States to make any distinction among their citizens on account of color or race.[1]

He also advised the nomination "for the Presidency of a statesman and a patriot"; by which terms he intended to exclude Mr. Lincoln.

The convention might have met, deliberated, and adjourned for all the people of the United States cared about it, had it not been for the violent and enthusiastic admiration it excited in Democratic newspapers and the wide publicity they gave to its proceedings. They described it as a gathering of the utmost dignity and importance; they pretended to discern in it a distinct line of cleavage through the middle of the Republican party. For several days before it assembled they published imaginary dispatches from Cleveland representing the streets and hotels as crowded with a throng of earnest patriots determined on the destruction of the tyrant Lincoln. The papers of Cleveland tell another story. There was no sign of political upheaval in the streets or hotels of that beautiful and thriving city. Up to the very day of the meeting of the convention there was no place provided for it, and when the first stragglers began to arrive they found no preparation made to receive them. All the public halls of any consequence were engaged, and the convention at last took shelter in a small room called "Chapin's Hall." Its utmost capacity was five or six hundred persons, and it was much too large for the convention; delegates and spectators together were never numerous enough to fill it. The delegates were for the most part Germans from St. Louis. They held a preliminary meeting the night before the convention opened, and passed vigorous and loyal resolutions of the usual character. To the resolution that the rebellion must be put down, some one moved to amend by adding the words, "with God's assistance," which was voted down with boisterous demonstrations. *Non tali auxilio* was the sentiment of these materialist Missourians.

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[1] Phillips to Stallo, April 21.

The convention met at 10 o'clock in a hall only half filled. Hoping for later arrivals, they delayed organization until nearly noon. The leaders who had been expected to give character and direction to the movement did not appear. It was hoped until the last moment that Mr. Greeley would be present, though he had never given any authority for such an expectation. He said, in answer to an inquiry, that "the only convention he took any interest in was that one Grant was holding before Richmond." Mr. Gratz Brown, the real head of the movement, was also absent. Emil Pretorius and Mr. Cheever, who, from the two extremities of the country, had talked most loudly in favor of the convention, staid away. The only persons present whose names were at all known were General John Cochrane of New York; Colonel Moss, a noisy politician from Missouri; Caspar Butz of Illinois; two or three of the old-school abolitionists; and several (not the weightiest) members of the staff of General Frémont. The delegates from the German Workingmen's Union of Chicago were discredited in advance by the publication of a card from the majority of the association they pretended to represent, declaring their intention to support the nominees of the Baltimore convention. Some one moved, as usual, the appointment of a committee on credentials; but as no one had any valid credentials, it was resolved instead to appoint a committee to enroll the names of the delegates. No action was taken even upon this proposition, because the act of enrollment would have been too fatal a confession of weakness. The committee on organization reported the name of General Cochrane for president of the convention, who made a discreet and moderate speech. He was a man of too much native amiability of character to feel personal bitterness towards any one, and too adroit and experienced a politician to commit himself irrevocably against any contingency. He had, in fact, thrown an anchor to windward by visiting the President before the convention met and assuring him of his continued friendship. A delegate from Iowa, who seemed to have taken the convention seriously, then offered a resolution that no member of it should hold, or apply for, office under the next Administration — a proposition which was incontinently smothered. While waiting for the report of the committee on the platform, speeches were made by several delegates. Mr. Plumb attacked Mr. Lincoln as a pro-slavery politician. Colonel Moss of Missouri denounced him as the principal obstacle to freedom in America. A debate now arose on the proposition of the committee on rules that in voting for President the vote should be by States according to their representation in Congress. This was in the interest of the Grant delegates and was violently opposed by the Missourians, who formed a large majority of the convention, and had come for no purpose but to nominate Frémont. In the course of this debate the somewhat dreary proceedings were enlivened by a comic incident. A middle-aged man, who gave his name as Carr, addressed the chair, saying that he had come from Illinois as a delegate under the last call and did not want to be favored "a single mite." His ideas not flowing readily, he repeated this declaration three times in a voice continually rising in shrillness with his excitement. Something in his tone stirred the risibles of the convention, and loud laughter saluted the Illinoisan. As soon as he could make himself heard he cried out, "These are solemn times." This statement was greeted with another laugh, and the delegate now shouted at the top of his voice, "I believe there is a God who holds the universe in his hands as you would hold an egg." This comprehensive scheme of theocracy was too much for the Missouri agnostics, and the convention broke out in a tumult of jeers and roars. The rural delegate, amazed at the reception of his confession of faith, and apparently in doubt whether he had not stumbled by accident into a lunatic asylum, paused, and asked the chairman in a tone of great seriousness whether he believed in a God. The wildest merriment now took possession of the assembly, in the midst of which the Illinois theist solemnly marched down the aisle and out of the house, shaking from his feet the dust of that unbelieving convention. As soon as the laughing died away the committee on resolutions reported a set of judicious and, on the whole, undeniable propositions, such as, the Union must and shall be preserved, the constitutional laws of the United States must be obeyed, the rebellion must be suppressed by force of arms and without compromise. The platform did not greatly differ from that of Baltimore, except that it spoke in favor of one

Presidential term, declared that to Congress instead of the President belonged the question of reconstruction, and advocated the confiscation of the property of the rebels and its distribution among the soldiers.

The platform was adopted after brief debate, and a letter from Mr. Wendell Phillips was read to the convention, full of the vehement unreason which distinguished all the attempts of this matchless orator to apply his mind to the practical affairs of life. He predicted the direst results from four more years of Lincoln's administration.

> Unless the South is recognized [which he apparently thought not improbable under Lincoln's nerveless policy], the war will continue; the taxation needed to sustain our immense debt, doubled by that time, will grind the laboring man of the North down to the level of the pauper labor of Europe; and we shall have a government accustomed to despotic power for eight years—a fearful peril to democratic institutions.

He denounced Mr. Lincoln's plan of reconstruction, and drew this comical parallel between him and Frémont:

> The Administration, therefore, I regard as a civil and military failure, and its avowed policy ruinous to the North in every point of view. Mr. Lincoln may wish the end peace and freedom, but he is wholly unwilling to use the means which can secure that end. If Mr. Lincoln is reëlected I do not expect to see the Union reconstructed in my day, unless on terms more disastrous to liberty than even disunion would be. If I turn to General Frémont, I see a man whose first act was to use the freedom of the negro as his weapon; I see one whose thorough loyalty to democratic institutions, without regard to race, whose earnest and decisive character, whose clear-sighted statesmanship and rare military ability, justify my confidence that in his hands all will be done to save the state that foresight, skill, decision, and statesmanship can do.

With characteristic reliance on his own freedom from prejudice, he continued:

> This is an hour of such peril to the Republic that I think men should surrender all party and personal partiality, and support any man able and willing to save the state.

This was, in fact, the attitude of mind of the vast majority of the people of the country; but all it meant in Mr. Phillips's case was that he was willing to vote for either Frémont or Butler to defeat Lincoln.

A feeble attempt was now made by the delegates from New York, who called themselves "War Democrats," to induce the convention to nominate General Grant. Mr. Colvin read a letter from Mr. Lucius Robinson of New York—afterwards governor of that State—attacking the errors and blunders "of the weak Executive and Cabinet," and claiming that the hope of the people throughout the country rested upon General Grant as a candidate. Although Mr. Colvin supplemented the reading of this letter by promising a majority of one hundred thousand for Grant in the State of New York, the Missourians cheered only the louder for Frémont; and when a last effort was made by Mr. Demers of Albany to nominate Grant, he was promptly denounced as a Lincoln hireling. Colonel Moss, in the uniform of a general of the Missouri militia, arose and put a stop to the profitless discussion by moving in a stentorian voice the nomination of General Frémont by acclamation, which was at once done; and the assembly completed its work by placing John Cochrane on the ticket as its candidate for Vice-President. No one present seemed to have any recollection of the provision of the Constitution which forbids both of these officers being taken from the same State.

The convention met again in the evening and listened to dispirited and discouraging speeches of ratification. The committee appointed in the afternoon to give a name to the new party brought in that of the "Radical Democracy," and in this style it was formally christened. An executive committee was appointed, of men destitute of executive capacity, and the convention adjourned.

Its work met with no response from the country. On the day of its meeting the German press of Cleveland expressed its profound disappointment at the smallness and insignificance of the gathering, and with a few unimportant exceptions the newspapers of the country greeted the work of the convention with an unbroken chorus of ridicule. Its absurdities and inconsistencies were indeed too glaring for serious consideration. Its movers had denounced the Baltimore convention as being held too early for an expression of the deliberate judgment of the people, and now they had made their own nominations a week earlier; they had claimed that Baltimore was not sufficiently central in situation, and they had held their convention on the northern frontier of the country; they had claimed that the Baltimore delegates were not properly elected, and they had assumed to make nominations by delegates not elected at all; they had denounced the Baltimore convention as a close corporation and invited the people to assemble in mass, and when they came together they were so few they never dared to count themselves; they had pretended to desire a stronger candidate than Mr. Lincoln, and had selected the most conspicuous failure of the war; they clamored loudly against corruption in office, and one of the leading personages in the convention was a member of Frémont's staff who had been dismissed the service for dishonesty in Government contracts.

The whole proceeding, though it excited some indignation among the friends of Mr. Lincoln, was regarded by the President himself only with amusement. On the morning after the convention a friend, giving him an account of it, said that, instead of the many thousands who had been expected, there were present at no time more than four hundred men. The President, struck by the number mentioned, reached for the Bible which commonly lay on his desk, and after a moment's search, read these words:

> And every one that was in distress, and every one that was in debt, and every one that was discontented, gathered themselves unto him; and he became a captain over them: and there were with him about four hundred men.[1]

It was only among the Democratic papers that the Cleveland convention met with any support or applause. They gave it solemn and unmeasured eulogies for its independence, its patriotism, its sagacity, and even its numbers. The Copperhead papers in New York urged the radicals not to give up their attitude of uncompromising hostility to Lincoln, and predicted a formidable schism in the Republican party as a consequence of their action. But the motive of this support was so evident that it deceived nobody; and it was compared by a sarcastic observer to the conduct of the Spanish urchins accompanying a condemned Jew to an *auto-da-fé*, and shouting, in the fear that he might recant and rob them of their holiday, "Stand fast, Moses." The ticket of the two New Yorkers met with a gust of ridicule which would have destroyed more robust chances than theirs. "The New York Major-General John C. and the New York Brigadier-General John C." formed a matched ticket fated to laughter.

But if no one else took them seriously, the two generals at least saw in the circumstances no occasion for smiling. General Frémont promptly accepted his nomination.[2] He said:

> This is not an ordinary election. It is a contest for the right even to have candidates, and not merely, as usual, for the choice among them. . . . The ordinary rights secured under the Constitution and the laws of the country have been violated, and extraordinary powers have been usurped by the Executive. It is directly before the people now to say whether or not the principles established by the Revolution are worth maintaining. . . . To-day we have in the country the abuses of a military dictation without its unity of action and vigor of execution — an Administration marked at home by disregard of constitutional rights, by its violation of personal liberty and the liberty of the press, and, as a crowning shame, by its abandonment of the right of asylum.

The feebleness and want of principle of the Administration, its incapacity and selfishness, were roundly denounced by General Frémont, but he repudiated the cry of the Cleveland convention for confiscating the property of rebels. In conclusion he said:

> If the convention at Baltimore will nominate any man whose past life justifies a well-grounded confidence in his fidelity to our cardinal principles, there is no reason why there should be any division among the really patriotic men of the country. To any such I shall be most happy to give a cordial and active support. . . . But if Mr. Lincoln should be nominated — as I believe it would be fatal to the country to indorse a policy and renew a power which has cost us the lives of thousands of men, and needlessly put the country on the road to bankruptcy — there will remain no other alternative but to organize against him every element of conscientious opposition with the view to prevent the misfortune of his reëlection.

He therefore accepted the nomination, and informed the committee that he had resigned his commission in the army. General Cochrane accepted in briefer and more judicious language, holding the same views as his chief on the subject of confiscation. Later in the summer some of the partisans of Frémont, seeing that there was positively no response in the country to his candidacy, wrote to him suggesting that the candidates nominated at Cleveland and Baltimore should withdraw, and leave the field entirely free for a united effort for "a new convention which should represent the patriotism of all parties." They asked him whether in case Mr. Lincoln would withdraw he would do so.[3] Although the contingency referred to was more than sufficiently remote, General Frémont with unbroken dignity refused to accede to this proposition.

> Having now definitely accepted the Cleveland nomination [he said], I have not the right to act independently of the truly patriotic and earnest party who conferred that honor upon me. . . . It might, beside, have only the effect still further to unsettle the public mind and defeat the object you have in view if we should disorganize before first proceeding to organize something better.[4]

But a month later[5] he seemed to have regarded the public mind as beyond the risk of unsettling, and he then wrote to his committee, withdrawing his name from the list of candidates. He could not, however, withhold a parting demonstration against the President.

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[1] This, it will be remembered, was several years in advance of the famous reference to the Cave of Adullam in the British Parliament.

[2] June 4, 1864. [3] August 20. [4] August 25.
[5] September 21.

> In respect to Mr. Lincoln [he said] I continue to hold exactly the sentiments contained in my letter of acceptance. I consider that his administration has been politically, militarily, and financially a failure, and that its necessary continuance is a cause of regret for the country. There never was a greater unanimity in a country than was exhibited here at the fall of Sumter, and the South was powerless in the face of it; but Mr. Lincoln completely paralyzed this generous feeling. He destroyed the strength of the position and divided the North when he declared to the South that slavery should be protected. He has built up for the South a strength which otherwise they could have never attained, and this has given them an advocate on the Chicago platform.

With a final denunciation of the leading men whose reticence had "established for Mr. Lincoln a character among the people which leaves now no choice," General Frémont at last subsided into silence. General Cochrane on the same day withdrew his name from the Cleveland ticket, which had already passed into swift oblivion. His letter had none of the asperity which characterized that of his chief. He genially attacked the Chicago resolutions, and, while regretting the omissions of the Baltimore platform, he approved it in substance.

> We stand within view [he said] of a rebellion suppressed, within hail of a country reunited and saved. War lifts the curtain and discloses the prospect. War has given to us Atlanta, and war offers to us Richmond. . . . Peace and division, or war and the Union. Other alternative there is none.

Two incidents which occurred in the spring of 1864 caused unusual excitement among both wings of the opposition to Mr. Lincoln. The one was the delivery of Arguelles to the Spanish authorities; the other was the seizure of two New York newspapers for publishing a forged proclamation. It was altogether natural that the pro-slavery Democrats and peace men should have objected to these acts, as one of the injured parties was a slave trader, and the others opponents of the war; but it was not the least of the absurdities of the Cleveland protestants that they also, in their anxiety to find a weapon against the President, at the very moment that they were assailing him for not overriding all law and precedent in obedience to their demand, still belabored him for these instances of energetic action in the very direction in which they demanded that he should proceed.

The case of Arguelles was a perfectly clear one; and if the surrender of a criminal is ever justified as an exercise of international comity in the absence of treaty stipulations, no objections could reasonably be made in this instance. He was a colonel in the Spanish army and lieutenant-governor of the district of Colon in Cuba. He had captured a cargo of African slaves in his official capacity, and had received much credit for his efficiency and a considerable sum of money as his share of the prize. He went to New York immediately afterwards and purchased a Spanish newspaper which was published there; but after his departure from Cuba it was ascertained that in beginning so expensive a business in New York he did not rely exclusively upon the money he had received from the Government, but that in concert with a curate of Colon he had sold one hundred and forty-one of the recaptured Africans, had put the money in his own pocket, and had officially reported them as having died of small-pox. The Cuban Government laid these facts before the State Department at Washington, and represented that the return of this miscreant to Cuba was necessary to secure the liberation of the unfortunate victims of his cruelty and greed. It was impossible to bring the matter before the courts, as no extradition treaty existed at that period between Spain and the United States, and the American authorities could not by any legal procedure take cognizance of the crime. The President and Mr. Seward at once assumed the responsibility of acting in the only way indicated by the laws of common humanity and international courtesy. Arguelles was arrested in New York by the United States marshal, put in charge of a Spanish officer commissioned for the purpose, and by him taken to Havana. The action of the Government was furiously attacked by all the pro-slavery organs. A resolution was introduced by Mr. Johnson in the Senate demanding an explanation of the circumstances.[1] Mr. Seward answered,[2] basing the action of the Government upon the stipulations of the ninth article of the treaty of 1842 with Great Britain, by which the two countries agreed to use all the measures in their power to close the market for slaves throughout the world, and added:

> Although there is a conflict of authorities concerning the expediency of exercising comity towards a foreign government by surrendering, at its request, one of its own subjects charged with the commission of crime within its territory, and although it may be conceded that there is no obligation to make such a surrender upon a demand therefor, unless it is acknowledged by treaty or by statute law, yet a nation is never bound to furnish asylum to dangerous criminals who are offenders against the human race; and it is believed that if in any case the comity could with propriety be practiced, the one which is understood to have called forth the resolution furnished a just occasion for its exercise.

The Captain-General of Cuba, on the arrival of Arguelles, sent his thanks to Mr. Seward[3] for the service which he had rendered to humanity by furnishing the medium through which a great number of human beings will obtain their freedom whom the desertion of the person referred to would have reduced to slavery. His presence alone in this island a very few hours has given liberty to eighty-six.

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[1] "Congressional Globe," May 26, 1864.

[2] May 30, 1864.

[3] McPherson, "History of the Rebellion," p. 355.

The grand jury of New York nevertheless indicted Marshal Murray for the arrest of Arguelles on the charge of kidnapping. The marshal pleaded the orders of the President as the authority for his action, and based upon this a petition that the case be transferred to the United States court; and although the judges before whom he was taken, who happened to be Democrats, denied this petition, the indictment was finally quashed, and the only result of the President's action was the denunciation which he received in the Democratic newspapers, combined with the shrill treble of the clamor from the Cleveland convention.

The momentary suppression of the two New York newspapers, of which mention has been made, was a less defensible act, and arose from an error which was, after all, sufficiently natural on the part of the Secretary of War. On the 19th of May the "Journal of Commerce" and the "World," two newspapers which had especially distinguished themselves by the violence of their opposition to the Administration, published a forged proclamation signed with the President's name calling in terms of exaggerated depression not far from desperation for four hundred thousand troops. It was a scheme devised by two young Bohemians of the press, probably with no other purpose than that of making money by stock-jobbing. In the tremulous state of the public mind which then prevailed, in the midst of the terrible slaughter of Grant's opening campaign, the country was painfully sensitive to such news, and the forged proclamation, telegraphed far and wide, accomplished for the moment the purpose for which it was doubtless intended. It excited everywhere a feeling of consternation; the price of gold rose rapidly during the morning hours, and the Stock Exchange was thrown into violent fever. The details of the mystification were managed with some skill, the paper on which the document was written being that employed by the Associated Press in delivering its news to the journals, and it was left at all the newspaper offices in New York just before the moment of going to press. If all the newspapers had printed it the guiltlessness of each would have been equally evident; but unfortunately for the victims of the trick, the only two papers which published the forgery were those whose previous conduct had rendered them liable to the suspicion of bad faith. The fiery Secretary of War immediately issued orders for the suppression of the "World" and "Journal of Commerce," and the arrest of their editors. The editors were never incarcerated; after a short detention, they were released. The publication of the papers was resumed after two days of interruption. These prompt measures and the announcement of the imposture sent over the country by telegraph soon quieted the excitement, and the quick detection of the guilty persons reduced the incident to its true rank in the annals of vulgar misdemeanors.

But in the memories of the Democrats of New York the incident survived, and was vigorously employed during the summer months as a means of attack upon the Administration. Governor Seymour interested himself in the matter and wrote a long and vehement letter to the district attorney of New York, denouncing the action of the Government. "These things," he said in his exclamatory style, "are more hurtful to the national honor and strength than the loss of battles. The world will confound such acts with the principles of our Government, and the folly and crimes of officials will be looked upon as the natural results of the spirit of our institutions. Our State and local authorities must repel this ruinous inference." He predicted the most dreadful consequences to the city of New York if this were not done. The harbor would be sealed up, the commerce of New York paralyzed, the world would withdraw from the keeping of New York merchants its treasures and its commerce if they did not unite in this demand for the security of persons and of property. In obedience to these frantic orders Mr. Oakey Hall, the district attorney, did his best, and was energetically seconded by Judge Russell, who charged the grand jury that the officers who took possession of these newspaper establishments were "liable as for riot"; but the grand jury, who seem to have kept their heads more successfully than either the governor or the judge, resolved that it was "inexpedient to examine into the subject." The governor could not rest quiet under this contemptuous refusal of the grand jury to do his bidding. He wrote again to the district attorney, saying, "As the grand jury have refused to do their duty, the subject of the seizure of these journals should at once be brought before some proper magistrate." He promised him all the assistance he required in the prosecution of the investigations. Thus egged on by the chief executive of the State, Mr. Hall proceeded to do the work required of him. Upon warrants issued at his instance by City Judge Russell, General Dix and several officers of his staff were arrested.[1] They submitted with perfect courtesy to the behest of the civil authorities, and appeared before Judge Russell to answer for their acts. The judge held them over on their own recognizance to await the action of another grand jury, which, it was hoped, might be more subservient to the wishes of the governor than the last; but no further action was ever taken in the matter.

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[1] July 1.

During the same week which witnessed the radical fiasco at Cleveland, an attempt was made in New York to put General Grant before the country as a Presidential candidate. The committee having the matter in charge made no public avowal of their intentions; they merely called a meeting to express the gratitude of the country to the general for his signal services. They even invited the President to take part in the proceedings, an invitation which he said it was impossible for him to accept.

> I approve [he wrote], nevertheless, whatever may tend to strengthen and sustain General Grant and the noble armies now under his direction. My previous high estimate of General Grant has been maintained and heightened by what has occurred in the remarkable campaign he is now conducting, while the magnitude and difficulty of the task before him do not prove less than I expected. He and his brave soldiers are now in the midst of their great trial, and I trust that at your meeting you will so shape your good words that they may turn to men and guns, moving to his and their support.[1]

With such a gracious approval of the movement, the meeting naturally fell into the hands of the Lincoln men. General Grant, neither at this time nor at any other, gave the least countenance to the efforts which were made to array him in political opposition to the President.

THE RESIGNATION OF MR. CHASE.

After Mr. Chase's withdrawal from his hopeless contest for the Presidency, his sentiments toward Mr. Lincoln, as exhibited in his letters and his diary, took on a tinge of bitterness which gradually increased until their friendly association in the public service became no longer possible. There was something almost comic in the sudden collapse of his candidacy; and the American people, who are quick to detect the ludicrous in any event, could not help smiling when the States of Rhode Island and Ohio ranged themselves among the first on the side of the President. This was intolerable to Mr. Chase, who, with all his great and noble qualities, was deficient in humor. His wounded self-love could find no balm in these circumstances except in the preposterous fiction which he constructed for himself, that through "the systematic operations of the Postmaster-General and those holding office under him a preference for the reëlection of Mr. Lincoln was created." [2] Absurd as this fancy was, he appears firmly to have believed it; and the Blairs, whom he never liked, now appeared to him in the light of powerful enemies. An incident which occurred in Congress in April increased this impression to a degree which was almost maddening to the Secretary. The quarrel between General Frank Blair and the radicals in Missouri had been transferred to Washington; and one of the Missouri members having made charges against him of corrupt operations in trade permits, he demanded an investigation, which resulted, of course, in his complete exoneration from such imputations. It was a striking instance of the bewildering power of factious hatred that such charges should ever have been brought. Any one who knew Blair, however slightly, should have known that personal dishonesty could never have offered him the least temptation. In defending himself on the floor of Congress the natural pugnacity of his disposition led him to what soldiers call an offensive return,— in fact, Frank Blair always preferred to do his fighting within the enemy's lines,— and believing the Secretary of the Treasury to be in sympathy, at least, with the assault which had been made upon his character, he attacked him with equal vigor and injustice by way of retaliation. As we have seen in another chapter, before this investigation was begun the President had promised when Blair should resign his seat in the House to restore him to the command in the Western army which he had relinquished on coming to Washington. Although he greatly disapproved of General Blair's attack upon Mr. Chase, the President did not think that he was justified on this account in breaking his word; and doubtless reasoned that sending Blair back to the army would not only enable him to do good service in the field, but would quiet an element of discord in Congress. The result, however, was most unfortunate in its effect on the feelings of Mr. Chase. He was stung to the bitterest resentment by the attack of Blair; and he held that restoring Blair to his command made the President an accomplice in his offense. From that time he took a continually darkened view both of the President's character and of his chances for reëlection. "No good could come," he said, "of the probable identification of the next Administration with the Blair family." His first thought was to resign his place in the Cabinet; but on consulting his friends and finding them unanimous against such a course, he gave it up.[1] But his letters during this month are full of ill-will to the President. To his niece he wrote: "If Congress gives me the measures I want, and Uncle Abe will stop spending so fast," he, Chase, would bring about resumption within a year. To another, he blamed the President for the slaughter at Fort Pillow.[2] To Governor Buckingham, who had written him a sympathetic note, he said:[3] "My chief concern in the attacks made on me springs from the conviction that the influence of the men who make them must necessarily divide the friends of the Union and freedom, unless the President shall cast it off, of which I have little hope. I am willing to be myself its victim, but grieve to think our country may be also"; and adds this compliment to his correspondent at the expense of his colleagues in the Government: "How strikingly the economy and prudence shown by the narration of your excellent message contrasts with the extravagance and recklessness which mark the disbursement of national treasure." Writing to another friend, he indulges in this lumbering pleasantry: "It seems as if there were no limit to expense. . . The spigot in Uncle Abe's barrel is made twice as big as the bung-hole. He may have been a good flatboatman and rail-splitter, but he certainly never learned the true science of coopering." This was a dark month to him; his only fortress of refuge was his self-esteem: secure in this, he lavished on every side his criticisms and his animadversions upon his associates. "Congress," he said,[4] "is unwilling to take the decisive steps which are indispensable to the highest degree of public credit; and the Executive does not, I fear, sufficiently realize the importance of an energetic and comprehensive policy in all departments of administration." Smarting as he did under the attack of the Blairs, he pretended to treat them with contempt. "Do not trouble yourself about the Blairs," he wrote to an adherent. "Dogs will bark at the moon, but I have never heard that the moon stopped on that account." By constantly dwelling on the imaginary coalition of Lincoln with the Blairs against him, he began at last to take heart again and to think that against adversaries so weak and so wicked there might still be a chance of victory. Only a fortnight before the gathering of the Republican convention at Baltimore he began to look beyond the already certain event of that convention, and to contemplate the possibility of defeating Mr. Lincoln after he should be nominated.

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[1] Lincoln to F. A. Conkling, June 3, 1864.

[2] Chase to General Blunt, May 4, 1864. Warden, "Life of S. P. Chase," p. 583.

> It has become quite apparent now [he said] that the importunity of Mr. Lincoln's special friends for an early convention, in order to make his nomination sure, was a mistake both for him and for the country. The convention will not be regarded as a Union convention, but simply as a Blair-Lincoln convention, by a great body of citizens whose support is essential to success. Few except those already committed to Mr. Lincoln will consider themselves bound by a predetermined nomination. Very many who may ultimately vote for Mr. Lincoln will wait the course of events hoping that some popular movement for Grant, or some other successful general, will offer a better hope of saving the country. Others, and the number seems to be increasing, will not support his nomination in any event; believing that our ill-success thus far in the suppression of the rebellion is due mainly to his course of action and inaction, and that no change can be for the worse. But these are speculations merely from my standpoint.[5]

The Secretary's relations with the President and his colleagues while he was in this frame of mind were naturally subject to much friction, and this frame of mind had lasted with little variation for more than a year. It was impossible to get on with him except by constant agreement to all his demands. He chose in his letters and his diaries to represent himself as the one just and patriotic man in the Government, who was striving with desperate energy, but with little hope, to preserve the Administration from corrupt influences. It cannot be doubted that his motives were pure, his ability and industry unusual, his integrity, of course, beyond question. He held, and justly held, that, being responsible for the proper conduct of affairs in his department, he should not be compelled to make appointments contrary to his convictions of duty. He was unquestionably right in insisting that appointments should be made on public grounds, and that only men of ability and character should be chosen to fill them; but he had an exasperating habit of assuming that nobody agreed with him in this view, and that all differences of opinion in regard to persons necessarily sprung from corrupt or improper motives on the part of those who differed with him. At the slightest word of disagreement he immediately put on his full armor of noble sentiments and phrases, appealed to Heaven for the rectitude of his intentions, and threatened to resign his commission if thwarted in his purpose. When he was not opposed he made his recommendations, as his colleagues did, on grounds of political expediency as well as of personal fitness. One day, for instance, he recommended the appointment of Rheinhold Solger as Assistant Register of the Treasury on the ground that "the German supporters of the Administration have had no considerable appointment in the department." He frequently gave in support of his nominees the recommendation of senators and representatives of the States where the appointments were to be made. But he always sturdily resented any suggestions from the President that an appointment proposed by him would have a bad effect politically. He had the faculty of making himself believe that his obstinacy in such matters arose purely from devotion to principle. He would not only weary the President with unending oral discussions, but, returning to the department, would write him letters filled with high and irrelevant morality, and at evening would enter in his diary meditations upon his own purity and the perversity of those he chose to call his enemies. It would hardly be wise for the ablest man of affairs to assume such an attitude. To justify it at all one should be infallible in his judgment of men. With the Secretary of the Treasury this was far from being the case. He was not a good judge of character; he gave his confidence freely to any one who came flattering him and criticizing the President, and after having given it, it was almost impossible to make him believe that the man who talked so judiciously could be a knave. His chosen biographer, Judge Warden, says: "He was indeed sought less by strong men and by good men than by weak men and by bad men."[1] A much better authority, Mr. Whitelaw Reid, while giving him unmeasured praise for other qualities calls him "profoundly ignorant of men," and says, "The baldest charlatan might deceive him into trusting his personal worth."[2]

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[1] Chase to Jay Cooke, May 5, 1864. Warden, "Life of S. P. Chase," p. 584.

[2] Chase to D. T. Smith, May 9, 1864. Warden, "Life of S. P. Chase," p. 587.

[3] May 9, 1864. Ibid.

[4] Chase to Hamilton, May 15, 1864. Ibid., p. 590.

[5] Chase to Brough, May 19, 1864. Warden, "Life of S. P. Chase," p. 593.

Early in the year 1864 the Federal appointments in New York City began to be the subject of frequent conversation between the President and the Secretary of the Treasury. So many complaints of irregularity and inefficiency in the conduct of affairs in the New York custom house had reached Mr. Lincoln that he began to think a change in the officers there would be of advantage to the public service. Every suggestion of this sort, however, was met by Mr. Chase with passionate opposition. Mr. Lincoln had not lost confidence in the integrity or the high character of Mr. Barney, the collector of customs; he was even willing to give him an important appointment abroad in testimony of his continued esteem; but he was not satisfied with what he heard of the conduct of his office. Several of his subordinates had been detected in improper and corrupt practices, and after being defended by Mr. Chase until defense was impossible, they had been dismissed, and in some cases punished. In the month of February, while the conduct of the custom house was under investigation in Congress, a special agent of the Treasury Department named Joshua F. Bailey came to Washington, having been summoned as a witness to testify before the committee of the House of Representatives in charge of the matter. He called on the chairman in advance, and endeavored to smother the investigation by saying, among other things, that, whatever might be developed, the President would in no case take any action. The chairman of the committee reported this impudent statement to the President, who at once communicated the fact to the Secretary of the Treasury, saying, "The public interest cannot fail to suffer in the hands of this irresponsible and unscrupulous man"; and he proposed at the same time to send Mr. Barney as minister to Portugal.[3] Mr. Chase defended Bailey, and resisted with such energy the displacement of Mr. Barney that midsummer came with matters in the custom house unchanged. Mr. Chase, in his diary, gives a full account of a conversation between himself and the President[4] in regard to this matter, in which the Secretary reiterates his assurances of confidence in the conduct of the custom house, and gives especially warm expression to his regard for Bailey, meeting the positive assertion of the chairman of the committee of the House of Representatives by saying, "I think Mr. Bailey is not the fool to have made such a suggestion." So long as he remained in office he gave this blind confidence to Bailey, who finally showed how ill he deserved it by the embezzlement of a large sum of public money, and by his flight in ruin and disgrace from the country.

In February, 1863, the Senate rejected the nomination of Mr. Mark Howard as collector of internal revenue for the district of Connecticut. Mr. Chase, hearing that this rejection was made at the instance of Senator Dixon, immediately wrote a letter demanding the renomination of Howard; or, if the President should not agree with him in this, of some one not recommended by Senator Dixon. A few days later the President wrote to Mr. Chase that after much reflection and with a great deal of pain that it was adverse to his wish, he had concluded that it was not best to renominate Mr. Howard. He recognized the constitutional right of the Senate to reject his nominations without being called to account; and to take the ground in advance that he would nominate no one for the vacant place who was favored by a senator so eminent in character and ability as Mr. Dixon seemed to him preposterous. The only person from Connecticut recommended for the vacancy was Mr. Goodman, in favor of whom Senator Dixon and Mr. Loomis, the Representative in the House, cordially united. The President therefore asked Mr. Chase to send him a nomination for Goodman.[1] Immediately on the receipt of this letter Mr. Chase wrote out his resignation as Secretary of the Treasury in these words:

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[1] Warden, "Life of S. P. Chase," p. 530.

[2] Reid, "Ohio in the War," Vol. I., p. 18.

[3] Lincoln to Chase, Feb. 12, 1864.

[4] June 6.

> Finding myself unable to approve the manner in which selections for appointment to important trusts in this department have been recently made, and being unwilling to remain responsible for its administration, under existing circumstances, I respectfully resign the office of Secretary of the Treasury.[2]

This letter, however, never reached the President, as Senator Dixon came in before it was dispatched and discussed the matter in a spirit so entirely different from that of the Secretary that no quarrel was possible with him; and after he left, Mr. Chase wrote a letter to the President, in which he said:

> I do not insist on the renomination of Mr. Howard; and Mr. Dixon and Mr. Loomis, as I understand, do not claim the nomination of his successor. . . . My only object—and I think you so understand it—is to secure fit men for responsible places, without admitting the rights of senators or representatives to control appointments, for which the President, and the Secretary, as his presumed adviser, must be responsible. Unless this principle can be practically established, I feel that I cannot be useful to you or the country in my present position.[3]

It is possible that the Secretary may have thought that this implied threat to resign brought both the President and the senator to reason, for the matter ended at this time by their allowing him to have absolutely his own way. Mr. Dixon wrote to the President,[4] saying that he "preferred to leave the whole matter to the Secretary of the Treasury, believing his choice would be such as to advance the interests of the country and the Administration"; and the President, who heartily detested these squabbles over office, was glad of this arrangement. There was not a shade of difference between him and Mr. Chase as to the duty of the Administration to appoint only fit men to office, but the President always preferred to effect this object without needlessly offending the men upon whom the Government depended for its support in the war.

A few months later Mr. Lincoln was subjected to great trouble and inconvenience by the constant complaints which came to him by every mail from Puget Sound against the collector for that district, one Victor Smith, from Ohio, a friend and appointee of Mr. Chase. This Smith is described by Schuckers[5] as

> a man not very likely to become popular on the Pacific coast—or anywhere else. He believed in spirit rappings and was an avowed abolitionist; he whined a great deal about "progress"; was somewhat arrogant in manner and intolerant in speech, and speedily made himself thoroughly unpopular in his office.

No attention was paid by the Secretary to these complaints, which were from time to time referred to him by the President; but at last the clamor by letter and by deputations from across the continent became intolerable, and the President, during a somewhat protracted absence of the Secretary from Washington, ordered a change to be made in the office. In a private note to Mr. Chase, wishing to avoid giving him personal offense, he said:

> My mind is made up to remove Victor Smith as collector of the customs at the Puget Sound district. Yet in doing this I do not decide that the charges against him are true. I only decide that the degree of dissatisfaction with him there is too great for him to be retained. But I believe he is your personal acquaintance and friend, and if you desire it, I will try to find some other place for him.[6]

Three days later the Secretary, having returned to Washington, answered in his usual manner, protesting once more his ardent desire to serve the country faithfully, and claiming that he had a right to be consulted in matters of appointment. He sent a blank commission for the person whom the President had concluded to appoint, but protested against the precedent, and tendered his resignation. This time again the President gave way. He drove to the Secretary's house, handed his petulant letter back to him, and begged him to think no more of the matter.[7] Two days afterward, in a letter assenting to other recommendations for office which had come to him from the Treasury Department, he said, "Please send me over the commission for Louis C. Gunn, as you recommend, for collector of customs at Puget Sound."[8]

Any statesman possessing a sense of humor would have hesitated before repeating this identical proceeding; but, as we have said, Mr. Chase was deficient in this saving sense, and he apparently saw no reason why it should not be repeated indefinitely.

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[1] March 2, 1863. Warden, "Life of S. P. Chase," p. 524.

[2] Ibid., pp. 524, 525.

[3] March 3, 1863. Warden, "Life of S. P. Chase," p. 525.

[4] Dixon to Lincoln, March 5, 1863. MS.

[5] Mr. Schuckers was private secretary to Mr. Chase and author of a biography of him, q. v., p. 423.

[6] Lincoln to Chase, May 8, 1863; MS. Warden, "Life of S. P. Chase," p. 527.

[7] Mr. Maunsell B. Field, in his "Memories of Many Men and Some Women," p. 303, quotes Mr. Lincoln as saying: "I went directly up to him with the resignation in my hand, and, putting my arm around his neck, said to him, 'Chase, here is a paper with which I wish to have nothing to do; take it back and be reasonable.' It was difficult to bring him to terms. I had to plead with him a long time; but I finally succeeded, and heard nothing more of that resignation."

[8] Warden, "Life of S. P. Chase," p. 528.

Mr. John J. Cisco, the assistant treasurer at New York, who had served the Government with remarkable ability and efficiency through three administrations, resigned his commission in May, to take effect at the close of the fiscal year, the 30th of June, 1864. It was a post of great importance in a financial point of view, and not insignificant in the way of political influence. Up to this time, Mr. Chase had made all the important appointments in New York from his own wing of the supporters of the Union—the men who had formerly been connected with the Democratic party, and who now belonged to what was called the radical wing of the Republican. This matter was the source of constant complaint from those who were sometimes called the Conservative Republicans of New York, or those who had in great part formerly belonged to the Whig party, and who in later years acknowledged the leadership of Mr. Seward. The President was anxious that in an appointment so important as that which was now about to be made both sections of the party in New York should, if possible, be satisfied; and especially that no nominations should be made which should be positively objectionable to Senator Morgan, who was considered to represent more especially the city of New York and its great commercial interests. To this Mr. Chase at first interposed no objection; and it was upon full and friendly consultation and conference between him and Senator Morgan that the appointment was offered successively to Mr. Denning Duer and to Mr. John A. Stewart, both of them gentlemen of the highest standing. But both declined the office tendered them; upon which Mr. Chase suddenly resolved to appoint Mr. Maunsell B. Field, who was at that time an assistant secretary of the Treasury. Mr. Field was a gentleman of excellent social position, of fine literary culture, to whom the Secretary was sincerely attached, but who was entirely destitute of such standing in either the political or the financial circles of New York as was required by so important a place. Senator Morgan at once protested vigorously against such an appointment, which only served to confirm the Secretary in his insistence upon it. Besides his objections to Mr. Field, whom he thought in no way competent to hold such a place, Mr. Morgan urged that the political result of his appointment would be extremely unfavorable to the Union party in New York. He became thoroughly alarmed, and begged the Secretary and the President successively to make their choice among three of the most eminent citizens of New York whose names he presented; but the Secretary's mind was made up. Without further consultation with the President, he sent him the nomination for Mr. Field on the 27th of June. The next day the President replied:

> I cannot, without much embarrassment, make this appointment; principally, because of Senator Morgan's very firm opposition to it. Senator Harris has not yet spoken to me on the subject, though I understand he is not averse to the appointment of Mr. Field, nor yet to any one of the three named by Senator Morgan. . . . Governor Morgan tells me he has mentioned three names to you, to wit: R. M. Blatchford, Dudley S. Gregory, and Thomas Hillhouse. It will really oblige me if you will make choice among those three, or any other man that Senators Morgan and Harris will be satisfied with, and send me a nomination for him.[1]

There have been few ministers who would have refused so reasonable and considerate a request as this, but it did not for a moment shake Mr. Chase's determination to have his own way in the matter. He sent a note to the President asking for an interview, and telegraphed to Mr. Cisco,[2] begging him most earnestly to withdraw his resignation and give the country the benefit of his services at least one quarter longer. He was determined, in one way or another, that neither the President nor the senators of New York should have anything to say in regard to this appointment; and conscious of his own blamelessness in all the controversy, he went home and wrote in his diary: "Oh, for more faith and clearer sight! How stable is the city of God! How disordered is the city of man!" Later in the day the President wrote him:

> When I received your note this forenoon suggesting a conversation—a verbal conversation—in relation to the appointment of a successor to Mr. Cisco, I hesitated, because the difference does not, in the main part, lie within the range of a conversation between you and me. As the proverb goes, no man knows so well where the shoe pinches as he who wears it. I do not think Mr. Field a very proper man for the place, but I would trust your judgment and forego this were the greater difficulty out of the way. Much as I personally like Mr. Barney, it has been a great burden to me to retain him in his place when nearly all our friends in New York were directly or indirectly urging his removal. Then the appointment of Hogeboom to be general appraiser brought me to, and has ever since kept me at, the verge of open revolt. Now the appointment of Mr. Field would precipitate it, unless Senator Morgan, and those feeling as he does, could be brought to concur in it. Strained as I

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[1] Lincoln to Chase, June 28, 1864. Warden, "Life of S. P. Chase," p. 611.

[2] Schuckers, "Life of S. P. Chase," p. 506.

> already am at this point, I do not think that I can make this appointment in the direction of still greater strain.[1]

In the evening the extremely tense situation was relieved by a telegram from Mr. Cisco complying with the request of the Secretary to remain another quarter. But it was not in the nature of Mr. Chase to accept this simple dénouement. He felt that the President had acted badly, and must be subjected to some discipline; and he naturally resorted to those measures which had hitherto proved so effective. He wrote to him:

> The withdrawal of Mr. Cisco's resignation, which I inclose, relieves the present difficulty; but I cannot help feeling that my position here is not altogether agreeable to you, and it is certainly too full of embarrassment and difficulty and painful responsibility to allow in me the least desire to retain it. I think it my duty, therefore, to inclose to you my resignation. I shall regard it as a real relief if you think proper to accept it, and will most cheerfully render to my successor any aid he may find useful in entering upon his duties.[2]

In this letter Mr. Chase inclosed his formal resignation. The President received this note while very much occupied with other affairs. The first paper which met his eye was the telegram from Mr. Cisco withdrawing his resignation. Glad that the affair was so happily terminated, he laid the packet aside for some hours, without looking at the other papers contained in it. The next morning, wishing to write a congratulatory note to Mr. Chase upon this welcome termination of the crisis, he found, to his bitter chagrin and disappointment, that the Secretary had once more tendered his resignation. He took it to mean precisely what the Secretary had intended—that if he were to retain Mr. Chase as Secretary of the Treasury, it should not be hereafter as a subordinate; to refuse this resignation, to go once more to the Secretary and urge him to remain, would amount to an abdication of his constitutional powers. He therefore, without hesitation, sent him this letter:

> Your resignation of the office of Secretary of the Treasury, sent me yesterday, is accepted. Of all I have said in commendation of your ability and fidelity I have nothing to unsay, and yet you and I have reached a point of mutual embarrassment in our official relations which it seems cannot be overcome or longer sustained consistently with the public service.[3]

At the same time he sent to the Senate the nomination of David Tod of Ohio as Secretary of the Treasury. Most people have chosen to consider this a singular selection. Yet David Tod was by no means an unknown man. He had gained an honorable position at the bar; had been the Democratic candidate for governor in 1843; had served with credit as minister to Brazil; was first vice-president of the Charleston convention and became its president at Baltimore on the secession of Caleb Cushing; was one of the most prominent men in Ohio in railroad and mining enterprises; had been the most eminent and efficient of the war Democrats of the State; and as governor had shown executive capacity of high order.[4] There were some superficial points of resemblance between Mr. Chase and Governor Tod that doubtless caught the attention of the President in choosing a successor to the former in such haste. Tod was a citizen of the same State with Chase, of which both had been governor; he had come into the Union party from the Democrats; he was a man of unusually dignified and impressive presence; but it is safe to say that no one had ever thought of him for the place now vacant. The nomination was presented to the Senate at its opening and was received with amazement. Not the least surprised of the statesmen in the Capitol was Mr. Chase himself, who was busy at the moment in one of the committee rooms of the Senate arranging some legislation which he needed for his department. There are many indications which go to show that his resignation of the evening before was intended, like those which had preceded it, as a means of discipline for the President. After sending it he wrote to Mr. Cisco expressing his thanks for the withdrawal of his resignation, and saying:

> It relieves me from a very painful embarrassment. . . . I could not remain here and see your office made parcel of the machinery of party, or even feel serious apprehension that it might be.

Even on the morning of the 30th of June, Mr. Chase wrote to the President recommending a considerable increase of taxation, saying that there would be a deficit by existing laws of about eighty millions.

On the other hand, there is nothing to show, up to the instant that he was informed of the nomination of Tod, that he expected his official career to end on that day. The news for that moment created something like consternation in political circles at the capital. Mr. Washburne hurried to the White House, saying the change was disastrous; that at this time of military unsuccess, financial weakness, congressional hesitation on questions of conscription, and imminent famine in the West, it was ruinous. The Senate Committee on Finance, to which the nomination of Tod had been referred, came down in a body to talk with the President about it. The President gave this account of the interview: "Fessenden was frightened, Conness was angry, Sherman thought we could not have gotten on together much longer anyhow, Cowan and Van Winkle were indifferent."[1] They not only objected to any change, but specially protested against the nomination of Tod as too little known and too inexperienced for the place. The President replied that he had little personal acquaintance with Tod, that he had nominated him on account of the high opinion he had formed of him as governor of Ohio; but that the Senate had the duty and responsibility of passing upon the question of fitness, in which it must be entirely untrammeled; he could not, in justice to himself or to Tod, withdraw the nomination. The impression of the undesirability of the change rather deepened during the day. Mr. Hooper of Massachusetts, an intimate friend of both the President and Mr. Chase, and the man upon whom both principally relied for the conduct of financial legislation in the House, spoke of the crisis in deep depression. He said he had been for some time of the opinion that Mr. Chase did not see his way entirely clear to raising the funds which were necessary; that his supplementary demand for money sent in at the close of the session after everything had been granted which he asked, looked like an intention to throw an anchor to windward in case he was refused. Mr. Hooper said he had waked this morning feeling a little vexed that Chase had done this, that he thought it was an attempt to throw an unfair responsibility upon Congress; but now this resignation came to relieve him of all responsibility; his successor would have an enormous work to do; the future was troubled; there remained the great practical problem, regularly recurring, to raise one hundred millions a month.

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[1] Lincoln to Chase, June 28, 1864. Warden, "Life of S. P. Chase," p. 613.

[2] Chase to Lincoln, June 29, 1864.

[3] Lincoln to Chase, June 30, 1864. Warden, "Life of S. P. Chase," p. 614.

[4] Reid, "Ohio in the War."

> I do not clearly see [he said] how it is to be done; the talent of finance in its national aspect is something entirely different from banking. Most bankers criticize Mr. Chase, but he has a faculty of using the knowledge and experience of others to the best advantage; that has sufficed him hitherto; a point has been reached where he does not clearly see what comes next, and at this point the President allows him to step from under his load.[1]

This view of the case has a color of confirmation in a passage of the diary of Mr. Chase of the 30th of June, which goes to show at least a mixed motive in his resignation. After his resignation had been accepted, Mr. Hooper had called upon him and, evidently hoping that some reconciliation was still possible, told him that, several days before, the President had spoken to him in terms of high esteem, indicating his purpose of making him Chief-Justice in the event of a vacancy, a post which Mr. Chase had long before told the President was the one he most desired. Mr. Chase answered that had such expression of good-will reached him in time it might have prevented the present misunderstanding, but that now he could not change his position. "Besides," he adds, "I did not see how I could carry on the department without more means than Congress was likely to supply, and amid the embarrassment created by factious hostility within, and both factious and party hostility without the department."[2]

At night the President received a dispatch from Mr. Tod declining the appointment on the ground of ill-health. The President's secretary went immediately to the Capitol to communicate this information to the senators, so that no vote might be taken on the nomination. Early the next morning the President sent to the Senate the nomination of William Pitt Fessenden, senator from Maine. When he gave the nomination to his secretary, the latter informed him that Mr. Fessenden was then in the ante-room waiting to see him. He answered, "Start at once for the Senate, and then let Fessenden come in." The senator, who was chairman of the Senate Committee on Finance, began immediately to discuss the question of the vacant place in the Treasury, suggesting the name of Mr. McCulloch. The President listened to him for a moment with a smile of amusement, and then told him that he had already sent *his* nomination to the Senate. Fessenden leaped to his feet, exclaiming, "You must withdraw it. I cannot accept." "If you decline," said the President, "you must do it in open day, for I shall not recall the nomination." "We talked about it for some time," said the President, "and he went away less decided in his refusal."

The nomination was instantly confirmed, the executive session lasting no more than a minute. It gave immediate and widespread satisfaction. There seemed to be no difference of opinion in regard to Mr. Fessenden; the only fear was that he would not accept. His first impulse was to decline; but being besieged all day by the flattering solicitations of his friends, it was impossible for him to persist in refusing. The President was equally surprised and gratified at the enthusiastic and general approval the nomination had met with. He said:[1]

> It is very singular, considering that this appointment is so popular when made, that no one ever

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[1] J. H., Diary.

[2] Chase, Diary. Warden, "Life of S. P. Chase," p. 618.

WILLIAM PITT FESSENDEN.
(AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.)

> mentioned his name to me for that place. Thinking over the matter, two or three points occurred to me: first, his thorough acquaintance with the business; as chairman of the Senate Committee of Finance he knows as much of this special subject as Mr. Chase; he possesses a national reputation and the confidence of the country; he is a radical without the petulant and vicious fretfulness of many radicals. There are reasons why this appointment ought to be very agreeable to him. For some time past he has been running in rather a pocket of bad luck; the failure to renominate Mr. Hamlin makes possible a contest between him and the Vice-President, the most popular man in Maine, for the election which is now imminent. A little while ago in the Senate you know Trumbull told him his ill-temper had left him no friends, but this sudden and most gratifying manifestation of good feeling over his appointment, his instantaneous confirmation, the earnest entreaties of everybody that he should accept, cannot but be very grateful to his feelings.

Mr. Chase left a full record in his diaries and letters of the sense of injury and wrong done him by the President. He especially resented the President's reference to the "embarrassment in our official relations." "I had found a good deal of embarrassment from him," he said; "but what he had found from me I could not imagine, unless it has been caused by my unwillingness to have offices distributed as spoils or benefits. . . . He has never given me the active and earnest support I was entitled to." After Mr. Fessenden was appointed, the ex-Secretary entered in his diary his approval of the selection:

> He has the confidence of the country, and many who have become inimical to me will give their confidence to him and their support. Perhaps they will do more than they otherwise would to sustain him, in order to show how much better a Secretary he is than I was.

Before Mr. Fessenden accepted his appointment he called on Mr. Chase and conversed fully with him on the subject. Mr. Chase frankly and cordially advised him to accept, telling him that all the great work of the Department was now fairly blocked out and in progress, that the organization was all planned and in many ways complete, and all in a state which admitted of completion. His most difficult task would be to provide money. "But he would have advantages," said Mr. Chase, "which I had not. Those to whom I had given offense would have no cause of ill-will against my successor, and would very probably come to his support with zeal increased by their ill-will to me; so that my damage would be to his advantage, especially with a certain class of capitalists and bankers."

The entries in Mr. Chase's diary continue for several days in the same strain. He congratulates himself on his own integrity; he speaks with severity of the machinations of imaginary enemies. On the 2d of July he remarks the passage of the bill giving the Secretary of the Treasury control over trade in the rebel States and authority to lease abandoned property and to care for the freedmen, and adds: "How much good I expected to accomplish under this bill! Will my successor do this work? I fear not. He had not the same heart for this measure that I had." On the Fourth of July the ringing of bells, the firing of cannon, and the snapping of crackers awoke him to the reflection that "if the Government had been willing to do justice, and had used its vast powers with equal energy and wisdom, the struggle might have been happily terminated long ago." Later in the same day Mr. Fessenden came to see him, and informed him that he had been discussing with the President the subject of appointments in the Treasury Department, and that Mr. Lincoln had requested him not to remove any friends of Governor Chase unless there should be a real necessity for it. Mr. Chase persuaded himself that if the President had spoken to him in that tone he would have withdrawn his resignation.

> Why did he not? [he mused.] I can see but one reason—that I am too earnest, too antislavery, and say too radical, to make him willing to have me connected with the Administration: just as my opinion that he is not earnest enough, not antislavery enough, not radical enough, but goes naturally with those hostile to me, rather than with me, makes me willing and glad to be disconnected from it.

How far his animosity against the President had misled this able, honest, pure, and otherwise sagacious man may be seen in one single phrase. Referring to the President's refusal to sign the reconstruction bill, he put down his deliberate opinion that neither the President nor his chief advisers had abandoned the idea of possible reconstruction with slavery; and this in spite of the President's categorical statement, "While I remain in my present position I shall not attempt to retract or modify the Emancipation Proclamation, nor shall I return to slavery any person who is free by the terms of that proclamation or by any of the acts of Congress," and of his declaration that such action would be "a cruel and an astounding breach of faith." But after all these expressions of that petulant injustice which was only a foible in a noble character, the greatest financial Secretary which the country had known since Hamilton had a perfect right, in laying down the high office he had borne with such integrity and such signal success, to indulge in the meditation which we find in his diary of June 30:

> So my official life closes. I have laid broad foundations. Nothing but wise legislation and especially bold yet judicious provision of taxes, with fair economy in administration, and energetic yet prudent military action, . . . seems necessary to insure complete success.

THE WATER-SEEKER.

WHO makes a road through regions rough and lone,
Who plants and rears a tree where shade is none,
Who scores the furrow in a soil untamed,
Is fit in song heroic to be named.

Nor scanter praise be his whose patient force
Gives to an arid land a water-course,
Gradual, but grateful as the jet that broke
From forth the ledge that felt the prophet's stroke.

Behold a toiler in far Idaho,
'Mid foothills where, in summer's steady glow,
The slender-shafted cottonwood looks dim,
The swarthy dust-cloud veils the horizon's rim.

As day by day his toil the stream extends,
Sometimes the grasses harsh a footfall bends—
His wife and child, the genii of the stream,
Before him rise as in a lovely dream!

Edith M. Thomas.

THE IRRIGATING DITCH.

PICTURES OF THE FAR WEST.—VII.

THE word "desert" is used, in the West, to describe alike lands in which the principle of life, if it ever existed, is totally extinct, and those other lands which are merely "thirsty."

West of the Missouri there are immense, sad provinces devoted to drought. They lie beneath skies that are pitilessly clear. The great snow-fields, the treasury of waters, are far away, and the streams which should convey the treasure are often many days' journeys apart. These wild water-courses are Nature's commissaries sent from the mountains to the relief of the plains; but they scamper like pickpockets. They make away with the stores they were charged to distribute. They hurry along, making the only sound to be heard for miles in those vacant lands which they have defrauded. Year by year, or century by century, they plow out their barren channels: gradually they sink, beyond any possibility of fulfilling their mission. Now and then one will dig for itself a grave in the desert, bury its mouth in the sand, and be known as a "lost" river.

Meantime the long-repressed soil vents itself in extravagant, contorted growths of sage-brush. Where the sage grows rank and covers the ground like a dwarfed forest the settler chooses his location. But the prospector usually comes before the settler; he takes the greater risks which go with the higher chances. He has found, or fought, his way into the mountains, whence rumors of rich strikes quickly breed the mining fever. Hard upon the news of the first "boom" comes the settler, sure of his market. He ventures into the nearest valley, taps the runaway river, makes a hole in its pocket, and a little of the wrested treasure leaks out and fertilizes his wild acres. The new crops are miracles of abundance: mining-camp markets, while they last, are the romance of farming; very soon the primitive irrigator can afford to enlarge his ditches and improve his "system." New locators crowd into the narrow valley; the ranches lock fences side by side. Small ventures in stock are cast, like bread upon the waters, far forth into the hills, which are the granaries of the arid belt.

The river and its green dependencies strike a new and shriller color-note, which quavers through the dun landscape like the note of a willow-whistle on warm spring days — clear, sweet, but languid with the oppression of the bare, unshaded fields around. It is the human note, familiar in its crudeness, but dearly welcome to the traveler after days of nothing but sky and sage-brush, sun and silence.

The new settlement is but an outpost of the frontier: if the mines hold out, if the railroads presently remember that it is there, its young fields need not wither nor its ditches be choked with dust. Twenty years, if it should survive, will have brought it beauty as well as comfort and security. The older ranches will show signs of prosperous tenantage in their tree-defended barns and long lines of ditches, dividing, with a still sheen, the varied greens of the springing crops. Each freshly plowed field that encroaches upon the aboriginal sage-brush is a new stitch taken in the pattern of civilization which runs, a slender, bright border, along the skirt of the desert's dusty garment.

Faces, too, will soften, and forms grow more lovely as the conditions of life improve. The men and women who took the brunt of the siege and capture of those first square miles of desert will carry in their countenances something of the record of that achievement. The second generation may seek to forget that its fathers and mothers "walked in" behind a plains' wagon; but in the third, the story will be proudly revived, with all the honors of tradition; and in the fourth generation from the sage-brush the ancestral irrigator will be no less a personage, in the eyes of his descendants, than the Pilgrim Father, the Dutch Patroon, or the Virginia Cavalier.

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AN AMERICAN AMATEUR ASTRONOMER.[1]

FOR years Mr. S. W. Burnham occupied a seat alongside Judge Drummond of the United States Circuit Court in Chicago as stenographer, or shorthand reporter, to the court.

"What!" exclaimed the United States district attorney who practiced daily in Judge Drummond's court, "our Burnham the Chicago astronomer! Why, I have known him for these twelve years past, and knew there was a noted astronomer in the city by the name of Burnham, but never suspected our quiet, modest friend was the man. Why, I have never heard him utter a word about astronomy."

"Very likely," replied his friend, "and if you had known him for a hundred years it might have been the same; for, except to intimate friends and men of similar tastes, he never alludes to his scientific investigations."

It is of this amateur astronomer, whose name is better known in St. Petersburg, London, Berlin, Paris, and Rome than in the city in which he has spent the best twenty years of his life, that I now wish to write.

Sherburne Wesley Burnham was born about

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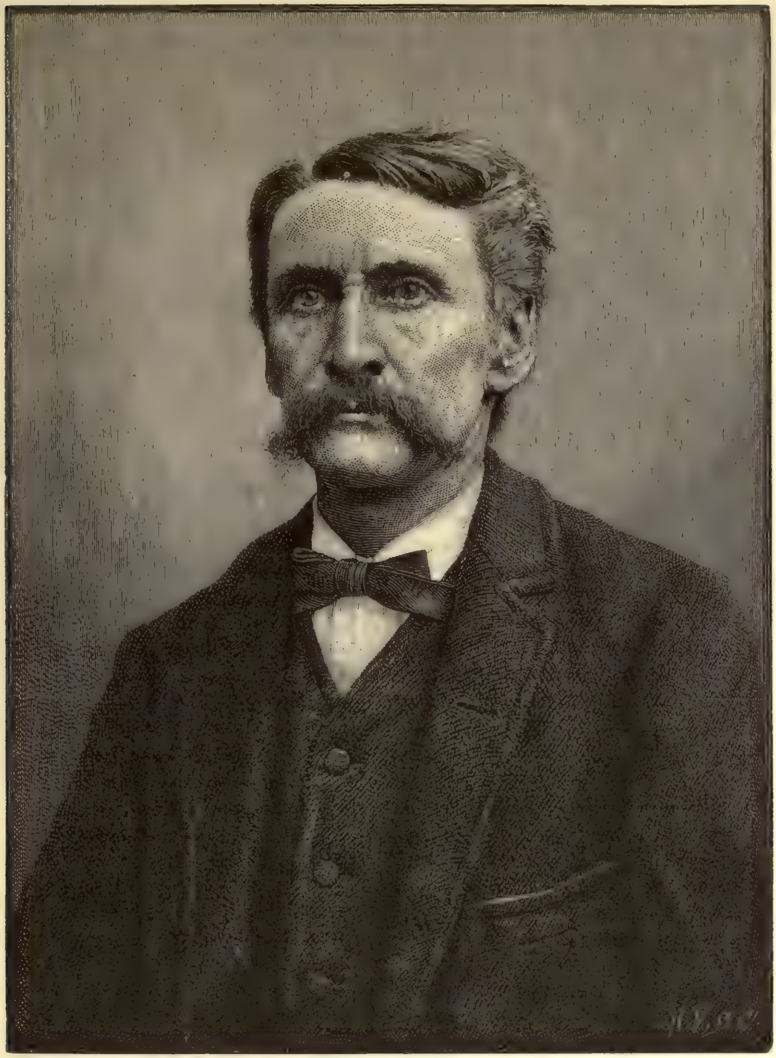
[1] We make the following extract from the letter of a correspondent at Chicago: "Mr. S. W. Burnham is now chief assistant of Professor Edward S. Holden, Director of the Lick Observatory in California. For several years Mr. Burnham has been perfecting himself in the art of photography with the purpose of applying it to astronomical observations, and in this work he has been very successful. Astronomical photography of late years has come to be regarded as one of the most interesting departments of the science, and the great equatorial of the Lick Observatory has been fitted up with every needed photographic appliance."

Mr. Burnham has therefore been keeping up his scientific studies since this article was written in 1884.— EDITOR.



SHERBURNE WESLEY BURNHAM. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY GENTILE & CO.)

the year 1840 at Thetford, Vermont, and at the Thetford Academy, then and, for aught I know to the contrary, still noted for its educational excellences, he received a good English education. As to his youthful predilections and pursuits, we only know that they were not especially in the direction of scientific subjects. Indeed, it was not until he had grown up and adopted stenography as a profession that Mr. Burnham had his attention directed to astronomy, and in a way sufficiently curious to warrant recital. During the late civil war Mr. Burnham was stationed with the army in New Orleans, holding the position of shorthand reporter at headquarters. One afternoon as he was strolling along the street his eye was attracted by the notice of a book auction. He entered as the auctioneer was crying Burritt's "Geography of the Heavens" — the well-known work by a brother of the more famous Elihu Burritt. The subject was one in which Mr. Burnham had at that time no special interest, but he bid for the book, which was knocked down to him. On examining it he found it contained charts of the sidereal heavens. In these he soon became interested, and took advantage of the first clear night to study the heavens for himself, and to trace out the various constellations and principal stars described on Mr. Burritt's charts. Further study of the work served to deepen his interest, and he bought a small, cheap telescope. This after some time, and before leaving New Orleans, he exchanged for a better instrument, which he took with him to Chicago, somewhere about the year 1866. He also became interested in microscopy, and carried on his study of both subjects simultaneously. Up to this time he had not read much about astronomy, and it was the coming into possession of the Rev. T. W. Webb's "Celestial Objects for Common Telescopes" that determined his future line of study and caused him to devote his entire energies to astronomical investigations during his leisure hours. Meanwhile he kept on reading the best books on physical and mathematical astronomy, and mastered the general features and principles of the science.

Engaged in these quiet studies and in his shorthand reporting, nothing important occurred until Messrs. Alvan Clark & Sons of Cambridge, Massachusetts, the most famous telescope makers in the world, went to Chicago to set up the great telescope in the Dearborn Observatory in the University of Chicago, of which instrument the Chicago Astronomical Society came into possession, and in this way: At the time of the organization of that society, in 1862, the Clarks had in their possession an object glass of 18½ inches, which they had made for the University of Mississippi, and which had been left on their hands in consequence of the breaking out of the war of the Rebellion. Steps were at once taken to secure what was then the largest, as it now is the sixth or seventh largest, object glass in the world. Negotiations for its purchase were pending with other parties, but by the prompt and decisive action of the Hon. Thomas Hoyne of Chicago the glass was secured and a contract made for a complete mounting at a cost of $18,000. This sum was raised by subscription, the subscribers thereby becoming members of the Astronomical Society. A massive tower, about ninety feet high and attached to the building of the university, was erected and the instrument put in position early in 1864. The tower alone cost $30,000, the entire expense of which was defrayed by one Chicago citizen, the Hon. J. Young Scammon, who has been president of the Astronomical Society of that city since its organization.

The setting up of this telescope in his immediate neighborhood suggested to Mr. Burnham the advisability of getting a larger one for himself. Accordingly when the Clarks were in Chicago on their way home from making observations of the total eclipse of the sun the path of which passed through Iowa and southern Illinois in January, 1869, he sought and made their acquaintance. It was in the Dearborn Observatory that they met, and after some conversation he asked them for what they would make him a telescope with six-inch object glass as good as could be made. The reply was $800. "Well," said Mr. Burnham, "I think I shall order one," which he did by mail a short time later, telling them to "go ahead, but to take all the time necessary to turn out their very best work."

And so they went ahead, taking the time they needed. The result was that our amateur astronomer became the happy possessor of the new instrument, which proved to be one of the finest the Clarks had ever made. But the problem still remained of having his telescope permanently mounted. In this—for he liked to do things as simply and cheaply as possible—he had recourse to mother wit. Procuring a large piece of timber he sunk it deep in the ground in the back yard of his little house on Vincennes Avenue, near Ellis Park, and about two blocks from the Dearborn Observatory. Around this timber he built what his friends used laughingly to call a "cheese-box," on the top of which he placed a dome that could be turned around easily at will. Most of the work he did with his own hands; and it was with this little telescope, thus rudely mounted, that the modest, quiet shorthand reporter made his first important discoveries of double stars—discoveries which a few years later attracted the attention and commanded the admiration of the leading scientific men in Europe.

All this time he went on with his regular work, was at his place in court every day, working the usual business hours. In the evening he went into his "cheese-box" and studied the heavens till daylight drove him to his bed. No wonder that when a visitor, perhaps from Europe, went in search of this sleepless, sharp-sighted astronomer to pay his respects and make a visit to his observatory he was told by the street children that Mr. Burnham was a "queer man, who lived nights in that cheese-box." His neighbors generally knew but little about him, and did not know what to make of the odd-looking structure in his back yard; and younger people associated the star-gazer with vague ideas of necromancy, fortune-telling, and magical incantations. But his observatory as yet was far from being complete. He had now an excellent telescope, equatorially mounted, but he had no micrometer, and lacked besides several other instruments necessary for the measurement of the stars he had discovered. Even if he had possessed them he did not know how to make the measurements. In this emergency he bethought him of the great Italian astronomer, Baron Dembowski, then the most distinguished star measurer living. To the baron Mr. Burnham sent a list of a few of his latest discoveries of close double stars, with a respectful suggestion to the great man that he might like to verify and measure them. This the baron was only too glad and proud to do; and more than that, it led to an intimacy and a charming correspondence which terminated only with the baron's death in January, 1881.

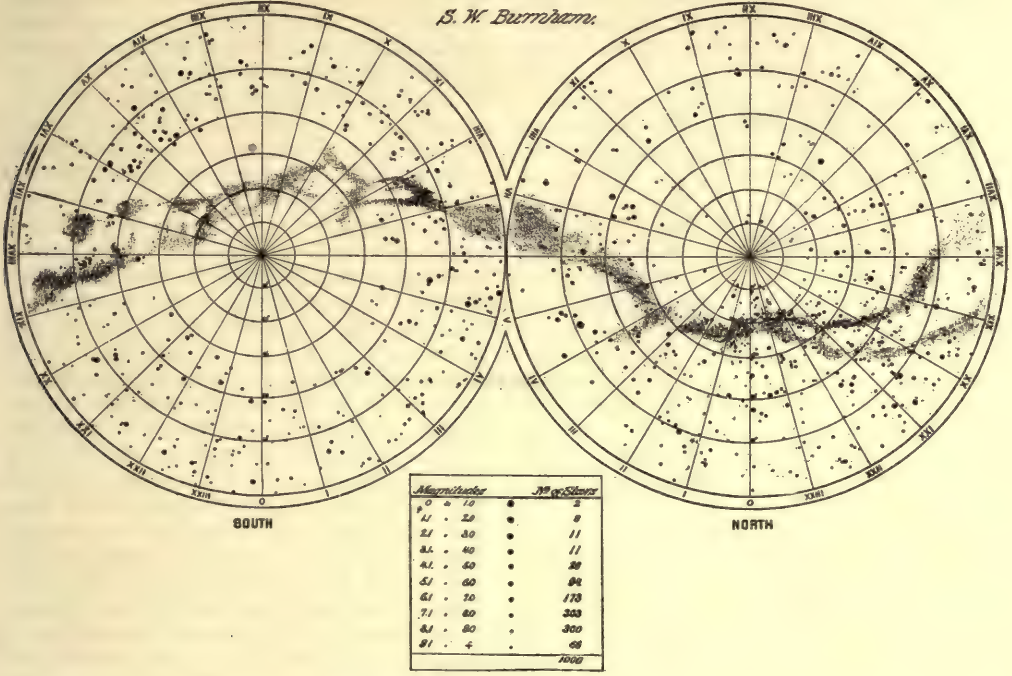
These measurements, by the way, it may be interesting to know, have since been published in Milan. About this time Mr. Webb of England, the author of the book which had so much interested Mr. Burnham, made his acquaintance and began to correspond with him frequently. The friendship had also a direct effect on Mr. Burnham's career, for Mr. Webb was so much impressed with his friend's discoveries and attainments that in 1874 he nominated him as Fellow of the Royal Astronomical Society and secured his election. Mr. Burnham's reputation went on increasing rapidly in every country except his own, where the subject of double stars had never attracted much attention. Early in 1873 he sent his first catalogue, of eighty-one new double stars discovered by himself and subsequently measured by Baron Dembowski, to England for publication, and it was printed in the "Monthly Notices of the Royal Astronomical Society," in March, 1873. A second list, of 25 more new doubles, appeared in the same publication in May, 1873; a third, of 76, in December, 1873; a fourth, of 74, in June, 1874; and a fifth, of 71, in November, 1874. Here were three hundred new double stars, all of them close and difficult, brought to the notice of European astronomers in less than two years, and all of them discovered by means of a six-inch telescope in a back yard in Chicago. It caused a veritable sensation among European astronomers, for during the previous twenty years, all the observers in the world had not made such a contribution of new doubles to this department of astronomy.

Here, at the risk of boring some readers who may be proficient in astronomy, it may be as well to explain what is meant by a "double" star. All the stars we see in the heavens with the naked eye appear to be single — one sharp point of light. Some of them, however, are double, and when seen through a good telescope this sharp point of light turns into two sharp points, sometimes into three, and in a few instances into four. The last is called a quadruple star. One instance of a wide quadruple star any of my readers can see for himself, if he have a chance to look through a good telescope; but if he have only a good opera-glass, he can see it as a double. It is the star called Epsilon Lyræ; that is, the fifth star in size in the constellation Lyra. In the summer this constellation is very nearly overhead about 9 o'clock in the evening. It may be known by its great star Vega, the largest and brightest star in that part of the heavens. Two smaller stars near Vega make with it an equilateral

Map showing the distribution of the double stars

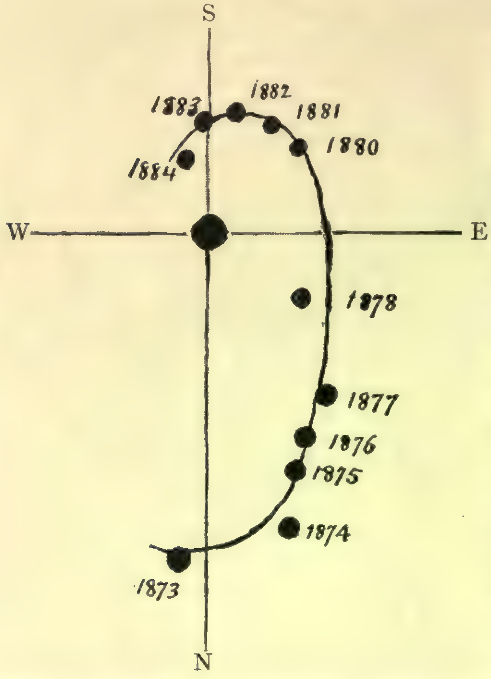
discovered by

S. W. Burnham.



Magnitudes				Nº of Stars
0	–	1.0	●	2
1.1	–	2.0	●	8
2.1	–	3.0	●	11
3.1	–	4.0	●	11
4.1	–	5.0	●	28
5.1	–	6.0	●	84
6.1	–	7.0	●	178
7.1	–	8.0	●	303
8.1	–	9.0	●	300
9.1	–	+	●	68
				1000

triangle. The northern of the two smaller stars is Epsilon Lyræ, a quadruple star. Mr. Burnham and a few other sharp-sighted people can see with the naked eyes that it is a double star, which with the help of an opera-glass almost anybody can do. Through a good telescope each of these doubles becomes itself a double, making four stars in the group—a beautiful sight to look upon. Astronomers, however, take little interest in such a star as this, because it is what they call a "wide double," and is so easily seen. What they are interested in are "close doubles," which are generally found to have physical relations; that is, the smaller star revolves round the larger one as the planets go round the sun in our solar system. The closer the doubles the more likely they are to be physically related. The distance between the two pairs in Epsilon Lyræ is 3 minutes 27 seconds of arc, or 207 seconds, whereas in the 1000 new doubles discovered by Mr. Burnham 743 of them are, on an average, only $1\frac{58}{100}$ seconds apart, or 131 times as close as in Epsilon Lyræ, while many do not exceed one-fifth of that distance. Such close doubles as some of these not one person in a thousand would be likely to see, even if he looked through the best and largest telescope.



OBSERVED POSITIONS OF THE COMPONENTS OF THE DOUBLE STAR B DELPHINI, PERIOD 26 YEARS.

One of the most interesting double stars is Sirius, or the Dog Star, the brightest star in the heavens. During the winter months one may see Sirius in the southern sky, south and east of the beautiful constellation Orion, which everybody knows. In the course of some observations of this star the illustrious Bessel, one of the greatest astronomers of the century, suspected the existence of a satellite, the mass of which, acting on the central star, produced certain variations in its movements that had long excited the curiosity of observers. Of this satellite nothing was known, and Bessel's suggestion provoked search for it. Other astronomers studied on the same problem, and one of them, M. Peters, calculated for the orbit of the unknown companion a period of fifty years. Several European astronomers looked for it and could not find it. Such was the state of things until the 31st of January, 1862, when Mr. Alvan G. Clark, one of the makers of the unfinished Chicago telescope then at Cambridge, set it up rudely in the yard of his factory, and turning it upon Sirius discovered the companion which Bessel had foretold and whose position M. Peters had so nicely calculated. Although very difficult to see, being almost in the blaze of the bright star, this satellite or companion has been watched and measured very carefully ever since, and during the twenty-two years that have elapsed it has made a circuit of nearly one hundred and fifty degrees round the large star, and is likely to make a complete revolution in about the time predicted by the French astronomer. For making this discovery the French Academy gave Mr. Clark the Lalande gold medal. The shortest period of revolution now known among double stars is eleven years, and the star is Delta Equulei, the distance of its companion being only two-tenths of one second.

Mr. Burnham's discoveries attracted much attention in Europe because the double stars he discovered were the closest and most difficult known to astronomers, and many of them have since been found to be in rapid motion like the companion of Sirius. To them it seemed amazing that such difficult doubles could have been discovered by a self-instructed amateur using so small an instrument as one of six inches aperture.

The result was that by this time Mr. Burnham's name was well known abroad, and he himself was in correspondence with many of the leading astronomers of Europe. Two years later M. Angot, one of the French astronomers sent to the islands of the Pacific Ocean to observe the transit of Venus, returned through the United States, under instructions from his government to visit and report on the appliances and work of American observatories. One of the places which he visited was Chicago, and the person in whom he was most interested was our amateur astronomer on Vincennes Avenue. In Mr. Burnham's little observatory M. Angot was greatly interested, and said he had never seen one where such important results had been accomplished with such simple and inexpensive appliances. He found no sidereal clock, no transit instrument — nothing, in short, but a six-inch telescope mounted equatorially on a stout piece of timber sunk in the ground. The telescope was even without the usual clockwork to keep its motion in correspondence with the rotation of the earth. For this, of course, Mr. Burnham had a substitute, and a very ingenious one too, as M. Angot's description of it will show. It was simply a long, vertical tube filled with sand, with an orifice at the bottom through which the sand could escape, after the manner of an old-fashioned hour-glass. A lead plunger following the descent of the sand through the tube gave the proper motion to the telescope, and held it as firmly on a star as could be done by clockwork. He describes also Mr. Burnham's ingenious mode of construction and reading off his circles, by which much saving of time is secured. The discoveries and work done with this little telescope tested at the time the sight of the best observers in Europe and the resources of much larger and better equipped instruments. Otto Struve, the distinguished Russian astronomer, in a letter addressed to Mr. Burnham in 1876 said he had devoted forty years of his life to the zealous observation and study of double stars. "But when," he went on to say, "I think of what you have done in so short a time, I am almost ashamed of my own labors." How great these labors of Struve were may be judged from Mr. Burnham's own words, as given in his "Double Star Observations," in the "Memoirs of the Royal Astronomical Society," Vol. XLIV.: "Omit the observations [meaning measures, not discoveries] of Dembowski and Otto Struve and our knowledge of nine-tenths of the double stars would not be materially advanced in the last thirty years." This was written in 1879, and Mr. Burnham's own measures and discoveries since would render the insertion of his own name necessary to preserve at the present time the truth of the statement.

As soon as Mr. Burnham was allowed access to the great 18½ inch telescope of the Dearborn Observatory, he applied himself to the measurement of double stars, and became as noted an expert in this difficult work as Baron Dembowski or Otto Struve, as his publications in the "Memoirs of the Royal Astronomical Society" sufficiently attest. He never having had instruction from any practical astronomer, his methods of work were original and showed great ingenuity and inventive genius. The form of the micrometer in general use not suiting him, he invented one which has been almost universally adopted, and which the Clarks now attach to all their best telescopes.

In 1877 M. Flammarion of Paris, France, sent to Mr. Burnham a mass of printed proofs and a letter, stating that he had completed and had put in type his "Catalogue of Double Stars which had shown Orbital or other Motion." "But," he continued, "before I publish it I beg to submit the proofs to you for correction and revision — you, whom the scientific world now places at the head of this department of sidereal astronomy." The proofs were corrected and a large number of new measures and new systems in motion were added, which called forth enthusiastic acknowledgments and compliments from the great French astronomer. These facts are mentioned to show in what estimation this man, of whom his own countrymen now know so little, was held by the greatest of European astronomers so far back as 1877. Not only this, but besides his election as Fellow of the Royal Astronomical Society of England he has been made a member of the German Astronomical Society and has received from Yale University the honorary degree of M. A. When a dispute in astronomy involving acuteness of vision has arisen in Europe, which could be determined only by a series of the closest and most delicate observations, Mr. R. A. Proctor has repeatedly called in Mr. Burnham as umpire, and his modest statement has always settled the question.

At the date of which we are writing, 1876 and 1877, Mr. Burnham had been for four years a regular contributor to "Monthly Notices of the Royal Astronomical Society" of London, "Astronomische Nachrichten" of Germany, and other European journals, and had published nine catalogues, embracing nearly five hundred of his own new double stars. When at this time it was suggested to give him the use of the great telescope in the Dearborn Observatory — absolutely unused till then — the president of the Chicago Astronomical Society asked, "Who *is* Mr. Burnham?" On September 20, 1876, however, he was appointed acting director of the observatory, which honorary position he held until April 11, 1877, when, through local personal jealousies into which we need not enter, this order was rescinded, the doors of the observatory were closed upon him, the locks even were changed, and he returned to his back yard and his "cheese-box." It was too late, however, to consign such a man to obscurity. His name had begun to be known in this country, and a war-cry was sounded in the leading daily papers of New York, Boston, Cincinnati, and

Chicago; the "American Journal of Science," at New Haven, took up the matter, and in a short time the directors of the observatory were very glad to stop these indignant protests and restore to Mr. Burnham the use of the great equatorial. Since then, happy in the cordial and active coöperation of the present genial director, Professor George W. Hough, he has gone steadily on with his observations, until his friends can say he has discovered more double stars,— over one thousand,— and measured them, than any other man, living or dead. To Volume XLIV. of the "Memoirs of the Royal Astronomical Society" he contributed 167 quarto pages of double-star observations, taken during 1877–78, and comprising his tenth catalogue, of 251 new double stars, with measures, and micrometrical measures of 500 double stars. In Volume XLVII. of the same great work (1882–83) will be found 160 more pages of similar observations made by him, comprising his thirteenth catalogue, of 151 new double stars, with measures, and micrometrical measures of 707 double stars. But his great work is yet to be published — a complete catalogue of all the double stars ever discovered, with their right ascension and declination, the names of the several discoverers, and all the measures taken by them. This all-important work and tabulated record of all that is known of double stars the United States Government, through the Naval Observatory at Washington, undertook to publish some years ago; but in the press of its regular publications gave up the task after printing some fifty or sixty pages. It is a matter for satisfaction, however, to learn that in all probability the Smithsonian Institution at Washington will complete the work, in which case Mr. Burnham will bring his catalogue down to the date of publication.

This immense catalogue in manuscript, which the author has made for his own use, has greatly contributed to his own success in this department of astronomy. It is the only work of the kind ever made, and double-star observers all over the world send to Mr. Burnham to have their observations verified and to ascertain whether the stars are new. The research and literary labor spent upon it have been simply enormous. His astronomical library of some two thousand volumes contains nearly every star catalogue which has been printed, and the works of every observer in this specialty, some of them in manuscript. Though not in the possession of large means, he buys every book he needs to make his catalogue complete. The rapidity and facility with which he does his literary work are as marked as that with which he uses the telescope.

In 1879 the trustees of the Lick Observatory in California selected Mount Hamilton, situated about seventy-five miles south-east of San Francisco, as the site of the observatory, and wrote to Professor Simon Newcomb of the Naval Observatory in Washington requesting him to make a series of observations on Mount Hamilton for the purpose of testing the atmospheric and other conditions of the locality for an observatory. Professor Newcomb replied that the most competent person in the country for making this examination was Mr. Burnham of Chicago, and recommended him for that duty. Mr. Burnham accepted the appointment and took his six-inch telescope, made by the Clarks, with him to California, and resided on Mount Hamilton for six weeks and made the observations needed. His full and interesting report on the subject was printed by the trustees in 1880. In October, 1881, with Professor Holden, he went out to Mount Hamilton again, by request of the trustees, to observe the transit of Mercury. On both of these occasions he discovered a large number of double stars, chiefly in the southern sky, which at northern observatories are too low to be well seen.

In connection with the observation of double stars it may be remarked that the extreme acuteness of vision which enables one to prosecute such research with the highest success is a very rare gift; and the discovery of close doubles is its severest test. To measure a star — that is, to ascertain by means of the micrometer the distance and position angle of the companion with reference to the principal star — is one thing, and to find new and close doubles is a very different thing. Baron Dembowski, the most noted measurer of double stars, who received for this work the highest gold medal from the Royal Astronomical Society of London in 1879, had no success as a discoverer, and confessed his inability to find new doubles. When, however, a new double had been found by another observer, and the distance and position angle of the companion approximately estimated, he could readily find and accurately measure it. When Mr. Asaph Hall, in 1877, had found the two satellites of Mars and described their positions, it was not difficult for any astronomer who had access to a large Clark telescope to find them and see all that Mr. Hall had seen. The whole difficulty was in seeing them for the first time. Besides the ability to see a difficult object, there is required an intelligence and an experimental knowledge of the subject, which are as rare as the visual faculty itself. Some of the lower orders of animals have more acute vision than human beings; but they do not know all they see, or understand relations to other facts. They have plenty of sight, but are lacking *insight*. Mr. Burnham's extraordinary powers in both these respects have made him the most successful discoverer of close double stars who ever lived.

The five great names in this department of astronomy are the two Herschels, Sir William and Sir John (father and son), the two Struves, Wilhelm and Otto (father and son again), and S. W. Burnham. In science a double star always retains the name of its discoverer and his catalogue number; and, for brevity, a Greek letter is used to express his name, or, in the case of the younger Herschel and the younger Struve, two Greek letters. The Greek letter Beta is the designation of Burnham. In a star list, "B 999" means Burnham's double star, numbered 999 in his catalogue; "Σ 318," Wilhelm Struve's star, number 318; and "OΣ 413," Otto Struve's star, number 413. Each star is described in the catalogues of their discoverers by right ascension, declination, magnitude, position angle, and distance, so that no astronomer in the future can lay claim to it. Mr. Burnham knows his thousand stars by name,— that is, by number,— and can speak of the peculiarities of each without referring to his catalogue.

The known doubles are regularly and carefully observed by many astronomers, and their measures, each with a recorded date, will after a time show whether the supposed companion has physical relations with the principal star. If there be no change in the position angle or distance, they are strangers to each other. If there be a change, the rate of orbital motion may be estimated when enough measures are collected. It is possible that two or more stars very distant from each other may fall in nearly the same line of sight, and have the appearance of a double or a triple star. In case, however, of very close doubles, the chance of such a coincidence — one in many thousands — is so remote that there is almost a certainty that such doubles have physical relations and belong to the same system. Measures extending over a series of years will determine the fact.

Perhaps our readers may wish to know something of the personal characteristics of our amateur astronomer, and would inquire whether such incessant day and night work affects unfavorably his health and social habits. Does it make him a recluse? Is he a martyr to science? Has he time for social intercourse, and a taste for any of the recreations and amusements which interest other persons? In reply it may be said briefly that few persons have such uniformly good and robust health as he; few love better the social intercourse of their friends, or are more sportive and entertaining in their conversation. Few play so many games, or play them so rapidly and so well as he. He carries with him no indications of a recluse or a martyr. Why should he?—for his scientific pursuits come within the scope of his amusements. With strangers he has but little conversation, and rather avoids making new acquaintances. He never speaks of astronomy except the subject be introduced by others, and he never poses as a scientific man. Hence persons who have known him intimately for years have never suspected that he was anything more than a bright, agreeable companion, and a good shorthand reporter. He loves nature; and nothing delights him more than to tramp and camp for weeks in the woods of Michigan, around Lake Superior, or among the Rocky Mountains, with a few genial friends, his trusty rifle,— for he is a noted rifle-shot,— and his photographic outfit. In the matter of instantaneous photography he has few rivals, and with his portable camera he has traveled through Europe shooting pictures from steamboats and railroad trains. A competitive prize was offered in England for the best instantaneous photograph. In a spirit of fun he sent some pictures, and a first prize was awarded him. The subject was a cat in the act of springing upon a bird. In late years he has studied photography in its application to astronomy. Few men have a more interesting family, a happier temperament, or get more enjoyment from life than our Amateur Astronomer.

John Fraser.

[SINCE writing the above, Professor Fraser has died. The article has been revised for the press by a friend of the author, who coöperated with him in the preparation of the original paper.— EDITOR.]

MEMORANDA ON THE CIVIL WAR.

The Canal at Island No. 10.

A REPLY FROM GENERAL SCHUYLER HAMILTON.

To the EDITOR OF THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

SIR: THE CENTURY MAGAZINE for February, 1889, contains a letter from Colonel George A. Williams, United States Army, speaking quite dogmatically of the origin of the canal above New Madrid which led to the capture of Island No. 10, and rather contemptuously of the honor of suggesting the canal. Colonel Williams alleges the "correct history" to be that the canal was suggested by a saw-mill refugee named Morrison, who was taken from a raft.

I regret that I was not afforded a hearing upon *this* subject before Colonel Williams's letter appeared.

Its publication forces me to say that I never saw nor heard of the raft refugee Morrison, mentioned by Colonel Williams, and that the suggestion for a canal which I made to General Pope was original with me. I did not receive the idea, directly or indirectly, wholly or partly, from Colonel Williams, saw-mill Morrison, or from any one else.

As part of the history of the canal incident, I beg space for the following extract from a letter written by me to B. J. Lossing, Esq., on the 7th of June, 1863:

> The following record of a conversation of Mr. Solomon Sturgis of Chicago, who contributed very liberally to the equipment of the Sturgis rifles, I find in one of my letters dated March 31, 1862. It may not be uninteresting in this connection. It was said to be characteristic. He said, addressing General Pope: "General Pope, who suggested that plan? Tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth; do not rob any man of the credit due him." General Pope replied with a smile, "General Hamilton suggested it, sir." Turning to me, he said, "General Hamilton, was it honestly your own conception? Did no one hint it to you — no private, no corporal, no sergeant, no one?" On my replying, "No one, sir," he said: "Sir, give me both your hands, I honor you for it; and, General Pope," said he, "you deserve high honor for adopting so wise a suggestion."

That is the record as I made it at the time, and it is true.

Schuyler Hamilton,
Late Maj.-Gen'l Vols., U. S. Army.

NEW YORK CITY, March 31, 1889.

[Colonel Williams died at Newburg, N. Y., April 2, 1889.— EDITOR.]

An Early Suggestion to Arm Negroes for the Confederacy.[1]

AS THERE has been a variety of opinion in relation to the status of negro slaves under the late Confederate States Government during the civil war, I transmit for your consideration, from an official letter-book, a copy of my official letter to Hon. C. W. Harper, chairman of a sub-committee of the Mississippi legislature, then in session at Jackson, Miss., expressing in brief my views as to the employment of slaves in the construction of the military defenses of the State. It is perhaps expedient to note that in the construction of the defenses at Port Hudson, which I had established during the month of August, soon after the battle of Baton Rouge, I found it necessary to impress slave laborers for the prosecution of the work; and to repair the defenses at Vicksburg, and in some measure extend them, I found it necessary to impress several hundred negro slaves.

It was then a critical period with owners of slaves along the Mississippi River border, particularly above Vicksburg, where they were constantly menaced by predatory gunboats carrying off slaves, cotton, and supplies, without effective resistance. Under these circumstances, in my preliminary orders it was necessary to restrict, or limit, the field for impressment to the Mississippi border, to which little or no opposition was manifested by planters, especially as this public service was supposed to give some degree of protection to their individual interests.

In connection with the practical operation of this policy the legislative committee requested explicit official information as to my views on this subject, a summary of which I embodied in a letter as follows:

HEADQUARTERS FIRST DISTRICT,
DEPARTMENT MISS. & EAST LOUISIANA,
JACKSON, Dec. 16, 1862.

To Hon. C. W. Harper.

SIR: In reply to your communication of the 14th inst., requesting information as to the number of slaves who might be advantageously used in connection with our military defenses in this State, will say that my own views on the subject go very much beyond what is thought to be politic by most gentlemen, but will in response confine myself within such limits of seeming propriety as may commend the subject to the good common sense of those who are to be affected by it.

At this time, and until they shall be completed, one thousand negro men can and ought to be employed constantly on each of the works at Vicksburg, Port Hudson, and Columbus, and two thousand more could be used in the supply and transportation departments; perhaps a thousand more — part women — could be employed for hospital purposes.

Our railroads are in great need of repairs; a thousand negro laborers should be put upon them immediately and continuously employed. The construction and repairs of rolling stock, too, need much attention, and half the negro carpenters and blacksmiths in the State might be well employed upon it, and in the erection of buildings needed for many purposes.

In this way, and by the employment of other servants as teamsters, laborers, cooks, nurses, watchmen, etc., with our armies in the field, the fighting strength of these armies might certainly be increased one-tenth, and although laborers in the field of the husbandman are as necessary as soldiers in the army, to enable them to prosecute the war waged against us, I yet believe that ten thousand negroes might be spared from the former service in this State, without danger of too great reduction in agricultural supplies, and made almost if not quite as useful in the army and other public service as an equal number of white men. As a system, I think it would be well to introduce into the service, as cooks, one negro for every ten soldiers. These servants, when the troops were absent from camp, could be made available as watchmen for camp and police duty, thus relieving so many soldiers for service in the field.

Negroes thus employed should be organized in detachments and placed under the direction and control of persons of well-known character, experienced in their management, and whose management and care should conform as nearly as might be to that of a prudent owner of slaves upon his own plantation. Without this, and unless much attention was given to the proper care and treatment of the slaves, great dissatisfaction would necessarily ensue amongst the owners, who, as a class, are always supposed to take great interest in everything pertaining to the comfort and welfare of their servants.

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[1] See also the correspondence on this topic between General R. E. Lee and the Hon. Andrew Hunter printed in THE CENTURY for August, 1888. The present article was written before that correspondence appeared.— EDITOR.

The slaves, for the purposes mentioned, should, of course, be drawn according to some fixed rule from the entire body of slave owners in the State, and not taken from some small neighborhood or county locality. As the war in which we are now engaged was brought about, in a measure, for the protection of rights connected with slave property, I take for granted that those who own slaves are not only quite willing to render every personal service which the country may require, but will gladly show to those who own no slaves, and who so patriotically swell the ranks of our armies, the greatest willingness to relieve them in every possible way from hardships incident to the service in which they are engaged by the substitution of slave labor when it can be done. This will be but their reasonable duty.

These last remarks, though not called for by your special inquiries, are nevertheless given as reflections not entirely irrelevant. In truth, sir, did it not seem to excuse to some extent the avowed purpose of the Federal Government to use the negro against us, if in their power, a small percentage of our male slaves should be made to act with their masters in the field against the common enemy of both. I am quite sure that such an exhibition of confidence on our part would have a salutary effect in preventing the alienation and demoralization of that class of our people. . . .

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,
(Signed) DANIEL RUGGLES,
Brigadier-General, P. A. C. S.

Within a brief period the legislature of the State of Mississippi authorized Governor Pettus to hold ten thousand slaves subject to the requisition of the President of the Confederate States, to be employed upon the military defenses of the State of Mississippi. During this period I was commanding the Department of Mississippi, as the successor of Major-General Earl Van Dorn, who had marched with an army, then recently organized, to attack the Federal enemy at Corinth.

In the meantime, and in anticipation of summary action of the legislature of Mississippi, I had occasion to send dispatches to Richmond by a distinguished volunteer aide-de-camp, to whom I confided my views in relation to the employment of slaves for manual labor in connection with our military defenses, and with the view of the gradual enrollment of selected slaves for bearing arms for service with armies in the field.

It was contemplated that exemplary conduct by the slave, and faithful service in the field, would entitle him to a well-defined and liberal personal reward.

On his return, my aide-de-camp informed me that no member of the Confederate cabinet appeared to give the subject favorable consideration.

Thus our earliest effort systematically to utilize and enroll negro slaves in the Confederate armies for service in the field proved abortive.

FREDERICKSBURG, VA. *Daniel Ruggles.*

Strength of the Confederate Army at Gettysburg.

THE Army of Northern Virginia by its return of May 31, 1863, numbered present for duty, officers and men:

General Lee and staff	17
Infantry	59,467
Cavalry	10,292
Artillery, 206 pieces	4,702
	74,478

Alexander's and Garnett's battalions of artillery are not included in this return. Alexander's battalion had twenty-six guns, Garnett's fifteen. Estimating them at the same number of men per gun as in the battalions reporting gives 935 to add to the total, making the line-of-battle strength of the army, 31st May, 75,413, with 247 pieces of artillery.

Early in June the army was reënforced by the infantry brigade of General J. J. Pettigrew from the Department of Richmond, with 3685 officers and men for duty, and the brigade of General Joseph R. Davis, from the Department of North Carolina, with 2577 for duty. The strength of these brigades is taken from the return of the Department of Richmond and of North Carolina for May 31, 1863. Corse's brigade of Pickett's division and one of Pettigrew's regiments, about 2200 in all, were left at Hanover Junction. Three of General Early's regiments, numbering, according to an article by that officer in Vol. V. of the Southern Historical Society papers, 919 for duty, were detached at Winchester to guard prisoners and garrison that place. The 25th Virginia of Johnson's division, and the 31st Virginia of Early's division, which had been on detached service since April 20, rejoined their commands near Winchester with 700 men for duty, and at the same place the 2d Maryland battalion was added to Johnson's division. Major Goldsborough, in his history of the "Maryland Line," says it took 500 men into action at Gettysburg. The Confederate infantry that crossed the Potomac, assuming that the gain by recruits, conscripts, and return of convalescent, furloughed, and detached men was offset by the small loss at Winchester and by sickness and desertion, was 64,000.

The cavalry was reënforced at Winchester by the 1st Maryland battalion, 300 strong, and by the brigade of General A. G. Jenkins, 1800 for duty. General Imboden, with a force which, in an article in "The Galaxy" for April, 1871, he states as "about 2100 effective mounted men and a six-gun battery," joined the army at Chambersburg. The commands of Mosby and Gilmore were also attached to the cavalry.

Two batteries of six guns each were added to the artillery: one, the Baltimore Light Artillery, at Winchester; one came with Imboden.

The Confederate army in the Gettysburg campaign had for duty in round numbers at least

Infantry	64,000
Cavalry	14,500
Artillery, 259 pieces	5,900
	84,400

and on the field of Gettysburg *eighty thousand men.*

The loss of the army is incompletely given in the report of its Medical Director, printed in the Appendix to the Comte de Paris's history of the battle as 20,448. In Pettigrew's brigade, and probably in other brigades of Hill's corps, the losses for the first day only are given. The reports of the corps commanders, which can be found in Vols. II. and X. of the Southern Historical Society papers, give the casualties as follows:

	Killed.	*Wounded.*	*Missing.*	*Total.*
Longstreet's corps	933	4,453	2,273	
Ewell's "	930	4,076	1,350	
A. P. Hill's "	849	4,289	3,844	
	2,712	12,818	7,467	22,997

The loss of the cavalry is nowhere accurately given. From Beverly Ford to Upperville inclusive it was 995.

At Gettysburg four brigades report losses aggregating 240. There was not a day from July 1 to July 20 when some portion of the cavalry was not engaged. Three thousand is not an overestimate of its loss in the campaign.

The total loss of Lee's army in June and July, 1863, was not less than 26,000.

CINCINNATI, O. *E. C. Dawes.*

"Stonewall Jackson's Intentions at Harper's Ferry."

IN an article which appeared in your magazine in June, 1886, written by General John G. Walker, late of the Confederate army, entitled "Harper's Ferry and Sharpsburg," the statement is made by the author that he received a signal order from General Stonewall Jackson not to open fire on Harper's Ferry unless forced to do so, as he (Jackson) designed to summon the Federal commander to surrender, and, should he refuse, to give him time to remove non-combatants and then carry the place by assault. This statement, I am told, has been questioned by General Bradley T. Johnson and Colonel H. Kyd Douglas, and the object of this note is to confirm General Walker's statement.[1] I was at the time assistant adjutant-general of the division commanded by General Walker, and was present on Loudoun Heights when the order in question was received; and I recollect that in consequence of its receipt the fire of our guns, which had been in position from an early hour in the morning, was withheld until the afternoon, and was not then opened until the Federal batteries on Bolivar Heights opened on the infantry force of General Walker, under the command of Colonel (now Senator) Ransom.

My three years' daily intercourse with General Jackson at the Virginia Military Institute makes me confident that, in giving his signal orders, he would neither consult with his subordinates near him nor inform them what orders he had given or would give under the circumstances; therefore it is not surprising that the orders sent to General Walker were not known. The knowledge of the contradiction of General Walker's statement has just reached me. Hence the tardiness of my confirmation of its substantial accuracy.

William A. Smith.

"A Question of Command at Franklin."

WE have received from General D. S. Stanley a letter in reply to General Cox's statement in THE CENTURY for February, 1889 (page 630). In this letter General Stanley denies that he retired from the field of Franklin after he had been wounded, or that General Cox was the senior officer of the line from the time Wagner's troops were driven back until the battle was entirely ended. General Cox, however, does not recede from his position on these points. The details of the controversy cannot be given here.—EDITOR.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

John Bright.

SOME of us still have vivid recollections of that agony of blood and sweat through which the great North American Republic vindicated its right and title to nationality. It had fixed its boundaries and defended them successfully against assaults from abroad; now it was to prove to the world that those boundaries were not to be broken down by any force from within. Though a new generation has come into being since then, twenty-five years are too few to make us forget how the scales, which had been so long in dubious balance, began to settle slowly towards the side of the maintenance of the Union; nor can they make us forget how the waiting-time was broken again and again by the ring of good cheer in the words of the dead leader whose thoroughly English name heads this article.

The American people will not remember John Bright best as the opponent of the Corn Laws, as the uncompromising free trader, as the friend of oppressed nationalities everywhere, or as the man who dared denounce the Crimean war, though it cost him his seat in the House of Commons; they will remember him better as men remember him who stands their friend when most they need a friend. There was a time when, in Bright's own words at Birmingham, "nearly 500,000 persons — men, women, and children — at this moment are saved from the utmost extremes of famine, not a few of them from death, by the contributions which they are receiving from all parts of the country." There was but one barrier — the blockade — between this hungry people and the prosperity which abundant cotton would bring them; and there were voices in plenty to urge them to bid their Government attempt to break the blockade. No one can say that it was John Bright's eloquence which held Lancashire to the conviction that its permanent interest was in the success of the American experiment; but it is certain that John Bright's eloquence lost nothing in effectiveness from the fact that he had given up his income, and allowed his six cotton-mills to stand idle rather than say one word which would even embarrass the American people in the throes of their struggle for national existence.

John Bright was as absolutely destitute of fear as John Knox. He was not to be moved by any social pressure from telling workingmen the truth, as he understood it, about the hopes which filled many English high places for the downfall of the American Republic. "Privilege," said he to them in 1863, "thinks it has a great interest in it, and every morning, with blatant voice, it comes into your streets and curses the American Republic. Privilege has beheld an afflicting spectacle for many years past. It has beheld thirty million men, happy and prosperous, without emperor, without king, without the surroundings of a court, without great armies and great navies, without great debt, and without great taxes. And Privilege has shuddered at what might happen to old Europe if this grand experiment should succeed." All his arguments to English workingmen might be summed up in one of his pregnant sentences: "My countrymen who work for your living—remember this: there will be one wild shriek of freedom to startle all mankind if that American Republic should be overthrown."

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[1] For the comments by General Johnson and Colonel Douglas see The Century War Book, "Battles and Leaders of the Civil War," Vol. II., p. 615 *et seq.*

It is not as the mere friend of America that Americans should remember John Bright; he was the advocate of his own country, and of all mankind, when he supported the principle for which the war for the Union was waged. If the "federation of the world," which was to put an end to wars and hereditary warriors and privileged classes everywhere, was not yet possible, it was to the interest of peace that one nationality should control central North America and banish war from its jurisdiction. And so John Bright, the man of peace, was the vigorous champion of the most devastating war of his time. His work was even bolder than this, more consistent beneath an apparent inconsistency: it was from the sternest sense of duty that he, the typical Englishman, brought his indictment against the English Government, the English blockade-runners, and a part at least of the English Liberal party. It was a greater crime in his eyes to condone attacks upon the republican idea than even to imagine the death of the king; and he did not stop to measure his words when he spoke of it. "We supply the ships; we supply the arms, the munitions of war; we give aid and comfort to this foulest of all crimes. Englishmen only do it. They are English Liberal newspapers only which support this stupendous iniquity. They are English statesmen only, who profess to be Liberal, who have said a word in favor of the authors of this now enacting revolution in America." And the English Liberals have come to see clearly that John Bright's denunciation of his Government and party was only a wise preference of his country's highest good to her temporary and short-sighted whim.

His own countrymen may well regret that in his later years he lagged so far behind his pupils; that the veneering of surface dignity, which he had so often stripped from others, was so quick to take fire from the criticisms of Irish members; and that, among the leaders in the last great revolution in English public opinion, the picture of John Bright should be turned to the wall. But, after all, his name is even more the property of the world than of England; and the world, and especially the American quarter of it, has had no reason to veil the face of him who loved and served God and man first, and his own country afterwards. It can only take the long list of great names that the English stock has given it, Alfred and Sir Simon of Montfort, More, Latimer, and Bunyan, Eliot, Hampden, Cromwell, and Blake, Pitt, Wellington, and Nelson, Clarkson, Wilberforce, and Cobden, and add to it a name which shall not be least in the list, that of John Bright.

The New States.

ONE of the acts of the Fiftieth Congress, almost in its closing hours, was the passage of a comprehensive Enabling Act, granting permission, on certain nominal conditions, for the formation of the four new States of North Dakota, South Dakota, Montana, and Washington. There can be no doubt whatever that the conditions will be punctually fulfilled, that the privileges and responsibilities of State-hood will be very gladly accepted, and that the "new constellation," which began its course with thirteen States, will number forty-two during the first year of its second century under the Constitution.

It is easy enough to misunderstand the sense in which this increase of States is mentioned by Americans. The numerical increase is itself indicative of a far larger increase in other forms. When there were but thirteen States, they hugged the Atlantic coast so closely that every one of them might have been called a salt-water State. As the roll of States has grown longer, it has meant that the center of population was moving westward, that orderly government and all the forces of civilization were creeping along the Gulf of Mexico and the shore of the Great Lakes, across the Mississippi, and beyond the Rocky Mountains to the Golden Gate. Each successive admission of a new State has been a milestone in the march of the American people towards the dominion of the continent. Now the system of States, which once only fringed the Atlantic, extends with but a single break across the continent. The increase of the number of States is so evidently parallel with the country's growth from a population of three millions to one of sixty millions, from poverty to wealth, from insignificance to respect, that a foreigner may be pardoned for thinking that the ideas were meant to be equivalent. He is apt to say, like Mr. Arnold: What of it? Are numbers the *summum bonum?* Was not your country happier when it was poorer, and more respectable when it was less respected? Better wish for a reduction in the number of your States, if there is any hope that such a reduction will bring you back your Washingtons, Jays, and Marshalls.

The Arnold interpretation may be a natural one, but it is exceedingly discreditable to the intelligence either of those to whom it is addressed or of him who makes it. The first of the alternative conclusions is improbable: the American has not usually been found guilty in other matters of such stupidity as would be implied necessarily in a glorification of mere numbers or size. He does not rate the Chinese Empire above Switzerland for intelligence, or the Russian Empire above the British for freedom. He cannot mean that he has any overweening pride in the number forty-two, as intrinsically superior to the number thirteen. The first business of an acute critic should have been to seek out the American's real reason for satisfaction in the growth of his country; and, as regards the number of States, the real reason is not far to seek.

It is a cardinal article of belief among peoples of European stock that the dark ages are over in their case. And yet medievalism is still most powerful with most of them in the intense belief of the governing or influential classes that it is better for the mass of the people to be governed than to govern themselves. "Constitutionalism" is represented at most in the dealings of the hereditary element with the legislative body at the capital: the peasant's advanced liberty consists rather in his share in the choice of the legislative body than in the development of his local government. Is there no value in that privilege of local self-government for which men are willing in Russia to brave the terrors of the bastion and of Siberia? —for which in France they seem to be willing to surrender the shadow, if not the substance, of the national republic? — for which, in every country, the awakening human mind longs as a higher privilege than any national system can give? This privilege has been extended by the American system of self-governing States, without a struggle, without the repression of a single revolutionary throe of humankind, with the very minimum of human unhappiness, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, over all central North America. Surely no political result has ever furnished more conclusive evidence of the advisability of leaving a people to work out their own natural solution of their own political problems. It is this crowning success of the American system, in some respects the crowning success of the century, which is summed up and embodied in the growth from thirteen to forty-two States. And Americans have a right to be proud of it.

There is, perhaps, a technical question whether the admission of the new States is so far accomplished by the mere Enabling Act that their representative stars may properly be placed on the flag for the approaching Fourth of July. It is not probable, however, that the question will ever assume any practical importance. The older States of the Union will not be apt to cavil on points of etiquette in the welcome with which they meet their new sisters, or to stickle on the exact location of the threshold. The field of forty-two stars may not be legal for Federal agencies until next year, but there is assuredly nothing illegal in the prior recognition by States and private persons of the practical relations of the new States to the remainder of the Union. Such a recognition would be at the worst but a brief and passing irregularity; and that is hardly to be placed in the scale opposite to the comity of States. The fortunate design of our national flag enables the older States to signalize at once the cordiality with which they add to the roll of their sisterhood the names of North Dakota, South Dakota, Montana, and Washington.

How to Preserve the Forests.

A PLAN for the conservation of the forests on the lands which belong to the nation has recently been presented by "Garden and Forest." Almost the only forests remaining on the public lands are those of the mountain region of the Pacific States, and these forests have a special interest and value because of their relation to the agricultural capacity of a vast extent of country lying along the streams which have their sources in these mountain woods. These regions adjacent to the streams, or near enough to be irrigated from them, are not fertile in their present arid condition, but they are capable of great productiveness. All the elements of fertility are in the soil in abundant proportions, except water. This can be supplied only by irrigation. It does not come to these thirsty lands naturally, by rainfall, but must be assisted by the ingenious devices of man on its way to thousands of fields which will thus be made to blossom as the rose, where nature, unhelped, leaves wide expanses desert and unproductive. This water, which is the magical element by which this wilderness is transformed into a fruitful and populous country, is stored in the everlasting hills, where the rivers have their springs, and the forests are its natural custodians and distributers. The water supply is abundant, and while the forests stand guard around the sources of the rivers, their flow is as everlasting as the hills themselves.

A mountain forest has more functions than most people have considered. It covers the hills with a vast mat or net-work of living root-fibers, and holds in place the ever-accumulating mass of mold and decomposing vegetable matter, which absorbs and retains the water of the rainfall and the melting snows. Such a forest is a great sponge, which receives all the water that falls on the mountains, and allows it to escape gradually, so as to maintain the steady flow of the rivers which it feeds. A forest is thus a natural reservoir for the storage and distribution of the water which falls upon it; and it is far more efficient, as well as far more economical, than any system of artificial storage reservoirs that can be substituted for it. If the forest is removed, this mighty sponge is destroyed, and there is then nothing to perform its function of holding back the water, which will rush down in overwhelming floods and torrents.

The first thing to be noted is that the water will thus all run away at once, at a time when but little of it is wanted, and there will be little or none of it left for the season when it is most needed. The rivers which have been fed by the mountain springs will soon be dry a great part of the year.

The next thing to be observed is that when the forests are destroyed the hills themselves are not everlasting. When the great sponge-like mass or cap of living root-fibers, mold, and decaying vegetation which the forest held in place as a crown for the hills is destroyed, the mountains themselves begin to crumble and melt away. The soil which for thousands of years has been meshed and matted along the steep slopes and around the shoulders of the hills has now nothing to keep it in place, and it begins to slip and sink away. When it is heaviest with accumulated water whole hillsides are dislodged from their supporting framework of rocks, and descend with resistless force to the plain below, carrying ruin in their path, and leaving the once beautiful face of the mountain seamed and scarred. The rivers are choked, their channels silted up, and the valleys and adjacent plains are buried irrecoverably beneath the vast accumulations of sand, gravel, and *débris* which the resistless annual floods bring down from the dissolving hills.

All this has been tried in every part of the civilized world, with the same unvarying result. There appears to be serious danger that these disastrous and fatal experiments will be repeated in our treatment of the mountain forests of the western part of our country; but as the forests now belong to the nation they should be effectively guarded against the short-sighted selfishness which would thus ruin them, and, by destroying them, forever prevent the development of the regions along the course of the streams below.

The plan proposed by "Garden and Forest" for the protection of these important forests embraces three essential features.

The first is the immediate withdrawal from sale of all forest lands belonging to the nation.

The second step is to commit to the United States army the care and guardianship of the nation's forests. It is shown in the article referred to that there is in time of peace no other work of national defense or protection so valuable as this which the army can perform, and that the national forests cannot be adequately guarded and protected by any other means. It is obvious that the measures which have been tried, including those now in operation, or nominally in operation, have proved almost entirely ineffective. The officers of the army are picked men, educated at the expense of the nation, and already in its paid service.

The third step in this plan is the appointment by the President of "a commission to make a thorough examination of the condition of the forests belonging to the nation, and of their relation to the agricultural interests of the regions through which the streams flow which have their sources in these forests, and to report with the facts observed a comprehensive plan for the preservation and management of the public forests, including a system for the training, by the Government, of a sufficient number of foresters for the national forest service. . . . A National School of Forestry should be established at a suitable place in one of the great mountain forests on the public lands, and its equipment should be as thorough and adequate for its purpose as is that of the National Military Academy at West Point."

The plan thus proposed has the merit of being practical, and of providing the means and instruments for its own effective and successful administration.

Nothing else at once so direct and efficient, and so thoroughly adapted to accomplish these most important objects, has hitherto been presented for the consideration and action of the American people in connection with this department of our national interests. It should be adopted and put in operation as soon as possible.

The Dark Continent.

FROM the beginning of time, men have been accustomed to associate with the name of Africa only such conceptions as darkness, ignorance, helplessness, and the opportunity of oppression. Sir John Hawkins and the Roman conqueror of centuries before may have had little else in common, but they agreed in their belief that Africa and the Africans were fair game, the storehouse from which were to be drawn supplies of slaves, and in which Rob Roy's was the only law.

Since the Pharaohs' kingdom, with its supplies of grain to the Mediterranean region, and Carthage, with its more universal commercial intercourse, international relations have for centuries felt hardly any disturbing influences from the side of Africa, with the exception of the den of pirates so long permitted to exist in the Barbary States. Lord Salisbury's recent invidious speech about "black men" and their implied incapacity for national or international affairs, though applied to Hindus, was merely another curious survival of the feeling of absolute contempt bred from centuries of supreme international indifference to everything African except the plunder of Africa. This indifference was the product of the feeling that international interests and the balance of power were purely European affairs, a feeling which does not really date from the struggles of William and Louis, but from time immemorial,— from that time, at least, when the headlong retreat of the Persian from the shores of Greece gave the first great shock to rudimentary international relations. From that time international law has virtually been founded on the notion that international rights were confined to the nations of Europe, while the nations of other continents had at best only international privileges.

One may well fancy the rudeness of the shock that would have been given to this notion by the appearance and geometrical increase of the great American Republic but for the self-control of the latter power. Silas Deane's wish for three thousand miles of fire between Europe and America has been pretty fairly fulfilled so far as international law is concerned; and diplomacy has been permitted to assume that the center and circumference of all its real rights and interests are in Europe. It has often been wondered that American diplomacy should have been so constantly successful; perhaps the wonder would be less if one could weigh exactly the natural desire of the diplomacy of the old school to maintain the *status quo* in order to neutralize its American rival by granting all the latter's reasonable demands, and thus to retain to itself the appearance of its ancient exclusiveness.

Circumstances seem to be forming new combinations to shock the solidity of the *status quo*. Not only are torpedo-boats, iron-clads, and perfected weapons and munitions at the service of any government that has money to buy them, but some governments, once accounted only barbarous, have come to know and value these tools of destruction and to use them as a defense. The Japanese army and navy must now be reckoned with by Russia and England in any general war in which these two rivals take part. China, which once relied on junks, gingals, and stink-pots for the extermination of the foreign devils, now patrols her own seas with well-appointed squadrons of iron-clads, and doubtless will not wait for European permission to take advantage of the earliest opportunity to settle up several long-standing accounts. Cases of the kind are numerous and striking, though those who talk so glibly of a "general European war" seem to ignore them and to imagine that international circumstances have not changed since the general European peace was made in 1815.

The share of the Dark Continent in the new circumstances thus far has been mainly commercial. He who can teach the black man to want and wear one shirt where none was worn before brings a wide and welcome increase to the markets of European producers; and it is shameful to be compelled to add that Christian nations have found a still richer mine in fastening upon Africa the love for distilled liquors. Under such auspices the Congo State has been born; but is it certain or probable that this is to be the end of all for Africa? Everything seems to portend an epoch of European colonization in the Dark Continent, modeled on the Congo State; but there are some considerations to the contrary.

Africa, like every other continent, has races of every type. It has its races of cowards, and its militant, conquering peoples. In the natural process, the former should go down and the latter come to the surface of things. We are apt to judge all Africans by the former type. But Lord Wolseley should know the black man as a fighter, if any one does; and he has recently put on record[1] his testimony to the courage and determination with which the really military black races face any odds in battle. Our own civil war moreover has borne testimony to the superb fighting qualities of the African. In the very month in which Wolseley's testimony appeared, it received striking confirmation in the affair at Suakin, in which the negro allies of the English forces did so unfairly large a proportion of the fighting; and there are further confirmatory cases in the African warfare of the past, familiar enough to show that the Dark Continent has an abundance of the raw material for organized armies. And it is more than probable that the militant African will be as competent as our American Indian to handle modern weapons and munitions.

Why, then, when educated leaders shall be developed, should not Africa, in her turn, evolve governments as capable as China or Japan of throwing some weight into any general disturbance of the international balance? The possible wealth of Africa is immeasurably beyond that from which the far eastern powers have armed themselves. When we hear of Chinese and Japanese war fleets now, the conception of them has gradually become familiar; but the conception of them would have seemed about as strange thirty years ago as that of a Zulu squadron of iron-clads would seem to us now. It is certain that if any African power should come to have ambition enough to form such a fleet, no European power would have any more scruple in seeking its aid by alliance than the Roman emperor had in accepting the tax from an unsavory source, and for the same reason.

It may be, of course, that all such speculations are less than idle; that the African is hopelessly a child or a slave; that the destiny of the Dark Continent is only to be exploited for the benefit of the other continents; and that the relations between Europe and Africa are always to be commercial only, and never in any wise international. It is well to notice, however, that this last hypothesis has already been relied upon in the case of China and Japan, and that it already seems to be proving somewhat delusive. One cannot feel certain that the other hypotheses above stated are not equally or more delusive. Certainly Africa shows no signs of supine acquiescence in a commercial fate. Englishmen, Frenchmen, Germans, and Italians are still chipping at the edges of the Dark Continent, and seem to find advance into the interior unexpectedly difficult. There may yet be the seeds of stirring international episodes in the Basuto, the Zulu, or the Ashanti, as Wolseley describes them; or in the men of whom he uses these astonishingly strong words: "I am certain our men would much prefer to fight the best European troops rather than the same number of African warriors who were under the influence of Mohammedan fanaticism."

OPEN LETTERS.

American Literature.[2]

WHOEVER will read through this big work, of which seven volumes are now issued, will have gained a knowledge of American history, not so connected, but much more vivid than he can get from Bancroft or Hildreth. And the best way to study history is in the documents. The editors have given a liberal interpretation to the word literature; indeed, they have been forced to do so, for it is not much more than half a century that literature as a fine art has been practiced in this country with any success.

The first two volumes cover the colonial period and follow the time division adopted by Tyler in his unfinished "History of American Literature," being devoted respectively to the years 1607–1675, and 1676–1764 (Tyler makes it 1607–1676 and 1677–1765). The dividing line between the first and second colonial period is Bacon's Rebellion in Virginia and King Philip's War in New England. These volumes, in fact, make an excellent supplement to Professor Tyler's work without in the least taking its place, since they consist merely of selections from colonial writers with no comment, and no biographical matter beyond the dates and places of birth and death. In this respect the "Library" differs from such standard collections as Duyckinck's and Griswold's. It is not a cyclopedia; it gives, in general, longer extracts, and its material is chosen with a nicer taste and from a more modern point of view.

A glance at the contents of the successive volumes in the series will enable the reader to follow the growth of the American mind and the development of a native society and a civilization which, if in the main derived from Europe, is also in a degree original. In the first volume, as was to be expected, the place of honor is given to that delightful soldier of fortune, Captain John Smith, of the Virginia Adventurers; and the greater part of the book is allotted to narratives of voyages, reports of life in the New World sent back to England, journals like Bradford's and Winthrop's, the sermons and theological writings of New England divines such as Hooker and Cotton, and descriptions of the Indians. This was the age of settlement and discovery, and the authors represented in this volume were all born in England and in great part reared there. Perhaps the most important names after those already mentioned are Roger Williams and John Eliot, the apostle to the Indians. In New England, theology seems to have formed the sole intellectual interest of the people and almost the daily business of their lives. The Cambridge platform; the letters of persecuted Quakers, "written in the common gaol in the bloody town of Boston"; the punning epitaphs composed upon deceased ministers by their survivors; and the metrical horrors of the famous "Bay Psalm Book" (1640), the first book printed in America, round out the picture of early colonial life in New England and deepen one's thankfulness that one is only a *descendant* of the Puritans. But the great interest of their subject-matter and the earnestness of their spirit redeem the work of these ancient annalists and preachers from absolute dullness. Now and then there is a touch of quaintness, of simplicity or grave humor, or a bit of graphic narrative which seems like a concession to worldly-mindedness and engages the modern reader. Mistress Anne Bradstreet, "The Tenth Muse," our first if not really our worst poet, is not so amusing as the Sweet Singer of Michigan. Nathaniel Ward, "The Simple Cobbler of Agawam," is a humorist of that distressing variety which abounded in the generation of Thomas Fuller, and is not to be compared with Artemus the Delicious. But Captain John Underhill is a pleasant soul, and Thomas Morton of Merrymount has some contemporaneous human interest as a foil to the Puritans, and, if for no other reason, then because Hawthorne has made such good use of him in his "Maypole of Merrymount." There is, in truth, a legendary and almost mythological air about this Merrymount episode.

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[1] "Fortnightly Review," December, 1888.

[2] A Library of American Literature, from the Earliest Settlement to the Present Time. Compiled and Edited by Edmund Clarence Stedman and Ellen Mackay Hutchinson. In ten volumes. New York: Charles L. Webster & Co. 1888.

In the second volume we reach the first native American writers. The Calvinistic gloom of the Puritans takes a still deeper tinge, and we are met on the threshold with Michael Wigglesworth's "Day of Doom"—that strange New English *Inferno* which once made thousands of readers shudder and now makes an occasional one laugh, or would make him laugh were it not for a certain intensity and sincerity, amounting almost to poetic imagination, under its hard, literal diction and doggerel verse.

Thirty years later and this Calvinistic blackness gets a streak of blood across it, and we come to the Salem witch-killings — the internal, as Indian massacres were the external, tragedy of colonial New England. Increase and Cotton Mather — what Tyler calls "the dynasty of the Mathers"— are the prominent figures in the literature of this period. The "Magnalia" is the great book of old New England. Its author was pedantic, vain, bigoted, and superstitious. His book is crabbed enough in style, but it is full of meat, and may be relished to-day by readers with a strong stomach. The editors have done well in giving among their other selections from Cotton Mather his account of Captain Phips's adventure in raising the wreck of a Spanish treasure ship from a reef near Hispaniola. The whole life of Phips, as told in the "Magnalia," reads like a romance. Judge Sewall's confession of his guilt in the witchcraft matter is given, and also the indignant exposure of the whole business of Mather's "Invisible World," by Robert Calef, a Boston merchant, whose sanity, in contrast with the wretched credulity of the ministers and magistrates, imports a little of the eighteenth-century *éclaircissement* into the darkness of the seventeenth. The editors, for some reason, have not included the fine passage from Sewall's "Phænommena" which Whittier has versified and which Professor Tyler quotes in his "History." Room might have been made, too, for an extract from Higginson's "Attestation to Cotton Mather's Magnalia," which contains some really eloquent writing.

Narratives of captivity among the Indians, and ballads of Lovewell's Fight and of the French and Indian War, continue, in this volume, the history of the gradual extinction of the aborigines begun in the first. Although the Indians had ceased to be a serious menace to the advance of the English settlements, they were in some respects more formidable to outlying towns, like Deerfield, than they had been in the days of the Pequot and King Philip's wars, being organized and supplied with fire-arms by their French allies. The opening up of the Carolinas and the survey of the Dismal Swamp furnish new fields to the literature of exploration and wild adventure. In the eighteenth century Puritanism finds its most spiritual and most logical expression in Jonathan Edwards, who must be pronounced, upon the whole, the greatest name in our strictly colonial period. Edwards's limpid style and "that inward sweetness" in his "sense of divine things" give a beauty to some of his pages which makes them the nearest approach to pure literature in the writings of American theologians before Channing. Copious and judicious selections are given from Hubbard's "History of New England" and from the Virginia historians Beverly and Stith, whose more formal works now began to take the place of contemporary journals like Bradford's and Winthrop's. Finally, towards the end of the volume, we reach the first American dramatist, Thomas Godfrey of Philadelphia, whose tragedy "The Prince of Parthia" (1765) has nothing to recommend it to curiosity except its date.

The third volume is devoted to the literature of the Revolution (1765–1787). Politics now takes the first place, hitherto occupied by theology, and even the sermons of the time have a strong tinge of patriotism. Franklin is the great figure of the volume. He was the first American man of letters who gained a European reputation, except, possibly, Edwards; the first intellectual product of the New World that could be measured against those of the old by the same standards without allowances or qualifications. The selections from Franklin are fairly representative of his many-sided activity. They include several of his papers on electricity, letters on public questions and private opinions, amusing trifles like "The Whistler," and the "Dialogue between Franklin and the Gout," and passages from "Poor Richard's Almanac," and from the still popular "Autobiography," the most humanly interesting American book of the last century. The spirit of Franklin and of his age was very different from that of Mather or of Jonathan Edwards. He was *émancipé*—a deist and a utilitarian, distinctly secular and unspiritual. In his inventiveness, thrift, common sense, and practicality he stands out as the "primal Yankee." Matthew Arnold, who praised the crystal clearness of his English, thought him the most characteristic American in literature.

The eighteenth-century rebound from the religious tension of the seventeenth is seen also in the writings of other American deists, like Jefferson, "Tom" Paine, and Ethan Allen. The political writings and speeches of these and other patriots, such as Otis, Washington, the Adamses, Patrick Henry, Jay, Josiah Quincy, etc., make up the bulk of the volume. Revolutionary songs and ballads, both Whig and Tory, and documents like the Declaration of Independence, give fullness to the historic view of the period. The Loyalist side is represented by extracts from Governor Hutchinson, James Rivington, the official Tory printer of the "Gazette," and the famous "History of Connecticut," by Rev. Samuel Peters, the source of unnumbered slanders on the land of steady habits. There are eight pages from the diary of John Woolman, that ancient New Jersey Friend and abolitionist, whose quaint sweetness of spirit made Charles Lamb fall in love with the early Quakers. In the prose and verse of Francis Hopkinson of Philadelphia, in Trumbull's "M'Fingal" and the pasquinades of the other "Hartford wits," we encounter satire and humor not entirely devoid of point even at this distance of time. And in Philip Freneau we reach the first real American poet. The editors would have done well, perhaps, to include among their selections from Hopkinson the description of a salt-box in his "College Examination," which is better known than anything of his except the "Battle of the Kegs." The selections from Freneau are good, but "The Indian Student" is more deserving of a place in the volume than any of the author's political or satirical verses, which are all worthless, except "Eutaw Springs."

In this volume, as in the latter part of the second and throughout the fourth, the changes in style keep pace with the advancing literary fashions of the mother country. There is the same difference between the prose of Cotton Mather and that of Jonathan Edwards as between the prose of Burton and that of Locke. Dryden and Butler, a little later Addison and Pope, a little later still Johnson and Goldsmith, become the models of our lighter literature in prose and verse. "M'Fingal" imitates Hudibras; William Livingston, afterwards governor of New Jersey, in his poem "Philosophical Solitude" (1747), tells in the manner of the "Rape of the Lock" of the coquetries of "nymphs" like Sylvia and Chloe:

> Then parrots, lapdogs, monkeys, squirrels, beaux,
> Fans, ribbons, tuckers, patches, furbelows,
> In quick succession through their fancies run,
> And dance incessant on the flippant tongue.

In President Dwight's "Triumph of Infidelity" (1788) and Mercy Warren's poems (1790), Pope continues to give the law, though Dwight's "Greenfield Hill" shows some influence of Goldsmith and Cowper. Franklin's "Busybody" (1729) was an imitation of the "Spectator." Freneau shows distinct traces of Gray's and Collins's elegiac verse. There was little or nothing as yet of original value in our polite literature.

The literature of the Republic begins with the fourth volume (1788–1820). This was the era of constitution-making and constitutional interpretation in American political history, and here the important names are those of Hamilton, Marshall, Gallatin (in finance), Fisher Ames, and later, as the points at issue between the Federalists and the States-Rights party developed and the slavery question loomed ominous, John Quincy Adams, Josiah Quincy, and that line of great orators, Randolph, Clay, Webster, and Calhoun. It was the golden age of American eloquence, and the most imposing figure in the volume is that of Daniel Webster. Theology retires more and more into the background, and general literature, though still imitative, puts forth brave attempts. The forms of our first comedian, Royall Tyler, our first lexicographer, Noah Webster, and our first professional novelist, Charles Brockden Brown, come into view. Tyler was, in his day, a versatile and even brilliant figure, though his work has not worn well. His "Contrast," the first American comedy regularly produced, was acted at the John Street Theater in New York in 1786, and is somewhat after the manner — as to the dialogue — of Sheridan's plays. Tyler's novel, "The Algerine Captive," suggests Smollett and Le Sage, and a passage given from his "The Yankey in London" (1809) shows that the differentiation between English English and American English (as in the use of *guess* and *clever*), which forms so large a part of the stock in trade of our "international" novelists, had already become noticeable. Brown's uncanny romances have recently been republished entire. He was not without genius, and faintly foretokens Hawthorne. Shelley, as is well known, fed upon his novels, and contributed to the same school of fiction his youthful performances, "Zastrozzi" and "St. Irvyne, or the Rosicrucian." There is a native touch in such anonymous ballads as "The Country School" and "Sleighing Song," the latter slightly reminding one of a very popular sleighing idyl by one of the editors of this "Library." Under John Quincy Adams we miss the clever and rather well-known verses entitled "The Wants of Man," which are a sort of anticipation of Dr. Holmes's "Contentment," as Thomas Green Fessenden's ballad "The Country Lovers," here given, is of Lowell's "The Courtin'." The beginnings of Knickerbocker literature are illustrated by passages from William Irving and J. K. Paulding; and the approach of a finer culture in New England by specimens from the novels, lectures, and poems of Washington Allston. Of pieces still current and generally familiar we may note, as falling within this period, Hopkinson's "Hail, Columbia," Moore's "Visit from St. Nicholas," and Key's "Star-Spangled Banner." A feature of this volume, repeated in some of the later ones, is a collection of "Noted Sayings," such as Commodore Perry's "We have met the enemy, and they are ours," and Pinckney's "Millions for defence, but not one cent for tribute." (What he really did say was, "Not a penny, not a penny!")

With volume five (1821–1834) we enter upon the beginning of American literature in the stricter sense of the word. There was little or nothing before this in the nature of creative or imaginative work of any permanent importance. But now we come upon the names of Irving and Cooper; of historians like Prescott; naturalists like Audubon; poets like Pierpont, Dana, Halleck, Bryant, Percival, and Drake; orators and lecturers like Everett and Choate. None of these is quite forgotten, and several of them are as fresh in interest as ever. And though the volume is in general a depository of faded reputations, it holds many single pieces which are still retained in the anthologies and preserved in popular recollection. Such are "The Old Oaken Bucket" of Samuel Woodworth, Mrs. Willard's "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep," Wilde's "My Life is like the Summer Rose," Payne's "Home, Sweet Home!" Dr. Muhlenberg's "I Would not Live Alway," and others, less known but equally worthy of remembrance, like Lavinia Stoddard's "The Soul's Defiance," the spirited anonymous ballad entitled "The Yankee Man-of-War," and Grenville Mellen's fine poem, "The Bugle." Mellen's battle-piece, with its noble closing line:

> High over all the lonely bugle grieves,

which Emerson admired and inserted in his "Parnassus," is not given here. The volume opens fittingly with the name of Dr. Channing, whose "Remarks on National Literature" (1823) was the first formal declaration of our intellectual independence of England. It shows how young our genuinely American literature still is, that some of the writers represented in this volume have died within the last decade. Bryant, *e. g.*, died in 1878; R. H. Dana and General Dix in 1879; Palfrey, the historian of New England, in 1881; Dr. Orville Dewey and Thurlow Weed in 1882.

The sixth volume (1835–1860) covers what still remains the great period of American literature — the generation that preceded the civil war. This is crowded with names of the first importance: Emerson, Hawthorne, Longfellow, Whittier, Poe, and Bancroft, whose works still form our favorite and daily reading; and with others, whose writings, though less familiar, are yet significant, and in part, at least, survive: Alcott, Pinkney, Prentice, Willis, Simms, and Margaret Fuller. Although the period was rich in pure literature, the selections continue to take in a wide range and to illustrate American thought on many sides. The speeches and political writings of public men, such as Lincoln, Seward, Garrison, Chase, John Brown, Jefferson Davis, Robert Toombs, and Caleb Cushing; the work of theologians, like Horace Bushnell, Theodore Parker, Mark Hopkins, and Orestes Brownson; of scholars in many departments, such as Lieber, Woolsey, Marsh, Hedge, Felton, Barnard, and Peirce; of literary critics, like Ripley and Hillard; and of historians, like Gayarré and Hildreth — all these are amply presented. In this period the national mind seems first to reach maturity. The authors above named are distinguished, in general, from their predecessors: in *belles lettres*, by a stronger and finer art, a greater native impulse, and a freedom from the influence of foreign and especially of English models; in the literature of knowledge, by a wider learning and a nicer scholarship, which testify to the improvements in American education; in divinity, by a more liberal spirit and a disposition to attend more to religious philosophy and less to dogmatic theology, which shows the influence of Unitarian dissent in New England and the growth of a more cosmopolitan population in the country at large; and in political literature, by a plainer style, a more earnest and sincere conviction, and a higher moral tone in the discussion of party issues, particularly of the slavery question.

The seventh volume continues the literary history of the same generation (1835–1860) and adds the names of Mrs. Stowe, Holmes, Motley, Thoreau, Lowell, Walt Whitman, and of their less famous contemporaries, many of whom are still living and writing. Politics and political journalism — the latter not ignored in previous volumes — are represented mainly by passages from the writings of Charles Sumner, Wendell Phillips, Horace Greeley, Alexander H. Stephens, Henry J. Raymond, and Generals Grant and Sherman; and liberal extracts are given from Beecher's sermons, lectures, and public addresses, and several pages of characteristic sentences and paragraphs from his extemporaneous discourses. One hundred and thirty-eight authors are drawn upon in this seventh volume, whose contents exhibit a greater variety than any one of the preceding. The majority of these are fairly well known, but now and then a selection occurs which will strike the general reader as something of a rarity or a literary curiosity. Such is the passage from Delia Bacon, the originator of the "Baconian theory" of Shakspere. Such the "Table-Talk" of Thomas Gold Appleton, who said so many good things and wrote so little. Such also the two poems from the little known volume of Sam Ward, the King of the Lobby, prince of good fellows, most accomplished of talkers and of diners. It was over the mahogany, indeed, that we first heard from his own lips his little poem "Edelweiss," and a few stanzas of his clever French translation of "Locksley Hall,"

C'est bien toi, manoir de Locksley,

either one of which would have graced a page in volume seven.

Mr. Stedman and Miss Hutchinson have performed their task with excellent judgment, knowledge, and care. We do not see how any student of American history or literature — unless he has a very full library of Americana of his own — can afford to be without this collection.

Henry A. Beers.

Buchanan, Lincoln, and Duff Green.

In December, 1860, President Buchanan sent to President-elect Lincoln, by General Duff Green, an urgent invitation to come immediately to Washington, with assurances that he would be received and treated with all due courtesy; the object of the invitation being that they might consult and act in concert to "save the Union without bloodshed," if possible. In The Century for November, 1887, page 87, the authors of the Life of Lincoln say:

> Whether this proposition came by authority or not, Lincoln could not publicly either question the truth of the envoy or the motive of the mission. In either case the appeal was most adroitly laid. Of course it was impossible to accept or even to entertain it. . . . His [General Green's] whole aim had been to induce Lincoln tacitly to assume responsibility for the Southern revolt.

Mrs. Green's nephew, Ninian W. Edwards, and Mr. Lincoln married sisters. This family alliance led to a warm personal friendship between Mr. Lincoln and General Green, which continued down to their last meeting, on board the *Malvern*, at Richmond, Virginia, April 5, 1865, when Mr. Lincoln sprung forward to greet General Green with the exclamation, "My dear old friend, can I do anything for you?"

When Mr. Lincoln came to Washington as a member of Congress he took lodgings in Carroll Place, then more commonly called "Green's Row," that he might be near General Green, and his wife near Mrs. Green. The following, which is one of many letters to General Green, illustrates their friendly and confidential relations. This letter was "confidential" in 1849, but the lapse of time, the death of both parties, and the reference to General Green in the Life of Lincoln justify its publication now:

Springfield, Ills., May 18, 1849.

Dear General:

I learn from Washington that a man by the name of Butterfield[1] will probably be appointed Commissioner of the General Land Office. This ought not to be. That is about the only crumb of patronage which Illinois expects; and I am sure the mass of General Taylor's friends here would quite as lief see it go east of the Alleghanies, or west of the Rocky Mountains, as into that man's hands. They are already sore on the subject of his getting office. In the great contest of '40 he was not seen or heard of; but when the victory came, three or four old drones, including him, got all the valuable offices, through what influence no one has yet been able to tell. I believe the only time he has been very active was last spring a year, in opposition to General Taylor's nomination.

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[1] Justin Butterfield, who was appointed.— Editor.

Now cannot you get the ear of General Taylor? Ewing is for B., and therefore he must be avoided. Preston I think will favor you. Mr. Edwards has written me offering to decline, but I advised him not to do so. Some kind friends think I ought to be an applicant; but I am for Mr. Edwards. Try to defeat B., and in doing so use Mr. Edwards, J. L. D. Morrison, or myself, whichever you can to best advantage. Write me, and let this be confidential. Yours truly,

A. LINCOLN.

Mr. Buchanan knew of these friendly relations, and therefore chose General Green as his "envoy." When the proposition was submitted to Mr. Lincoln, he not only expressed his willingness to accept it, but manifested an eagerness to start at once for Washington. He regretted being detained by an appointment with Senator Ben. Wade, whom he was expecting by every train, and said that he would start for Washington as soon as he had met that appointment. Senator Wade came and opposed the proposition successfully. Mr. Lincoln changed his mind and declined Mr. Buchanan's invitation.

Failing in this, General Green then sought to obtain from Mr. Lincoln a letter which could be used at the South as an antidote to his Cooper Institute speech and his speech of the 16th of June, 1858, before the State convention at Springfield, Illinois (see THE CENTURY for July, 1887, p. 386), in which he took the ground that "this Government cannot endure permanently, half slave and half free," and which had led the South to believe that he and his party would be satisfied with nothing short of the "extinction" of slavery. So far from his "whole aim" being to throw on Mr. Lincoln the "responsibility for the Southern revolt," General Green's only aim was to relieve him of that responsibility by satisfying the South that they had no reason to fear that he would make or countenance in others any attempt to emancipate their slaves. In this he also failed. The letter sent by Mr. Lincoln to Senator Trumbull, to be delivered "if, on consultation, our friends, including yourself, think it can do no harm," never reached General Green.

General Green's own account of his mission to Springfield and of his interview with Mr. Lincoln in Richmond after its occupation by the Federal troops may be found in "Facts and Suggestions," by Duff Green, published in 1866 by Richardson & Co., New York, and Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

At Richmond, Mr. Lincoln told General Green that Mr. Corwin's resolution, prohibiting Congress from any interference with slavery in the slaveholding States, was passed on the last night of the session at his (Lincoln's) request. Commenting on this, General Green wrote as follows:

> This resolution was unanimously adopted on the 3d March, 1861, by both houses of Congress, and, as it now appears, upon the recommendation of Mr. Lincoln, as a means of arresting the secession movement. Who can doubt that, if he had come to Washington in December, 1860, as I urged him to do, and had then exerted a like influence, it . . . would have prevented the war.

DALTON, GEORGIA. *Ben. E. Green.*

Sea-Coast and Lake Defenses.

GLANCING through the great four-volume report of the Chief of Engineers, United States Army, with which I have just been favored through the courtesy of that officer, I find *one page*, out of its three thousand pages of business-like statements of work done during the year reported upon, which, if none other, ought to interest and impress every patriotic citizen.

Describing the condition of our so-called "sea-coast and lake frontier defenses," this officer remarks, "The wisdom of providing for the public defense in time of peace and while the Government is in a condition of financial prosperity would appear to be too evident to need further demonstration." The matter has been repeatedly reported upon, and the result has been the annual expenditure, years ago, of about $100,000 per annum, until 1885; since which date absolutely nothing has been done. The consequence of this miserable state of affairs is thus graphically stated by the Chief of Engineers; and could anything be more pitiful?

> Neglect of any structure, however massive or well built, results in more or less rapid deterioration, and we find to-day everything connected with our permanent defenses, which are dependent upon annual appropriations for the maintenance and repair, going to rack and ruin: slopes overgrown with grass and weeds and gullied by the rain; walks and roads ragged and untrimmed and full of holes and breaks; ditches and drains filled up or fallen in, and pools of stagnant water on the parades and in the casemates; the sewers in bad order with the consequent evils; mortar and cement fall from the joints of masonry for the want of repointing; timber gun and ammunition platforms rotten or decayed; and permanent concrete or masonry platforms settling or out of plumb, thus preventing the proper service of the guns; casements and quarters leaky, unhealthy, and uninhabitable; magazines damp and useless; revetment walls and water fronts falling down, and waves making serious and rapid encroachments on valuable land, thus impairing eligible sites for future works; and generally about the ungarrisoned forts an appearance of total abandonment and decay; and from the commanders of garrisoned forts continued and urgent appeals to keep the works in order for the comfort and convenience of the garrison and the efficient use of the armaments.

Was there ever a more extraordinary picture of the inefficiency of our legislative body or of the shiftlessness that may sometimes characterize the administration of such trusts? What facts or what circumstances could give the enemies of the republican system of government a better argument against government by representatives chosen by the people? A great nation like ours permits every material guarantee of the permanence of its institutions to be absolutely neglected; pays not the slightest attention to its most important defensive armaments; allows its army and navy to become weakened, demoralized, and incapable of doing the work assigned, and placidly sees the smallest of those nations with which it is liable at any time, through the fault of the stranger or the incapacity of its own administrations, to be forced into conflict, providing itself with fleets and armies such as give the enemy the power to inflict incalculable and irremediable damage on our coasts before we can even make a fair beginning in the work of rehabilitating our defenses. Great Britain, France, Germany, Italy, Spain, even the smallest of the South American republics, in case of the sudden outbreak of such hostilities as may result from any folly of the least among our foreign representatives, of the pettiest consul, could to-day bombard New York

City more easily than Gillmore bombarded Charleston during our own civil war, and would do more injury in six months than could be repaired in years.

The work now in progress on our navy is a mere drop in the bucket in comparison with that constantly in progress in the dock-yards of every respectable naval power in the world. But this neglect of duty and common prudence on the part of a great nation is hardly greater as a crime than is its folly in turning a deaf ear to its own monitors, the older and wiser officers of its army and its navy,—those who know best what are the dangers of the situation,—and in plodding on after the mighty dollar while risking national life.

R. H. Thurston.

SIBLEY COLLEGE, CORNELL UNIVERSITY.

"The Place Called Calvary.'

IT has come to my knowledge that surprise has been expressed in some quarters that Mr. Fisher Howe did not know what the German author Otto Thenius had once said concerning the place of our Lord's crucifixion. I suppose my own words, in the article "Where was 'the Place called Calvary'?" published in THE CENTURY for November, 1888, may have given such an intimation. I said that Mr. Howe "did not know that any one had ever spoken even casually about such a thing." This occurs in the midst of my reference to the conversation between Dr. Rufus Anderson and Dr. Eli Smith. A part of this conversation as I quoted it was necessarily left out in the article, and so the point of my remark was lost. On page 34 of Mr. Howe's "True Site of Calvary" he has given a long paragraph concerning Thenius's testimony to the correctness of the theory which he was advocating. His language is: "While preparing this paper, we have been much interested in finding that a German author, Otto Thenius, arrived, several years ago, at the same conclusion in regard to the place of crucifixion which we are aiming to establish." Thence he hastens to couple with this the indorsement of Ritter, whose volume was evidently before him at the moment. Ritter's language is: "Thenius has endeavored to show, and has displayed great learning and acuteness in the effort, that the situation of Golgotha was separated some distance from the burial-place, and that it was in front of the Damascus Gate upon the skull-shaped hill alluded to in which the Cave of Jeremiah is found." Mr. Howe was apparently delighted to discover a hint of corroboration anywhere, for his heart was in the work he was trying then to accomplish; because he soon remarks, as if in disappointment at not finding some valuable help, "It is to be regretted that the views expressed by Thenius on this interesting topic have not been reproduced by Ritter, or his translator." It is plain that Mr. Howe had constructed his entire argument, and was already putting it into readiness for printing, with no aid from anything which Ritter had thought it worth while to quote.

Charles S. Robinson.

BRIC-À-BRAC.

A Villanelle.

(With a copy of Jean Passerat's
"*J'ay perdu ma tourterelle; . . .*
Je veux aller après elle.")

JEAN PASSERAT, thy tourterelle,
The dove that from thy bosom flew,
Does not with any mortal dwell:

And with it went the villanelle—
The art is, like thy dove, "perdu!"
Jean Passerat, thy tourterelle

Eludes the modern poet's spell;
To reproduce thy ring-dove's coo
Does not with any mortal dwell.

Once from the skies a clear note fell,
A purple pinion cleft the blue:
Jean Passerat, thy tourterelle

It was not, though it mocked thee well—
But thy sweet song to wake anew
Does not with any mortal dwell:

And since thyself went "après elle"—
Went after her the white gates through—
Jean Passerat, thy tourterelle
Does not with any mortal dwell!

Charles Henry Webb.

Reflections.

STILTS are no better in conversation than in a foot-race.

FOLLY must hold its tongue while wearing the wig of wisdom.

IT is the foolish aim of the atheist to scan infinitude with a microscope.

WHEN poverty comes in at the cottage door, true love goes at it with an ax.

A VEIN of humor should be made visible without the help of a reduction mill.

THE reformer becomes a fanatic when he begins to use his emotions as a substitute for his reasoning faculty.

MANY an object in life must be attained by flank movements; it is the zigzag road that leads to the mountain-top.

ALL the paths of life lead to the grave, and the utmost that we can do is to avoid the short cuts.

THE office should seek the man, but it should inspect him thoroughly before taking him.

HUMILITY is most serviceable as an undergarment, and should never be worn as an overcoat.

THE Good Samaritan helps the unfortunate wayfarer without asking how he intends to vote.

J. A. Macon.

A May Idyl.

WITH rake and hoe doth Gladys go
A-gardening this sunny weather,
Sweet peas about her porch to sow
Midst hollyhocks and prince's feather.
She sends me here, she sends me there,
And loving aid I gladly lend her —
My Gladys, oh, how passing fair,
With violet eyes so softly tender!

How bright the day; the air of May,
How sweet with breath of blossoms laden!
And can you wonder that I stay —
The tempting scene, the lovely maiden?
What reck I though we ne'er may wed?
I kiss her cheek — who could resist her?
Through pearly portals cherry red
She whispers, "Phyllis, dearest sister!"

M. L. Murdock.

Neighbors.

YOUR name is Helen: are you dark or fair?
Deep blue your eyes, or black as shadows are
That lie in woods at midnight? Tell me, sweet,
What form you wear — large, medium, or petite?
I never saw you, nor you me, I ween,
And yet our verses on the self-same sheet
Are printed in the last new magazine.

I fain would know, fair neighbor, if your song
Came from the woodlands, or the city's throng,
From mountain fastness, or beside the sea?
Breathed it in chambered solitude, or free
As birds on wing, amidst some sylvan scene?
I pray you grow acquaint, and let us be
Neighbors in thought as in the magazine.

So may I ask if you are deeply blue
(As to the hose, I mean), or just a true,
Bright little woman,— nothing Bostonese,—
Whose song is sung without a thought to please
Aught but the singer? May I read between
The lines, and ask such things as these,
Hoping they 'll print them in the magazine?

Did hope deferred — that is the weary time
Betwixt acceptance and the printed rhyme —
Make your sweet heart, like my old battered soul,
Endure long agonies, and curse the whole
Confounded tribe of editors whose keen,
Cool, business sense would not at once enroll
Our burning thoughts in their next magazine?

And did you anxiously each month e'er track,
From leading articles to Bric-à-Brac,
Each page, lest haply they had hid your verse
Between some dreary kind of prose? — or, worse,
Lopped off a line to pad a page, and then
Misspelt your name, the tender poet's curse?
Alas, for poets in a magazine!

I question idly. Chance, and chance alone,
Upon one page my verse and yours has thrown.
But, let me whisper e'er I drop my pen,
I am the steadiest of all married men,
And write these lines — oh, may they yet be seen
By your bright eyes! — in hopes they 'll bring me ten
Or twenty dollars from some magazine.

R. T. W. Duke, Jr.

A l'Empire.

ROSINA, they say, is but just seventeen,
Yet she crushed at a blow all the fops of the town
The very first time she appeared on the scene
In something she calls a Directory gown.

It is cut in the picturesque fashion of old,
With a limp, clinging skirt and the scantiest waist,
And wandering over its soft silken fold
Are garlands of roses enchantingly traced.

They have faded, perhaps, since the wonderful night
When Grandmamma danced at the Emperor's ball —
A dimpled young beauty who laughed with delight
To hear herself whispered the fairest of all,

And fingered her pink-flowered frock as she stepped
Through gigue and gavotte with a gay cavalier,
Whose passionate vows, never meant to be kept,
Fell now and again on her innocent ear.

There 's a tiny spot still on the ancient brocade,
Where the posy she gave him had lain at her breast,
And there at one side where the satin is frayed
The thick-jeweled hilt of his sword may have pressed.

But the Prince — ah! Rosina, revenge is so sweet,
That, for Grandmamma's sake, I am glad you look down
With scorn on the dandies who sigh at your feet
Whenever you wear that Directory gown!

M. E. W.

My Muse.

SHE came but once, my radiant Muse —
Once, and uncalled for, smiling, fair,
Filled for an hour my room with light,
Sat in my battered office-chair;

Watched while I wrote with trembling hand
My first, my last, my only rhyme,
Then rose and with one backward glance
Swept from my sight, and since that time

I 've watched and hoped for her in vain —
Peered through the window, left the door
Ajar, that I might coax her in,
But, ah! she comes to me no more.

Often I hear her mocking voice,
And feel the rush of flying feet;
Alas! before I reach the door,
She 's turned the corner of the street.

"If thou hadst held me fast," she cries,
"Perchance I had been with thee yet.
I 'm but a woman; such a slight
I can forgive but not forget."

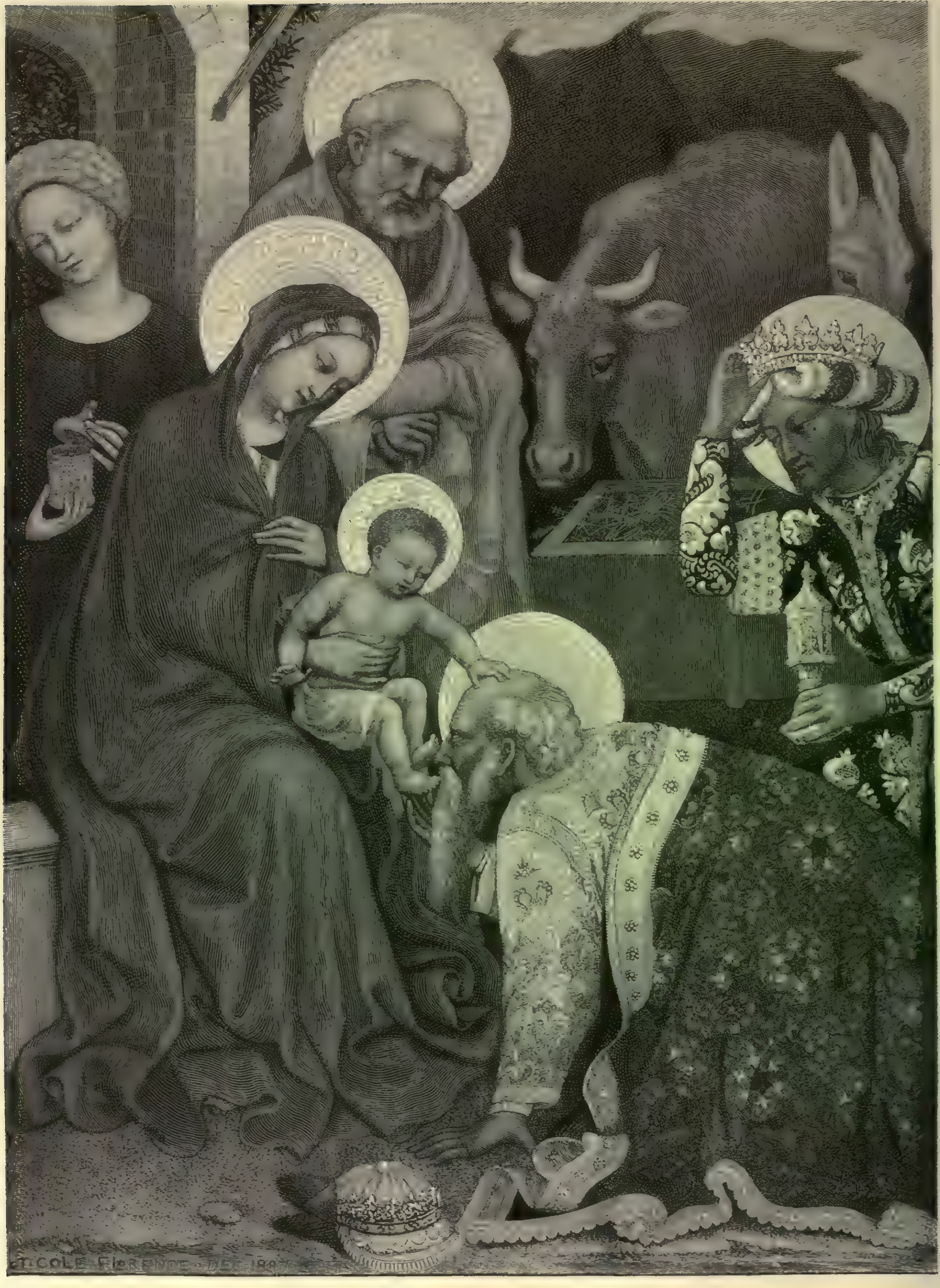
Annie D. Hanks.

Shortest and Longest.

THE longest day is in June, they say;
The shortest in December.
They did not come to me that way:
The shortest I remember
You came a day with me to stay,
And filled my heart with laughter;
The longest day — you were away —
The very next day after.

George Birdseye.

THE DE VINNE PRESS, NEW YORK.



DETAIL FROM THE "ADORATION OF THE KINGS," BY GENTILE DA FABRIANO.

(IN THE ACADEMY OF FINE ARTS, FLORENCE.)

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXXVIII. JULY, 1889. No. 3.

WINCHESTER CATHEDRAL.

WINCHESTER Cathedral is the longest medieval church in Europe now that old St. Paul's of London has perished, yet no other makes so poor a showing in the English landscape. As depressed and monotonous in outline as Peterborough, it lacks that splendor of façade which gives Peterborough grandeur from a western point of view; nor has it an equal stretch of open square and verdant close about it. Seen from the neighboring hills its enormous bulk is of course imposing, but on lower ground the eye cannot often isolate it from the encircling houses. Especially is this true of the place whence strangers see it first. It stands near the railroad, yet the traveler may easily fail to realize that he is approaching one of the mightiest, most famous, and most interesting of English cathedrals. He must carefully make the circuit of its walls to appreciate their extent, and must enter its portals to comprehend its majesty and charm.

I.

AT Winchester, as at Lincoln and at York, we have a town that the Romans knew. They called it Venta Belgarum, but its still earlier British name is more often recollected — Caer Gwent, familiar to the lovers of Arthurian legend. Tradition says that British-Roman Christians worshiped here in a church of unparalleled size and beauty, which, after the West-Saxon conquest, was turned into a "temple of Dagon." But the real importance of the city dates from this conquest. When Cerdic was crowned Caer Gwent lay in ruins; but restored with an Anglicized name, Wint-Ceaster, it grew beneath the rule of his offspring to be the capital of united England; and, though London gradually usurped its place, the imagination still looks back to it as back to Canterbury. Winchester politically and Canterbury spiritually are the mother cities of the English-speaking race.

Christianity came late among the fierce West-Saxons. Only in the year 633 did Birinus, a bishop sent from Rome, convert King Kynegils and his people, helped in the work by Oswald, king of Northumbria, friend of St. Cuthbert, hero of Durham, who had come southward to seek the hand of a West-Saxon princess. Although Winchester was the royal seat, Dorchester (now Abingdon) was the first center of the new diocese. But a great church at once replaced the old one that Dagon had desecrated, and hither, after various other changes, the bishop's chair was removed about the year 700, in the reign of the famous King Ina.

Winchester's importance steadily grew with the growth of West-Saxon supremacy. Here reigned Egbert, the first king of all England, and his successors until just before the Norman conquest. After its desolation by the Danes, Alfred the Great restored the town to prosperity and peace, and, that harried Wessex might no longer deserve the reproach of being the most ignorant province in England, founded, close to the cathedral or Old Minster, a New Minster as a home for scholars. Swithun, who had been his tutor, was bishop just before his time. When Ethelwold filled the chair a century later he repaired, or probably rebuilt, the Old Minster. The towers of his church, says an ancient chronicler in rhyme, "have lofty peaks capped with pointed roofs, and are adorned with various and sinuous vaults curved with well-skilled

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contrivance. . . . Above these stands a rod with golden balls, and at the top a mighty golden cock, which boldly turns its face to every wind that blows."

The translation of St. Swithun's body into the new building in the year 980 was delayed by forty days of rain, and in consequence this festival (July 15) still predicts the next forty days of weather for the English peasant. The original church had been dedicated to the Holy Trinity. The new one was dedicated to Sts. Peter and Paul. But St. Swithun was revered as its real patron, and medieval writers call it the Old Minster, or St. Swithun's Abbey. The chapter had originally been a secular one, but Ethelwold offered the canons, many of whom were married men, their choice between a monkish cowl and the loss of their seats; and when all but three refused the cowl, he filled the vacant stalls with Benedictine monks from Abingdon.

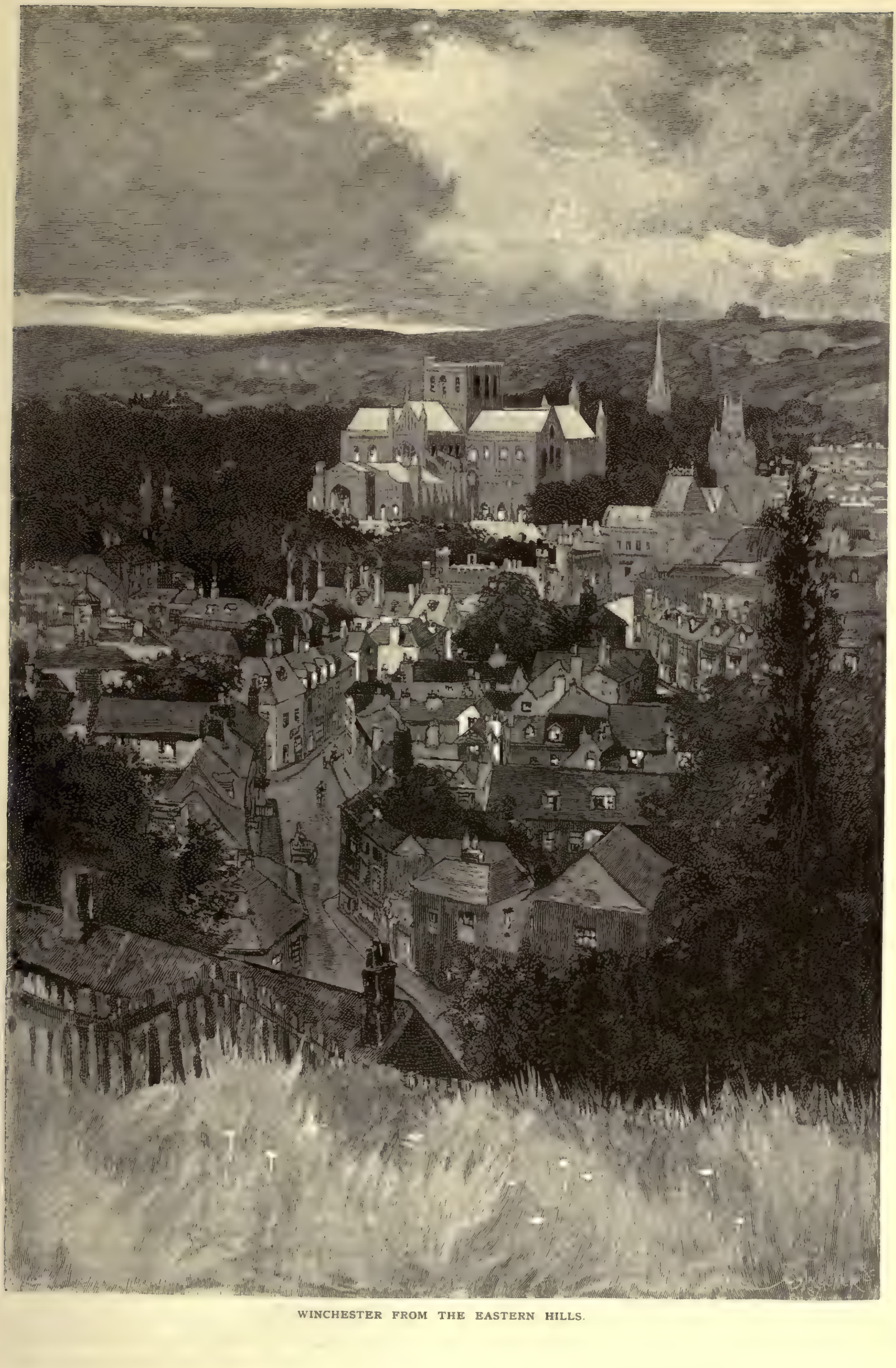
During the days of the threatened and accomplished Danish dominion, national existence still centered at Winchester. In its cathedral Canute was crowned, and here he placed his golden crown on the head of the crucified Christ, refusing to wear it again after his courtiers' blasphemous adulation on the borders of Southampton Water. Here, too, the legend runs, his widow Emma — widow also of Ethelred the Unready and mother of the Confessor — was forced by her pious, weakly son to walk upon hot plowshares in refutation of a charge of too close friendship with Bishop Aldwin. The great Godwin died suddenly at a royal feast at Winchester and was buried in the cathedral while all the people of England mourned aloud. William the Conqueror respected the town as the dower city of the Confessor's widow, Edith, and it quietly submitted to his rule. Stigand was bishop of Winchester as well as archbishop of Canterbury at this time, and he too died here and was buried in the cathedral. And on a neighboring hilltop Waltheof (whose birthplace we saw at York), the "last English Earl," was beheaded by the Conqueror and "meanly buried on the place of his martyrdom."

The first Norman bishop was Walkelin, a relative of the Conqueror's. He rebuilt the cathedral from the foundations up, on a site that was far more cramped than it remains today, the New Minster standing so close to its northern side that the chanting in one church could be heard in the other, and William's great castle crowding close upon its western front.

II.

ALTHOUGH the Confessor had been crowned at the old capital his love for Westminster and the development of commercial life started London in its successful rivalry with Winchester. But it was generations still ere Winchester lost its rank. It was William's English capital, where he was crowned for the second time with Matilda. Domesday Book was called the "Book of Winton," probably because it was here presented to the king; and here, where it first rang out by his hated order, the curfew-bell still tolls night after night. William Rufus too was crowned here, and, shot near by in the New Forest which his father had watered with the tears of its dispossessed peasants, was buried without religious rites in the center of St. Swithun's church. Seven years later Walkelin's massive tower fell down, as though "ashamed to shelter the Red King's corpse." On the day of his burial the witan at Winchester elected Henry to the throne; and in a neighboring cloister he found his wife, Edith,— afterwards, as Norman tongues could not pronounce her name, called Matilda or Maud,— the daughter of Margaret of Scotland and niece of Edgar the Atheling, last scion of Cerdic's stock. In Henry's reign the New Minster was removed to another site and became Hyde Abbey, while the ground it left vacant was used for the city cemetery and now forms part of the cathedral close.

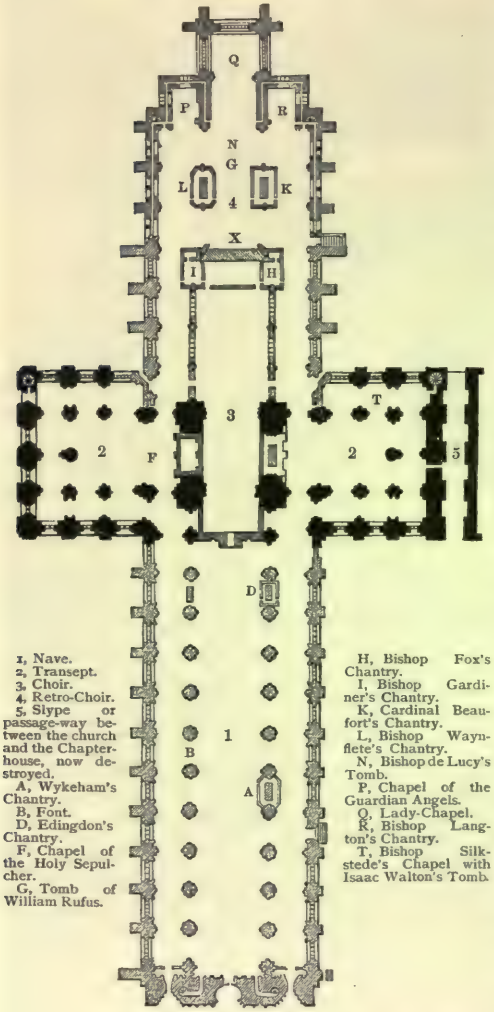
Henry of Blois, a grandson of the Conqueror, Bishop of Winchester from 1129 to 1171, was not only the most powerful prelate but the most powerful man in England. A prime favorite with his uncle, King Henry, to whom he owed his bishopric, neither gratitude nor oaths guided his course in the war which followed Henry's death. Siding now with his cousin Matilda and now with his brother Stephen, he worse confounded the confusion of his time, but at last was the chief promoter of the settlement which put Stephen on the throne. His political acts may be variously judged. His private life was pure, and he labored steadily for the good of his diocese. Becket was consecrated by his hands. He was legate of the pope, a great warrior in deed as well as counsel, and the builder of the beautiful and famous Hospital of St. Cross, which still stands in its old usefulness a mile away from the cathedral. But in his latter days, in the reign of Stephen, Winchester's rank as the capital of the realm finally passed away. It is true that Henry spent much time at Winchester, married his daughter there to the Duke of Saxony, and there kept the enormous treasure, which, when he died, Richard eagerly came to seize. It is true, as well, that Richard's second coronation, after his captivity, took place at Winchester. But he was first crowned at Westminster, as had been the case with Stephen and with Henry II., when Winchester



WINCHESTER FROM THE EASTERN HILLS.

lay almost in ruins after the long war, and indeed, years before, with Henry I.; and no subsequent English king has thought of Wessex as the political heart of his realm.

In 1189 Godfrey de Lucy was made bishop, and rebuilt the east end of the cathedral while King John was beginning his reign. Bishop Peter de Roches, a Poitevin by birth, and one of the first of those haughty foreign prelates who troubled the realm so sorely, stood fast by John while he struggled with his people, and after his death remained Grand Justiciar of England and was guardian of the new king, little Henry III. The reign of this Henry of Winchester was a troublous one for his natal town, what with the Baron's war eddying close about it, the king's wranglings with the cathedral chapter over the election of its bishops, and frequent monkish quarrels with the townsfolk. But a happy day came at last to Winchester, when, at the parliament held there in 1268, Henry made his peace with his son and with the memory of Simon de Montfort. Ethelmar, or Aylmar, de Valence, Henry's half-brother, had finally been chosen bishop through his insistence. After this name come a few of small significance, and then Bishop Edingdon's in 1346. The Black Death all but depopulated England in Edingdon's time and left Winchester with only two thousand inhabitants, yet his architectural works were many and ambitious, both within and without his cathedral. From 1367 to 1486 (a period of 119 years) the chair was filled by three prelates only, and each was a man of exceptional note, even for a bishop of Winchester — William of Wykeham, Cardinal Beaufort, and William Waynflete. Before I speak of them, however, it will be best to glance at the fabric of the cathedral church upon which Wykeham imperishably set his seal.


Q
P
R
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K
4
X
I
H
3
T
2
F
2
5
D
1
B
A
1, Nave.
2, Transept.
3, Choir.
4, Retro-Choir.
5, Slype or passage-way between the church and the Chapter-house, now destroyed.
A, Wykeham's Chantry.
B, Font.
D, Edingdon's Chantry.
F, Chapel of the Holy Sepulcher.
G, Tomb of William Rufus.
H, Bishop Fox's Chantry.
I, Bishop Gardiner's Chantry.
K, Cardinal Beaufort's Chantry.
L, Bishop Waynflete's Chantry.
N, Bishop de Lucy's Tomb.
P, Chapel of the Guardian Angels.
Q, Lady-Chapel.
R, Bishop Langton's Chantry.
T, Bishop Silkstede's Chapel with Isaac Walton's Tomb.

PLAN OF WINCHESTER CATHEDRAL. (FROM MURRAY'S "HANDBOOK TO THE CATHEDRALS OF ENGLAND.")

III.

THE ambiguous words of early writers led, even in medieval times, to a belief that Walkelin the Norman did not entirely renew Ethelwold's cathedral, built only a hundred years before. It was long argued that its tower at least remained and fell upon the grave of Rufus, and that the new tower was called by Walkelin's name because it was raised with moneys he had bequeathed. But it is certain now that a new site was chosen for the Norman church, the Saxon church standing close beside it till it was complete; that Walkelin's tower did fall,— as two centuries later fell the one which his brother, Bishop Simeon, erected at Ely,— and was promptly rebuilt as we see it to-day.

Walkelin's church was begun in 1076 and dedicated, with infinite pomp, in 1093. The purely Norman character of the crypt helps to prove the change of site, and its plan shows that the shape of the east-end of the church above must have been more complex than that of other Anglo-Norman churches. The "ritual choir" projected as usual across the intersection of nave and transept, and it has never been withdrawn within the eastern limb — the architectural choir — as it has in many other cases. The presbytery beyond it ended, at about the point marked X on our plan, in the customary semicircular apse. But around this apse a wide aisle was carried, flanked by a pair of towers; and a great doorway in the center of the curve admitted to a narrower Lady-Chapel, which extended past the point marked N on the plan. Modern excavations have shown that the nave extended forty feet farther west than the line of its present front and had two enormous towers.[1] Except the transept no part of this vast church — five hundred feet in length — now stands intact; and the gradual process by which the whole greater limb was reconstructed is perhaps the most curious on record.

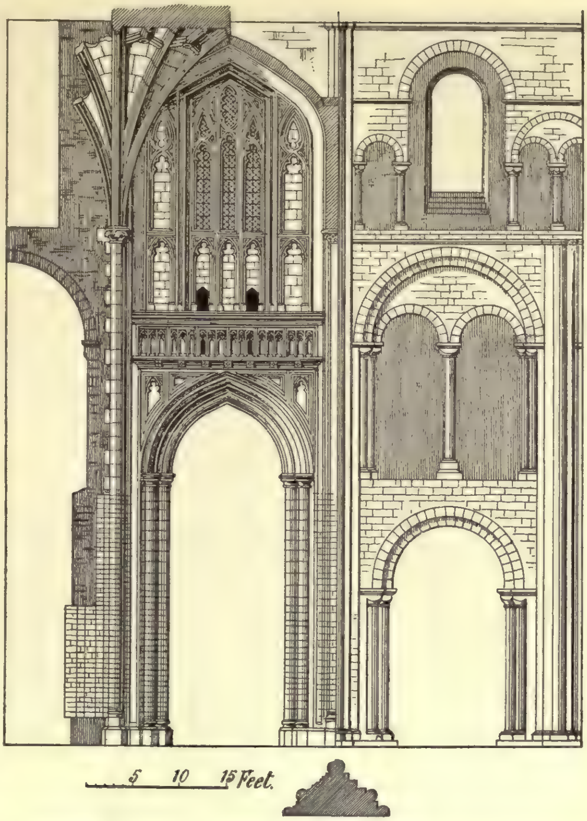

DIAGRAM SHOWING WYKEHAM'S TRANSFORMATION OF THE NAVE. (FROM MURRAY'S HANDBOOK.)

In the year 1202 Bishop de Lucy began, in the Early-English style, a new retro-choir and Lady-Chapel, starting at the fourth pier to the eastward of the crossing. His exterior walls were constructed first and carried past the narrow Norman Lady-Chapel without disturbing it. Later this chapel, together with the aisle around the apse, was torn down and new pier-arcades and vaults were built. The old apse stood inside this newer work until 1320, when the present termination of the presbytery was built in the Decorated style, with a great window in the gable rising close behind the high-altar, far above the lower roofs of De Lucy's retro-choir. In 1350, in the time of Bishop Edingdon, the central alley of the four choir-bays next the crossing was rebuilt in an Early-Perpendicular style, while their Norman aisles were still suffered to remain. Then Edingdon tore down the west-end of the church with its towers, rebuilt it forty feet farther east, and began to rebuild the nave. William of Wykeham continued his work, but he did not rebuild; he merely transformed a great part of the nave, leaving it at his death, in 1404, to be finished by his successors. About 1470 the Lady-Chapel was lengthened towards the east, where three chapels of equal depth had hitherto stood side by side. After the year 1500, the Norman aisles of the choir were at last rebuilt in a style like that of Wykeham's work. For fifty years longer splendid tombs and chantries were erected in Late-Perpendicular ways, and Renaissance architects then added their quota in the shape of minor decorative features. So there is no style or period later than the Conquest which does not reveal itself in this remarkably handled church.

Not much need be said about the transept — we have seen Norman work of the same character in the great Eastern cathedrals. It has an aisle on each side, and across each end runs another which rises only to the level of the springing of the arches, where it bears a narrow gallery. The tower was once open as a lantern to its full height, but was ceiled lower down in the time of Charles I. The four piers that support it are extraordinarily massive, and their masonry is distinctly of two different dates, while the four piers next them in the transept are stronger than those beyond and likewise show marks of alteration. Yet all the work is Norman, and thus structural as well as historical voices witness that Walkelin's great tower fell and that his successors were frightened into sturdier building.

Striking indeed is the contrast between these stern and massive transept-arms and the rich perspectives which stretch out east and west. The picture on page 328 puts the spectator upon the raised floor of the south aisle of the choir. A vast Norman arch curves above him. To the right he sees the wall which incloses the ritual choir, still extending in the Norman fashion beneath the tower; and if he bends forward and looks to the left, the bald majesty of the transept is relieved by few touches of carven decoration. But the wall of the ritual choir is adorned with the work of a much later age; behind him extends the late-built Per-

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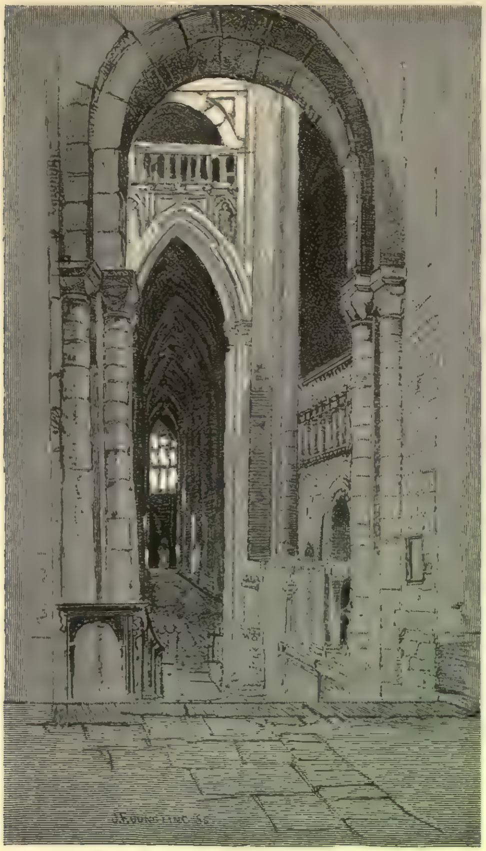
[1] The nave-aisles seem to have ended where they do to-day, and the extension probably consisted of a wide vestibule flanked by the towers, or a sort of western transept.



FROM THE SOUTH AISLE OF THE CHOIR, LOOKING WEST.

pendicular choir-aisle, with the simpler yet light and graceful Lancet-pointed work of De Lucy beyond it, flanked by luxuriant Perpendicular chantries; and opposite him, under the tall slim arch which Wykeham designed, stretches the long south aisle of the nave — sharply pointed, richly vaulted, looking like the work not only of another age but of another race than that which built the massive stilted semicircle above his head.

IV.

CROSSING the transept now and turning into the nave we see one of the most singular and interesting architectural works in the world. In many other churches there are major or minor parts which have been changed by the touch of later ages into marked unlikeness to their former selves. But nowhere else in England was such a transformation effected on so vast a scale, yet nowhere did it leave so little patent evidence of change behind it.

When Edingdon, as I have told, saw fit to take the nave in hand he pulled down the western end. The west-front is entirely his work, inside and out, except for the turrets and gable, which were added by Wykeham; and so are the outer walls and windows of one bay on the southern and two on the northern side of the nave. But when Wykeham took up his task he showed a more economical yet a bolder spirit. He tore down only a portion of the fabric and then added what was lacking to define the proportions and complete the features of a Perpendicular design. Just how he went to work is clearly shown in the illustration on page 327, which was first printed with Professor Willis's admirable account of the cathedral. The right-hand compartment shows the original design of the nave (similar to the design we still see in the transept), with its pier-arcade, triforium, and clerestory of almost equal height; the left-hand compartment shows what Wykeham took away — the pier-arch, the sub-arches of the triforium, and the whole front of the clerestory stage; and the middle compartment shows what he added — a pier-arch much loftier and slighter than its predecessor, and a tall clerestory, the lower part of which, with its blank traceries on the solid wall and its projecting parapet, simulates a triforium, and, indeed, incloses a passage which opens into the nave through small undecorated windows. On the outside of the building only two stories show — the outer wall of the aisle being carried as high as the base of the glazed clerestory lights. The elaborate vaults of nave and aisles — with their main ribs grouped in the characteristic English way[1] but connected by minor ribs in star-like patterns — are part of Wykeham's design, and were finished by Beaufort and Waynflete. In the first portion of the work that Wykeham himself accomplished he allowed many of the Norman surface stones to remain, shaping the piers to the proper form by cutting Perpendicular moldings upon them. But he found this process too troublesome or too costly, for the portions afterwards built are entirely cased with stone-work of his time, behind which, however, the sturdy Norman core remains.

A fine Norman font stands on the north side of the nave, and on the south side, fittingly placed amid the work of their hands, are the sumptuous oratory-tombs of Edingdon and Wykeham. Wykeham's chantry is an especially beautiful piece of work — a tall rectangular structure, with sides that are open above a wall some ten feet in height, and a canopy roof supported on slender shafts and faced with graceful gables. Within it, on an altar tomb, lies the effigy of the great architect in full canonicals, two angels bearing his pillow and three monks praying at his feet. A great square minstrel-gallery fills the west end of the north aisle, and in both aisles, as in those of the transept, are many monuments of many dates. Only two need be noted as bringing a breath of warmer feeling, of closer kinship, among the vague, impersonal memories which haunt us in a church like this. On two simple slabs in the pavement we read the names of Jane Austen and of Isaac Walton; and, for my part, I have found such names far more touching, more impressive, read in places where the dead of whom they witness must oft have knelt in life, than huddled with a hundred others on the pavement of the great half-church, half-museum at Westminster.

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[1] See "Lincoln Cathedral," CENTURY MAGAZINE, August, 1888, p. 587.

WINCHESTER CATHEDRAL FROM THE FIELDS.

The two eastern bays of the central alley of the nave are filled with the steps and platform which lead to the choir-screen. Above them in old times there stretched a rood-loft on which stood a great silver crucifix, built by Stigand with Queen Emma's money and transferred from the Saxon church; and on the head of the Christ was long preserved King Canute's crown of gold. Norman capitals and moldings, which were once concealed by the rood-loft, still remain on the two flanking piers, in proof that Wykeham did not disturb it. Doubtless it perished in the great desecration of the church that came about in the time of Edward VI. The screen which shuts in the choir is not the medieval one nor the Renaissance one which Inigo Jones designed, but a recent construction of oak.

No part of the cathedral is more interesting than the triforium passage in the nave. Although it extends over the whole width of the aisle, one must keep carefully to a narrow central path lest a slip be made in the thick gloom into hollows which yawn, several feet in depth, between the vaulting-compartments of the aisle ceiling. Yet the openings into the nave can be gingerly approached and the view is well worth getting, while over these openings, built into Wykeham's wall, we can trace the great semicircular arches of the old Norman triforium.

V.

Only in the aisles can a view of the whole length of Winchester Cathedral be gained. From the nave the choir-screen breaks the perspective, and though it is low and does not, as so often, bear the organ, and the eye can therefore follow above it the reach of the choir-arcades and ceiling, yet just back of the high-altar comes the end wall of the presbytery. And even when we enter the presbytery, whence, under its eastern pier-arcade, a view into the retro-choir and Lady-Chapel might be had, we find it blocked by a tall reredos, so that it almost seems as though the church ended here.[1]

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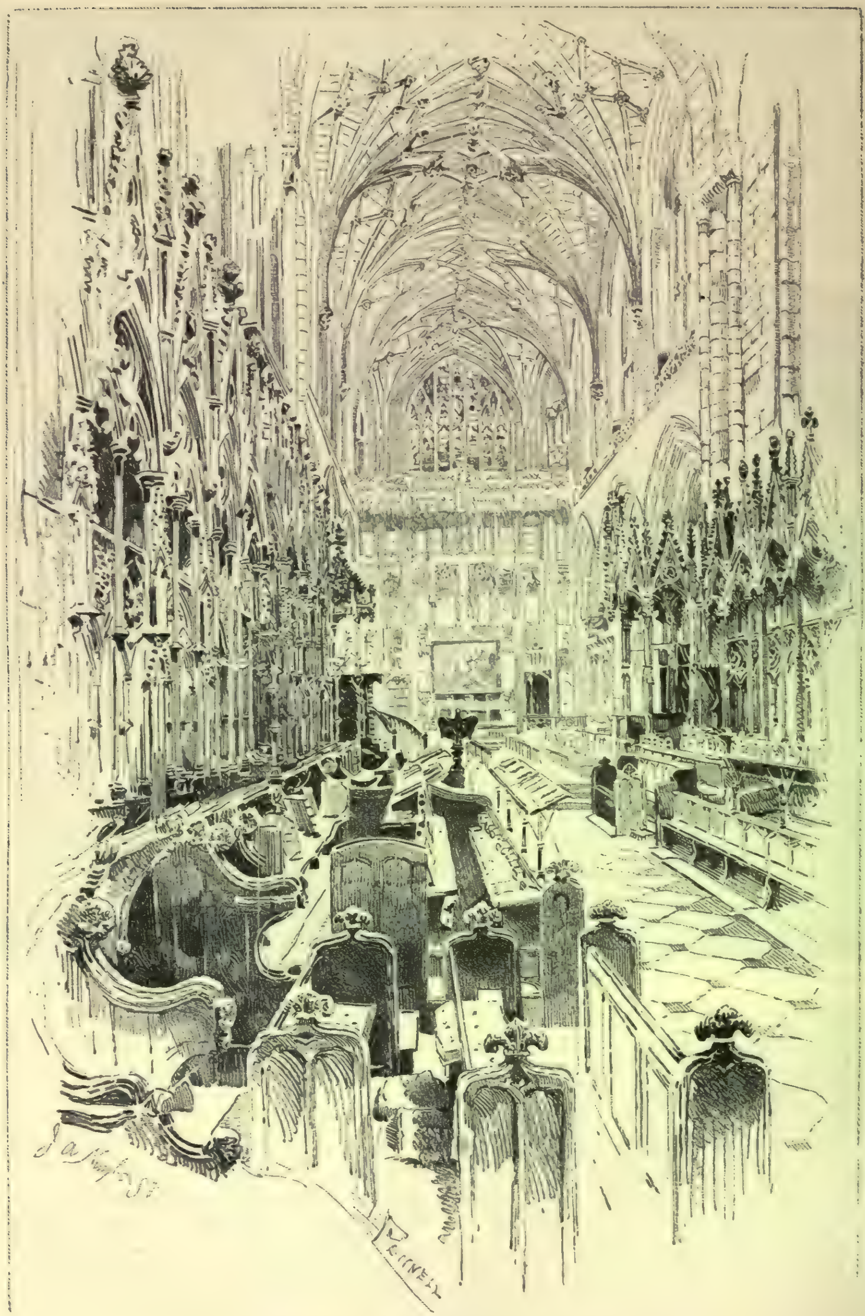
[1] The picture on page 330 shows the interior effect of the presbytery window and the reredos, while the exterior view on page 340 shows the relative height of presbytery and retro-choir.



THE CHOIR AND PRESBYTERY, LOOKING EAST.

But it is doubtful whether the vast length is not thus made doubly effective. From the west door to the end of the presbytery is a stretch of 390 feet; and when our steps have covered this, and we find another wide, long, lower space beyond, we realize indeed the meaning of a church which is now 556 feet in length.

The choir proper is extremely rich and beautiful, keeping still its carven stalls of the Decorated period, the oldest in the country except the Early-English stalls at Exeter. The pulpit dates from about 1500, but the episcopal throne is modern.

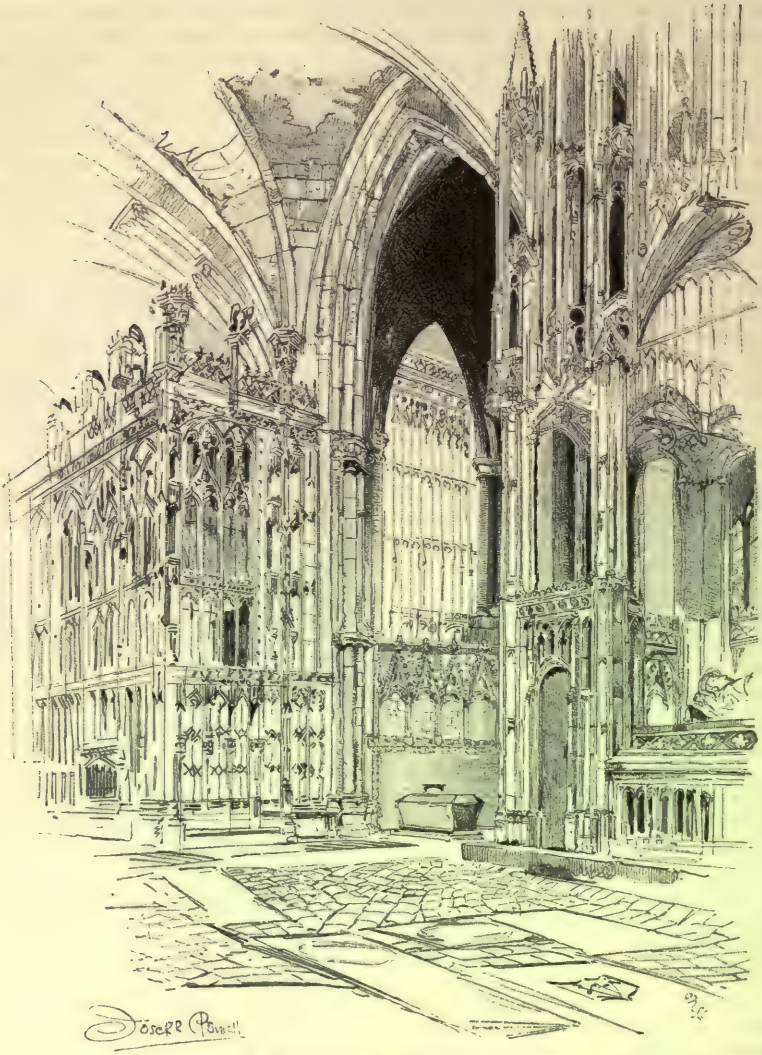
The presbytery end is slightly polygonal instead of rectangular in shape — a fact that is hardly appreciated at first sight, for the reredos, cutting across it, rises above the level of the triforium gallery. This reredos was built about the year 1500 and, when its whiteness was hid with color and its many niches bore each a statue of considerable size, must have been magnificently effective. But magnificent is not the word to use of a picture which now hangs against it just above the altar — America's only gift to this mother city of our race. It was painted by Benjamin West — we console ourselves with the thought that he did pretty well for the times when he lived.

From pier to pier between the presbytery and its aisles run screens of stone tracery built by Bishop Fox about 1525, when Renaissance fashions were making their way in England. Upon these screens six mortuary chests are placed bearing a series of names unsystematically written — those of Canute and Queen Emma and Rufus, and of various early bishops and West-Saxon kings. Pre-Norman interments were made, of course, in the crypt of the Saxon cathedral. Here the bones which now fill these chests remained until the time of Bishop Henry of Blois. Wishing to bring them into the Norman church, he found neither name nor date on any tomb, so mingled the relics together and inclosed them in leaden coffins. Later these chests were built to hold them, but as they were opened by the soldiers of Cromwell, it is trebly difficult to guess whose scant remains may lie beneath their lids. In a certain continental gallery there hangs a big old picture of the Resurrection, where sit busy angels making whole and homogeneous skeletons with the bones they take from the earth at their feet. Their fellows who may be assigned to service in St. Swithun's Abbey will have a task for the cleverest. Not only in these chests, but in many tombs and chantries, time and human curiosity have sadly muddled the record of the genesis of their contents. A plain coped tomb, for instance, is assigned to William Rufus. But is his name not on one of the chests? And is there not some evidence to prove that the body of Henry of Blois, superbest bishop of them all, really fills this poor letterless grave?

Between the back of the reredos and the piers which bear the end wall of the presbytery and divide it from the retro-choir is a small, open space that once was the "feretory" or relic-chamber of the church, and, before the reredos was built, must have been visible even from the western doorway of the nave. It held the shrines of St. Swithun and St. Birinus in the holy neighborhood of the high-altar. Now it is a relic-chamber of art filled with pitiful sculptured fragments and bits of architectural decoration. Its floor is considerably higher than that of the retro-choir and its back thus forms a wall which was beautifully worked, in the Decorated period, into canopied niches. A glimpse of these niches, bare now of the royal memorials which filled them, is given in the picture on page 332, where we look between the splendid oratory-tombs of Bishops Beaufort and Fox. The other side of Beaufort's chantry is partly shown in the illustration on page 333, where we stand, facing east, in the central alley of the retro-choir — with this chantry on our right and Waynflete's on our left — and look into the Lady-Chapel over its open screen. The simplest of the three tombs on the floor is said to be De Lucy's, and the next is the one attributed to the Red King. The whole effect of the retro-choir is very splendid, and although grandeur lacks through the lowness of the roof, we do not miss it in a place like this — an adjunct to the main body of the church and impressive most of all as the home of the mighty dead. De Lucy's Early-English piers are exquisitely wrought — many-shafted and crowned with curling rows of leaves from which the vaulting-ribs diverge close over the crowded, sheaf-like pinnacles of the great Perpendicular tombs.

THE WEST-FRONT.

North of the Lady-Chapel is a beautiful one called the "Guardian Angels'," from the thirteenth-century carvings on the vault. It has been sadly hurt, however, by the intrusion of a huge seventeenth-century tomb. Its mate to the southward was fitted as a chantry for himself by Bishop Langton, who died in 1500,

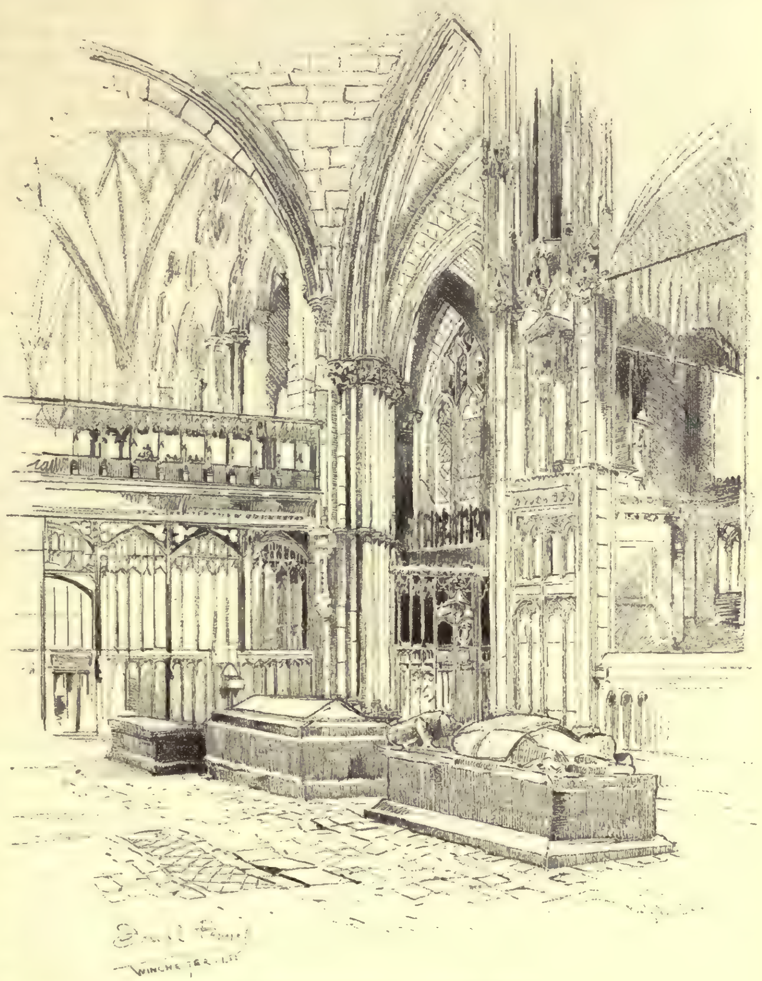


IN THE SOUTH AISLE OF THE RETRO-CHOIR.

and shows his Perpendicular work mixed with De Lucy's Lancet-pointed.

The Lady-Chapel itself is a picturesque intermingling of features of many dates. The original look of De Lucy's walls is suggested above the screen, in the picture on page 333; but they have been faced below with Perpendicular paneling, and the eastern part of the chapel is entirely in this style, with great windows to the north and east and south, and a singularly complex and charming pattern in the vault. Priors Hunton and Silkstede did this work, and added the screens and seats and desks not long before their successor was ousted, with all his monks, by the order of Henry VIII. Some of the original stained glass still remains in this chapel; much of its carving shows traces of gay color; and it is filled, moreover, with the ghosts of a very distinguished company.

To Winchester in the year 1554 came Queen Mary to meet her Spanish bridegroom, and they were married in the Lady-Chapel. Gorgeous indeed must have been the scene, the crowd of "blonde English and swarthy Spaniards" overflowing the little chapel and even the retro-choir into the church itself, bright silks and dusky velvets finding a good background in the lace-like sides of screens and chantries. And what a meeting-place of memories and portents! The kingdom of England had been born here where gray Arthurian legends lingered, and its first dynasty lay at rest within these walls. Norman England had built them, and Angevin England, whose kings were still aliens from their people, had likewise left its record on many a solemn stone. The days of Lancaster and of York, when, with all the quarreling, king and people were again English in heart as well as name — these too were interpreted by a thousand memories which spoke, for instance, of another royal wedding, when, in front of the high-altar, Wykeham had married Henry IV. to Joan of Navarre. Tudor England had its memorials in the Lady-Chapel itself — among them a shield with the names of Henry VII., his wife, and his first son, Arthur, who had been born by Henry's desire at Winchester and named for the legendary British king. The England which his grandchild governed seemed, just now, to be giving itself into the hands of aliens again. But the new England, Protestant England, the England that was to be great and glorious abroad and free too at home, was predicted by the ax and hammer strokes of the henchmen of Edward VI.— fresh scars when his sister married — and must have muttered in the bosoms of a hundred knights, loyal to England, half disloyal therefore to the luckless, fanatic, Spaniard-loving queen. Of all the strange conjunctions of this strange day none seems so curious in the light of later facts as the one which brought the Marquis of Alva and the Count of Egmont — the "devil of Spain" and the martyr of Flanders — side by side among the courtiers of Philip. The velvet chair on which Queen Mary sat may still be seen in the chapel, and Bishop Gardiner — *malleus hæreticorum*, who had crowned her at Westminster and plighted her at Winchester — lies buried in the splendid Renaissance chantry he had built for himself to the north of the high-altar of his church.



IN THE RETRO-CHOIR, LOOKING EAST.

VI.

Often we are told that some bishop, prior, or other high-placed functionary "built" this or that portion of his cathedral church. As such words are commonly written and accepted, they are cruel to the memory of the nameless architect who was paid from the ecclesiastic's purse or worked under his nominal control. But it is strictly just to speak of Wykeham as his own architect. The record of his life is clear and full, and it puts him high among those who vitally influenced the course of medieval art. In imaginative power many others rank above him, known or unknown to us by name. For example, he never grasped so new and fortunate a structural idea as that which Alan of Walsingham expressed in the lantern of Ely. He never conceived so individual, beautiful, and daring, if irrational, a

THE "LONG WALK" IN SUMMER.

feature as did the forgotten man who built the portico of Peterborough; nor were any of his works so aspiring and poetic as was his who raised the apse of Amiens. But talents are largely limited by times. The style in which, by the tendencies of his period, Wykeham was forced to labor was intrinsically less imaginative, aspiring, poetic than those which had gone before, while the fundamental problems of Gothic architecture had been fully worked out and it remained but to drape the solution in a novel garment. Yet when we see how admirably he met the needs and employed the resources of his period, we can believe that, born in a different period, he would still have stood a head above his fellows.

It has often been said that Wykeham "invented" the Perpendicular style. Edingdon, of course, used it before him in Winchester Cathedral; but Wykeham had long been occupied with architecture when he followed Edingdon as bishop, and undoubtedly had contributed much to the development of the fashion which he then so ably used. But no one man can ever have created a style. Some one individual, of course, must first have used in the new way each of the elements that were to grow together into a new style; but these elements are many; only the development of them all creates the novel manner; and many men must work for many years, through a period we call transitional, before it is definitely "invented." Look, for instance, at a single element — the window. No type of window is more distinctly marked than the Perpendicular, yet it is impossible to say just when it "originated." We must retrace half a dozen successive steps to unite its perfect type with the perfect type of the flowing-Decorated window; and when its characteristic features first appear they show but a far-off hint of its eventual aspect.

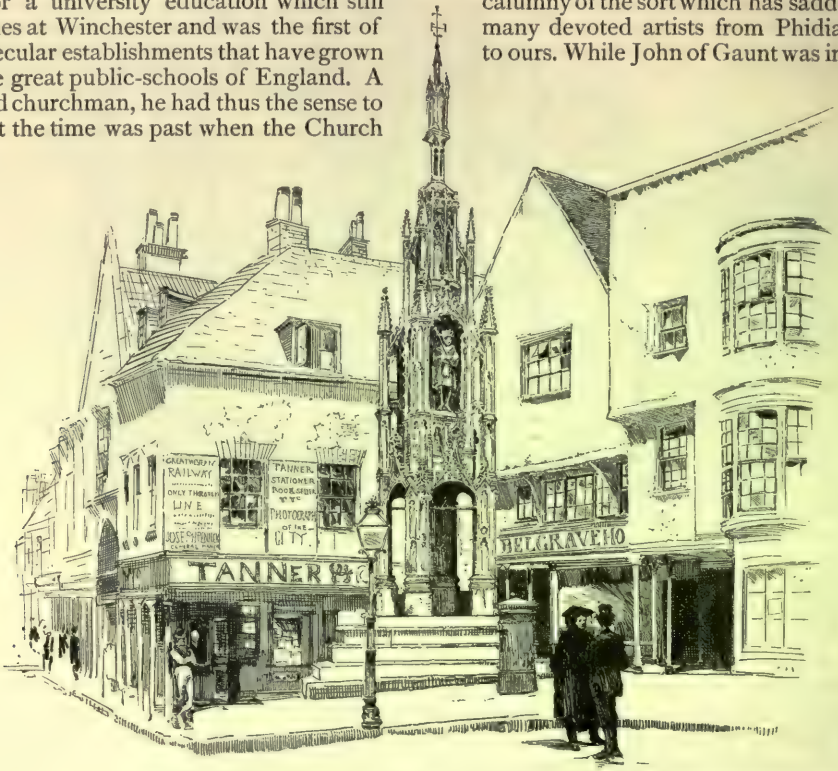
Yet William of Wykeham has honor enough. He took a nascent style in hand and, helped by unparalleled opportunities, worked it out with masterly skill. Other men carried it further after his death, making it still more radically unlike preceding styles. But it was a complete and individual style when Wykeham left it, and he was seldom equaled in certain important matters of treatment. Few architects of the Perpendicular period had so keen a feeling as he for the value of beautiful proportions or for the right relative importance of all constructional features, while his decorative work is singularly pure and charming.

Compare, for instance, his nave at Winchester with the nave of Canterbury. This was in progress at the same time and its architect had a better chance, working from the foundations up — not, like Wykeham, molding Norman walls and piers into an alien scheme. Yet as a structural conception Winchester is much more beautiful. Here an admirable balance is preserved between the importance of the pier-arcade and the importance of the vaulting-shafts; but at Canterbury the vaulting-shafts and those which rise from the floor to encircle the clerestory lights are all in all — the shafts which bear the pier-arches and the moldings which define their curve are much too weakly emphasized. At Winchester the proportions are more happy between pier-arcade and clerestory — the former is not unduly tall as it is at Canterbury. At Winchester the clerestory stage itself is far better managed. The relative height of the windows is greater; the difference between their glazed lights and the blank panels on each hand is emphasized; the lower portion, simulating a triforium, is more agreeably patterned; and the parapet gives the design a finish and completeness which we miss at Canterbury. And in general effect the two results are very different. There is no more color now on the stones of Winchester than of Canterbury, yet Winchester seems far less barren, cold, and thin. The severe and solid strength of Norman architecture has been replaced by a nervous, graceful vigor; but there is as logical and satisfying a relationship between the solids and the voids which make up the design, and dignity, of a new and more refined and delicate type, is just as clearly voiced. At Canterbury the excessive height of the pier-arcade gives the nave an empty air when we note its general expression, a weak and attenuated look when we examine its constructional forms. It is interesting, too, to look at the outer wall of the north aisle of Winchester and see how much better, in proportion and in tracery-design, are Wykeham's windows than those of his predecessor, Bishop Edingdon.

THE "LONG WALK" IN WINTER.

If we could follow Wykeham through the many other buildings which he wrought we should see how great indeed was his talent and how it revealed itself in harmony with the new needs and the characteristic temper of his time. Above all he was a great planner — one who could meet novel practical requirements in novel ways yet give his result a truly homogeneous and artistic air.

Of course one rejoices to find that this great artist was a great man as well — statesman, philanthropist, good Christian, model gentleman, one of the purest, brightest stars that shine in the crown of the Catholic Church. He was born in 1324 of humble parents at the little village of Wykeham, in the diocese where he afterwards ruled. At the age of twenty-three he was presented by a local patron to Bishop Edingdon and by him to King Edward III., recommending himself by a "comely" presence and a tested skill in architecture. Before his years had doubled he was Bishop of Winchester and Lord High Chancellor of England, and before he died he was famous throughout the world as one who both designed and paid for the most splendid buildings of his land and day. In the year 1356 — when he must already have served in other places — he was given charge of all the king's works at Windsor. The new ward of the castle, with its chapel for the Order of the Garter, was built by him, and its plan is still his today, although in style and effect his walls have been often altered. This success vastly helped his fortunes, and, says Froissart, "he now reigned at court, everything being done by him and nothing without him." He was a favored courtier, a trusted political adviser and commissioner, a judge, a high dignitary of the Church, and a civil and military architect; yet withal, though a *novus homo*, he was simple-hearted, modest, and unselfish. Many of the king's castles were put in good order by his hand, and the new fortress of Queenborough, near the mouth of the Medway, was his in design and construction. While Dean of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields in London he rebuilt his church — where the Post Office now stands — at great personal expense. While bishop he repaired at his own cost the highroad from Winchester to London, renewed the beauty of all the episcopal palaces, gave £200,000 (at its present value) to the work on his cathedral, and built and endowed the New College at Oxford. And yet his most famous enterprise remains to tell — the founding and endowment of that college to prepare young men for a university education which still flourishes at Winchester and was the first of those secular establishments that have grown into the great public-schools of England. A devoted churchman, he had thus the sense to see that the time was past when the Church could do all the intellectual work of the world. A man of lowly birth, he developed, I repeat, without loss of wisdom or humility, into a typical courtier — prompt in counsel, gracious in demeanor, sumptuous in hospitality, yet above all cavil in the purity of his private life and in devotion to his priestly duties. The poor were lavishly fed at his gates. He preached without ceasing, labored amid the sick and miserable, disciplined his clergy, and constantly visited all parts of his see. The motto he adopted has long been famous — "Manners makyth Man." We are not to read it as implying reverence for mere superficial graces. "Manners" must have meant to Wykeham the essence of man's heart and soul as shown in his behavior and as distinguished from the accidents of birth and wealth. His motto is but a variant of the Scottish poet's "gold" and "guinea's stamp."



WINCHESTER HIGH CROSS, AT THE ENTRANCE TO THE CLOSE.

Wykeham died in 1404, at the age of eighty. His tomb was placed in the chantry he had himself constructed on the spot where, as a child, he had loved to pray. "Length of days," quotes, aptly, one of his biographers, "was in his right hand, and in his left riches and honor." Yet, it is pathetic to tell, once at least his reputation had been assailed by jealous tongues. Not even a Wykeham could escape calumny of the sort which has saddened so many devoted artists from Phidias's day to ours. While John of Gaunt was in power he was impeached "on eight articles of maladministration" — accused of embezzling the king's revenues, taking bribes, and so forth. But he was never brought to trial. Old King Edward repented him ere he died and made what amends he could; his successors greatly honored the wise and faithful prelate; even Henry IV., the son of his old enemy, John of Gaunt, chose to be married in Wykeham's cathedral, simply, it seems, because it was Wykeham's; he was reverenced by the people above all other Englishmen, and posterity sees no blot on his shining record. Its glory — formed in equal parts of lavish charity, noble art, and patient wisdom — burns with double luster against the background of a time like his. It was the time,

A GATEWAY IN THE CLOSE.

we should remember, of Chaucer, Gower, and Wycliffe, when, as a rule, the priests of England were ignorant and vicious, and her nobles chiefly used their power to serve the devil and the flesh.

VII.

In an elbow of the High street of Winchester stands the City Cross, an elaborate work of the fifteenth century. Few of its original features remain, nor are the restorations very satisfying; yet it proudly takes the eye from a considerable distance while the adjacent entrance to the cathedral close might easily be overlooked, being but a dusky passage underneath the quaint and crowding shops. From this entrance the Long Walk—not very long, but beautifully shaded by elms and lindens—leads to the western door across the ancient burial-ground, where the hand of the gardener has not disturbed the picturesque confusion of old headstones and luxuriant grass.

The west-front shows us the last type of façade which England offers, and a type that is more characteristically English than any of its forerunners. In Germany we sometimes find high sham western walls, out of all proportion with the nave and aisles behind them, which, remotely at least, recall such fronts as Salisbury's and Lincoln's. But out of England we never find anything like this Winchester type as regards not merely the Perpendicular fashion of its features but also its general aim and scheme. Here the architect definitely abandoned all thought of French methods of design—all thought of building a façade to which a Frenchman would even grant the name. Recognizing more frankly than any of his predecessors that English taste had determined that the central tower should be the chief feature of the building, he finished his west-end as truthfully as he could, emphasizing it no more than he might have emphasized a transept-end. It is a question whether, in so doing, he was not supremely wise. Certainly he was more logical than any earlier architect had been; and in architecture, to be logical is the first and longest step towards being artistically right. Of course, where a church fronts on a city square, stretching out its long western limb towards the chief approach, the English Perpendicular façade would seem inappropriate. But in such a position the English scheme as a whole, with its accentuation of the central tower, is less appropriate than the French. And as Winchester stands, for example, facing only its verdant close, we do not feel the lack of a nobler western front.

The burial-ground extends all along the northern side until we pass the transept; but narrow streets and houses press about the east-

THE DEANERY.

IN THE CLOSE.

ern limb, and its southern face overlooks the high-walled gardens of the canons' homes. From one of these gardens (see page 340) the finest near view of the church may be had. Here the varied altitudes of presbytery, retro-choir, and Lady-Chapel may be clearly appreciated, building themselves up, with their wide, lightly traceried windows, behind the branching cedars of Lebanon. The presbytery window splendidly dominates the group, and if there were only a tower such as we have seen at Canterbury and shall see again at Gloucester — a superb construction of Perpendicular design — the picture would be unsurpassed in England. It seems odd, indeed, that Winchester's tower should never have been carried higher than we see it now — the diocese was so wealthy and the list of its prelates shows, until the very latest building period, so unparaleled a succession of ambitious spirits.

Of course, the canons' houses standing as they do, one cannot make the circuit of the church without trespassing on private grounds. To see the south side of the nave we must retrace our steps and approach it from the west. Here once lay the cloisters and other monastic buildings, with Wykeham's beautiful chapter-house opposite the transept-end. They were almost totally destroyed by Bishop Horne in 1563, but a few Norman arches still remain near the site of the chapter-house, and an Early-English entrance which once admitted to the dormitory. The Prior's House is to-day the Deanery and keeps its porch with three graceful arches, and its hall — with an admirable roof and windows — now divided into smaller rooms. At a little distance to the southward stands a large, low, half-timbered structure of the Decorated period, now the dean's stable, but once, most likely, the hall where monkish hospitality lodged its humbler guests. The whole precinct is verdurous, picturesque, and charming. English Protestantism is fortunate indeed — it has so prettily disguised its outdoor devastations that we half forgive the sinning of its covetous or fanatical youth.

But if we now visit, in the southward quarter of the town, Wykeham's famous school, and then retrace our steps near the pretty banks of the Itchen, — haunted by memories of the prince of anglers, — we find ourselves all at once in a spot the beauty of which makes even the close seem commonplace. Here, protected like a garden by ponderous walls, stand great masses of ruin thickly overgrown with ivy and "bosomed high in tufted trees" — the ruins of Wolvesey, the episcopal palace founded by Henry of Blois, where so many regal bishops lived and so many royal guests were entertained. Cromwell besieged the city in 1645, and when it surrendered the palace was pulled down. In the second half of the seventeenth century Bishop Morley founded, close at hand, another palace, which was finished by Bishop Trelawney about the year 1710. It is a pleasant but not imposing residence, and is no longer occupied by the bishop.

VIII.

THE days of the saints had long gone by when William of Wykeham was born, yet the Church itself need not hesitate to place his figure beside a Cuthbert or a Chad. For the new needs of his day, in the new temper of a more complex society, he too worked his best towards the enlightenment of man. And how strongly his virtues are thrown into relief by the history of his successor! Truly, Cardinal Beaufort was not the monster of wickedness, going impenitent to sure damnation, whom Shakspere has portrayed. Yet he was typically a churchman of his time and a statesman of his time, and this means something very different from a Wykeham. But a second Wykeham, almost, followed in Bishop Waynflete, who in his youth was first a pupil and then head-master at Winchester school. He too was erudite and pious and a noteworthy builder and patron of learning. His chief monument is Magdalen College at Oxford — and even Wykeham's New College was not built or endowed more splendidly. Fox was bishop in the time of Henry VII., and was godfather to Henry VIII. He was Cardinal Wolsey's first patron at court, and Wolsey succeeded him at Winchester, holding the see for a year before his death in conjunction with the archbishopric of York. Then came Stephen Gardiner, of whom we have already heard. A firm friend of Wolsey and then of Henry VIII., he was imprisoned in the Tower of London while young Edward reigned, but was exalted by Mary to be her right hand in Church and State. He was called "the hammer of heretics," and Fuller writes that "his malice was like what is commonly said of white powder, which surely discharged the bullet yet made no report, being secret in all his acts of cruelty." Many are the stories, doubtless largely false, that record his bitter hatred of reformers; yet there are some voices to declare that, at least in his latter days, he was "half a Protestant at heart." It was in the time of Elizabeth that Bishop Horne pulled down the monastic buildings — more through cupidity, I may explain, than through religious zeal. Milton has embalmed the virtues of Bishop Andrewes, a famous preacher, who ruled while James I. was king and helped translate his Bible. Brian Duppa was a friend of Charles I., who made him Bishop of Salisbury, and was translated to Winchester at the Restoration. George Morley followed him,— another devoted friend of the unhappy Charles,— who, while the Puritans prevailed, had ministered to the royalist exiles in Belgium. Few sees have had, in Protestant times, so many distinguished prelates as Winchester. Even those who were not politically conspicuous tilled, as a rule, the field of literature with some success, as witness Bishop

THE NAVE OF WINCHESTER.

Hoadley, who started the "Bangorian controversy," and whose pompous rhetoric was ridiculed by Pope:

> Swift for closer style,
> But Hoadley for a period of a mile.

THE CATHEDRAL FROM THE SOUTH-EAST.

And the name of Samuel Wilberforce adds another star to those which were not only bright but beneficent in their brightness.

Not even the Puritan bore more heavily on Winchester than the earlier reformer, who called himself a churchman still. No cathedral in the kingdom was more richly furnished. What would we not give to see it to-day with all its glass and carvings and colors intact, and with the gifts of Egbert, Emma, and Canute beginning an endless list of sumptuous works of art, bestowed, during seven hundred years, by royal visitor and lordly prelate and a host of pilgrims to St. Swithun's shrine. But in the time of Edward VI. the church was systematically despoiled. Many treasures vanished in the smoke of the melting-pot, where everything fusible was cast for the mere value of its metal; and much else was hewn and hacked to bits. Then came Bishop Horne, pulling down the monastic buildings and selling the lead from the cathedral roofs. And then came the soldiers of the Commonwealth, bribed to spare the town of Winchester by getting free play in the cathedral. In they marched, horse and foot together, with smoking muskets, sounding drums, and flaring flags, and after breaking the tombs and pelting the glass with the bones of the saints, out they marched again to parade the streets in the sacred vestments, and burn the altar-table in an ale-house. Waller was their commander, who once had been a boy at Wykeham's school; and he stopped the devastation at last and perhaps protected the effigy of his far-off benefactor while so many others were beheaded and spat upon. Modern devotion has done what it could to hide the myriad scars which disgrace the memory of the Anglican and the Puritan alike. But the art of to-day is not the art of old England, nor does the Church of to-day sanction the magnificence of Rome. Protestantism can never redeem its ravages indoors as outside the walls it may, with the help of mother nature's pacifying touch.

M. G. van Rensselaer.

THE LAST TRIP IN.

PICTURES OF THE FAR WEST.—VIII.

THE teamster, as one of the types of the frontier, is seldom introduced in print without allusions to his ingenious and picturesque profanity; whereas it is his silence, rather than his utterances, that gives him among his brethren of the way almost the distinction of a species.

The sailor has his "chanty," the negro boatman his rude refrain; we read of the Cossack's wild marching chorus, of the "begging-song" of the Russian exiles on the great Siberian road, of the Persian minstrel in the midst of the caravan, reciting, in a high, singing voice, tales of battle and love and magic to beguile the way. For years the parlor vocalist has rung the changes upon barcarolles and Canadian boat-songs, but not the most fanciful of popular composers has ventured to dedicate a note to the dusty-throated voyageur of the overland trail.

He is not unpicturesque; he has every claim that hardship can give to popular sympathy; yet, even to the most inexperienced imagination, he pursues his way in silence along those fateful roads, the names of which will soon be legendary. As a type he was evolved by these roads to meet their exigencies. He was known on the great Santa Fe trail, on the old Oregon trail, on all the historic pathways that have carried westward the story of a restless and a determined people. The railroads have driven him from the main lines of travel; he is now merely the link between them and scattered settlements difficult of access. When the systems of "feeders" to the main track are completed, his work will be done. He will have left no record among songs of the people or lyrics of the way, and in fiction, oddly enough, this most enduring and silent of beings will survive—through the immortal rhetoric of his biographers—as one whose breath is heavy with curses.

The teamster is usually a man of varied experience, acquainted with life through its misfortunes. His philosophy easily condenses itself into the phrase, "It 's dogged that does it." He is a fatalist, but he has not ceased to plan. In this, whatever his nationality, he is always American. It is a big country, and though he gets over it but slowly, he has all the more time to collect his faculties, and his chance is as good as another's, should luck take a turn.

As he plods along he nurses a passive discontent. The future does not press him. It is the season of summer travel; the sun is hot upon the road; from two to three miles an hour is his average rate of progress. The monotonous shuffle of feet, the clanking of bits and chain-traces, the creak and roll of the heavy wagons as they trundle along, the wind that bellies the wagon-sheet and carries the dust before him, are opiates that might dull a livelier fancy than his. But the cadence in his brain does not make itself audible in musical phrases; his is the silence of solitude and latent resistance.

The teamster either has or affects a great contempt for his calling—unlike the stage-driver, who is always, figuratively speaking, on the box. He calls himself, and submits to be called, by derogatory epithets allusive to the animals he is driving. He will tell you that he is a "bull-puncher" or a "mule-skinner," but he says it with more of ostentation than humility. It is part of that ironical acceptance of fortune's latest freak so characteristic of the Western man, who never apologizes for his circumstances but by making sport of them.

The teamster is a man of simple habits. In a life of rough passages he has "lightened ship" by dispensing with all useless wants and conventions that tend to complicate existence. He has forgotten the use of a bed. When he arrives he sleeps in his blankets in the corral, which is his hotel. On the journey he spreads his bedding in the dust or the mud or the snow, at the hind wheels of his wagon. When he makes camp for the night he barely "hauls out" of the road, his inertia being equal to that of "Brer Tarrypin" when the man set the field on fire, and his philosophy much the same. The harness belonging to each mule of the string, 14, 16, or 20, as the case may be, is dropped in the animal's tracks on the spot where he came to a halt. When that proud society man and aristocrat of the road, the stage-driver, comes spanking along about nightfall, six-in-hand, and the pick of his passengers on the box beside him, he encounters the freighter's outfit distributed in heaps along the road. If he be a placable man he will

DRAWN BY MARY HALLOCK FOOTE.

ENGRAVED BY J. H. E. WHITNEY.

THE LAST TRIP IN.

submit to swing his team out, contenting himself with cursing the slumbering teamster in his blankets; but should he have wrongs in the past to avenge, or happen to be in a grim, joking humor, he will, as likely as not, drive straight on, smashing hames and grinding collars into the dust. On his return trip next day he meets the freighter where he has crawled, scarcely a mile from his last camp, his crippled harness tied up with "balin' rope," and the two men will pass each other without a word; but a counter-grudge is saving up in the heart of the teamster, to be worked out by degrees on the road.

Relatively the teamster is but a small figure in that imposing procession of the forces of civilization on its march westward. But upon his humble chances of one sort or another, his luck as regards the weather, his personal influence with his team,—perhaps upon some incantation of sounds with which he conjures those mysterious brute natures in their spellbound moments,—as well as upon his endurance and dogged resolution, the fate of many of the bravest experiments has rested. And as the season advances and the question presses, in some doubtful foothold of men in the wilderness, "Can we hold out till spring?" the arrival of the last freighter "in" is looked for as, on the verge of winter, on the Atlantic coast the colonists watched for the promised shipload of supplies from the mother country.

* * *

SAN ANTONIO OF THE GARDENS.

HE who goes westward from the City of Mexico goes out by the gate of the Tlaxpana, and so along the causeway to Tacuba; the very path over which the Spaniards passed, leaving many killed and of the living nearly all being sore wounded, when they fled from the city that dismal night more than three hundred and fifty years ago.

But this now is a very pleasant path; for on the right and on the left of it are fertile fields and trimly kept gardens, and shading it are many great green trees. And only a little way out upon it is the village of San Antonio, built of gray-brown adobe on the level land beside the causeway, and peopled by certain ragged, uncared-for, easy-going descendants of the race that now serves where once it ruled.

The wayfaring stranger who loves a dish of friendly talk with chance acquaintances—and the wayfaring stranger not thus socially disposed will find all lands barren, and will come again to his own land not one whit the wiser of the world than when he left home—will rest awhile in this village to chat with whomsoever it may please Heaven to send him to hold converse with. Nor need he fear that Heaven will not provide him with a talking-mate. Let him but seat himself beneath one of the great trees beside the roadway, and presently a stray old man will pause to pass a greeting with him; then a vendor of earthen pots, coming in from some outlying village to the city to sell his wares, will halt his donkey—on whose patient back the great red pots are high heaped up—and will ask in a gentle voice for a light for his corn-husk cigarito; an old woman will hobble up and say a friendly word or two; a young woman with a baby in her arms will edge out shyly from a near-by doorway, and so stand modestly aside, but ready to add her contribution to the conversation when it shall become a little more general and when amicable relations with the stranger shall become a little more assured; then another old man or two will join the group, accepting with a grave courtesy the offered cigarito; a lazy young fellow with baskets to sell, but with no apparent desire to sell them, will seat himself near; and outside of all will be a light fringe of pernicious ragged little

FRAY INOCENCIO AND FLOJO.

boys. And all of these simple-hearted folk presently will be as frank and as friendly as though they had known their chance acquaintance all their lives.

It will be in such wayside talk as this that the stranger alone will learn — for in books he will look for it in vain — the story of the little church that once stood hereabouts; of the very little convent there was adjoining it; of the two Franciscan friars who ministered in the church, dwelling in the convent, and whose earthly possessions (and these but held in trust from Heaven) were a little garden, and the doves which had built nests in a corner of the convent, and a certain grave, black cat, and a lame and very lazy ass.

It was all in the far-back time when the Spanish viceroys were the rulers of Mexico; when the fleet sailed once a year from Cadiz westward, and once a year sailed eastward again from Vera Cruz laden deep with silver from the mines; when hushed voices still told in horror of great cruelties done by the fierce Chichemecas to frontier adventurers into the region north of Queretaro; and when the good fathers, setting death and torture at defiance that God's work might be done by them, still were busy sending out their holy missions for the saving of heathen souls. The viceroy in those days was the illustrious Don Antonio Sebastian de Toledo, Marqués de Mancera; who came into the capital of his vice-kingdom and there assumed the duties of his high office in the month of October in the year 1664.

About this time it was that in the convent of San Antonio de Padua — that in a little time came to be known only as San Antonio of the Gardens, because hereabouts, then as now, the fertile land was laid out in many little gardens which the Indians tilled — there dwelt the two brothers Antonio and Inocencio. Fray Inocencio was a short and round and plump-cheeked, ruddy little man; and Fray Antonio was very tall and thin and pale. These brothers were vowed to the rule of St. Francis, and until ordered hither for the cure of Indians' souls the great convent of San Francisco in the City of Mexico had been their home. A wonderful change it was for them when they came out from that "vast bee-hive of holiness" — as the convent of San Francisco is called by a chronicler of the time — to dwell in a convent whereof they were the only inhabitants, and the extent of which, not counting the tiny sacristy of their tiny church, was just a little refectory, that also was a kitchen, and two cells. Yet, had it been the size of a city, they scarcely could have been more elated by their translation; for whereas in the great convent they were but two brothers among hundreds, with many above them in degree, here they were everything themselves — free to divide between them the whole range of the conventual offices, from that of Portero up to that of Guardian.

As they stood for the first time alone together in the little garden, the door behind them that opened upon the causeway being closed and barred, and as the knowledge of the absolute power that was theirs in this their kingdom came into their hearts, Fray Inocencio, who was of a lively disposition and very quick to give animated expression to his thoughts, skipped in a most carnal fashion; and still more carnally stood for an appreciable length of time upon one leg while he held the other leg in the air.

Fray Antonio, whose mind was of a graver and more temperate cast, looked upon this exhibition of worldly pride sorrowfully, but not reproachfully. Weakness of the flesh was Fray Inocencio's besetting sin; but he knew his weakness, and when he failed to overcome it he expiated it by penance and sought remission of it in prayer. This was known to Fray Antonio, and so was his loving, gentle soul the less disposed to manifest by outward sign his inward sorrow when, as now, his brother lapsed from grace.

In the darkness that night Fray Antonio heard the sound of scourging in Fray Inocencio's cell, and in the morning the usually ruddy cheeks of the little round brother were pale and his eyes were dull; but peace rested on him, for he felt that through the sacrifice of the flesh the sin of the flesh had been expiated, and so his spirit was at rest.

When the mass which they celebrated together was ended, and they had come into the refectory to make and to drink their chocolate, he said simply, as he stood beside the fireplace, stirring the chocolate in its earthen pot: "God brings the least deserving of us, brother, into the high places of the earth; but he loves best those who, though thus exalted, still serve him humbly. We have only to seek his aid, and of his strength he will so arm our weakness that we may prevail over the sin that shows itself in carnal pride."

The gentle eyes of Fray Antonio rested lovingly upon Fray Inocencio, and in them shone the light of a comforting and sustaining trust as he answered: "Brother, the grace of God ever is greater than our sins." Nor did the thought at all enter his simple soul—as assuredly it would have entered a soul in which there had been even the very least of worldly guile—that other than a serious meaning could attach to Fray Inocencio's reference to the exaltation of their estate. Thus ever did Fray Antonio help and strengthen Fray Inocencio with a sweet and holy love: and many needs had Fray Inocencio of such comforting, for, the flesh proverbially being weak in little round and ruddy men, the seasons were sadly short in which he had not some misdeed of his unruly nature to bemoan.

In all seasons a heavy burden rested upon Fray Inocencio's soul because he was so ruddy and so fat. This corporal affliction, sadly unseemly in one vowed to the austerities of the religious life, was of such a nature that abstinence had no effect upon it, and for the removal of it even prayer was without avail; so that what little solace his case allowed him was to be got by regarding his fatness as a cross put upon him for his soul's sake, warning him to eat little and so to mortify the flesh that good might come to him in the end. Yet was this a hard cross for Fray Inocencio to bear; for he had a very eager natural love, as strong as it was sinful, for all manner of toothsome things. Especially had he a most passionate fondness for beans which after being well boiled were fried delicately in lard—which dish was not less delicious than it was damnably fattening. Most pathetic was his look of resignation when beans thus cooked were served in the refectory of the great convent of San Francisco, as he resisted their succulent temptation and ate instead the little dry cakes of corn-meal.

In the convent of San Antonio of the Gardens Fray Inocencio was spared the temptation of fried beans, for Fray Antonio, that his brother might not be led into sin, declared that he preferred his beans boiled. And more than this did Fray Antonio do for his brother's comforting. Being himself a most abstemious man naturally, with no liking for food save as a means of sustaining his life and strength in God's service, he deliberately set himself to eating in private great quantities of all manner of fattening things; and this he did to the end that by rounding out his own leanness he might make the plumpness of Fray Inocencio easier for him to bear. But beyond throwing into disorder by such unwonted quantities of rich food the functions of his liver, the stuffing that Fray Antonio gave himself produced no results. Therefore, being as yellow as an orange, he gladly gave over his strange discipline. And this was wise of him: for the simple truth of the matter was that it had pleased God that one of these brothers should be fat and that the other should be thin; and neither of them, howsoever he might strive, the one by eating too little and the other by eating too much, could change that which God had decreed.

Though thus tried in flesh and in spirit, these brothers were very happy in their life in the little convent and in their ministrations of the sacred offices in the little church. In their garden they tilled the earth lovingly, taking great pleasure in its sweet, fresh smell, and in the bounteous return that it yielded them. Fray Inocencio had a rare knowledge of the gardener's craft, and especially had he a relish for growing such vegetables as were good to eat. In this previcarious form of gluttony, as it might be called, he did not deny himself; for, setting a stout guard upon the cravings of his own stomach, he carried on his back the best of all the good things which he grew to the great convent, where the brothers, less scrupulous than himself, ate them all with a prompt avidity. Fray Antonio, though he did his share of work in the kitchen-garden, found his pleasure in the growing of beautiful and sweet-smelling flowers, which each day he set before the sacred image of the great San Antonio that the little church enshrined. Sometimes Fray Antonio fancied that as he placed upon the altar dedicated to his holy namesake these sweet offerings there shone upon the gentle face of the saint a loving smile. Nor would such miracle have been surprising, for this very image — as the chronicler Vetancurt tells — had raised a dead child to life! In that good time faith was a living principle in the hearts of men, and the blessed saints graciously requited the trust that was placed in them by working many miracles. It is not so in these evil later days.

In the holy work that was set them of saving heathen souls the brothers ever were instant and zealous. Fray Inocencio assailed the devil at all times and in all places with a stout energy that was in keeping with the sturdiness of his body and mind. Indeed, such pictures as this plump little friar drew of the entire devilishness of a very personal devil, and of the blazing horrors of a most real hell, sufficed to scare many an Indian, though through all his life set firmly in the wicked courses of idolatry, into the saving ways of Christian righteousness. Fray Antonio was less successful as an exorciser, but his gentle words and great tenderness of heart and spirit enabled him to make, perhaps, more lasting converts. Through the ministrations of this good brother many a troubled heathen soul was set at rest in Christian holiness, being brought happily to grace through love.

In the first springtime that the brothers dwelt in the little convent there came to build in a nook of the wall above the garden a pair of doves. These Fray Inocencio took under his especial care, giving them grain to eat, and placing for them in the garden an earthen vessel full of water wherefrom they could drink. And they, recognizing his friendliness, soon grew so tame that they would come and eat from his hand and would perch upon his shoulders, and even would nestle in the hood of his blue gown. From year to year the doves increased in number, and at last there came to be so many of them that Fray Inocencio almost would be hidden by the cloud of birds surrounding him. The trust which these little creatures placed in him made him the more earnestly try to stifle a sinful thought that at times would come into his soul — how good they would taste in a pie. Once in his unregenerate youth, before he took upon him the vows of his order, he had eaten a pie made of doves; and although he never yielded to the temptation that assailed him, the smell and the taste of that pie lingered in his memory and cruelly tormented him to his dying day.

For Fray Antonio dove-pie had no temptations, and the doves were a source of constant pleasure to him, for all of God's creatures he loved. In the quiet of the hot noontime there was a restfulness and friendliness in their sweet cooings that refreshed him as he sat meditating in the dusky coolness of his cell; and he found not less pleasure in listening as they rustled and cooed softly to each other in their nests, after the curious fashion of these birds, in the watches of the night. But Fray Antonio loved the doves less for themselves than because they were the beautiful creatures of a Creator who did all things well.

A source of constant solicitude to Fray Inocencio in this connection was the possible misconduct of another dependent of the little convent — a certain black cat that Fray Inocencio dearly loved. The official name of this cat was Timoteo; bestowed upon him for the reason that this is a name well suited to a cat, and also in derisive reprobation of that schismatic Monophysite of Egypt, who in the fifth century usurped the Patriarchate, and was known popularly as "Timothy the Cat." It was the fancy of Fray Antonio to bestow this name upon the black kitten which wandered one day into the convent, and which, after making a sniffing exploration of the whole of the small establishment, signified his approval of it and of its inhabitants by accepting Fray Inocencio's offering of milk, and by thereafter settling himself to sleep in a comfortable fold of Fray Inocencio's blue gown.

Fray Antonio, the friend and intimate of the scholarly Fray Agustin de Vetancurt, who at that very time was writing his chronicle "El Teatro Americano," that has given him a world-wide fame, was himself a learned student of the Fathers of the Church, and he explained, at what Fray Inocencio, whose tastes were not scholarly, considered a most unnecessary length, the schism that the false Patriarch known as "Timothy the Cat" upheld, and that the General Council of Chalcedon condemned. Nor did Fray Inocencio, in his heart of hearts, approve of saddling upon a kitten of obviously amiable qualities and presumably excellent parts the name of a bogus Patriarch, who, according to Fray Antonio's own showing, was an outlaw from the Church, a usurper, and a murderer. Therefore was Fray Inocencio well pleased when the kitten developed a power of purring so thunderously (relatively speaking) that Fray Antonio fell into the way of speaking of him as Susurro, which word, in the Spanish tongue, signifies the Purrer, and thus himself provided an acceptable substitute for what any self-respecting cat could not but regard as a highly objectionable name.

Of a certainty Fray Inocencio never knew that Susurro ate doves; but he had painful suspicions. There were times and seasons when Susurro would retire to the roof of the convent as though for the purpose of sunning himself. Yet with such ostentation was this purpose manifested, that not unreasonably doubts as to the purity of his motives and intentions might be entertained. As he would lie basking in the sunshine, his fore-paws tucked comfortably beneath his breast, and his long black tail stretching out straight behind him, Fray Inocencio more than once was pained by observing a swaying of that same tail and a twitching of his black ears, and also a certain look of eagerness that in unguarded moments would come into his half-closed great yellow eyes — all of which seemed to betray the existence in some dark corner of his mind of thoughts the like of which no honest cat should have.

Fray Inocencio sorely was pained by these suggestions on Susurro's part of a tendency towards what, under the circumstances, would be nothing short of mortal sin. In the simplicity of his nature he made especial prayer to the miracle-working image of San Antonio that Susurro might be given strength to resist the temptation that beset him, and that so the doves might go unharmed. And to Fray Antonio he told that he had made this prayer.

Now in the gentle nature of Fray Antonio there was a strain of kindly whimsicalness,— the same that had led him to bestow upon the stranger kitten the name of the Egyptian Patriarch,— and this now moved him to take the case of the cat and the doves into his own hands. Therefore it was that when a convenient season occurred — Fray Inocencio having gone with a back-load of vegetables to the great convent — he sought Susurro in the garden, and found him there, slumbering. Fray Antonio awakened him gently, and although a mild resentment shone in his yellow eyes because his slumbers were cut short, he seated himself gravely upon his haunches, around which his tail was trimly drawn, yawned slowly, and then seriously looked up at Fray Antonio as though awaiting the communication to hear which he had been aroused from sleep. Fray Antonio, leaning a little forward as he sat upon a bench in a shady corner of the garden, looked not less seriously upon Susurro's face and thus addressed him:

"It hath come to my knowledge, Timoteo, whom we call also Susurro, because of thy mighty purr, that the devil hath put into thy heart evil thoughts concerning these friends of ours, the doves. Hearken well, therefore, to that which I shall say unto thee; for as thou heedest it or slightest it so will thy name among cats be honored or condemned. Thy instinct, truly, is to catch doves and to eat them. With this instinct I will not quarrel, for God hath given it to thee. But God's gifts, O Susurro, may be abused; and a sore abuse of this dove-eating instinct of thine would it be shouldst thou kill and eat these birds which have no fear of thee and which dwell with thee here in thine own home. Rather shouldst thou strive to divert into worthy ways the less worthy of thy natural tendencies, that so, by exalting to good purposes thy baser passions, thou mayst achieve righteousness. Thus did the Holy Cat of Zempoala, whose memory still is reverenced although the brief term of his earthly life ended more than a century ago. Hearken well, Susurro, while I read to thee what my friend the chronicler Father Vetancurt hath written concerning the part which this cat was permitted to take in manifesting God's will that a great and worthy work should be done."

So speaking, Fray Antonio drew from the bosom of his habit a roll of manuscript that he opened out and smoothed upon his knee, while Susurro sunk from his erect posture to one of greater ease, tucked away his paws beneath his breast, and at his spiritual instructor solemnly blinked his golden eyes. Fray Antonio, with a grave emphasis, read to him these words:

It was about the year 1540 that the Reverend Father Friar Francisco de Tembleque felt stirring in his heart a good desire (that assuredly God put there) to build an aqueduct by which the towns of Otumba and Zempoala should be supplied abundantly with water wholesome to drink — which at that time the people of these towns were compelled to bring from springs seven leagues away. And his plan was to make an aqueduct over all that distance, carrying it across three wide valleys on no less than 136 arches, and making over the deepest of the valleys one arch so great that beneath it might pass (had there been any such thereabouts) a ship under full sail. And to this work the servant of God — for so Father Tembleque well was called — set himself with a stout heart; and the Indians worked for him joyfully. And at the spot where the great arch was to be, in what then was a tangle of wooded wild land, he built a little chapel to the glory of Our Lady of Belen; and close beside the chapel he made for himself a cell so narrow that scarcely was there room within it for him to lie down to sleep.

And God showed his love for his servant by giving to dwell with him a gray cat, which every day from the wild woodland round about brought quails for his master's sustenance; and in the season of rabbits, a rabbit. And between the servant of God and this cat there was much love.

To Father Tembleque there came one day a stranger, who courteously, yet with a curious particularity, questioned him about the progress of the great work that he had in hand. For certain persons of the baser sort had said in the ear of the viceroy that Father Tembleque was wasting his time and the substance of the Church in striving to do an impossible thing; and this stranger really was an alcalde of the court, whom, that he might know the truth, the Viceroy had sent thus secretly to ask searching questions and to see for himself how the work went on. And as the two communed together, behold the cat came out from the wood to where they stood in talk and laid a rabbit at his master's feet!

When said the servant of God: "Brother Cat, a guest hath come to us, and therefore is it necessary that thou shalt bring me this day not one rabbit, but two."

Hearing these words, the cat in due obedience betook himself once more to the thicket. But the alcalde, thinking that this might be a trick that was put upon him, sent after the cat to spy upon him one of his own servants. And the servant presently beheld a greater wonder. For in a moment the cat met with another rabbit, which he caught without any resistance at all on the creature's part and with it returned to his master again, thus plainly showing that all had been disposed thus by God.

And the Señor Alcalde, being so substantially assured of the miracle, returned to the viceroy and said: "Though it seems to be impossible to bring the water by the way that Father Tembleque hath chosen, and though the work that he hath set himself to do seems to be beyond the power of man to accomplish, yet assuredly will he succeed; for I have seen that which proves beyond a peradventure that God hath vouchsafed to him his all-powerful aid": and he told to the Viceroy the whole of the miracle which through the cat had been wrought. Therefore did the Viceroy encourage Father Tembleque in his great work; and, God's blessing continuing upon it, in seventeen years' time the aqueduct was finished — the very aqueduct through which the water comes to the towns of Otumba and Zempoala at this present day![1]

"And dost thou believe, Susurro," asked Fray Antonio, with a brisk vehemence, "that this Holy Cat of Zempoala would have played the dastard part towards these doves, our home-mates, that possibly thou contemplatest? Never! Assuredly, never! Therefore lay to thy heart the story of his worthy life, and call upon our father St. Francis — who loved all animals and trusted them — to aid thee in setting so strict a guard upon thy sharp teeth, and upon the sharp claws wherewith thy paws are armed, that through the fleshly temptation that is in these members of thine thou fallest not into sin!"

As he spoke these words, Fray Antonio arose from his seat and signified by a gesture of his hand that the sermon was at an end. Whereupon Susurro also arose, but slowly and languidly. In front of him he extended his paws as far as ever they would go, and erecting his hinder parts and bending his foreshoulders downward he spread out all his claws and dragged backward upon them so that they made little furrows in the earth. Then he drew together his front and his hind feet, and so humped his back in a great bow. After all of which he seated himself upon his haunches, looked straight into Fray's Antonio's kindly face, blinked at the good brother his golden eyes, and gave a most prodigious yawn. That these were the outward signs of a spirit meet for repentance Fray Antonio seriously doubted; yet did he stoop down and stroke gently the jowls of the disciple whom he had sought to lead into the way of righteousness; and to this friendly act Susurro responded by breaking at once into the great purring whence came his name.

Fray Inocencio, coming quietly through the church, and standing just within the door of the sacristy that opened upon the garden, had been an unobserved addition to Fray Antonio's congregation, that otherwise had been composed of Susurro, to whom the sermon directly was addressed, and the doves, in whose interest it was preached. Now, coming forward from the shadow of the doorway into the sunlight, he spoke with grave approval of the edifying nature of the discourse to which he had been privileged to listen, and commended his brother for thus emulating the goodness of their father St. Francis, who had preached to the birds, and of his own blessed namesake, St. Anthony of Padua, who had preached to the fishes — neither of whom, Fray Inocencio declared seriously, saints though they were, could have addressed to Susurro a more moving or a more excellent discourse. Fray Inocencio attributed the obvious confusion into which Fray Antonio was thrown by this commendation, notably marked by a flush of unwonted color in his pale cheeks, to a sudden flying to arms of his modesty upon being surprised in the commission of a good deed.

Fray Antonio found himself beset by reason of his brother's praises by a curious case of conscience, most difficult to deal with. In preaching his sermon to Susurro he had but given play to a certain delicate and quaint fancy that was natural to him; possibly — for so may a man of fine temperament be affected by his surroundings and by the tendencies of the times in which he lives — there was an underlying vein of seriousness in his discourse: certainly there was no thought in it of irreverence. But he knew that it was far from being the grave utterance that Fray Inocencio considered it to be, and for which Fray Inocencio gave him a serious credit that was far from being his due; and he knew also that to try to explain the subtle qualities which composed his mood when — as he now perceived — the devil had instigated him to address Susurro would be only to confuse with unavailing doubts the simple faith that was in his brother's soul. Therefore, as the smaller of two evils, he accepted silently the undeserved commendation that was bestowed upon him. That night — although Fray Inocencio heard it not, for his slumber was of the substantial sort that is the portion of little fat men whose consciences are at rest — there was a sound of scourging in Fray Antonio's cell.

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[1] To the still greater glory of the Holy Cat of Zempoala, whose honorable history the chronicler Fray Agustin de Vetancurt has set forth as above in the Menologio Franciscano, October 1, of his "Teatro Mexicano" (City of Mexico, 1698; folio), the fact may be added that the aqueduct of Zempoala still fulfills, in part at least, the useful purpose for which Father Tembleque built it more than three centuries ago.

So far as this was possible in one whose heart was full of love and charity, Fray Inocencio at times envied Fray Antonio because he was superior to the many temptations which made his own life burdensome; but he knew nothing of the temptations of the spirit which beset his finer-natured companion, which sometimes, as in the present yielding to a too whimsical humor,— that yet was as much a part of his natural being as of Fray Inocencio's natural being were his stoutness and his ruddy cheeks,— begot evil results which caused him heart-bitterness and much distress of soul.

Doubtless, being more sublimate, the pains of conscience which attend upon waywardness of the spirit are more searching than those which attend upon waywardness of the flesh; yet because of their gross and tangible nature the fleshly sins are more instantly appalling. Thus Fray Inocencio probably would have reasoned, had he possessed a mind disposed towards such abstract considerations, together with a knowledge of the spiritual suffering which Fray Antonio at times endured; but as neither of these possessions was his, he simply bemoaned very heartily his own frequent lapses from grace. And greatly did he lament one especially great sin, the doing of which came about in this wise:

One day, while Fray Inocencio was gathering lettuces, and while Fray Antonio was tending lovingly his flowers, there came over the top of the garden wall the sound of angry words, and then of heavy blows, and then of a cry that was something like the bray of an ass, and — being a very great cry and terrible — something like the shriek of a giant in pain. With the promptness that was customary with him Fray Inocencio unbarred the door and ran out upon the causeway to see what was the meaning of this commotion; and as beside the door stood a stout staff, that he carried with him for support when he walked to the great convent with a back-load of vegetables, he seized it that he might not affront the danger, if danger there were, unarmed. More deliberately came out also through the doorway Fray Antonio. And very pitiable was the sight that met their eyes.

Upon the ground lay a poor ass, laden with great earthen pots, and the two Indians with him were beating him with their sticks to make him rise, the while shouting at him all manner of coarse abuse. The ass, with so agonized a look that a heart of stone would have been melted by it with pity, was crying aloud in pain; for one of his legs — as the brothers saw, though the Indians seemed to perceive it not — had broken under him as he fell beneath his too-heavy load. He was but a small ass, and his lading of pots would have been overheavy for a strong mule.

Then was the wrath of Fray Inocencio so kindled within him that every fiber of his little round person tingled with rage. Forgetting all the teachings of gentleness of the blessed saints, and the example of long-suffering set him by the good father St. Francis, and his own vow to a life of peace and holiness — forgetting all this, Fray Inocencio in an instant had gathered up and tucked into his girdle the skirts of his blue gown, that he might have the free use of his short stout legs, and most carnally had fallen afoul of the backs and shoulders of those cruel Indians with his staff.

As for the Indians, this visible outbreak of the wrath of God took them so sharply by surprise, while such pain penetrated their brown hides with the blows which Fray Inocencio rained down upon them, that without pausing for thought or consideration they incontinently took to their heels. In an instant they had plunged through the slimy water of the *acéquia* beside the causeway, and were fleeing away across the meadow land beyond as though their assailant had been not a little stout friar, but the devil himself.

Then Fray Inocencio, puffing greatly,— for at the best of times he was but a short-winded man,— knelt down beside the ass with Fray Antonio and aided him to loose the cords which bound the pots upon its back, and so set it free of its grievous load. Together, very tenderly, they lifted the maimed creature and carried it into the convent garden; and while Fray Inocencio gave it water to drink — and this before he had quenched his own thirst — Fray Antonio, who had a good knowledge of the surgeon's craft, set himself to binding up the broken leg in a splint. And the poor ass, seeming to understand that it was being dealt with by friends who meant well by it, suffered them to do with it what they would.

It was not until their labors were ended — the broken leg well set, and the ass straitly fastened in a little stall that they made for him that he might not stir the leg in its setting —

that Fray Inocencio had time to think of the sin which he had fallen into in giving his righteous anger such unrighteous vent. He was the more distressed in spirit because, for the very life of him, he could not create in his heart a sincere repentance of having given to those Indians so sound a beating. Strive however much he might to crush it, the thought would assert itself that they richly deserved not only every blow that they received, but also the great many more blows which they escaped by running away. And with this thought most persistently came a carnal longing to get at them again and finish the work that he had so vigorously begun. To Fray Inocencio's dying day this sin remained with him; and while the prickings of it were hard to bear, he had of it, at least, the compensating advantage that it always was with him as a wholesome reminder to keep his too-ready anger within due bounds.

Fortunately — for it is to be feared that he could not have resisted it — the temptation to finish the beating was not put in his way. That the Indians returned and carried off their earthen pots was inferred by the brothers when, having ended their surgical and other ministrations to the ass's comfort, they looked out upon the causeway and found that the pots were gone. And they believed that from the Indians came the rather mysterious old man who presented himself the next day at the convent with a confused request for medicine for a sick child; and who contrived, while the apothecary-work was in progress, to get into the garden where the hurt ass was and make an examination of its state. But from this old man they could learn nothing of the owners of the ass; nor were their many inquiries among the Indians round about better rewarded. That the owners thus modestly veiled their identity, and that they made no effort to reclaim their property, on the whole was not surprising. No doubt they held, and wisely, that a broken-legged ass was not worth adventuring for within the dangerous range of the little friar's staff.

Chiefly, as Fray Inocencio very firmly believed, because of the many prayers to this end that he addressed to the miracle-working image of San Antonio that was in the little church, the ass in due season got well. But as, through some mischance, the broken bone had gone awry in the splint, it healed crookedly; so that that leg was shorter than the other legs. From this fresh misfortune the ass suffered no pain, but thenceforward he was very lame.

Being thus healed, and, after a fashion, a serviceable ass once more, the question what they should do with him perplexed the brothers sadly. Of other valuable property, being strictly vowed to poverty, they had none. The cat Timoteo, called Susurro, and the doves, were wild things of nature; of no use to man save in so far as they were a source of happiness through the love in them and for them that God inspired. But the case of the ass, an animal both useful and valuable, was different. Fray Inocencio, into whose heart the devil put the thought that the ass very well might bear to the great convent the loads which he himself was wont to carry thither on his back, reasoned that, inasmuch as the ass in truth was not their own, but only in their ward until his rightful owners should be found, they might use him in all conscionable work without falling into sin. But Fray Antonio, seeing more clearly, pointed out that they had striven earnestly but vainly to find the ass's owner, and that now there was small chance that the owner ever would be found at all; and he showed, further, that no matter in whom might vest his actual ownership, to them would belong, should they elect to avail themselves of it, his usufruct; which possession was a thing of value inconsistent with the poverty to which they were vowed. Yet, since the ass was not truly their own, he admitted, they had no right to sell him and to give the money to the poor — supposing the somewhat improbable case of any one being found willing to buy an ass that in addition to great natural laziness was hopelessly lame; nor were they free to give him away. Giving him in trust, to be surrendered should his owner ever be found, was the only solution of the matter that they could arrive at; and this failed because they could find no one who would accept the ass on these — or, indeed, on any other — terms. Yet to support an ass in absolute idleness, as Fray Antonio was forced to own, would be to violate the law of his being under which a beneficent Creator had placed him in the world for the good of man.

Altogether this case of conscience was so nice a one, and so beset by difficulties, that after the brothers had debated it for a long while together fruitlessly, and had prayed for guidance without receiving light upon their path in answer to their prayer, they determined to relegate its decision, through Fray Agustin de Vetancurt,— to whom, their little church being adjunct to the parish church of San José in San Francisco, they were directly responsible,— to the Very Reverend Father Friar Juan Gutierrez, who then governed the province of the Santo Evangelio, to which their convent pertained, and who was the Senior Provincial of the Franciscan order in New Spain.

This high resolve they executed. Driving before them the cause of their spiritual tribulation, and accommodating their steps to the halting slowness of his gait, and even stopping when he turned aside to crop in a meditative fashion at some especially tempting bunch of grass, they went together along the causeway, past the church of San Cosme, the convent of San Diego, the burning-place of the Inquisition, and the Alameda, and so through the outskirts of the city to the great convent. They entered by the gate from the Zuleta, and fastened the ass in the courtyard beneath the windows of the building set apart for the use of the commissioners-general of the order — the same building that now profanely has been changed into a hotel.

There was not a little merriment among the brothers when the purpose for which Fray Antonio and Fray Inocencio had come thither with the ass was known; for already the brothers within this convent, being grown rich and lustful of earthly pleasures, had so fallen from grace that conscientious scruples in regard to the ownership of a lame, wretched ass seemed to them laughable. But the Father Vetancurt, who was a holy man, and who had chosen Fray Antonio and Fray Inocencio for the missionary work that they had in charge because in the midst of much that was evil and corrupt they had remained pure, treated with a due seriousness the case of conscience that they had come to have resolved. That he smiled a little as he exhibited the matter to the Father Provincial is true; and this great dignitary smiled also on hearing what a quaint cause of perplexity beset the souls of the two brothers and had been brought by them, in their rare simplicity, to him for resolution and adjustment. But the smiles of these two good men had in them nothing of derision, and, in truth, were not far removed from tears.

"It is the spirit of our father St. Francis alive again," said the Provincial, reverently; and in all humility they thanked God that innocency so excellent should be found remaining pure amid so much of earthly corruption and spiritual guile.

Then came the brothers before the Father Provincial, and by his grace told him the whole of the matter that filled with anxious doubts their souls. Fray Antonio, who feared nothing but evil and the doing thereof, said what he had to say reverently, as became him in such a case, yet plainly and at his ease: telling how the ass came into their possession, yet touching but lightly upon the fiery part that Fray Inocencio had played; how they had sought earnestly but had failed to find his lawful owner, and therefore had no right either to sell him or to give him away; how no one could be found willing to accept him as a trust; and how, being thus forced to keep him themselves, they feared that the use of him was a valuable possession that their vow of poverty forbade. Fray Inocencio, who was terribly frightened at speaking to so great a personage, grew pale and stumbled in his speech; but by God's help he told truly how he had beaten those cruel Indians; how his repentance of this act was not complete, since he could not banish from his heart the wish to finish the punishment that he had begun; and how the devil had put into his heart the desire to keep the ass, that in bringing vegetables to the great convent his own back might be spared. Having thus said to the end what he felt it to be his duty to say, he drew a long breath, wiped with the sleeve of his gown the beads of sweat from his forehead, and was still. That the case might be complete, the Father Provincial looked from the window and saw the ass fastened in the court below, and the brothers pointed to his crooked leg and told how in its healing the bone had gone awry; and the ass, hearing the voices of his friends, looked up towards them with affection and brayed a mighty bray.

With a full heart answered to them the Father Provincial:

"It is God himself, my brothers, who hath given this ass to you in reward for your tenderness and goodness of heart, and to accept a gift from him surely is no infraction of your vow. Go in peace to your convent again, and keep for your service this poor beast that you have saved from a life of misery, and in whose brute heart I perceive that there is for you such well-deserved love. Take you also my blessing — though, in truth, rather should I ask your blessing than thus give you mine."

And the brothers, very grateful for the dispensation in their favor, but not at all understanding the full meaning of the Father Provincial's words, made proper reverence to him and went their way homeward; being full of happiness because of the glad consciousness, untroubled by doubt or misgiving, that the ass now really was their very own.

Thereafter so often as it was necessary that vegetables should be brought from the little convent to the great one the bearer of the load was the lame ass, and behind him or beside him Fray Inocencio walked. As they slowly journeyed, these two held pleasant converse together; for Fray Inocencio maintained that the ass understood the meaning of human speech as well as he himself understood the meaning of the glances which the ass gave him, and the various twitchings of his scraggy tail, and the shakings of his head, and, above all, the whole vocabulary that was in the waggings of his ample ears.

It was, indeed, a cheery sight to see these friends upon the road together. At his best the ass hobbled along at a pace that a tortoise would have scorned for its slowness; and at times he would stop wholly and would gaze around him with a look of thoughtful inquiry; or he would step aside to crop a bit of grass that pleased his fancy; and ever and anon he would edge up to his friend and rub his long nose gently against the friar's side, and then would look into his face with a glance so movingly tender that nothing more could have been added to it for the expression of his love. For his part, Fray Inocencio patiently accommodated the naturally brisk movements of his own stout little legs to the ass's infinite slowness: when the ass would stop, he would stop also; when by any chance the ass missed sight of a choice bunch of grass, he would lead him to it and would wait by him until he had cropped it to the very last blade; and when the ass by his nose-rubbings would manifest his love, he would gather the ass's long, shaggy head in his arms against his breast and would lavish upon him all manner of terms of endearment as he gently stroked his fuzzy ears.

So the fame of these two went through all the city; and upon the ass, who truly was as lazy as he was lame, the common people bestowed the name of Flojo, which word, in the Spanish tongue, signifies "the lazy one." In this wise came the proverb that is spoken of any one who greatly loves a useless beast or person: he loves him as Fray Inocencio loved Flojo, the lame ass.

Over the brothers, dwelling peacefully in their little convent, and serving God by loving his creatures and by ministering faithfully to the welfare of the souls of their fellow-men, the years drifted happily. Unharmed by Timoteo, called Susurro, who waxed fat and sluggish as age stole upon him, yet lost nothing of the sweetness of his nature nor of the thunderousness of his purr, the doves increased and multiplied; the little garden yielded ever freshly its substance of fresh food and sweet-smelling flowers; the ass, Flojo, tenderly cherished by his masters, developed yet greater prodigies of laziness as his years advanced; and the brothers themselves, happy in leading a life in all ways innocent and very excellent in the sight of Heaven, knew not what it was to grow old, because their hearts ever remained young.

And in the fullness of their years, their good lives ended, Fray Antonio and Fray Inocencio passed out gently from time into eternity, and were gathered home to God.

Thomas A. Janvier.

VAPOR AND BLUE.

DOMED with the azure of heaven,
Floored with a pavement of pearl,
Clothed all about with a brightness
Soft as the eyes of a girl,

Girt with a magical girdle,
Rimmed with a vapor of rest —
These are the inland waters,
These are the lakes of the West.

Voices of slumberous music,
Spirits of mist and of flame,
Moonlit memories left here
By gods who long ago came,

And, vanishing, left but an echo
In silence of moon-dim caves,
Where, haze-wrapt, the August night slumbers,
Or the wild heart of October raves.

Here, where the jewels of nature
Are set in the light of God's smile,
Far from the world's wild throbbing,
I will stay me and rest me awhile,

And store in my heart old music,
Melodies gathered and sung
By the genies of love and of beauty
When the heart of the world was young.

William Wilfred Campbell.

Ventilator over Cabin door in the *Puritan*.

INLAND NAVIGATION OF THE UNITED STATES.

THERE appeared a few years ago in one of the illustrated papers three curious pictures. The first represented fifty men carrying a large block of stone. The men were arranged in four files and each file carried on their shoulders a stout pole. By means of other poles and ropes the block of stone was suspended in the middle of the group of men, and with terrible strain and labor they were staggering along with their tremendous load. The picture showed how unaided brute force could be used in transporting a weight—or, as we might say to-day, in moving freight.

The second picture represented the same block of stone placed in a rude cart and drawn by a pair of oxen with great difficulty over a very soft and sandy road. The third picture represented the same block placed on a hand-car and easily pushed along a track by one man.

The first picture was an illustration of simple animal power used in the most wasteful and expensive manner. In the second picture the principles of mechanics were applied in a rude way to assist the oxen. The oxen could not carry the stone or even lift it from the ground; but when attached to the cart they were able to haul it a much greater distance than the fifty men. In the third picture the mechanical advantage was used to the utmost by employing a better vehicle and placing it on a smooth, hard track. So great was the gain that one man could do the work of fifty without such mechanical aid or the work of a pair of oxen aided by a cart.

The three pictures were instructive, but the series was clearly incomplete. There should have been a picture representing five blocks of stone, of the same size as the one shown, placed in a boat and easily drawn or poled along a shallow river or canal by one man. The friction would here be so much reduced that one man walking on the bank of the canal could by means of a tow-line do the work of five times fifty men. The four pictures would then tell far more than the first three, and together they would make a graphic statement of some of the factors of one of the most important commercial questions of the day.

The four pictures could be arranged in another way, and might then serve to show the evolution of the business of moving freight and passengers. No doubt the most primitive method of moving either people or things was to pick them up and carry them. The first passenger was an infant in its mother's arms. The chief of a tribe in prehistoric woods may have envied the babies, and compelled two of his followers to lock arms and carry him over a stream or rough place in the trail. Processions of slaves were the first lines of through freight.

If placed in their historical order the suggested picture of the boat would stand second, for the floating log, the raft, the dug-out, and the canoe probably antedated by hundreds, perhaps thousands, of years any form of wheeled vehicle. The third picture would be the ox-cart, and the last picture would be the hand-car, for this idea of an improved car and a smooth track is essentially modern.

It may be suggested that such a series of pictures, to be fair, should contain a fifth, representing a locomotive dragging fifty blocks of stone along a track and only employing a crew of six men. Such a picture would be suggestive, but could be offset by an equally pertinent picture representing two horses drawing a canal-boat containing a freight equal to the entire load of an ordinary freight train and guided by a crew of one man and a boy—in one case an expenditure of two horse-power and in the other a steam-power equal to, say, one hundred horses.

The instincts of men led them to the water because it meant a road, and this meant contact with others, the gaining of knowledge, and the beginning of trade and civilization. Even to-day the great cities are by the waterways, because they are the oldest and cheapest roads. The great cities of the future will be just what they are now—great ports.

Edward Eggleston, writing upon the commerce of the colonies (see THE CENTURY for June, 1884), gives a graphic picture of the great water traffic that grew up between the settlements in Massachusetts and Connecticut, the Dutch towns along the Hudson, the settlements on the Delaware, and the scattered plantations on the Chesapeake, the Virginia rivers, and the sounds and inlets of the Carolinas and Georgia. With the exception of a small district about Philadelphia and another in Georgia there were no good roads in all the colonies. In the province of New York there were only twelve miles of land carriage. Villages, and even churches and court-houses, in Maryland and Virginia were always placed on the shore, for it was only by boat that the people could go to meeting or attend court. The traffic that grew up between the colonies was almost wholly by water, and the great wagon roads that finally stretched westward from Philadelphia aimed only to touch the Ohio. It was down this river that the first emigrants set out for the West. One hundred and one years ago Marietta, Ohio, became the port of departure for the entire North-west. Settlements beyond Buffalo in like manner followed the shores of the great lakes. The freight and passenger traffic between Canada and New York was by way of the Hudson, Lake George, and Lake Champlain, and it was to maintain this highway that one of the great battles of the Revolution was fought.

At the time of Washington's inauguration the President-elect traveled by horse to Elizabethport, New Jersey, and then selected a better route by taking a boat through the Kill von Kull to New York; and the messenger sent by Congress to Boston to inform Adams of his election to the vice-presidency took ship on the East River "with a fair wind for the Sound." Still later the early railroads were designed to be feeders for water routes, and to get to Philadelphia from New York you first took boat to Perth Amboy and then passed by rail along the old post route to Camden. To reach New York from Boston you took rail for Providence to meet a boat on the Sound. Until the railroad came we had no good country roads except in Pennsylvania, because both passengers and freight went by water. To this day the good people of the old State of Ohio complain that they have poor roads, forgetting that the Ohio and the lakes were their great roads until the railways invaded the interior of the State and created a demand for country roads.

From the very first the colonies began to build boats for their waterways, and in time an immense fleet of vessels of all kinds covered our coast, sounds, and rivers. The canoes were the first passenger boats, and from them sprung the flatboats that were poled along the rivers, the Dutch pirogues, the catamaran canoes, the sloops and schooners, and the passenger canal-boats that made the limited trains on the early Erie. If the colonists rapidly grew rich, it was not alone because of the wealth of fish and lumber they found here, but also because of the wonderful facilities for water traffic they found waiting the enterprising prows of their ships.

Then came Fulton's first voyage on the Hudson. The times were ripe when he launched the *Clermont.* We had skillful and inventive mechanics, the finest boat-builders, and the best wood and iron in the world. Better than all, our mechanics and ship-builders had scant respect for precedent or the traditions of their trades. Fulton had struck the key-note—steam-power afloat. At once appeared an entirely novel system of moving freight and passengers, and by a rapid evolution the modern American steamboat appeared and became, like the American locomotive, a model, and one on which nearly all vessels of its class are built throughout the world. Before Fulton's first voyage the Ohio was only available for flatboats drifting with the current. The *Clermont* practically created the Mississippi States and opened the West to the immigrant. Naturally enough the first steamboats after the *Clermont* plied on the Hudson, on the Sound, and on the Delaware and the Chesapeake. The steamer *Orleans* was the first boat built for the Western rivers, and was launched at Pittsburg, October 11, 1811. In August, 1818, the first steam vessel was launched on the lakes.

The people seem to have grasped Fulton's idea quickly, for his boat was immediately followed by others. In 1812 we built four steamboats, the next year seven, in 1814 two, in 1815 five, and in the next year seven. In the first ten years we built 131 steam vessels, and by 1832, twenty years after the first boat, we had built 474 steam craft, one hundred being launched that year. In the next three years the building of steamers fell off slightly; then it started up again, 145 being built in 1836 and 158 in 1837. Business depressions appear to have checked building again, and fewer were built each year till 1846, when 225 steam vessels were launched. Through the early fifties, before the railroads interfered with the river traffic of the West, the business increased wonderfully, and we find that in 1853 and 1854 more than 280 steamers were launched each year. The unsettled times before the war again reduced the number; but in 1863 and 1864 great numbers of boats were built, no fewer than 520 steam vessels of all kinds being launched in 1864. After the war the number built each year rapidly decreased for a few years and then slowly increased to 1874, when 404 boats were built. In 1882 we built 502, and since that time the number built has once more rapidly decreased to 1886. Since that year the business has revived, and it is now active on the coasts and lakes and slowly increasing on the rivers. In all, since we began to build, we have launched, up to 1886, 14,214 steam vessels of all kinds, including naval vessels and a great number of small river steamers exported to South America and other places.

Taking the report of the Bureau of Navigation for the year ending June 30, 1886, we find that 230 steamers with a gross tonnage of 37,080 tons were built that year, distributed through the four great districts as follows: Atlantic and gulf coasts, 95; Pacific coast, 18; Northern lakes, 47; and Western rivers, 70. The chief States interested in building these vessels were Maine and Massachusetts, 6 each; Connecticut, 9; New York, 41; Pennsylvania, 29; Ohio and Michigan, 14 each; Tennessee, 12; Kentucky, 13; West Virginia and Florida, 8 each; Oregon, 9; California, 5, and other States a less number each. Dividing these vessels according to their motive power into three classes, we find that 17 were side-wheel boats, 80 were stern-wheel boats, and 133 were propellers. On the Atlantic and gulf waters, 7 were side-wheel boats, 11 were stern-wheelers (probably for Southern waters), and 77 were propellers. On the Pacific, 8 were propellers and 10 had stern-wheels. On the lakes the majority were propellers, there being 44 of these and only one stern-wheel and 2 side-wheel boats. On the Western rivers there were 8 side-wheel boats, 58 stern-wheelers, and only 4 propellers.

In that year there were 5467 steamers in use on our coasts, rivers, and lakes, distributed as follows: Atlantic and gulf coasts, 2662; Pacific coast, 425; Northern lakes, 1280; Western rivers, 1105; aggregating over 1,522,983 tons burden. Though there have been many wrecks on all our waters in the past two years, there is to-day probably a somewhat greater number of steamers in commission, this being notably the case on the lakes. When does this great fleet sail, for what ports does it steer, and where can we travel by these five thousand boats?

It is well now and then to take account of stock of our heritage. It is estimated that we have over twenty thousand miles of navigable waters traversed for the whole or for a part of each year by regular lines of steamboats and steamships. We have several great routes on which one can travel for a week without changing his stateroom. There are hundreds of towns where the only means of communication is by water, and probably a million of our people receive their mail by steamboat. It is difficult to make a mental picture of the enormous extent of our available waterways. Were they improved and made useful to their full capacity in all seasons they would probably far exceed in value our entire railroad system.

Get out your atlas and trace the magnificent lines on which our heritage is planned. It will repay the study if it leads to a right understanding of the splendid opportunities we have for pleasure travel in every climate, in all waters, through all variations of scenery, and in hundreds of boats all flying our flag. No man can fairly be said to know this country until he has seen it from the deck of a Sound or coastwise steamer or from the guards of a Western river boat; until he has looked over the waters of the great Northern lakes, steamed through the Golden Gate, or gazed from his stateroom window upon Alaska glaciers.

Travel is called the great educator. How can it teach at forty miles an hour? No man ever learned much from a car window. He may have a vague notion of trees and farms, squalid suburbs, and union depots, and yet know nothing of great States and great cities. You can enter and leave Baltimore or Cincinnati, Buffalo or Cleveland, by rail and see no more of those notable and beautiful cities than the Boston man reported of a Connecticut town. He had been there a hundred times, yet had "seen only the cellar of New Haven." It is quite possible to ride from New York to Albany and by sitting on the right-hand side of the car not see the Hudson. By taking the wrong chair in the drawing-room car a man may skirt the glorious Sound for a hundred miles and not know that it exists. People are advised to "take the picturesque Baltimore and Ohio," and then engage a sleeper on account of cut rates.

It is not all of life "to get there." Wherein does it profit a man to arrive on time, if he loses all sight of his own country? Who is the happier or wiser or morally better to-day by reason of more speed? Let the drummer and the fugitive from justice take the limited train. Flight is their only aim or salvation. The man who travels to see that he may learn, the wiser people among those who travel for pleasure, go by boat. For the Western man there is all the charm and novelty of salt water. For the Eastern man the great rivers offer new and strange voyages of delight. For the Southern man, eager that his boys and girls learn something of their country, there are the great Northern seas where they may breathe new and bracing airs, spend days and nights in voyages past strange headlands and great cities, and see the sun set behind fresh-water horizons.

Where can we go? Which of all our twenty thousand miles of waterways are the most attractive and convenient, and which afford the greatest variety of scenery and climate? Not all are equally interesting, and it is not difficult to select from 3000 to 6000 miles of pleasure travel that will not require a "portage," or land travel, of over eight hours at any one time. A vacation of a month will be ample time to travel three thousand miles by water and see something of the three great divisions of our water system—the coast, the lakes, and the Western rivers. On such a trip a man, if he is so minded, can really see the country, travel at ease, sleep in comfort, and dine sumptuously. In place of the dreadful roar of the train by night he will be lulled by the musical swash of the waves; in place of the ill-smelling, diphtheritic car he can have the broad deck, the life-giving breath of the sea, fragrant airs from farms along the banks, and the bracing winds of the lakes. Besides all this, there would be at the end of the trip a comforting sense of economy in expense.

First and most attractive on our Eastern coast is the grand gulf of Maine. The cold arctic current that slips in through the Straits of Belle Isle circles round this noble sea between Nova Scotia and Cape Cod, making a great ice-water cup for the cooling of the nation. The breeze is always chill; but it is an arctic wind, instinct with life, and he who can stand before its cold wins red blood and length of days from its salty winds. From Boston steamboats and steamships skirt the rocky shores, creep up the shining rivers, or invade the inlets of wooded Maine. Here lies Mount Desert, and Thatcher's Island lighthouse points the way to summer homes on Appledore. Picturesque old Halifax is 'cross seas due north-east, and Plymouth Bay invites towards the south. For the Western man short voyages out of Boston or Portland might fill a month of most picturesque and delightful travel, with many pleasant stops along the way. For one trip, to include several points, take steamer from Boston direct to Halifax, and then a few hours by rail through Evangeline's land will bring you by boat across the Bay of Fundy to St. John. From St. John a boat can be taken direct to Portland, past Grand Manan, Mount Desert, and along the shores of Maine. From Portland there is a steamer direct to New York, crossing the beautiful Massachusetts Bay, skirting the whole of Cape Cod, and steering west through the Vineyard, past the summer cities of the islands, and on through Long Island Sound to the East River. Such a trip would take about fourteen days, and would touch three of our most picturesque cities and two Canadian towns well worth seeing, and would include a very remarkable change of climate from the cold winds over the misty hills of Bluenose Land to the soft airs of drowsy Cottage City. Should you venture farther into foreign seas, there is a boat at Halifax for Newfoundland—a trip of a week along strange coasts.

When we come south of Cape Cod we enter a new climate and warmer waters. We leave the arctic current and feel the influence of the Gulf Stream. The climate of the Vineyard and the two bays which make up into Rhode Island and Massachusetts is quite different from that of Boston, and as a result these splendid waters are lined with pleasure cities. Steamboats from Providence traverse the whole of Narragansett Bay, down to Newport and Block Island. Nantucket and Martha's Vineyard both offer short voyages full of interest, and to the west opens the splendid Sound, perhaps the finest yachting ground in the world. Along Long Island Sound lie the oldest water-travel routes in this country, and to-day are traversed by the finest and largest passenger steamboats in the world. Every Englishman who visits this country includes a trip on the Sound boats as one of the things that must be done, however short his stay. There are several boats for Boston and the East from New York every day, the longest and most famous route being the Fall River one. Another interesting route is by the way of Providence, as that includes, in the summer, a trip up Narragansett Bay by daylight.

It is a pity that we are, as a people, in such a hurry. Were we more leisurely in our pleasures there would be a daylight line through the Sound. Some day there may be a canal across Cape Cod, and then we shall have one of the most beautiful short voyages in the world—by day boat from New York direct to Boston. There is now an outside line of fast freight boats between Boston and New York, but only the happy friends of the owners can take this charming trip. If the line were wise it would open its staterooms to the public in the summer months.

Before leaving the Eastern coast it may be noted that there are several short sea voyages in good steamers sailing from Boston. Steamers leave once or twice a week for Philadelphia and Baltimore, and include a fine sail across Massachusetts Bay, a run down the coast to the capes, and pleasant trips up the Delaware or the Chesapeake. A longer voyage is by fine, large steamers from Boston by the way of Cape Cod, through the Vineyard, and past the gaudy banks of Gay Head across seas to Savannah. To those worn out with city life and business cares such short voyages would be worth a dozen doctors.

From the earliest times New York has been the port of departure for packets steering for our Southern ports, and to-day we find sailing every week the finest steamships in the world. Not so large as European steamers, they are quite as sumptuous, quite as elegant in point of decoration, and far more comfortable, because better ventilated, cleaner, and lighter. These boats offer fine voyages along our coast to Norfolk, Wilmington, Charleston, Savannah, Jacksonville, New Orleans and Galveston. For a touch of foreign shores and voyages over tropic seas there are fine boats for Cuba, Mexico, and Central America. All these tours, both long and short, are worth the taking for a summer trip, and the longer voyages make splendid winter trips that in twenty-four hours out of New York exchange winter weather for spring or summer. The Florida boats connect with small boats on the waters of our great winter pleasure State, and suggest charming inland voyages past orange groves and along the dreamy Indian River.

From New York there are many shorter water trips well worth the taking for those who cannot travel far from home. Through the excursion season there are probably a hundred thousand people afloat every day on the waters about New York. For two millions of our people these are the only voyages they can take, the only chance for a taste of the sweet breath of the sea. It is said that since Coney Island was discovered the infant mortality of New York has materially decreased. It is not the wretched island that has saved the lives of our babies, but the voyage down the bay. Among these shorter trips the steamers to Sound ports offer very charming afternoon excursions; and by taking the boats for Stamford, Bridgeport, or New Haven, and returning by rail, a breath of salt air and a restful afternoon can be gained that is well worth the cost. Of course the ride home by rail is a serious objection, and a better plan is to stay over night at New Haven or return by the night boat. Among other trips is the excursion to Sandy Hook and back, as it includes an afternoon on the bay in one of the finest passenger steamers in the world. It was this water route that made Long Branch, for were we obliged to go by rail there never would have been any Long Branch.

There are people who wonder why it was that New York became our chief city. The answer is plain enough — the Hudson. From Albany to Sandy Hook the river, or arm of the sea, made the first grand highway of the country. It opened the back door to New England, and by easy portages carried our infant trade to Vermont and Canada. It joined the sea to our first great wheatfield in the valley of the Mohawk. To-day the money value of the Hudson is probably twenty times greater than that of the two railroads on its banks.

Before we leave the coast it may be noticed that the Delaware and the Chesapeake both offer short voyages from Philadelphia and Baltimore. The sounds of the Carolinas will some day be fine pleasure seas. To-day they are practically unknown waters to the tourist. The inland waters farther south will also some day be pleasure routes and share the business that is beginning to flow through Florida waters. It may be noted in passing that a very pleasant sea voyage from New York may be taken by boat to Portland, Maine, and then by boat to Boston, or by steamer and rail direct to Boston, and then by steamer to Baltimore or Philadelphia, and home by rail.

The shortest portage, or run, across the Appalachian backbone to the rivers is from Philadelphia to Pittsburg. There is no intimation of what is to come till you have left the depot at Pittsburg and crossed the town to the bridge opposite the Monongahela House. If you arrive in the evening, go to the bridge as soon as you are settled in your hotel; or, should you choose the Monongahela House, ask for a room on the river side of the house. Draw the curtain and look out. For the Eastern traveler going west for the first time it is perhaps the most remarkable sight in this country. Immediately beneath is the broad, sloping levee, or landing. The wide space of blackness beyond is the river, running swiftly in the darkness and reflecting the glare of miles of furnaces on the opposite shore. Their flames and streaming fires light up the steep wall of rock that seems to blot out half the sky. Those long constellations are the street lights of the town on the top of the mountain. The arched constellation to the left is the great bridge. The blackness of the left is the entrance to this the eastern port of our great river system. Suddenly a white gleam of light sweeps across the immense scene. It is the search-light of some steamer picking out a landing. The deep, discordant boom of her whistle echoes from the rocky hills, and the strange craft starts out vividly in the glare of the electric lights as she pushes her flat nose against the bank.

It is here that the Ohio is born. Here the Monongahela and the Allegheny, both navigable rivers, meet and send their waters westward for a thousand miles till they mingle with the yellow flood that comes down from the Big Muddy. It was here that the founders of States took boat; it was here that the West began; and it is here to-day that an immense trade starts for the great West and the greater South. Fourteen States can be reached by boat from this port. You can sail from this landing in regular passenger steamboats over thirteen thousand miles of river water. We have only to turn to the reports of the Lighthouse Board to see that this is not a mere guess at figures. Here we find that from Pittsburg to the mouth of the Ohio, a measured distance of 968 miles, there are 448 lights serving as aids to navigation. On the Big Kanawha—not by any means a well-lighted river—there are 27 lights on the first 73 miles from its mouth. The Tennessee has 37 lights on the lower 223 miles. The Mississippi, from St. Paul to Cairo, 933 miles, has 364 lights, and from Cairo to the jetties, about 1000 miles, shows 390 lights. The Missouri, from Kansas City to its mouth, has 38 lights for 386 miles. Here is a total of 3582 miles already lighted by 1299 lights. Yet the work of lighting is very recent, as none of the rivers were lighted a few years ago, and the work is still very far from being complete. If we count the unlighted rivers, we find that the Ohio and its branches are estimated by good authorities to give navigable waters for 3275 miles for a part of each year. The Mississippi valley can be reached by steamboats for over 10,000 miles, and, if we include the valley of the Red River of the North, for 500 miles more, making a grand total of nearly 13,800 miles of steam navigation. Even Pittsburg is not by any means the head of navigation, for in good stages of the water steamers ascend the Monongahela for 140 miles and the Allegheny for 110 miles.

The view of Pittsburg by daylight, if not so impressive as by night, is full of curious interest. To eyes accustomed to blue water the ranks of boats with bows turned upstream against the bank seem just a trifle disheartening. Are these the famous river boats of the West? Where are the sharp bows, the beautiful lines, the graceful stern of a real boat? The tall funnels and the naked stern wheels certainly suggest business, but very queer business. The boats seem like great dirty white houses set on flat scows only a few inches above the water. Appearances are deceitful. They lack indeed the brilliant white paint of our anthracite-burning boats, yet they are seaworthy, safe, fast, and comfortable. This Western boat is the evolution of science, Yankee ingenuity, and the most peculiar navigation in the world, and it is undoubtedly the most perfect marine racing and carrying machine ever designed. It is certainly the model for the river world, and floats to-day on the great rivers of Europe, Asia, and South America. It is the shoal water triumph of marine architecture, for it will carry enormous burdens with speed and safety over the slightest suggestion of water—or, as Lincoln is reported to have said, "will sail wherever there is an extra heavy dew." Before examining the river boat in detail let us see for what ports we may sail from this harbor in the mountains.

Before steering down the Ohio it will be well, if time can be spared, to take a short trip up the Monongahela. By inquiring of the clerks on the afternoon boats you can find how far the boat will go before dark, and as they stop at ports along the way it is easy to find a train back to Pittsburg in the evening. In summer this will give a trip of thirty or forty miles through the hill country above Pittsburg, and will enable you to see a slack-water navigation system. To salt-water navigators the handling of the boats and the tows through the locks and the long pools of slack water are full of interest and are well worth studying, because it is by this system of slack water that our shallow Western rivers are made available. Ultimately it must be extended to the Ohio and other large rivers in order to make them useful through all seasons and stages of water. Unless something of the kind is done we shall some day see a great traffic greatly injured or left defenseless against the greed and selfishness of railroad corporations. At one time the port of Pittsburg was practically valueless during every season of low water; but since the Davis Island dam was built there is a good harbor at all times. Such a slack water system does not mean that boats must always stop at the locks, as on the Monongahela, for at Davis Island boats pass directly over the dam during high water.

From Pittsburg steamers sail three times a week for Cincinnati, a voyage of 467 miles, through a picturesque and curious country bordering four great States,—Pennsylvania, Ohio, West Virginia, and Kentucky,—and passing 23 large towns and cities and many more villages and smaller places. The boats start late in the afternoon and reach Cincinnati about 11 o'clock of the third night. During the first evening the boat passes through the manufacturing district below Pittsburg, with its wonderful pictures of flaming furnaces and the strange fires of natural gas. The gas and soft coal belt, the great tile and pottery country, the Ohio iron districts, the farming lands of southern Ohio and Kentucky, and the coke country, with its long rows of fiery eyes, each in turn presents strange sights to Eastern observers. The West Virginia hills, forest-clad, rocky, and abrupt, give a curious and romantic aspect to the river scenery, and both by day and night cities, towns, and lonely farms seem to drift by in picturesque procession. If no more time can be spared from your vacation, for once leave speed and the greed of time to those who travel because they must, and make the portage to Pittsburg. One day or one night will bring you to the river, and three days after you are landed at Cincinnati, only twenty-four hours from New York, with the memory of a quiet, restful voyage over almost unknown waters through four great States. The best season for a trip on the upper Ohio is in spring or early summer, when the water is high and the country is at its vernal best.

At Cincinnati the river still invites to the West. Steamers sail every night from this port for Louisville, giving a night voyage on the river resembling that on the night boats between New York and Albany. This is, however, only a short trip, and there are longer voyages stretching westward before the Ohio meets the Mississippi. One of the best voyages from Cincinnati is by the boats of the Memphis and Cincinnati Packet Company to Memphis, a journey on the Ohio and Mississippi of 738 miles, including calls at a dozen large cities along the way. By adding this trip to the voyage down from Pittsburg, a journey of 1200 miles can be made in less than ten days, and still leave 800 miles more of unexplored waters towards the far South. By changing boats at Memphis this voyage may be continued to New Orleans, or the trip may be reversed by taking a boat going north to St. Louis. Another and shorter voyage can be made by leaving the boat at Cairo, five hundred miles below Cincinnati, and taking an up-river boat to St. Louis.

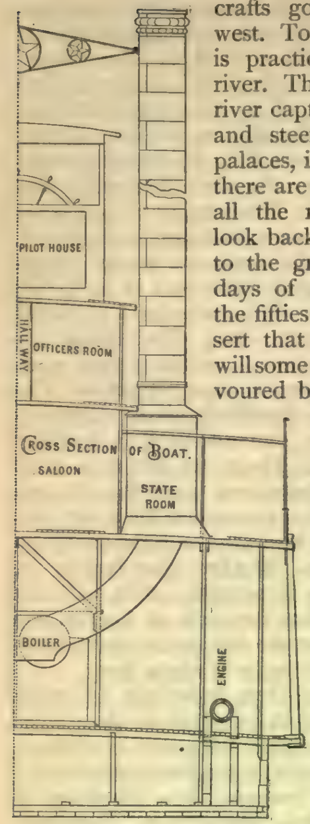
From St. Louis a long and notable voyage can be made by taking one of the Anchor Line boats direct to New Orleans, a trip of twelve hundred miles, which gives six days in one boat on our grandest river. It is a popular trip in the West, and a round trip of from twelve to fourteen days is often made by travelers in search of a restful water journey through the South. Far to the South other trips invite the hunter and the fisherman to wonderful voyages up semi-tropic rivers hundreds of miles beyond the well-beaten tracks of timid tourists.

St. Louis is also the port of departure for one of the finest river voyages on the continent. By taking the boats of the St. Louis and St. Paul Packet Company a voyage of 729 miles can be made on the upper Mississippi. This is the "Hudson of the West," a river offering days and nights of varied and attractive scenery that is often beautiful and is in many places full of curious interest to those who have never seen the West except from a car window. If no other trip is convenient, a trip either up or down should certainly be taken. The voyage takes about four days, and can be made as much shorter as may be wished by leaving the boat at any of the cities along the way. The entire trip includes stops at twenty-two cities of note in five of the north central States.

This gives in outline four of our most popular water routes in the West. The shortest trip from Pittsburg to Cincinnati takes three days, and costs $7. The trip from Cincinnati to Memphis, four days, costs $10. The longest trip in one boat is from St. Louis to New Orleans, a voyage of six days, and costs $20. The trip up the Mississippi to St. Paul is made in four days, and costs $16. By changing boats once or twice down the river the voyage may be extended from Pittsburg to the gulf; a journey of nearly 2000 miles can be made with close connections in about two weeks. From St. Paul, by changing boats once at St. Louis, a voyage of about 2000 miles may be made in from ten to twelve days. The voyage upstream is always slower, and more time must be allowed when round trips are made. The four trips already described, giving a journey of 2134 miles, can be made for $53, or about 2½ cents a mile. These are first-class fares and include staterooms and meals free, though there is a disposition on some of the river lines to charge less for fare and to serve meals on the European plan. The first-class fare on the railroads is usually three cents a mile, with not less than two dollars for berth or sleeper, one dollar for a meal in the dining-car, and waiters and porters always anxious about fees.

Shorter voyages than these can be made by taking the boats at points along the routes, particularly on the upper Ohio and Mississippi, where the larger towns are close together on each shore. For instance, from Pittsburg to Wheeling, 90 miles; Marietta to Cincinnati, 296 miles; St. Paul to La Crosse, 173 miles; St. Paul to Rock Island, 397 miles; Burlington to St. Louis, 249 miles; and St. Louis to Grafton, 39 miles. Beyond these well-worn water paths there are at least one thousand miles more of "unknown rivers" dear to the fisherman, the hunter, and the explorer who dares escape the palace boats and voyage in "tramp steamers" on the less familiar streams towards the south or the north-west.

Thirty years ago these water routes were the only lines of traffic in the West and South. Then the rivers were crowded with fast boats, and all the world went by water. The boats won a world-wide fame for speed, capacity, and elegance, and were uniformly regarded as extremely valuable property. Any man who could build a boat was at liberty to sail these thousands of miles of fresh water, and was certain to find his decks crowded with freight and every stateroom full. To-day the railroads follow each bank for nearly the whole length of the Ohio and the Mississippi, and have absorbed the larger part of the once great river traffic. At one time St. Louis was the port of departure for the far West by way of the Big Muddy. Kansas City could only be reached by boat, and was itself a great port for river



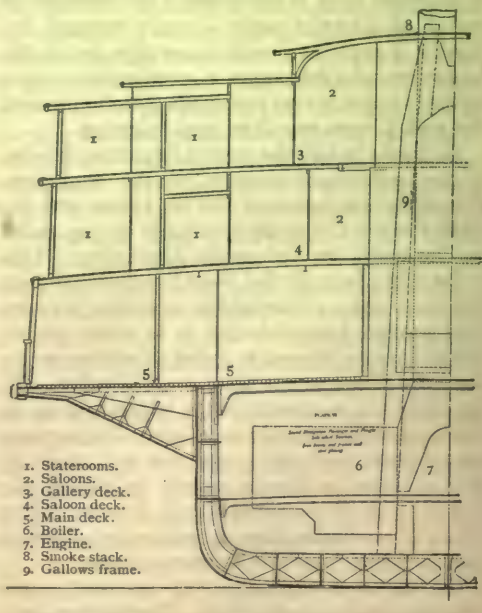
CROSS SECTION OF A TYPICAL WESTERN RIVER BOAT.

crafts going still farther west. To-day the Missouri is practically a deserted river. The race of fine old river captains, who owned and steered their racing-palaces, is dying out, and there are people to-day in all the river towns who look backward with regret to the great and notable days of river boating in the fifties and solemnly assert that the entire traffic will some day disappear, devoured by greedy railroad corporations.

It is perfectly true that the Western steamboat interest has been seriously impaired by competition with the railroads and that the number of fast boats has greatly decreased. For the position of steamboat property in the past was peculiar. Large numbers of the boats were owned by the captains or their families, and in case of hard times or a cut rate war with the railroads the boats could be seized for debt and the traffic stopped. The competing railroad, on the other hand, might be equally in debt, but in the hands of a receiver it went on doing business while the poor boat owner was tied up with his boat.

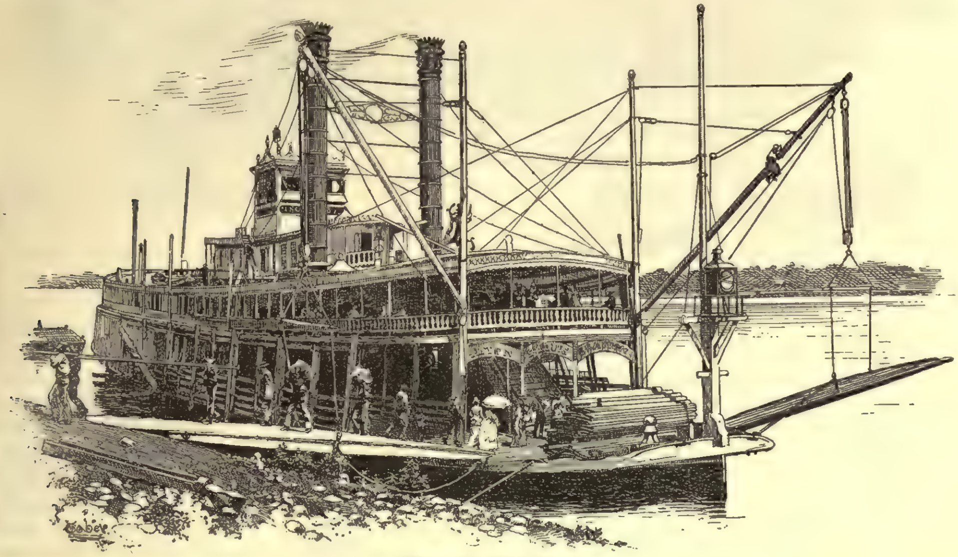
This is the common and the darker view taken of the steamboat interest on our great rivers. To offset this is the fact that the larger rivers are now well lighted, and more lights are added every year. The millions spent on the rivers have wonderfully improved navigation, and there are fewer wrecks than ever before. The slack water navigation, as on the Kanawha and the Monongahela, has greatly extended the season in which boats can run, and has thus extended the earning time of every boat on these waters. The ownership of the boats has also changed, and in place of single "tramp" steamers there are now regular incorporated companies owning large fleets of boats and having abundant capital. These companies are enabled to furnish better, cheaper, and more regular service, with less danger of ruinous competition with the railroads. Formerly the steamboat service was extravagant and costly in management, while rates were high and profits large. The companies now conduct their business with more economy and seek to attract business by regular departures and arrivals, more comfortable boats, and better table and stateroom service. The lines now more nearly approach the Eastern lines both in equipment and management, and while the old racing captains, who threw their freight into the furnaces rather than be beaten by a rival boat, are passing away, the new men are real captains of safe and comfortable boats. The romantic days have gone from the rivers forever, but the travel is safer, and, in a way, more civilized. The last of the famous racing machines, the *Natchez*, was wrecked only a few months ago. The competition with the railroads has demanded a wholly different class of boats, and the tourists will compel a better passenger service on all the lines in the future.

In the opinion of those competent to speak on the matter, the prospects for the passenger traffic on the rivers is far from discouraging. Once all the world had to go by boat or stay at home. Now the larger number take the cars, and in order to retain any traffic at all the boat lines must offer superior inducements in the way of price, comfort, and attendance. This they seem prepared to do; and it is safe to say that the time will come when many of the river routes of the West will be as popular as the Hudson River or Long Island Sound, and a trip on these great waterways will be regarded as quite as important to a right understanding of the country as a day on the North River.



CROSS SECTION OF THE SOUND STEAMER "PURITAN."

From the east a single portage from the Hudson brings us to another grand water route — the lakes. These splendid inland seas are just opening new and magnificent voyages over strange northern waters. The freight traffic of the lakes is already very great, and is carried on by large steamers equal in every respect to the best salt-water freighters. The passenger traffic is as yet comparatively small and has been largely confined in the past to freight-boats having a few staterooms for passengers. Within a few years regular passenger boats, both side-wheel and propellers, have been placed on the lakes, and now every port on our inland seas can be easily reached by passenger steamers from Buffalo, Cleveland, and Chicago.



WESTERN RIVER BOAT.

On the St. Lawrence we share with our Canadian friends one of the most charming water-parks in the world, and countless little voyages of pleasure may be taken in both great and small boats along placid waters among a thousand islands of summer idleness. Nowhere can be found better short water trips than along this wonderful river and on the waters of Lake Ontario. The shortest portage from salt water is across New York to Buffalo. From this port the steamers of the Lake Superior Transit Company sail west through Lake Erie, past Detroit and through St. Clair lake and river, across Lake Huron, and northward through the "Soo" to Lake Superior, or by the Straits of Mackinac west and south through Lake Michigan. The longest voyage without change of boat is from Buffalo to Duluth, and takes about five days. It is perhaps the most notable and picturesque fresh water voyage in the world, and includes the passage of two rivers and three of the lakes. The boat touches at eleven large cities, and at all the landings along the way are excellent hotels and attractive pleasure resorts and fishing and hunting grounds. Besides this long trip there are many shorter voyages, each full of curious interest to the Eastern and the Southern tourist. From Cleveland very fine large boats that are almost literal copies of the Sound boats run every night to Detroit, making a voyage quite as interesting in its way as the trip by Fall River. The boats of the Detroit and Cleveland Navigation Company connect with steamers for ports on Lake Huron, with boats for Milwaukee and Chicago and other Lake Michigan ports, and also for ports on Lake Superior.

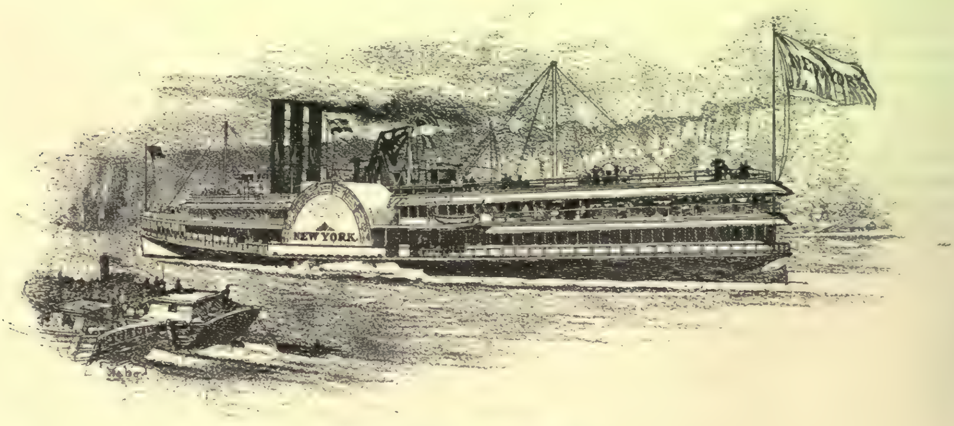
The steamships of the Lake Superior Transit Company have their eastern point of departure at Buffalo and go direct to Lake Superior and as far west as Duluth, giving a number of voyages over these unsalted seas, where the sea gull seems at home and the tingling breath of the plains sweeps over icy waters. So far this pleasure travel seems to have been confined to the people of Ohio, Pennsylvania, western New York, and Indiana. Lake Superior is only a geographical term to millions of our people, and the idea that there are splendid voyages in the Northwest will be new to thousands who travel west by rail. The shipyards at Cleveland and Buffalo turn out every year larger and larger steamers, which are in every respect sea-going crafts and as well adapted to their waters as any that steer along our coasts. The traffic through the ship canal at Sault Ste. Marie during the last season of seven months amounted to 6,419,273 tons, valued at

A LAKE BOAT.

$92,293,000, a tonnage exceeding that of the Suez Canal for a whole year. There is now a disposition to put on larger and finer boats for passenger service, and as facilities for business create business, there is reason to believe that there will be every year a larger number who voyage upon our great inland waters. If any man wishes to see a peculiar and interesting part of the country, and can for once forego this miserable desire to "get on," let him steer west from Buffalo or Cleveland for any of the lake ports beyond Detroit. The voyage can be made long or short, for one day or for five, for there are railroad connections at every large port, and one may return to the cars and discomfort at almost every hour of the longest voyage. If wise he will stay by the ship and learn more of the country than ever can be learned from a car window.

Westward, on the Pacific coast, notable voyages can be made both south and north that will give a great variety of climate and coast scenery. Steamers now make excursions from Tacoma, Washington Territory, to Alaska, giving a round trip of eleven days past a coast rivaling in scenery anything in Norway and making it possible to see the glaciers meet the sea in Alaska fiords.

The writer in visiting London for the first time, many years ago, took an early opportunity to try a voyage by the penny boats on the Thames. The experience was discouraging. The boats were simply long decked canoes of iron, with a little engine in the middle, and with

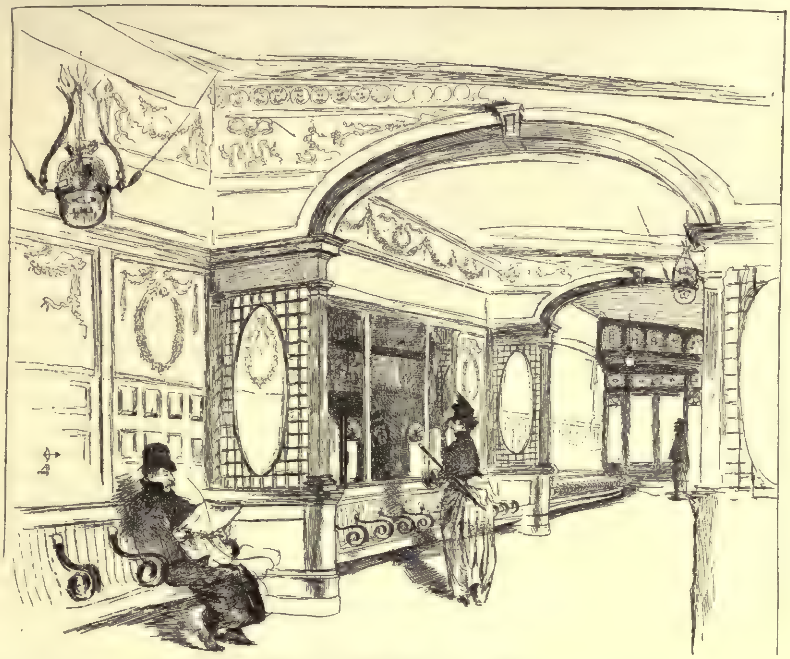


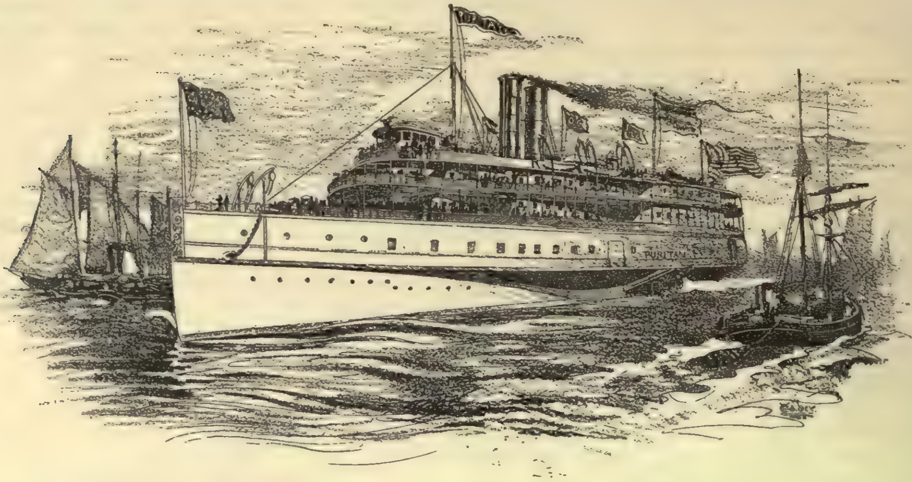
ALBANY DAY BOAT "NEW YORK."

no shelter whatever for the passengers packed like sheep on the bare deck. Several years after, a visit was again made to these boats to see if there had been any improvement. There was none. The same burly captains stood on the paddle-boxes waving their hands to the helmsmen, who stood where they could see nothing ahead; the same boys screamed to the engineers to "stop 'er, back 'er"; the same uncomfortable seats for but a fifth of the passengers; the same wretched crowds on the cheerless deck suffocated by the smoke and pelted by the rain. On asking one of the captains why his company did not put on better boats when they built new ones, a singular answer was given: "What 's the good o' improvin' the boats when we 've got the old patterns?"

Here is just the difference between the American and the European boatbuilder. The patterns make the smallest item in the cost of an iron vessel, yet to save a fraction of a penny in the pound the English builders sometimes forego all attempts at improvements. It is safe to say that in this country the cost of patterns is seldom considered, for sister ships are not by any means common. The aim is always to make something better — to make every new boat faster, safer, more comfortable, or in some way better adapted to the waters it is to traverse or the traffic it is to serve. This independence of tradition, this continual seeking after improvement, is particularly noticeable just now, for within the past year or two a number of boats have been launched that for speed, capacity, and comfort, and for novelty and beauty of design, are worthy of careful attention. The older routes on the Sound are employing larger and finer boats, and the famous boats of the Hudson have increased in speed and comfort. A number of new and very large ferry-boats and transfer steamers have been built on the Atlantic and Pacific coasts and on the lakes, and many new and very fine steamships have been recently added to our coastwise fleets, while in the West some excellent new boats have been placed on the more popular river routes.

In considering these boats, the Western river boats deserve attention because they are the most distinctively American and because they surmount more difficulties of navigation than are ever encountered by deep water crafts. On another page is an ideal section of a river boat showing the proportions of the hull to the "top-hamper." The waters are always shoal, particularly on the upper Ohio and Mississippi, and the problem is to carry a great burden at good speed over these quiet yet treacherous waters. The boat must be broad, shallow, and flat. It sprung originally from a flatboat, and, like such a boat, its weights must be evenly distributed so that all parts may have an equal duty. The depth of hold, six to ten feet, seems very small for such a lofty structure; but the waters are smooth and the hull may be submerged with safety close up to the deck. In the stern-wheel boats the amount of overhang given to the deck is small because the aim seems to be to make a long and narrow boat in preference to a wide one. The section shows the position of the two engines, which are placed one on each side, at the extreme edge of the boat. If the boat has side-wheels, each wheel is independent, and is moved by a separate engine, so that the wheels can be used in steering. This is essential in our very crooked rivers and


CABIN OF FERRY-BOAT "BERGEN."



SOUND STEAMER "PURITAN."

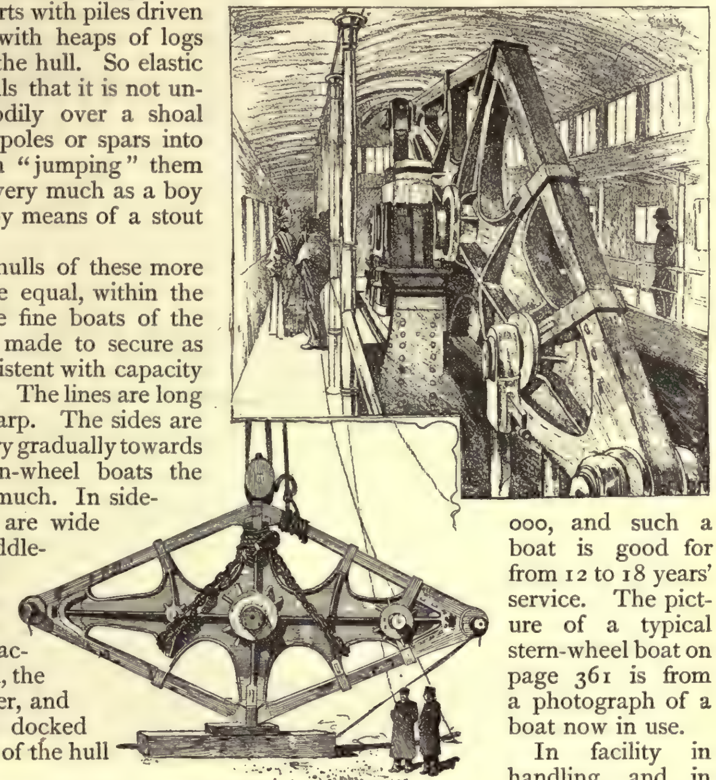
in handling the boat at landings. If the boat has a stern-wheel the two engines work together and are controlled from the center of the engine-room. The boilers are always placed in the center of the boat, and the two tall smokestacks are set on each side to distribute the weight. This section is, however, misleading in one respect. The engines and boilers are really wide apart, the boilers being placed quite forward of the center while the engines are at the stern. This also is to distribute the weights over the long and shallow hull. With this section is another, giving a cross-section of the *Puritan*. A comparison of the two sections will be interesting, as showing the proportions of the hulls to the houses or decks.

The usual dimensions of a first-class side-wheel boat for the Mississippi are as follows: The hull, which may be of wood or steel, is 300 feet long, 50 feet wide, with 9 feet depth of hold. The boat draws 10 feet of water loaded and 4 feet light. The main deck overhangs the hull for the greater part of the length and is usually ninety feet wide, or twenty feet wider on each side than the hull. It will be seen that the boat is practically a long, shallow flat-boat, and to give it strength and stiffness it must be tied together by some overhead system of framing. In Eastern boats the same thing is accomplished by massive timbers, or "hog frames." In river boats heavy rods and chains are used in connection with upright struts of wood. This simple device of tying the two ends together seems to accomplish its purpose

FURNACE-ROOM, "PURITAN."

perfectly, and the hull is sufficiently strong and stiff for the smooth waters on which it moves. In a sea-way the boat would be unseaworthy and would soon break in two. This has happened on the river, when boats have been caught on a bar and the receding water has left the center resting firmly and the bow and stern unsupported. In such wrecks the hog chains break and the boat falls apart. Many curious stories have been told of the ingenious devices resorted to by Western captains to prevent such wrecks. Finding their boats aground, with the water falling, they have attempted to sustain the unsupported parts with piles driven in the river bottom and with heaps of logs and freight thrown under the hull. So elastic are these long, shallow hulls that it is not uncommon to lift them bodily over a shoal or bar by pushing stout poles or spars into the river bottom and then "jumping" them over by means of tackle, very much as a boy might vault over a ditch by means of a stout pole.

In point of design the hulls of these more recent river boats are quite equal, within the limits of their duty, to the fine boats of the East. An effort has been made to secure as high speed as may be consistent with capacity and a perfectly flat bottom. The lines are long and easy and the bows sharp. The sides are straight and are drawn in very gradually towards the square stern. In stern-wheel boats the guards do not overhang much. In side-wheel boats the guards are wide enough to inclose the paddle-boxes. There is a very slight sheer, or rise, at the bows and a smaller rise at the stern, so that the deck is practically level. When loaded, the guards are close to the water, and it is only when the boat is docked that any idea of the shape of the hull can be gained.



WORKING-BEAM, "PURITAN."

On this long, flat hull is erected a saloon deck extending nearly the whole length of the boat, and on it are placed two rows of staterooms, one on each side, with doors opening into the saloon and also upon the narrow gallery, or deck, outside. The saloon is always of the entire length of the house, giving a fine, large, well-lighted room that is used in part for a dining-room and in part for a general meeting-room for the passengers. Above this deck is an upper deck, or "roof," and on this is placed a smaller house for the accommodation of the officers of the boat; above this, in the center of the boat, is the lofty wheel-house, which is always entirely inclosed in glass, that the pilot may have an unobstructed view in every direction. Swinging gang-planks, or landing stages, handled by steam-power, steam capstans, and electric search-lights that may be controlled from the pilot-house, are among the more recent improvements added to the boats. The freight capacity of such a boat is estimated at 1500 tons, and there are about 70 staterooms, with accommodations for 140 passengers. The two engines have 26-inch cylinders, with 10-feet strokes, and are of 3000 horse-power. The cost of such a boat, furnished and ready for service, will vary, according to the finish, from $100,000 to $120,000, and such a boat is good for from 12 to 18 years' service. The picture of a typical stern-wheel boat on page 361 is from a photograph of a boat now in use.

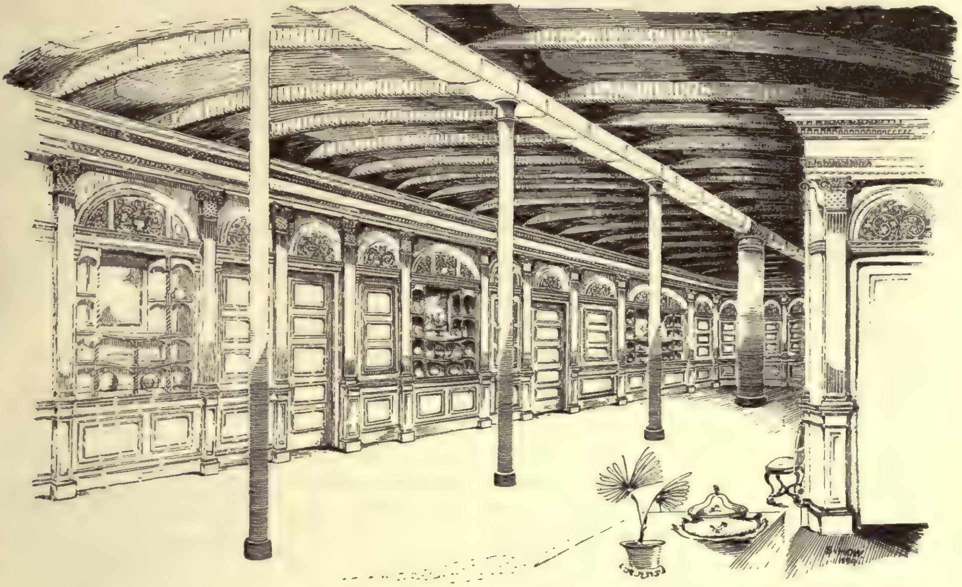
In facility in handling, and in speed and capacity, these boats are undoubtedly the best and cheapest river boats ever designed. They do not look very shipshape to Eastern eyes; yet the fact remains that they do the business cheaply and with reasonable speed. While it is quite possible that they might be a little more substantial, still they are the best boats ever built for their service and climate. If any criticism might be made it would be in the color. White is not the best color for a soft-coal boat. It might also be wished that the profusion of scroll-saw work might give place to something more simple and not quite so dangerous in case of fire.

Upon the lakes both side-wheel boats and propellers are used for passenger service. The

STAIRCASE AND BULKHEAD OF THE "PURITAN."

propellers do not differ materially from the coastwise steamships, except that the staterooms are all on the upper deck and the pilothouse is placed almost at the very bows of the boat. The side-wheel boats recently placed on the line between Cleveland and Detroit are essentially copies of the Fall River boats, and are sumptuously furnished night boats. Among the new boats on the lakes may be mentioned a very large transfer boat for use at Detroit. It is an iron boat, having both paddles and screws, and is of massive construction to enable it to break through the ice. The deck is fitted with two tracks, and will carry two locomotives and four passenger cars on each track.

In the East the most interesting new boats are the Sound steamers *Puritan*, *Connecticut*, and *City of Worcester*, the Hudson River boat *New York*, the passenger transfer boat *Monmouth*, and the ferry-boat *Bergen*. The ferry-boat *Bergen*, built of steel at Newburg, is 200 feet long, with 37 feet beam, and with a hold of 17 feet depth. The deck overhangs the hull and is sixty-two feet wide in the center. The boat is interesting on account of its peculiar motive power. There are two screws, one at each end of the boat, designed to be used both at once. The motive power is a triple-expansion engine, and is placed fore and aft. The three cylinders are respectively 18 inches, 27 inches, and 42 inches in diameter, with a stroke of two feet. The shaft extends the whole length of the boat and connects both screws, one pulling, the other pushing the boat at the same time. This peculiar form of motive power has made it possible to construct a boat with clear cabins on each side and with a wider roadway for teams in the middle. The cabins are each 137 feet long, 16 feet wide amidships, and 14½ feet high. In the center, to break the long room into two smaller rooms, open screens and archways are introduced. The windows are in groups of three, and are of large plate-glass — the most noticeable feature of the decoration.



DINING-ROOM OF THE "PURITAN."

"Steamboat decoration" has become a byword, by reason of the complete lack of artistic feeling in its treatment. In many of the new boats there is a noticeable departure from the carpenter work of the past, and in the *Bergen* the decorations have been intrusted to one of the leading art firms of New York, and the result of their work is most interesting. The color in the ladies' cabin is cream and gold, with a deep frieze in a wreath pattern, while the ceiling is of a mosaic design. The seats are in the form of antique settles, and are made of mahogany. At the transom-lights is fine stained-glass. The work is harmonious and artistic and in keeping with its place.

The Hudson River boat *New York* is the finest American example of a passenger day boat afloat, and is probably the most beautiful river boat, designed for passengers only, in the world. The hull is of iron, and was built at Wilmington, Delaware, in 1887. The use of iron enabled the builders to dispense with the usual massive overhead framing, at a very great gain in the appearance of the boat. The boat is 311 feet long on the main deck, the hull being 40 feet wide and the deck 74 feet wide in the center. It draws only six feet, and is of 1552 tons burden. Being designed only for passengers it has no staterooms, and the three decks are left as clear as possible. The house, or saloon, on the main deck is very light and open, the sides being wholly of glass. The dining room is on this deck aft, and is one of the most beautiful rooms afloat, as there is an unobstructed view on every side. The house on the second deck gives a circular saloon formed with low windows, and in the rear of this saloon are small drawing-rooms with long windows intended for the use of passengers who wish private rooms during the trip. Aft is a covered deck, while above is the hurricane deck, open for the entire length of the house, and giving a promenade 200 feet long and 70 feet wide.

In the decoration there is a complete departure from the conventional steamboat style that still rages on the Western river boats. The interior finish is in ash and mahogany, and is quiet and artistic. The dome lights and transoms are of rich mosaic glass in admirable keeping with the woodwork. Each of the drawing-rooms is decorated in a different scheme of colors, and all are furnished in good taste.

The motive power is a beam engine of the usual type with a feathering paddle-wheel.

PILASTER IN CABIN OF "PURITAN."

The wheels are placed aft of the center, and are thirty feet in diameter with a bearing only on the hull. By means of radial rods operated by an eccentric at the outer end of the shaft the twelve steel buckets are arranged to enter and leave the water "feathered," or on the edge. This prevents the disagreeable jarring motion sometimes to be noticed on boats using large wheels with fixed floats.

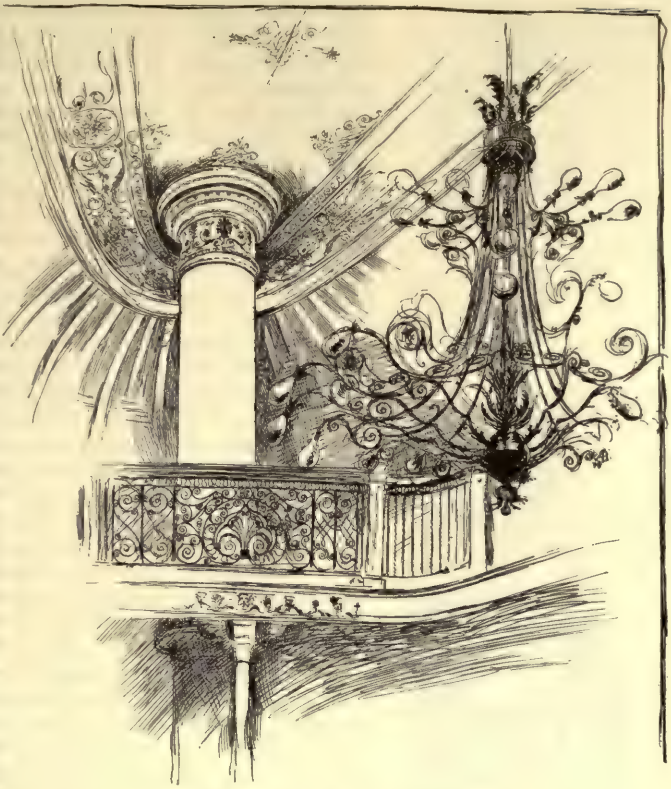
The new Sound steamer *Connecticut* was built at Noank, Connecticut, in 1888, and is of wood, with the usual massive overhead framing. The hull departs somewhat from the usual type, as it has long bow lines extending nearly half the length of the boat, with rather sharp stern lines, and a short, parallel body in the center. The forward part of the hull is designed to carry nearly all the freight burden, as the freight deck is forward of the wheels. Within the hull are five water-tight bulkheads. The general arrangement of the saloons and cabins is the same as on the older boats of the Providence and Stonington Steamship Company, except that the café and lunch-room are placed on the quarter deck near the main entrance, while the ladies' cabin is still farther aft at the stern. A stairway in the café leads to the dining-saloon below. The saloon deck and the gallery decks have staterooms the entire length on each side, the main saloon being 280 feet long and 25 feet high. The staterooms, 190 in number, are of the usual type, and, with the berths in the cabin, give accommodations to 600 passengers. In external appearance the boat is very attractive, while the interior decorations are simple and in quiet good taste. The boat is 358 feet 6 inches long over all, and 87 feet wide at the guards.

This boat is specially interesting on account of its motive power, which consists of a compound direct-acting oscillating engine. The two cylinders are inclined and placed opposite each other, the pistons being connected directly with the crank shaft. The high-pressure cylinder is 56 inches and the low-pressure cylinder 104 inches in diameter. It is the largest oscillating engine ever built, and is estimated to develop six thousand horse-power. The advantages of this type of engine are less weight and a great gain in room, as the engine is quite low in the hull, and thus gives more room in the saloon above.

Among the recent boats added to the fleet on New York Bay is the *Monmouth*, built in Philadelphia for the Central Railroad Company of New Jersey, and her sister boat the *Sandy Hook*. The *Monmouth* plies between New York and the Sandy Hook terminus of the Central Railroad of New Jersey. The trip lasts only an hour, and the *Monmouth* and the *Sandy Hook* are practically passenger transfer boats. The *Monmouth* is of iron, 250 feet long, 35 feet wide, and draws only 10 feet. There are two decks inclosed forward and provided with many large windows, so that practically the main and saloon decks are inclosed in glass, giving a fine view on every side, with ample protection from the weather. The interior fittings are in hard woods, and the decorations are quiet and in good taste. One peculiar feature is the con-

DETAIL OF PILASTER.

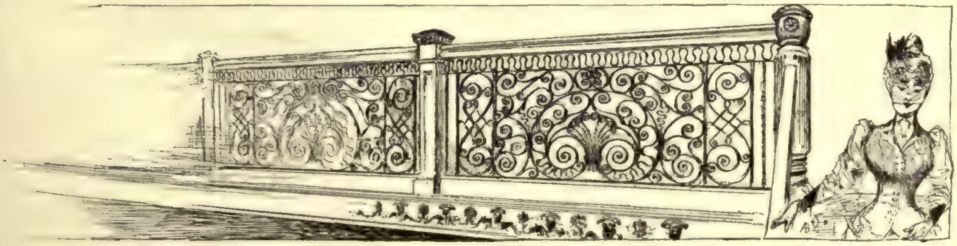
struction of fine drawing-rooms or day staterooms furnished as parlors. These rooms are leased by the year, each tenant having his own key, so that on his daily trips he has a room on the boat for the exclusive use of himself and family. Each room is handsomely decorated and furnished in good taste. The boat is interesting not only as an example of a fine seagoing day boat fitted with every possible luxury and comfort for the use of her passengers, but also as a departure from the conventional paddle-boat. The motive power consists of twin screws, each driven by a vertical triple expansion engine. The united power is about 3000 horse-power, and the boat has a regular speed of 18½ knots. The twin screws and separate engines are also found useful as an aid to the rudder in docking or otherwise handling the boat.



FORWARD CABIN OF THE "PURITAN."

The new steamer *Puritan*, of the Fall River line, is the largest and in every respect the finest boat of its class ever built. It marks a great advance in the art of boat-building, and its interior fittings and decoration indicate a wholly new departure in this line of work. While our boat-builders have had scant respect for the traditions of their trade, and while our boats have shown great originality in construction, there has been too much conservatism in the matter of interior decoration. The first builders were more carpenters than decorators, and later builders have clung to the scroll-saw and bracket style too long. In the *Puritan*, as in the *Bergen*, an effort has been made to produce a boat that shall be artistic as well as seaworthy, and the result is very satisfactory. The boat itself is of grand proportions, and while it follows the general plan of the four-deck boats, it varies sufficiently to give it a character of its own. The most noticeable feature is the absence of the conventional paddle-boxes, the wheels being inclosed in the house. Another feature is the covering of the working beam by a dome above the hurricane deck. All the decks, except the first, give a free promenade by means of galleries outside or over the wheels the entire length of the boat, excepting the space occupied by the boats on the hurricane deck.

The hull was built at Chester, Pennsylvania, in 1888, and the boat was fitted with engines and the decks and houses built and decorated in New York in the winter of 1888–89. The hull has a double bottom extending on the side



THE RAIL, "PURITAN."

DOLPHIN NEWEL ON BOARD THE "PURITAN."

up to the water-line. In this space are fifty-two compartments, while the inner hull is divided into seven compartments by water-tight bulkheads. To give an idea of the grand proportions of this great boat it may be noted that the hull is 404 feet long on the water-line and 420 feet long over all, 52 feet wide, 21 feet 6 inches deep, and draws 13 feet of water when loaded. The decks are much wider, being at the center 91 feet wide and inclosing the wheels. The four decks are unusually high, and, measuring from the bottom of the keel to the top of the dome over the working beam, the boat is 70 feet high. With all these immense proportions the boat is graceful, and to the nautical eye accustomed to our built-up boats looks safe, handy, and seaworthy. Passing through the Sound, where its proportions can be seen to advantage, its enormous bulk will present a sight unlike anything in European waters. By night its rows of windows, tier on tier, will shine upon the waters like a white phantom with myriad electric eyes drifting in silence along our coasts.

The general arrangement of the saloons does not differ greatly from that of the older Sound boats, except that everything is upon a grander scale. The entrance on the main deck, with its lofty ceiling, wide stairways, and liberal doors, gives an impression of spaciousness that is wholly new afloat. This generosity of space is in key with American demands. There is something in the spaciousness of the land that makes our people demand largeness and generosity in the way of public accommodations. The genius of our people runs more and more to *Puritans* and drawing-room cars, where there is room enough and to spare. This sense of bigness on the *Puritan* is not mere bigness and emptiness. A cathedral may be grand as well as lofty if its proportions are right, and it seems on this monster boat, with its lofty ceilings and ample saloons, that the builders knew whereof they wrought. There is size and space, yet by reason of the proportions and the treatment of the decoration there is also that sense of repose and general personal comfort so dear to the American heart.

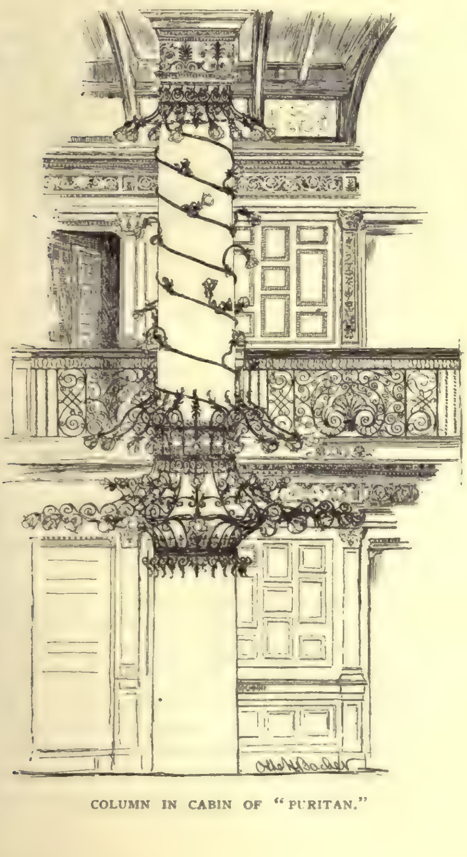
The boat is distinctively a night boat. Its voyage begins before sunset and often ends before sunrise, and its sleeping accommodations must be ample and comfortable. It is safe to say that on the *Puritan* more attention has been paid to the lighting, heating, and ventilation of the rooms and the general comfort of the traveler who sleeps upon the Sound than on any other boat ever launched. There are 355 staterooms, many of them being regular chambers, with large windows, mirrors, and complete chamber furniture precisely as in a first-class dwelling-house. The entire boat, including berths in the cabin, gives sleeping accommodations for 1200 passengers. To place so many staterooms on the boat it was necessary to arrange them in rows. This has been done before on the Sound boats, but it has one very serious objection, and that is the want of light and air. Some of the older boats even had staterooms in the middle of the saloon, where absolutely no light or air could be obtained. On the *Puritan* this matter appears to have been carefully considered, and every stateroom has free ventilation by means of large transoms opening to the outer air. This is accomplished by covering the outside rooms with roofs, thereby leaving a space between the under side of the deck above and the roofs of these outer rooms. The rain cannot beat into this space, nor can any room be entered by the transoms, and yet there is a free circulation of air and plenty of light for the interior rooms next to the saloon. There will be no staterooms in the middle of the boat, thus doing away with all the dark rooms.

The decoration of the boat is in the style of the Italian Renaissance, the ornamentation being brought out by judicious gilding on an ivory-white ground. The railings of the galleries in the saloon are of wrought iron in the same general style, and all the interior woodwork is of the best quality and of the finest finish. The masts, which in the older boats were often overdecorated where they passed through the saloon, are in the *Puritan* of steel, and serve as ventilators, as well as supports for the electric-light fixtures. In point of fire protection, safety, and sanitary arrangements the boat is superior to anything yet built in this country, so that the boat is a perfect and complete hotel afloat, and as comfortable, safe, and luxurious as any conveyance on land or sea.

The motive power is of the usual beam engine type, except that it is a compound engine, the two cylinders being placed fore and aft, and connected with the working beam overhead. The high-pressure cylinder is 75 inches in diameter with 9 feet stroke, and the low-pressure cylinder is 110 inches with 14 feet stroke, and the engine is designed to develop 7500 horse-power, at a steam pressure of 110 pounds per square inch. The wheels are 35 feet in diameter with steel "feathering" buckets 14 feet long and 5 feet deep. The accompanying pictures give an excellent idea of this grand boat, with some suggestions as to her interior fittings. One picture may also serve to show the massive proportions of the engine and the working beam.

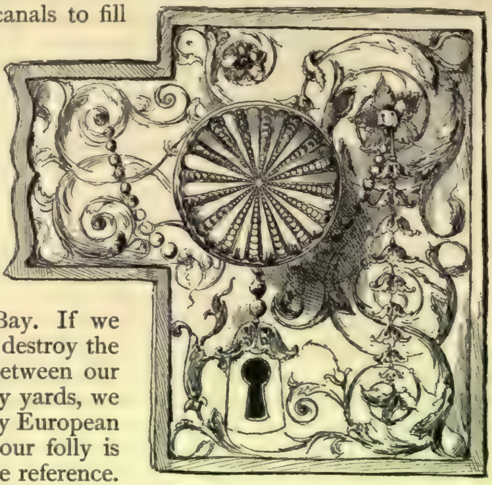
PANEL FIGURE, "PURITAN."

Among the Sound boats the *City of Worcester*, of the Norwich line, was one of the first to depart from the older type of night boats. This steamer was built in Wilmington, Delaware, in 1881, and has an iron hull 328 feet long, 46 feet wide, and 14½ feet deep. The gross tonnage is 1921 tons, and the boat draws when loaded 10 feet 3 inches. The *City of Worcester* is interesting because it was, when launched, regarded as the finest boat built for our Eastern waters. There are two decks above the main deck, and the saloons and cabins are arranged on a plan that undoubtedly suggested the arrangement of some of our later boats. The entrance, at the usual place just abaft the wheels, leads to the main deck saloon, and from this saloon a grand staircase, that occupies a place usually assigned to the ladies' cabin, leads to the saloon deck. The grand saloon extends the entire length of the house, with a single row of staterooms on each side as far as the engine-well. This saloon has no gallery and makes a low, dome-lighted room that is far more cozy and homelike than the saloons on longer boats. Forward of the engine is a saloon having a gallery for upper staterooms and arranged for a dining-saloon. This plan of placing the dining-room upstairs is certainly more agreeable, as the saloon is large, lofty, well lighted, and well ventilated. The *City of Worcester* was one of the first boats to use electric lights and one of the first boats to substitute hard wood for the old style of painted pine. The decorative woodwork is all in hard woods, and inlaid in excellent designs and decorated in good taste. In point of speed, comfort, and decoration this boat was really the pioneer of the splendid new fleet headed by the *Puritan*.



COLUMN IN CABIN OF "PURITAN."

It is not easy to predict what is to be the future of this great boating interest. We have over twenty thousand miles of steam navigation, we have original and enterprising boatbuilders, and an enormous traveling public. We have had in the past a phenomenal fleet of steamboats, particularly on our Western rivers, and yet the business has been greatly depressed, and there are fewer boats afloat today than twenty years ago. Moreover,— and this is the most serious matter of all,— our canals are being abandoned year by year. While Europe spends millions on canals and waterways, while France is trying to make every little stream navigable, and England is trying to turn her interior cities into seaports, we permit our canals to fill up or foolishly give them away to impecunious railroads for road-beds. Is it wise? Are we safe in trusting all our freight business to railroad corporations? To-day we can, if the need come, send gun-boats inland from the Delaware to New York Bay. If we permit the railroads to destroy the business of the canal between our ship-yards and our navy yards, we may be sure that in every European War office the fact of our folly is carefully noted for future reference. Once Great Britain fought a great battle to destroy the water route that connects the port of New York with the back door of New England. Saratoga was fought to destroy a vital water route. Fortunately, the English generals who planned in London thus to cut the country in two failed, and yet to-day we are abandoning our canals and see our great internal steam navigation system decay without a thought of the consequences.



STATEROOM DOOR LOCK, "PURITAN."

On the other hand — for there is a brighter side to every picture — there is a disposition among the traveling public to demand larger, finer, and safer boats everywhere. We are being taught by English tourists who visit us how to see our own country. We may complacently talk of our limited trains and all that. Every foreigner who visits us asks first of all for our steamboat routes, because our lake, river, and Sound boats are known of all the world.

Charles Barnard.

RAIL-FACING, "PURITAN."

THE ADVANCE IN STEAMBOAT DECORATION.

ONLY a few years ago it seemed as though sordid ugliness was nowhere so firmly intrenched as in our ferry-boats, while the "floating palaces" on which we betook ourselves to Albany or Newport were synonyms for the most pretentious bad taste. There could not be a clearer sound of our progress in art than the fact that both these classes of boats are now being built to satisfy a cultivated eye as well as to transport a comfort-loving body with safety and speed.

The most conspicuous example of a desire to put really good decorative work into a steamboat interior is the *Puritan* of the Fall River line. The first step — and the most novel that could have been taken — was to select an artist of experience and skill and give him complete control of the task. Every item in the decoration and furnishing of the *Puritan* has been conceived by Mr. Frank Hill Smith, and designed and carried out under his careful superintendence. The success which he has achieved in a field where no precedents guided him certainly deserves great praise. I do not mean judged simply by the standard set by the boat-interiors of other days — this would be no test at all; I mean judged by the same standard we should use if a luxurious home or great public building were in question. It may be thought by some that soberer colors and a smaller amount of ornamental detail would be more appropriate in so utilitarian an interior, Mr. Smith's scheme showing only white and very pale colors and a profuse employment of gold as well as of carven or molded decoration in low relief. But the American people are accustomed in these great inland vessels to awkward attempts at ball-room effects, and will unquestionably be better pleased with this artistic version of the same idea than with any other kind of treatment that could have been chosen; and, after all, the critic's place is not to weigh an artist's conception in the balance of other person's tastes, but to accept it frankly and only discuss the quality of its expression.

The first point of excellence to be emphasized is that Mr. Smith gives us no mere heterogeneous assemblage of pretty patterns and tints, but a systematic scheme of adornment, based on architectural principles, coherent throughout, carefully studied in all its varied details, and executed with technical skill. Italian Renaissance forms served as his inspiration, and every item from end to end of his elaborate work is harmonious in character and as well adapted in scale as in motive to the exact place it holds.

Reaching the quarter-deck we find the walls divided into panels by fluted pilasters which support a dignified frieze in low relief. The panels are filled with half-draped floating female figures, in very low relief, which were modeled by the well-known sculptor Mr. Donoghue. These figures are of an ivory-white tone, relieved against a pale yellow background. All the architectural features are likewise ivory-toned and are lavishly gilded. The ordinary staterooms are finished throughout in wood, painted white, and perfectly plain. The larger rooms are simply but prettily decorated in white, and the tender tones of blue, yellowish pink, and yellow everywhere employed, with less use of gold than appears in the saloons. The dining-room is dignified and attractive, and even the barber-shop has neither been neglected by the artist nor over-adorned. But, of course, the center of interest is the main saloon with its encircling gallery leading to the upper tier of staterooms. Here the festal effect of Mr. Smith's scheme is most strikingly apparent, and, when the great space is lighted by its multitude of incandescent burners, the "average citizen" will have his love for a gay and luxurious-looking environment fully met, while a more critical eye will be disturbed by no heavy excess or trivial fantasticality. It is impossible to dwell here upon the details of this saloon, which is covered with a pale-blue ceiling, while a red carpet gives it warmth and richness. I can only say a word about the wrought-iron screens which, supported by solid gilded piers, form the gallery rail. Their design is extremely graceful, and, fortunately, they are not gilded, but left black to bring a needed accent of vigor and decision into the pale delicacy of the general scheme. Still more attractive and much more original than this railing are the iron-work supports for the electric lights, forming coronals around the masts and extending upward to the gilded capitals, that give the masts an architectural character, in graceful spirals from which the lights project at varied angles. Unfortunately our little illustration does not show how beautiful and dignified yet extremely effective these fixtures really are; but the general character of their design can be appreciated, and the good sense and good taste which have known how to serve a novel practical purpose thoroughly well by means of a novel and expressive manner of treatment.

In the *New York*, the new day boat of the Albany line, we find agreeable rooms, sensibly treated in those dark tones which were altogether desirable when service in the hot hours of summer was to be considered. The walls are paneled to the top with ash, and the carpets are green; and while the details can hardly be called artistic in treatment, the general color-effect is charming, except as regards the tones supplied by stained glass of rather crude and glaring tints.

But perhaps the most wholly satisfactory piece of decoration that has yet been set afloat is found — shall I be believed? — in a ferry-boat designed to carry the long-suffering "suburban resident" upon his daily trips from Hoboken to New York. The *Bergen* being a screw instead of a side-wheel steamer, the cabins run through from end to end; and the purely utilitarian reasons which prescribed her external lines have resulted in an imposing perspective of singularly graceful curvature. There would have been some monotony, however, had the whole length been left unbroken; so the artist skillfully divided it by the projecting screens shown in our picture, which cut the walls into three compartments without at all interfering with convenience or the freedom of the eye. The central compartment is much shorter than the others, and its decoration is emphasized by a large mirror against the inner wall and a more elaborate window than those on either side. All the windows are grouped in threes — a vast improvement upon the old uniform rows. The walls in the women's cabin are wainscoted with oak and then painted a neutral grayish green with a band of simple Renaissance decoration in white and a little gold. Parallel with the window tops runs a cornice-strip of oak, and above this again is a simple painted frieze. The faces of the ceiling-beams are white touched with gold and the sunk panels between repeat the tone of the oak. The seats are mahogany with arms of cherry. The windows are of plain glass, but have small spaces at the top and sides filled with olive-green glass of two shades set in delicate ornamental leadings; and more of this glass gives a desirable touch of color in the lights above the wing-decks at each end. The men's cabin is more simply but as tastefully treated. The only features which are not as good as the rest are the electric lights; but these are unobtrusive, and nowhere can we find a hint of vulgarity, ostentation, or inappropriate ornament; nor anywhere a touch of crude ugliness—even the placards on the walls are engrossed in simple gold letters and framed in oak. These rooms, in short, which owe their excellence to the firm of artists that Mr. Louis C. Tiffany directs, might be shown to a foreigner to prove that the American people love not only cleanliness and decency, but beauty too, and know the difference between appropriate and inappropriate kinds of beauty. Need I point a contrast by explaining what a foreigner must have thought who stepped from his ocean steamer into a ferry-boat of the ancient pattern?

M. G. van Rensselaer.

AN ECHO OF ANTIETAM.

THE air was tremulous with farewells. The regiment, recruited within sight of the steeples of Waterville, and for three months in camp just outside the city, was to march the next morning. A series of great battles had weakened the Federal armies and the authorities at Washington had ordered all available men to the front.

The camp was to be broken up at an early hour, after which the regiment would march through the city to the depot to take the cars. The streets along the route of the march were already being decorated with flags and garlands. The city that afternoon was full of soldiers enjoying their last leave of absence. The liquor shops were crowded with parties of them drinking with their friends, while others in threes and fours, with locked arms, paraded the streets singing patriotic songs, sometimes in rather maudlin voices, for to-day in every saloon a soldier may enter citizens vied for the privilege of treating him to the best in the house. No man in a blue coat was suffered to pay for anything.

For the most part, however, the men were sober enough over their leave-taking. One saw everywhere soldiers and civilians, strolling in pairs, absorbed in earnest talk. They are brothers maybe who have come away from the house to be alone with each other, while they talk of family affairs and exchange last charges and promises as to what is to be done if anything happens. Or perhaps they are business partners, and the one who has put the country's business before his own is giving his last counsels as to how the store or the shop shall be managed in his absence. Many of the blue-clad men have women with them, and these are the couples that the people oftenest turn to look at. The girl who has a soldier lover is the envy of her companions to-day as she walks by his side. Her proud eyes challenge all who come, saying, "See, this is my hero. I am the one he loves."

You could easily tell when it was a wife and not a sweetheart whom the soldier had with him. There was no challenge in the eyes of the wife. Young romance shed none of its glamour on the sacrifice she was making for her native land. It was only because they could not bear to sit any longer looking at each other in the house that she and her husband had come out to walk.

In the residence parts of the town family groups were gathered on shady piazzas, a blue-coated figure the center of each. They were trying to talk cheerfully, making an effort even to laugh a little. Now and then one of the women stole unobserved from the circle, but her bravely smiling face as she presently returned gave no inkling of the flood of tears that had eased her heart in some place apart. The young soldier himself was looking a little pale and nervous with all his affected good spirits, and it was safe to guess that he was even then thinking how often this scene would come before him afterwards, by the camp-fire and on the eve of battle.

IN the village of Upton, some four or five miles out of Waterville, on a broad piazza at the side of a house on the main street, a group of four persons were seated around a tea-table.

The center of interest of this group, as of so many others that day, was a soldier. He looked not over twenty-five, with dark blue eyes, dark hair cut close to his head, and a mustache trimmed crisply in military fashion. His uniform set off to advantage an athletic figure of youthful slenderness, and his bronzed complexion told of long days of practice on the drill-ground in the school of the company and the battalion. He wore the shoulder-straps of a second lieutenant.

On one side of the soldier sat the Rev. Mr. Morton, his cousin, and on the other Miss Bertha Morton, a kindly-faced, middle-aged lady, who was her brother's housekeeper and the hostess of this occasion.

The fourth member of the party was a girl of nineteen or twenty. She was a very pretty girl, and although to-day her pallid cheeks and red and swollen eyelids would to other eyes have detracted somewhat from her charms, it was certain that they did not make her seem less adorable to the young officer, for he was her lover and was to march with the regiment in the morning.

Lieutenant Philip King was a lawyer, and by perseverance and native ability had worked up a fair practice for so young a man in and around Upton. When he volunteered he had to make up his mind to leave this carefully gathered clientage to scatter or to be filched from him by less patriotic rivals; but it may be well believed that this seemed to him a little thing compared with leaving Grace Roberts, with the chance of never returning to make her his wife. If, indeed, it had been for him to say, he would have placed his happiness beyond hazard by marrying her before the regiment marched; nor would she have been averse, but her mother, an invalid widow, took a sensible rather than a sentimental view of the case. If he were killed, she said, a wife would do him no good; and if he came home again, Grace would be waiting for him, and that ought to satisfy a reasonable man. It had to satisfy an unreasonable one. The Robertses had always lived just beyond the garden from the parsonage, and Grace, who from a little girl had been a great pet of the childless minister and his sister, was almost as much at home there as in her mother's house. When Philip fell in love with her the Mortons were delighted. They could have wished nothing better for either. From the first Miss Morton had done all she could to make matters smooth for the lovers, and the present little farewell banquet was but the last of many meetings she had prepared for them at the parsonage.

Philip had come out from camp on a three-hours' leave that afternoon, and would have to report again at half-past seven. It was nearly that hour now, though still light, the season being midsummer. There had been an effort on the part of all to keep up a cheerful tone; but as the time of the inevitable separation drew near, the conversation had been more and more left to the minister and his sister, who, with observations sometimes a little forced, continued to fend off silence and the demoralization it would be likely to bring to their young friends. Grace had been the first to drop out of the talking, and Philip's answers, when he was addressed, grew more and more at random, as the meetings of his eyes with his sweetheart's became more frequent and lasted longer.

"He will be the handsomest officer in the regiment, that 's one comfort. Won't he, Grace?" said Miss Morton, cheerily.

The girl nodded and smiled faintly. Her eyes were brimming, and the twitching of her lips from time to time betrayed how great was the effort with which she kept her self-command.

"Yes," said Mr. Morton; "but though he looks very well now, it is nothing to the imposing appearance he will present when he comes back with a colonel's shoulder-straps. You should be thinking of that, Grace."

"I expect we shall hear from him every day," said Miss Morton. "He will have no excuse for not writing with all those envelopes stamped and addressed, with blank paper in them, which Grace has given him. You should always have three or four in your coat pocket, Phil."

The young man nodded.

"I suppose for the most part we shall learn of you through Grace; but you must n't forget us entirely, my boy," said Mr. Morton. "We shall want to hear from you directly now and then."

"Yes; I 'll be sure to write," Philip replied.

"I suppose it will be time enough to see the regiment pass if we are in our places by 9 o'clock," suggested Miss Morton, after a silence.

"I think so," said her brother. "It is a great affair to break camp, and I don't believe the march will begin till after that time."

"James has got us one of the windows of Ray & Seymour's offices, you know, Philip," resumed Miss Morton; "which one did you say, James?"

"The north one."

"Yes, the north one," she resumed. "They say every window on Main street along the route of the regiment is rented. Grace will be with us, you know. You must n't forget to look up at us as you go by"—as if the young man were likely to.

He was evidently not now listening to her at all. His eyes were fastened upon the girl's opposite him, and they seemed to have quite forgotten the others. Miss Morton and her brother exchanged compassionate glances. Tears were in the lady's eyes. A clock in the sitting-room began to strike:

"One, two, three, four, five, six, seven."

Philip started.

"What time is that?" he asked, a little huskily. No one replied at once. Then Mr. Morton said:

"I am afraid it struck seven, my boy."

"I must leave in ten minutes then," said the young man, rising from the table. The rest followed his example.

"I wonder if the buggy will be in time?" said he.

"It is at the gate," replied Miss Morton. "I heard it drive up some time ago."

Unmindful of the others now, Philip put his arm about Grace's waist and drew her away to the end of the piazza and thence out into the garden.

"Poor young things," murmured Miss Morton, the tears running down her cheeks as she looked after them. "It is pitiful, James, to see how they suffer."

"Yes," said the minister; "and there are a great many just such scenes to-day. "Ah, well, as St. Paul says, we see as yet but in part."

Passing in and out among the shrubbery, and presently disappearing from the sympathetic eyes upon the piazza, the lovers came to a little summer-house and there they entered. Taking her wrists in his hands, he held her away from him and his eyes went slowly over her from head to foot, as if he would impress upon his mind an image that absence should not have power to dim.

"You are so beautiful," he said, "that in this moment, when I ought to have all my courage, you make me feel that I am a madman to leave you for the sake of any cause on earth. The future to most men is but a chance of happiness, and when they risk it they only risk a chance. In staking their lives, they only stake a lottery ticket, which would probably draw a blank. But my ticket has drawn a capital prize. I risk not the chance, but the certainty, of happiness. I believe I am a fool, and if I am killed that will be the first thing they will say to me on the other side."

"Don't talk of that, Phil. Oh, don't talk of being killed."

"No, no; of course not," he exclaimed. "Don't fret about that; I shall not be killed. I 've no notion of being killed. But what a fool I am to waste these last moments staring at you when I might be kissing you, my love, my love!" And clasping her in his arms, he covered her face with kisses.

She began to sob convulsively.

"Don't, darling; don't! Don't make it so hard for me," he whispered, hoarsely.

"Oh, do let me cry," she wailed. "It was so hard for me to hold back all the time we were at table. I must cry, or my heart will break. Oh, my own dear Phil, what if I should never see you again! Oh! Oh!"

"Nonsense, darling," he said, crowding down the lump that seemed like iron in his throat, and making a desperate effort to keep his voice steady. "You will see me again, never doubt it. Don't I tell you I am coming back? The South cannot hold out much longer. Everybody says so. I shall be home in a year, and then you will be my wife, to be God's Grace to me all the rest of my life. Our happiness will be on interest till then; ten per cent. a month at least, compound interest, piling up every day. Just think of that, dear; don't let yourself think of anything else."

"O Phil, how I love you!" she cried, throwing her arms around his neck in a passion of tenderness. "Nobody is like you. Nobody ever was. Surely God will not part us. Surely he will not. He is too good."

"No, dear, he will not. Some day I shall come back. It will not be long. Perhaps I shall find you waiting for me in this same little summer-house. Let us think of that. It was here, you know, we found out each other's secret that day."

"I had found out yours long before," she said, faintly smiling.

"Time 's up, Phil." It was Mr. Morton's voice calling to them from the piazza.

"I must go, darling. Good-bye."

"Oh, no, not yet; not quite yet," she wailed, clinging to him. "Why, we have been here but a few moments. It can't be ten minutes yet."

Under the influence of that close, passionate embrace, those clinging kisses and mingling tears, there began to come over Philip a feeling of weakness, of fainting courage, a disposition to cry out, "Nothing can be so terrible as this. I will not bear it; I will not go." By a tyrannical effort of will, against which his whole nature cried out, he unwound her arms from his neck and said in a choked voice:

"Darling, this is harder than any battle I shall have to fight, but this is what I enlisted for. I must go."

He had reached the door of the summer-house, not daring for honor's sake to look back, when a heartbroken cry smote his ear.

"You have n't kissed me good-bye!"

He had kissed her a hundred times, but these kisses she apparently distinguished from the good-bye kiss. He came back, and taking her again in his embrace, kissed her lips, her throat, her bosom, and then once more their lips met and in that kiss of parting which plucks the heart up by the roots. How strong must be the barrier between one soul and another that they do not utterly merge in moments like that, turning the agony of parting to the bliss of blended being!

Pursued by the sound of her desolate sobbing, he fled away.

The stable-boy held the dancing horse at the gate, and Mr. Morton and his sister stood waiting there.

"Good-bye, Phil, till we see you again," said Miss Morton, kissing him tenderly. "We 'll take good care of her for you."

"Will you please go to her now?" he said, huskily. "She is in the summer-house. For God's sake try to comfort her."

"Yes, poor boy, I will," she answered. He shook hands with Mr. Morton and jumped into the buggy.

"I 'll get a furlough and be back in a few months, maybe. Be sure to tell her that," he said.

The stable-boy stood aside, the mettlesome horse gave a plunge and started off at a three-minute gait. The boy drew out his watch and observed: "He hain't got but fifteen minutes to git to camp in, but he 'll do it. The mare 's a stepper, and Phil King knows how to handle the ribbons."

The buggy vanished in a cloud of dust around the next turn in the road. The stable-boy strode whistling down the street, the minister went to his study, and Miss Morton disappeared in the shrubbery in the direction of the summer-house.

II.

EARLY next morning the country roads leading into Waterville were covered with carts and wagons and carriages loaded with people coming into town to see the regiment off. The streets were hung with flags and spanned with decorated arches bearing patriotic inscriptions. Red, white, and blue streamers hung in festoons from building to building and floated from cornices. The stores and places of business were all closed, the sidewalks were packed with people in their Sunday clothes, and the windows and balconies were lined with gazers long before it was time for the regiment to appear. Everybody — men, women, and children — wore the national colors in cockades or rosettes, while many young girls were dressed throughout in red, white, and blue. The city seemed tricked out for some rare gala-day, but the grave faces of the expectant throng, and the subdued and earnest manner which extended even to the older children, stamped this as no ordinary holiday.

After hours of patient waiting at last the word passes from mouth to mouth, "They are coming." Vehicles are quickly driven out of the way, and in a general hush all eyes are turned towards the head of the street. Presently there is a burst of martial music, and the regiment comes wheeling round the corner into view and fills the wide street from curb to curb with its broad front. As the blue river sweeps along, the rows of polished bayonets, rising and falling with the swinging tread of the men, are like interminable ranks of foam-crested waves rolling in upon the shore. The imposing mass, with its rhythmic movement, gives the impression of a single organism. One forgets to look for the individuals in it, forgets that there are individuals. Even those who have brothers, sons, lovers there, for a moment almost forget them in the impression of a mighty whole. The mind is slow to realize that this great dragon, so terrible in its beauty, emitting light as it moves from a thousand burnished scales, with flaming crest proudly waving in the van, is but an aggregation of men singly so feeble.

The hearts of the lookers-on as they gaze are swelling fast. An afflatus of heroism given forth by this host of self-devoted men communicates itself to the most stolid spectators. The booming of the drum fills the brain, and the blood in the veins leaps to its rhythm. The unearthly gayety of the fife, like the sweet, shrill song of a bird soaring above the battle, infects the nerves till the idea of death brings a scornful smile to the lips. Eyes glaze with rapturous tears as they rest upon the flag. There is a thrill of voluptuous sweetness in the thought of dying for it. Life seems of value only as it gives the poorest something to sacrifice. It is dying that makes the glory of the world, and all other employments seem but idle while the regiment passes.

The time for farewells is gone by. The lucky men at the ends of the ranks have indeed an opportunity without breaking step to exchange an occasional handshake with a friend on the sidewalk, or to snatch a kiss from wife or sweetheart, but those in the middle of the line can only look their farewells. Now and then a mother intrusts her baby to a file-leader to be passed along from hand to hand till it reaches the father, to be sent back with a kiss or maybe perched aloft on his shoulder to ride to the depot, crowing at the music and clutching at the gleaming bayonets. At every such touch of nature the people cheer wildly. From every window and balcony the ladies shower garlands upon the troops.

Where is Grace? for this is the Upton company which is passing now. Yonder she stands on a balcony, between Mr. Morton and his sister. She is very pale and the tears are streaming down her cheeks, but her face is radiant. She is smiling through her tears, as if there was no such thing on earth as fear or sorrow. She has looked forward to this ordeal with harrowing expectations, only to find herself at the trying moment seized upon and lifted above all sense of personal affliction by the passion of self-devotion with which the air is electric. Her face as she looks down upon her lover is that of a priestess in the ecstasy of sacrifice. He is saluting with his sword. Now he has passed. With a great sob she turns away. She does not care for the rest of the pageant. Her patriotism has suddenly gone. The ecstasy of sacrifice is over. She is no longer a priestess, but a broken-hearted girl, who only asks to be led away to some place where she can weep till her lover returns.

III.

There was to be a great battle the next day. The two armies had been long manœuvring for position, and now they stood like wrestlers who have selected their holds and with body braced against body, knee against knee, wait for the signal to begin the struggle. There had been during the afternoon some brisk fighting, but a common desire to postpone the decisive contest till the morrow had prevented the main forces from becoming involved. Philip's regiment had thus far only been engaged in a few trifling skirmishes, barely enough to stir the blood. This was to be its first battle, and the position to which it had been allotted promised a bloody baptism in the morning. The men were in excellent heart, but as night settled down there was little or no merriment to be heard about the camp-fires. Most were gathered in groups discussing in low tones the chances of the morrow. Some, knowing that every fiber of muscle would be needed for the work before them, had wisely gone to sleep, while here and there a man, heedless of the talk going on about him, was lying on his back staring up at the darkening sky, thinking.

As the twilight deepened, Philip strolled to the top of a little knoll just out of the camp and sat down with a vague notion of casting up accounts a little in view of the final settlement which very possibly might come for him next day. But the inspiration of the scene around him soon diverted his mind from personal engrossments. Some distance down the lines he could see the occasional flash of a gun where a battery was lazily shelling a piece of woods which it was desirable to keep the enemy from occupying during the night. A burning barn in that direction made a flare on the sky. Over behind the wooded hills where the Confederates lay rockets were going up, indicating the exchange of signals and the perfecting of plans which might mean defeat and ruin to him and his the next day. Behind him, within the Federal lines, clouds of dust, dimly outlined against the glimmering landscape, betrayed the location of the roads along which artillery, cavalry, infantry were hurrying eagerly forward to take their assigned places for the morrow's work.

Who said that men fear death? Who concocted that fable for old wives? He should have stood that night with Philip in the midst of a host of 125,000 men in the full flush and vigor of life, calmly and deliberately making ready at dawn to receive death in its most horrid forms at one another's hands. It is in vain that Religion invests the tomb with terror, and Philosophy, shuddering, averts her face; the nations turn from these gloomy teachers to storm its portals in exultant hosts, battering them wide enough for thousands to charge through abreast. The heroic instinct of humanity with its high contempt of death is wiser and truer, never let us doubt, than superstitious terrors or philosophic doubts. It testifies to a conviction, deeper than reason, that man is greater than his seeming self; to an underlying consciousness that his mortal life is but an accident of his real existence, the fashion of a day, to be lightly worn and gaily doffed at duty's call.

What a pity it truly is that the tonic air of battlefields — the air that Philip breathed that night before Antietam — cannot be gathered up and preserved as a precious elixir to reinvigorate the atmosphere in times of peace when men grow faint of heart and cowardly and quake at thought of death.

The soldiers huddled in their blankets on the ground slept far more soundly that night before the battle than their men-folk and women-folk in their warm beds at home. For them it was a night of watching, a vigil of prayers and tears. The telegraph in those days made of the nation an intensely sensitive organism, with nerves a thousand miles long. Ere its echoes had died away, every shot fired at the front had sent a tremor to the anxious hearts at home. The newspapers and bulletin boards in all the towns and cities of the North had announced that a great battle would surely take place the next day, and, as the night closed in, a mighty cloud of prayer rose from innumerable firesides, the self-same prayer from each, that he who had gone from that home might survive the battle, whoever else must fall.

The wife, lest her own appeal might fail, taught her cooing baby to lisp the father's name, thinking that surely the Great Father's heart would not be able to resist a baby's prayer. The widowed mother prayed that if it were consistent with God's will he would spare her son. She laid her heart, pierced through with many sorrows, before him. She had borne so much, life had been so hard, her boy was all she had to show for so much endured — might not this cup pass? Pale, impassioned maids, kneeling by their virgin beds, wore out the night with an importunity that would not be put off. Sure in their great love and their little knowledge that no case could be like theirs, they beseeched God with bitter weeping for their lovers' lives, because, forsooth, they could not bear it if hurt came to them. The answers to many thousands of these agonizing appeals of maid and wife and mother were already in the enemy's cartridge-boxes.

IV.

The day came. The dispatches in the morning papers stated that the armies would probably be engaged from an early hour.

Who that does not remember those battle-summers can realize from any telling how the fathers and mothers, the wives and sisters and sweethearts at home, lived through the days when it was known that a great battle was going on at the front in which their loved ones were engaged? It was very quiet in the house on those days of battle. All spoke in hushed voices and stepped lightly. The children, too small to understand the meaning of the shadow on the home, felt it and took their noisy sports elsewhere. There was little conversation, except as to when definite news might be expected. The household work dragged sadly, for though the women sought refuge from thought in occupation, they were constantly dropping whatever they had in hand to rush away to their chambers to face the presentiment, perhaps suddenly borne in upon them with the force of a conviction, that they might be called on to bear the worst. The table was set for the regular meals, but there was little pretense of eating. The eyes of all had a far-off expression, and they seemed barely to see one another. There was an intent, listening look upon their faces, as if they were hearkening to the roar of the battle a thousand miles away.

Many pictures of battles have been painted, but no true one yet, for the pictures contain only men. The women are unaccountably left out. We ought to see not alone the opposing lines of battle writhing and twisting in a death embrace, the batteries smoking and flaming, the hurricanes of cavalry, but innumerable women also, spectral forms of mothers, wives, sweethearts clinging about the necks of the advancing soldiers, vainly trying to shield them with their bosoms, extending supplicating hands to the foe, raising eyes of anguish to heaven. The soldiers, grim-faced, with battle-lighted eyes, do not see the ghostly forms that throng them, but shoot and cut and stab across and through them as if they were not there — yes, through them, for few are the balls and bayonets that reach their marks without traversing some of these devoted breasts. Spectral, alas, is their guardianship, but real are their wounds and deadly as any the combatants receive.

Soon after breakfast on the day of the battle Grace came across to the parsonage, her swollen eyes and pallid face telling of a sleepless night. She could not bear her mother's company that day, for she knew that she had never greatly liked Philip. Miss Morton was very tender and sympathetic. Grace was a little comforted by Mr. Morton's saying that commonly great battles did not open much before noon. It was a respite to be able to think that probably up to that moment at least no harm had come to Philip. In the early afternoon the minister drove into Waterville to get the earliest bulletins at the "Banner" office, leaving the two women alone.

The latter part of the afternoon a neighbor who had been in Waterville drove by the house, and Miss Morton called to him to know if there were any news yet. He drew a piece of paper from his pocket, on which he had scribbled the latest bulletin before the "Banner" office, and read as follows: "The battle opened with a vigorous attack by our right. The enemy was forced back, stubbornly contesting every inch of ground. General ——'s division is now bearing the brunt of the fight and is suffering heavily. The result is yet uncertain."

The division mentioned was the one in which Philip's regiment was included. "Is suffering heavily" — those were the words. There was something fearful in the way the present tense brought home to Grace a sense of the battle as then actually in progress. It meant that while she sat there on the shady piazza with the drowsy hum of the bees in her ears, looking out on the quiet lawn where the house cat stretched on the grass kept a sleepy eye on the birds as they flitted in the branches of the apple trees, Philip might be facing a storm of lead and iron, or, maybe, blent in some desperate hand-to-hand struggle, was defending his life — her life — against murderous cut and thrust.

To begin to pray for his safety was not to dare to cease, for to cease would be to withdraw a sort of protection — all, alas! she could give — and abandon him to his enemies. If she had been watching over him from above the battle, an actual witness of the carnage going on that afternoon on the far-off field, she could scarcely have endured a more harrowing suspense from moment to moment. Overcome with the agony, she threw herself on the sofa in the sitting-room and lay quivering, with her face buried in the pillow, while Miss Morton sat beside her, stroking her hair and saying such feeble, soothing words as she might.

It is always hard, and for ardent temperaments almost impossible, to hold the mind balanced in a state of suspense, yielding overmuch neither to hope nor to fear, under circumstances like these. As a relief to the torture which such a state of tension ends in causing, the mind at length, if it cannot abandon itself to hope, embraces even despair. About 5 o'clock Miss Morton was startled by an exceeding bitter cry. Grace was sitting upon the sofa. "O Miss Morton!" she cried, bursting into tears which before she had not been able to shed, "he is dead."

"Grace! Grace! what do you mean?"

"He is dead, I know he is dead," wailed the girl; and then she explained that while from moment to moment she had sent up prayers for him, every breath a cry to God, she suddenly had been unable to pray more, and this she felt was a sign that petition for his life was now vain. Miss Morton strove to convince her that this was but an effect of overwrought nerves, but with slight success.

In the early evening Mr. Morton returned with the latest news the telegraph had brought. The full scope of the result was not yet known. The advantage had probably remained with the National forces, although the struggle had been one of those close and stubborn ones, with scanty laurels for the victors, to be expected when men of one race meet in battle. The losses on both sides had been enormous, and the report was confirmed that Philip's division had been badly cut up.

The parsonage was but one of thousands of homes in the land where no lamps were lighted that evening, the members of the household sitting together in the dark—silent, or talking in low tones of the far-away starlighted battlefield, the anguish of the wounded, the still heaps of the dead.

Nevertheless, when at last Grace went home she was less entirely despairing than in the afternoon. Mr. Morton, in his calm, convincing way, had shown her the groundlessness of her impression that Philip was certainly dead, and had enabled her again to entertain hope. It no longer rose, indeed, to the height of a belief that he had escaped wholly scathless. In face of the terrible tidings that would have been too presumptuous. But perhaps he had been only wounded. Yesterday the thought would have been insupportable, but now she was eager to make this compromise with Providence. She was distinctly affected by the curious superstition that if we voluntarily concede something to fate, while yet the facts are not known, we gain a sort of equitable assurance against a worse thing. It was settled, she told herself, that she was not to be overcome or even surprised to hear that Philip was wounded—slightly wounded. She was no better than other women that he should be wholly spared.

The paper next morning gave many names of officers who had fallen, but Philip's was not among them. The list was confessedly incomplete; nevertheless, the absence of his name was reassuring. Grace went across the garden after breakfast to talk with Miss Morton about the news and the auspicious lack of news. Her friend's cheerful tone infused her with fresh courage. To one who has despaired a very little hope goes to the head like wine to the brain of a faster, and, though still very tremulous, Grace could even smile a little now and was almost cheerful. Secretly already she was beginning to play false with fate, and, in flat repudiation of her last night's compact, to indulge the hope that her soldier had not been even wounded. But this was only at the bottom of her heart. She did not own to herself that she really did it. She felt a little safer not to break the bargain yet.

About 11 o'clock in the forenoon Mr. Morton came in. His start and look of dismay on seeing Grace indicated that he had expected to find his sister alone. He hastily attempted to conceal an open telegram which he held in his hand, but it was too late. Grace had already seen it, and whatever the tidings it might contain there was no longer any question of holding them back or extenuating them. Miss Morton, after one look at her brother's face, silently came to the girl's side and put her arms around her waist. "Christ, our Saviour," she murmured, "for thy name's sake, help her now." Then the minister said:

"Try to be brave, try to bear it worthily of him; for, my poor little girl, your sacrifice has been accepted. He fell in a charge at the head of his men."

V.

PHILIP'S body was brought home for burial, and the funeral was a great event in the village. Business of all kinds was suspended, and all the people united in making of the day a solemn patriotic festival. Mr. Morton preached the funeral sermon.

"Oh, talk about the country," sobbed Grace when he asked her if there was anything in particular she would like him to speak of.

"For pity's sake don't let me feel sorry now that I gave him up for the Union. Don't leave me now to think it would have been better if I had not let him go."

So he preached of the country, as ministers sometimes did preach in those days, making it very plain that in a righteous cause men did well to die for their native land and their women did well to give them up. Expounding the lofty wisdom of self-sacrifice, he showed how truly it was said that "whosoever will save his life shall lose it: and whosoever will lose his life . . . shall find it," and how none make such rich profit out of their lives as the heroes who seem to throw them away.

They had come, he told the assembled people, to mourn no misadventure, no misfortune; this dead soldier was not pitiable. He was no victim of a tear-compelling fate. No broken shaft typified his career. He was rather one who had done well for himself, a wise young merchant of his blood, who having seen a way to barter his life at incredible advantage, at no less a rate indeed than a man's for a nation's, had not let slip so great an opportunity.

So he went on, still likening the life of a man to the wares of a shopkeeper, worth to him only what they can be sold for and a loss if overkept, till those who listened began to grow ill at ease in presence of that flag-draped coffin, and were vaguely troubled because they still lived.

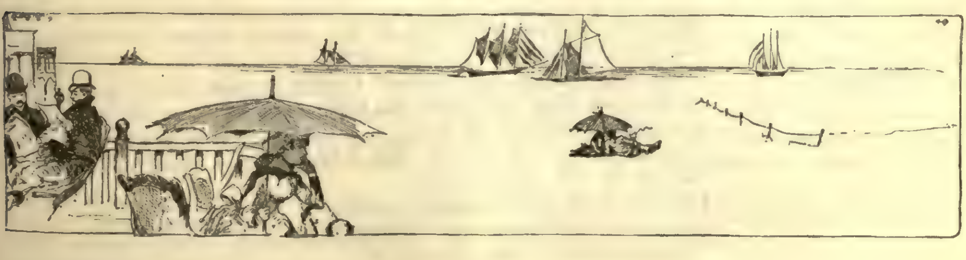
Then he spoke of those who had been bereaved. This soldier, he said, like his comrades, had staked for his country not only his own life but the earthly happiness of others also, having been fully empowered by them to do so. Some had staked with their own lives the happiness of parents, some that of wives and children, others maybe the hopes of maidens pledged to them. In offering up their lives to their country they had laid with them upon the altar these other lives which were bound up with theirs, and the same fire of sacrifice had consumed them both. A few days before in the storm of battle those who had gone forth had fulfilled their share of the joint sacrifice. In a thousand homes, with tears and the anguish of breaking hearts, those who had sent them forth were that day fulfilling theirs. Let them now in their extremity seek support in the same spirit of patriotic devotion which had upheld their heroes in the hour of death. As they had been lifted above fear by the thought that it was for their country they were dying, not less should those who mourned them find inspiration in remembering it was for the nation's sake that their tears were shed and for the country that their hearts were broken. It had been appointed that half in blood of men and half in women's tears the ransom of the people should be paid, so that their sorrow was not in vain, but for the healing of the nation.

It behooved these therefore to prove worthy of their high calling of martyrdom, and while they must needs weep, not to weep as other women wept, with hearts bowed down, but rather with uplifted faces, adopting and ratifying, though it might be with breaking hearts, this exchange they had made of earthly happiness for the life of their native land. So should they honor those they mourned, and be joined with them not only in sacrifice but in the spirit of sacrifice.

So it was in response to the appeal of this stricken girl before him that the minister talked of the country, and to such purpose was it that the piteous thing she had dreaded, the feeling, now when it was forever too late, that it would have been better if she had kept her lover back, found no place in her heart. There was, indeed, had she known it, no danger at all that she would be left to endure that, so long as she dreaded it, for the only prayer that never is unanswered is the prayer to be lifted above self. So to pray and so to wish is but to cease to resist the divine gravitations ever pulling at the soul. As the minister discoursed of the mystic gain of self-sacrifice, the mystery of which he spoke was fulfilled in her heart. She appeared to stand in some place overarching life and death, and there was made partaker of an exultation whereof if religion and philosophy might but catch and hold the secret their ancient quest were over.

Gazing through streaming eyes upon the coffin of her lover, she was able freely to consent to the sacrifice of her own life which he had made in giving up his own.

Edward Bellamy.



BROADWAY.

I.

BETWEEN these frowning granite steeps
The human river onward sweeps;
And here it moves with torrent force,
And there it slacks its heady course:
But what controls its variant flow
A keener wit than mine must show,
Who cast myself upon the tide,
And with its current, merging, glide,—
A drop, an atom, of the whole
Of its great bulk and wandering soul.

O curbless river, savage stream,
Thou art my wilderness extreme,
Where I may move as free, as lone,
As in the waste with wood o'ergrown,
And broodings of as brave a strain
May here unchallenged entertain,
Whether meridian light display
The swift routine of current day,
Or jet electric, diamond-clear,
Convoke a world of glamour here.
Yet when of solitude I tire,
Speak comradeship to my desire,
O most companionable tide,
Where all to all are firm allied,
And each hath countenance from the rest,
Although the tie be unconfessed!

II.

I muse upon this river's brink;
I listen long; I strive to think
What cry goes forth, of many blent,
And by that cry what thing is meant,—
What simple legend of old fate
Man's voice, here inarticulate,
From out this dim and strange uproar
Still heaves upon the skyey shore!

Amid this swift, phantasmal stream
Sometimes I move as in a dream;
Then wondrous quiet, for a space,
The clanging tumult will displace;
And toil's hard gride and pleasure's hum
No longer to my ear may come:
A pantomimic haunted throng
Fareth in silence deep and strong,
And seems in summoned haste to urge,
Half prescient, towards a destined verge!

The river flows,— unwasting flows;
Nor less nor more its volume grows,
From source to sea still onward rolled,
As days are shed and years are told;
And yet so mutable its wave,
That no man twice therein may lave,
But ere he can return again,
Himself shall subtle change sustain;
Since more and more each life must be
Tide-troubled by the drawing sea.

Edith M. Thomas.

THE "FREE COMMAND" AT THE MINES OF KARA.

THE most important of the objects that we had in view at the mines of Kara was the investigation of penal servitude in its relation to political offenders. Common, hard-labor felons, such as burglars, counterfeiters, and murderers, we had seen, or could see, in a dozen other places; but political convicts[1] were to be found only in the log prisons and penal settlements of Kara, and there, if anywhere, their life must be studied. In order to succeed in the task that we had set ourselves, it was necessary that we should personally visit and inspect one or both of the political prisons, and obtain unrestricted access, in some way, to the small body of state criminals who had finished their "term of probation" and were living under surveillance in the so-called "free command." We were well aware that these were not easy things to do; but we were no longer inexperienced and guileless tourists, dependent wholly upon letters of introduction and official consent. We had had six months' training in the school that sharpens the wits of the politicals themselves, we had learned how best to deal with suspicious police and gendarme officers, we were in possession of all the information and all the suggestions that political ex-convicts in other parts of Siberia could give us, and we saw no reason to despair of success.

It seemed to me that the best policy for us to pursue, at first, was to make as many friends as possible; get hold of the threads of social and official relationship in the penal settlement where we found ourselves; avoid manifestations of interest in the political convicts; make a careful study of our environment, and then wait — maintaining meanwhile, as Ladislaw says in "Middlemarch," "an attitude of receptivity towards all sublime chances." Nothing was to be gained and everything might be risked by premature or over-hasty action. For three or four days, therefore, we did not attempt to do anything except to visit the common-criminal prisons and the mines, talk with the officials who called upon us, make ourselves agreeable to Major Potulof and his pretty wife, and study the situation. It soon became evident to me that there would be no use in asking for permission to see the political convicts of the free command, and that if we made their acquaintance at all we should have to do it secretly. I knew most of them by name and reputation; I had a letter of introduction to one of them,— Miss Nathalie Armfeldt,— and I had been furnished by her friends with a map of the Lower Diggings, showing the situation of the little cabin in which she and her mother lived; but how to visit her, or open communications with her secretly, in a small village swarming with Cossacks and gendarmes, and, moreover, in a village where a foreigner was as closely and curiously watched and stared at as the Tsar of all the Russias would be in a New England hamlet, I did not know. But that was not the worst of it. I soon discovered that I could not even get away from Major Potulof. From the moment of our arrival he gave up all his other duties and devoted himself exclusively to us. If we staid at home all day, he remained all day at home. If we went out, he accompanied us. I could not make a motion towards my hat or my overcoat without his asking, "Where are you going?" If I replied that I was going out for exercise, or for a little walk, he would say, "Wait a minute and I will go with you." What could I do? He evidently did not intend that we should see some things in Kara, or have an opportunity to make any independent investigations. I understood and fully appreciated his situation as a high officer of the Crown, and I was sorry to cause him any uneasiness or annoyance; but I had undertaken to ascertain the real state of affairs, and I intended to do it by any means that seemed to be within the limits of honor and fairness. The most embarrassing feature of the situation, from a moral point of view, was that growing out of our presence in Major Potulof's house as his guests. It did not seem to be fair to mislead the man whose hospitality we were enjoying, or even to conceal from him our real purposes; and yet we had no alternative. Our only chance of success lay in secrecy. If we should intimate to Major Potulof that we desired to see the political convicts of the free command, and to hear what they might have to say concerning their life and the treatment to which they had been subjected, he would probably express grave disapproval; and then we, as his guests, should be in honor bound to respect his authority. It would hardly be fair to eat a man's bread and then openly disregard his expressed wishes in a matter that might be of vital interest to him as well as to us. I revolved these and many other similar considerations in my mind for two or three days, and finally decided that if I could see the political convicts before Major Potulof had said anything to me on the subject I would do it — acting, of course, upon my own responsibility, at my own risk, and in such a way, if possible, as to relieve him from the least suspicion of complicity. I did not see why we should be tied hand and foot by accidental obligations of hospitality growing out of a situation into which we had virtually been forced. As soon as I had come to this decision I began to watch for opportunities; but I soon found myself involved in a network of circumstances and personal relations that rendered still more difficult and hazardous the course I intended to pursue. On the second day after our arrival we received a call from Captain Nikolin (Nee-ko′lin), the gendarme commandant of the political prisons. He had heard of our sudden appearance, and had come to see who we were and what we wanted in that dreaded penal settlement. He made upon me, from the first, a very unfavorable impression; but I was not prepared, nevertheless, for the contemptuous, almost insulting, coldness of the reception given to him by Major Potulof. It was apparent, at a glance, that the two men were upon terms of hostility; and for a moment I wondered why Nikolin should put himself in a position to be so discourteously treated. Most men would have regarded such a reception as equivalent to a slap in the face, and would have left the house at the first opportunity. Gendarme officers, however, are trained to submit to anything, if by submission they can attain their ends. Captain Nikolin wished to see the American travelers, and, notwithstanding the chilly nature of the reception given him, he was as bland as a May morning. It was obviously my policy to show him as much cordiality as I possibly could without irritating Major Potulof. I desired not only to remove any suspicions that he might entertain with regard to us, but, if possible, to win his confidence. "It must gratify even a gendarme officer," I thought, "to be treated with marked respect and cordiality by foreign travelers, when he has just been openly affronted by one of his own associates. We, as Major Potulof's guests, might naturally be expected to follow his lead. If we take the opposite course, Nikolin will give us credit not only for courtesy, but for independence of judgment and clear perception of character, and we shall thus score a point." I never had any reason to doubt the soundness of this reasoning. Nikolin was evidently gratified by the unexpected evidences of interest and respect that appeared in our behavior towards him, and when he took his leave he shook my hand and expressed the hope that we might meet again. He did not dare, in Major Potulof's presence, to invite us to call upon him, nor did we venture to promise that we would do so; but we intended, nevertheless, to pay him a visit just as soon as we could escape from surveillance. Major Potulof had delicacy or prudence enough not to say a word in dispraise of Nikolin after the latter had gone; but in subsequent conversation with other officers I learned that the personal relations between the two men were greatly strained, and that Nikolin was generally hated and despised as a secret spy and informer by all the regular army officers at the post.

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[1] I use these words here in a somewhat restricted sense, to denote "katorzhniki" (kah'torz-nee-kee), or political criminals who are actually in penal servitude. There are political convicts, of course, in other parts of Siberia; but all who are actually undergoing penal servitude — that is, the "katorzhniki" — live in the Kara prisons and villages.

"He writes full reports to St. Petersburg of everything we do," said one officer to me; "but," he added, "let him write. I 'm not afraid of him. We have had four or five gendarme officers in charge of the political prison here in the last three years, and he 's the worst of the lot."

This information with regard to Nikolin and his relations to Potulof greatly complicated the situation. Suppose I should succeed in making the acquaintance of the political convicts of the free command; Nikolin would almost certainly hear of it, and would probably find out that I had brought the convicts letters. He would at once report the facts to St. Petersburg, and would make them the basis of an accusation against his enemy Potulof by saying: "These American travelers are Potulof's guests. They have visited the political convicts secretly at night, and have even committed a penal offense by carrying letters. They would hardly have dared to do this without Potulof's knowledge and consent; consequently Potulof has been accessory to a violation of law, and has interfered with the discharge of my duties. I cannot consent to be held responsible for the political convicts if Major Potulof is going to aid foreign travelers in getting interviews with them and carrying letters to and from them."

The result of this would be that I, while receiving Major Potulof's hospitality, should be betraying him to his enemies and getting him into trouble — a thing that went terribly against all my instincts of honor. But even this was not all. Captain Nikolin, as I subsequently learned, was strongly opposed to the ticket-of-leave organization known as the free command, and had repeatedly recommended its abolition. My visit to the political convicts — should I make one — would furnish him with the strongest kind of argument in support of his assertion that the free command was a dangerous innovation. He would write or telegraph to the Minister of the Interior: "I understand that it is the intention of the Government to keep the more dangerous class of state criminals in complete isolation, allowing them no communication with their relatives except through the gendarmerie. It is manifestly impossible for me to give this intention effect if political convicts are allowed to live outside the prison where they can be seen and interviewed by strangers. Foreign travelers are coming more and more frequently to Siberia, and Kara is no longer an unknown or an inaccessible place. If army officers like Potulof are going to aid such foreign travelers in opening communication with the political convicts, the Government must either abolish the free command and recommit its members to prison, or else abandon the idea of keeping them in isolation."

It was not difficult to foresee the probable consequences of such a report. I might, by a single secret visit, bring disaster upon the whole free command, and cause the return of all its members to chains, leg-fetters, and prison cells. That I should be the means of adding to the miseries of these unfortunate people, instead of relieving them, was an almost insupportable thought; and I lay awake nearly all of one night balancing probabilities and trying to make up my mind whether it would be worth while to run such risks. I finally decided to adhere to my original intention and make the acquaintance of the political convicts of the free command at all hazards, provided I could escape the courteous, hospitable, but unceasing vigilance of Major Potulof.

I lived in Kara five days without having a single opportunity to get out-of-doors unaccompanied and unwatched. At last my chance came. On the sixth day Major Potulof was obliged to go to Ust Kara (Oost Kah-rah′) to attend a meeting of an army board, or court of inquiry, convened to investigate the recent destruction by fire of a large Government flour storehouse.[1] He had said nothing to me about the political convicts; he had apparently become convinced that we were "safe" enough to leave, and he went away commending us laughingly to the care of his wife. Before he had been gone an hour I tore out the pocket of my large, loose fur overcoat, dropped down between the outside cloth and the lining a few little presents that I had promised to give to the political convicts, transferred from my waist-belt to my pocket the letters that I had for them and the rough map of the village with which I was provided, and then set out on foot for the political prison. It was about 2 o'clock in the afternoon. Major Potulof expected to be absent until the following night, so that I could safely count upon twenty-four hours of freedom from surveillance. My plan was to pay a visit first to Captain Nikolin, get upon the most friendly possible terms with him, remove any lingering suspicions that he might still entertain with regard to us, and then, about dark, go directly from his house to the cabin of Miss Nathalie Armfeldt, the political convict from Kiev to whom I had a letter of introduction. My object in calling first upon Captain Nikolin was twofold. In the first place, I felt sure he would know that Major Potulof had just gone to Ust Kara, and I thought it would please and compliment the gendarme officer to see that I had availed myself of my very first moment of freedom to call upon him, notwithstanding Potulof's hostility to him. In the second place, I reasoned that if I should be seen going to the house of a political convict it would be safer and would excite less suspicion to be seen going there directly from the house of the commandant than from my own quarters. In the former case it would, very likely, be thought that I was acting with the commandant's knowledge or permission; and in any case open boldness would be safer than skulking timidity.

Captain Nikolin was an old and experienced gendarme officer of the most subtle and unscrupulous type, who had received his training under General Muraviof (Moo-ra-vy'off), "the hangman," in Poland, and had been about thirty years in the service. Personally he was a short, heavily built man fifty or fifty-five years of age, with a bald head, a full gray beard, thin, tightly-closed, rather cruel lips, an impenetrable face, and cold gray eyes. He had the suavity and courteous manners of the accomplished gendarme officer, but the unfavorable impression that he made upon me at our first meeting was deepened, rather than effaced, by subsequent acquaintance. He was in undress uniform, and he greeted me with what he evidently intended for frank, open cordiality, softening, so far as possible, all the hard lines of his face; but he could not bring a spark of good fellowship into his cold, watchful gray eyes, and I felt conscious that all his real mental processes were carefully masked. So far as I could read his character, its one weak point was personal pride in the importance and responsibility of his position — pride in the fact that he, a mere captain of gendarmes, had been selected in St. Petersburg and sent to Siberia to command this important prison; had been freed from all local control; and had been given the unusual privilege of communicating directly with the Minister of the Interior, which was the next thing to communicating directly with the Tsar. It seemed to me that a man who felt such a pride, and who knew that in spite of his position he was despised by all the regular army officers of the post, would be gratified to find that an intelligent American, living in the very house of one of his (Nikolin's) enemies, had clearness of insight and independence of judgment enough to call upon him the moment Potulof's restraint was removed, and to treat him with marked deference and respect. To what extent this reasoning was well founded I do not know, but upon it I acted. I apologized for not calling upon him before, and explained that I had been prevented from doing this by circumstances beyond my control. He bowed gracefully, said that he understood the circumstances perfectly, and asked me to do him the honor of drinking tea with him. A steaming samovar (sah'mo-vahr) was soon brought in by a soldier, our cups were filled with the beverage that cheers but does not inebriate, cigarettes were lighted, and we settled ourselves in easy chairs for a comfortable chat. I narrated with as much spirit as possible our adventures in Siberia; brought out casually the fact that I was a member of the American Geographical Society; referred to my previous connection with the Russian-American Telegraph Company; described dog-sledge travel and tent life with the wandering Koraks; and gave an account of my pleasant interview with Mr. Vlangalli (Vlan-gah'lee), the Associate Minister of Foreign Affairs in St. Petersburg, in order to show him that I had come to Siberia openly and boldly, with the consent and approbation of the highest Russian officials. He seemed to like to hear me talk; and, as I had not the slightest objection to talking, I rambled on until I had given him a detailed history of my whole life up to the year of our Lord 1885. If I omitted anything, I omitted it through forgetfulness or because he failed to draw it out. He inquired whether I intended to write an account of my Siberian trip, and I replied that I certainly did; that I was in the service of THE CENTURY MAGAZINE; that I had already written one series of articles on Siberia, and intended to write another as soon as I should get home. This seemed to interest him, and I therefore poured out information about American magazines in general and THE CENTURY in particular; invited him to come to our house and look over Mr. Frost's sketches; told him how much money THE CENTURY purposed to spend in illustrating our papers, and expressed regret that his ignorance of English would prevent him from reading them. He remarked hopefully that they might be translated. I replied that I trusted they would be, since my first book had been twice translated into Russian; and that, in any event, he would be interested in looking at the illustrations. What else I said in the course of our long conversation I cannot now remember, but I think I never gave any other man so much information about myself and my affairs as I gave that gendarme officer.

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[1] The history of this storehouse furnishes an interesting illustration of the corruption and demoralization that are characteristic of the Russian bureaucratic system everywhere, and particularly in Siberia. The building should have contained, and was supposed to contain, at the time it was burned, 20,000 poods (360 tons) of Government flour, intended for the use of the convicts at the Kara mines. Upon making an examination of the ruins after the fire it was discovered that 20 or 30 poods of flour, which belonged to a private individual and had been stored in the building temporarily as an accommodation, was only slightly charred on the outside, and that three-fourths of it could still be used. Of the 20,000 poods of Government flour, however, not the slightest trace could be found, and an investigation showed that it had all been stolen by somebody, and that the building had been burned to conceal the theft. A few months later, after our departure from Kara and while the investigation was still in progress, Major Potulof's house, which contained all the documents relating to the case, was destroyed by an incendiary fire in the same mysterious way. The censor has never allowed the results of the investigation to be published in the Siberian newspapers, and I do not know who, if anybody, was found to be guilty of the double crime. In most cases of this kind the relations of the criminals with the higher authorities are found to be such as to necessitate a suppression of the facts and a hushing up of the whole matter. I presume that it was so in this case.

My frankness and my childlike confidence in him finally began to produce the desired results. His manner softened and became more cordial; he poured out for me a third or a fourth cup of tea, asked me if I would not like to have some rum in it; and then, finding that I could be a sympathetic listener as well as a frank and communicative talker, he began to give me information about himself. He described to me the organization of the gendarmerie and the way in which gendarme officers are educated; gave me his own personal history; told me how many times and under what circumstances he had been promoted; how much salary he received; what decorations he had; how much longer he would have to serve before he could retire on a pension; and said, with a little pride, that he was the only officer of his rank in all Siberia who had the right to communicate directly with the Minister of the Interior. The conversation finally drifted into a discussion of common-criminal exile, and to my great surprise he vigorously condemned the étapes and the forwarding prisons; declared that the life of common convicts on the road was simply awful; and said that the banishment of criminals to Siberia was not only ruinous to the persons banished, but very detrimental to all the interests of the country. This was to me a wholly unexpected turn, and for a moment I hardly knew what course to take. He might be merely posing as a philanthropist,—a sort of Howard in a gendarme officer's uniform,—or he might be luring me on with a view to finding out how much I knew and what my opinions were. An instant of reflection convinced me that my safest course would be to follow his lead, without betraying too much knowledge of the subject, and to lay as much stress as possible on the few good prisons that I had seen. I therefore deplored the overcrowding of the forwarding prisons and the bad sanitary condition of the étapes, but referred to the new central prison at Verkhni Udinsk (Verkh′nee Oo′dinsk) as an evidence that the Government was trying to improve the condition of things by erecting better buildings. Without any suggestion or prompting from me, Captain Nikolin then diverted the current of our conversation to another branch of the subject and began to talk about the political convicts at the mines of Kara. Their condition, he said, was much better, and their life much easier, than people generally supposed. They lived together in large, well-lighted kameras; they were not required to do any work; they had a good library; they could receive money from their friends; and at the expiration of their "term of probation" they were set at liberty, and were allowed to live in houses and to cultivate little gardens of their own. I expressed great surprise at this presentation of the case, and said, "Do you mean to tell me that the political convicts don't work in the mines?"

"Work!" he exclaimed. "Certainly not. They have nothing to do but sit in large, comfortable, well-lighted rooms, and read or study."

"Do they ever have communication with their friends or relatives in European Russia?" I inquired.

"Certainly," he replied. "That was one of the things that I insisted on when I came here, that they *should* be allowed to write to their friends and relatives. Of course I read their letters, or rather their postal cards, but they can write as much as they like."

"We have always had the impression in America," I said, "that state criminals in Siberia are compelled to work in underground mines, often chained to wheelbarrows, and that their life is a constant struggle with hardships and misery."

He smiled a calm, superior sort of smile, and said that he himself had had precisely similar ideas before coming to Siberia, and that he had been surprised just as I was. "Why," said he, "if you should take a look into one of the kameras of the political prison at this moment you would see the prisoners sitting around a big table, reading and writing, just as if they were in some library."

I remarked that that would be a very pleasant thing to see, as well as to write about, and asked him if there would be any objection to my taking a look into one of the kameras.

"Well—yes," he replied hesitatingly. "I have no authority to allow any one to inspect the prison. I can show you, however, some of the books from the library—even English books."

He thereupon called a soldier from the hall and sent him to the prison with orders to bring back any English books or periodicals that happened to be in. The soldier shortly returned with a copy of Shelley's poems and a recent number of "Punch." These Nikolin handed to me triumphantly, as proofs that the political convicts had a library, and were even furnished with English periodicals.

"Not long ago," he continued, "they had theatrical performances in one of the kameras; and at one time they actually published a little manuscript newspaper for their own amusement."

He then got out the prison books to show me how much money the political convicts had received from their relatives that year. The total amount was 6044 rubles, or about $3022.[1]

"Do the prisoners themselves have the spending of this money?" I inquired.

"Yes," he replied. "It is not given into their hands; but they can direct the expenditure of it, and buy with it anything that the prison regulations allow."

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[1] Upon my return to Irkutsk (Eer-kootsk′) I was fortunate enough to make the acquaintance of an officer who was employed in the Comptroller's Department, and who had access to all the accounts of the Kara prisons. I asked him if he would be kind enough to ascertain for me how much money had been sent to the political convicts at Kara by their relatives in the first ten months of 1885. He made the investigation and reported that the prisoners had received, on an average, 37½ cents a month per capita, or about $375 in all. Captain Nikolin apparently had shown me a "fixed-up" and deceptive statement, for the purpose of making me believe that the political convicts were in receipt of $3000 or $4000 a year over and above their subsistence, and that, consequently, they were living in comparative luxury. I have no doubt that the computation made by the officer of the Comptroller's Department in Irkutsk was an accurate one, and that $375 was really the amount that the prisoners had received. Why the sum was not larger I shall explain in another place. Three hundred and seventy-five dollars every ten months, if divided among a hundred convicts, would give each of them about a cent and a quarter a day.

I received all these revelations with pleased surprise, and became almost enthusiastic when the humane and philanthropic gendarme officer drew for me a charming picture of happy state criminals, living contentedly together in large, airy rooms, studying English literature in a well-appointed library, reading "Punch" after dinner for relaxation, publishing a newspaper once a week for self-improvement, and getting up a theatrical entertainment in a kamera now and then as a safety valve for their exuberant spirits! I was grieved and shocked, however, to learn, a moment later, that these well-treated convicts were not worthy of the gracious clemency shown to them by a benevolent paternal government, and repaid its kindness with the blackest treachery and ingratitude.

"You have no idea, Mr. Kennan," said Captain Nikolin, "how unscrupulous they are, and how much criminal skill they show in concealing forbidden things, and in smuggling letters into and out of prison. Suppose that you were going to search a political convict as thoroughly as possible, how would you do it?"

I replied that I should strip him naked and make a careful examination of his clothing.

"Is that all you would do?" he inquired, with a surprised air.

I said that no other course of procedure suggested itself to me just at that moment.

"Would you look in his ears?"

"No," I answered; "I should not think of looking in his ears."

"Would you search his mouth?"

Again I replied in the negative.

"Would you look in a hollow tooth?"

I solemnly declared that such a thing as looking in a hollow tooth for a letter would never, under any circumstances, have occurred to me.

"Well," he said triumphantly, "I have taken tissue paper with writing on it out of a prisoner's ear, out of a prisoner's mouth, and once I found a dose of deadly poison concealed under a capping of wax in a convict's hollow tooth. Ah-h-h!" he exclaimed, rubbing his hands, "they are very sly, but I know all their tricks."

A cold shiver ran down my back as I suddenly thought of the things that lay hidden in my overcoat. Between the cloth and the lining were two Chinese tea-cups, a hand mirror, and a small red feather duster, which had been intrusted to me by an exiled lady in a village near Irkutsk, and which I had promised to deliver to Miss Armfeldt with assurances of the donor's remembrance and love. I had left the overcoat hanging in the hall, and if this gendarme officer was so extremely suspicious as to look in ears for letters and in hollow teeth for poison, perhaps he had already ordered one of his subordinates to make an examination of it. How I should explain the presence between the cloth and the lining of such unusual articles of equipment as two porcelain tea-cups, a hand mirror, and a red feather duster, I did not know. I might say that Americans are constitutionally sensitive with regard to their personal appearance, and that, when making calls, they always carry looking-glasses in the tail pockets of their overcoats, in order that they may properly adjust their neckties before entering the drawing-rooms of their acquaintances; but how should I account for the tea-cups and the long-handled feather duster? I might as well try to explain the presence of a mouse-trap and a fire-extinguisher in a diving-bell! For twenty minutes I sat there in an uncomfortable frame of mind, half expecting every time the door opened that a Cossack would enter with the red feather duster in his hand. The apprehended catastrophe, however, did not occur, and Nikolin continued to pour out information concerning the political convicts and their life at the mines. Much that he said was true; but the truth was so interwoven with misrepresentation that if I had been the ignorant and credulous tourist he supposed me to be I should have been completely deceived. To an on-looker who understood the situation and could see into both hands, the game that we were playing would have been full of interest. My acquaintance with the political prison was almost as accurate and thorough as that of Captain Nikolin himself. I had a carefully drawn plan of it in a belt around my body; I had a list containing the names of all the prisoners; I could have described to him the appearance and the situation of every object in every cell; I knew exactly what the convicts had to eat and wear and how they spent their time; I knew that four of them had been chained to wheelbarrows and that several were insane; and I could have given him a detailed history of the prison for the five preceding years. With all this information in my mind, with a letter of introduction to the political convicts in my pocket, and with presents for them concealed in my overcoat, I had to sit there and listen coolly to statements that I knew to be false; assume feelings that I did not have; and play, without the quiver of an eyelash, the part of a good-humored, credulous, easy-going tourist who had nothing to conceal, who was incapable of keeping to himself even the details of his own private life, and who was naturally surprised and delighted to find that the political convicts, instead of being chained to wheelbarrows in damp subterranean mines, were really treated with humanity, considera-

A PART OF THE LOWER DIGGINGS, WITH THE POLITICAL PRISON IN THE DISTANCE.

tion and benevolent kindness, by an intelligent and philanthropic commandant.

I do not know what impression I made upon Captain Nikolin in the course of our long interview; but I have some reason to believe that I succeeded in blinding and misleading one of the most adroit and unscrupulous gendarme officers in all Eastern Siberia. I may be greatly mistaken; but if he flatters himself that he deceived me he is at least as much mistaken as I am. I cannot, of course, defend my dealings with this official upon any high moral ground; but I was playing a hazardous game, with everything at stake and no means of self-protection except diplomacy. In my baggage, or on my person, I had revolutionary documents, plans of prisons, papers from Government archives, letters to and from political convicts, and ten or fifteen note-books that would have incriminated not only scores of exiles in all parts of Siberia but many fearless and honest officials who had trusted me and given me information. If suspicion should be aroused and I should be searched, it would not only bring disaster upon all of these people, as well as upon me, but would probably result in the loss of all my material and in the punishment of everybody who had had anything to do with furnishing it. In view of the critical nature of my situation, and the number of lives and fortunes that might depend upon my safety, I sincerely trust that the recording angel dropped a tear or two upon some of my statements to Captain Nikolin and blotted them out forever.

Late in the afternoon the commandant and I parted, with mutual assurances of distinguished consideration, and I directed my steps towards the little cabin of Miss Nathalie Armfeldt, which was situated about midway between the political prison and the house of Major Potulof on the outskirts of the Lower Diggings. My nerves were strung up to a high state of tension by my interview with Captain Nikolin. I was flushed with a consciousness of success, and I felt equal to anything.

Miss Armfeldt, whose history I already knew, was the daughter of a prominent Russian general now dead, and was the sister of Madam Fedchenko (Fed-chen′ko), wife of a well-known Russian scientist and explorer. The family was a wealthy and aristocratic one, and both Miss Armfeldt and her mother were friends, or at least acquaintances, of the eminent Russian novelist Count Tolstoi. Miss Armfeldt herself spoke French, German, and English, drew, painted, and was an educated and accomplished woman.[1] She was arrested

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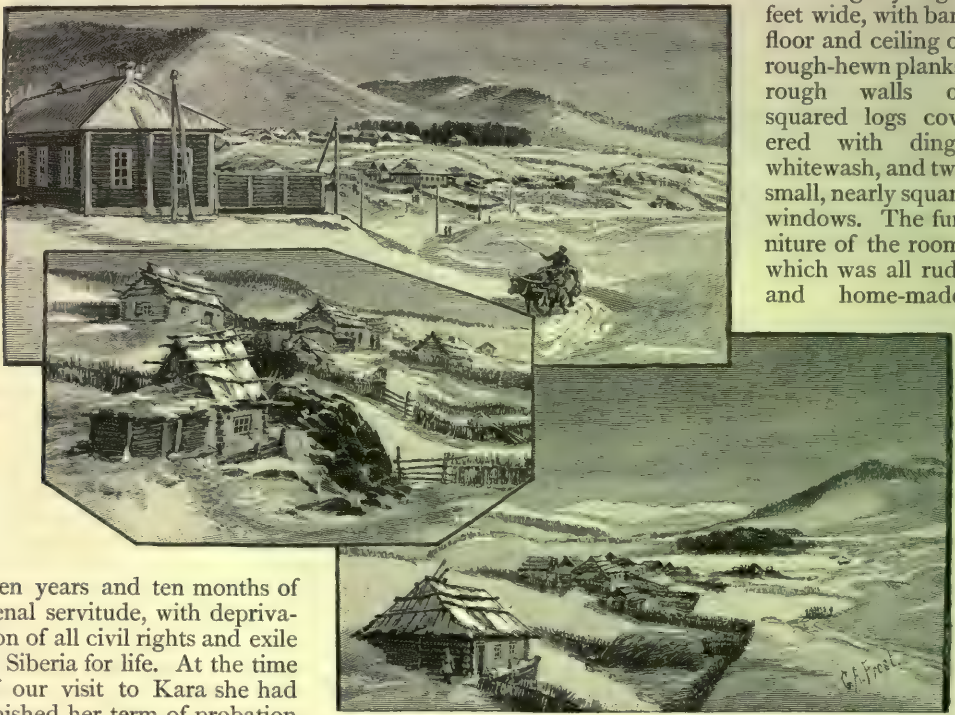
[1] I regret that I am unable to give more details of Miss Armfeldt's life. A Russian revolutionist to whom I applied for information wrote me as follows:

"I knew Miss Armfeldt personally and have some idea of her as an individual; but as to biographical details — such matters interest us so little when we are 'in action' that we hardly ever ask one another about them. I only know that her father was a general, in Kiev on the 11th of February, 1879, while attending one of the meetings of a secret revolutionary society. They were surprised by the police late in the evening, and the men of the party resisted arrest, drawing revolvers and firing at the police and the gendarmes. A sharp skirmish followed, in the course of which one gendarme and two of the revolutionists were shot dead and several on each side wounded. The whole party was finally captured and thrown into prison. For being present at the time of this armed resistance to the police, although she had not participated in it, and for belonging to the revolutionary party, Miss Armfeldt was sentenced to fourteen years and ten months of penal servitude, with deprivation of all civil rights and exile to Siberia for life. At the time of our visit to Kara she had finished her term of probation in prison, and was living outside in the free command with her mother, a lady sixty or sixty-five years of age, who had voluntarily come to Siberia to share her daughter's fate.



1. TELEGRAPH STATION AND PART OF LOWER DIGGINGS. 2. HOUSES OF THE POLITICAL FREE COMMAND. 3. ROAD TO THE POLITICAL PRISON.

The sun had set and it was fast growing dark when I reached the little whitewashed cabin which, from the descriptions I had had of it, I thought must be the Armfeldts'. I knocked at the heavy wooden door, and in a moment it was unbarred and opened by a young woman.

"Does Miss Armfeldt live here?" I inquired.

"I am Miss Armfeldt," she replied.

"My name is George Kennan," I said. "I am an American traveler, and I have come to Siberia to investigate the exile system. I have met many of your friends, and I bring a letter of introduction to you from Madam N——."

She looked at me for almost a minute in silent and half-incredulous amazement. Finally she seemed to recover herself and said, "Pray come in." I followed her through a small, dark entry into a wretched little room about ten feet long by eight feet wide, with bare floor and ceiling of rough-hewn planks, rough walls of squared logs covered with dingy whitewash, and two small, nearly square windows. The furniture of the room, which was all rude and home-made, consisted of a square pine table without a cloth, three unpainted pine chairs, and a narrow single bedstead covered with a coarse gray blanket. On each side of the door were shelves, upon which were a few domestic vessels and utensils, such as plates, cups and saucers, knives and forks, and a tea-

and that her sister, who was a tolerably well-known writer on scientific subjects, was married to the Russian explorer Fedchenko, who perished recently on a mountain in Switzerland. Personally, Nathalie Armfeldt was not one of the striking personalities, such as Perofskaya (Per-off'ska-ya), Bardina (Bar'-dee-na), and others. She belonged to that modest set of workers in whom the beautiful moral qualities of the Russian revolutionist are shown at their best—absolute devotion and absolute unselfishness. These simple virtues become great, both as qualities and as moving powers, when they are so elevated as to be almost perfectly pure. You have probably seen many of these types among the Siberian exiles. The touching sympathy that permeates what you write about them is a proof of this."

CABIN OF MISS ARMFELDT. (A SKETCH FROM MEMORY.)

pot. The room contained absolutely nothing else except a basket and a cheap Russian trunk under the bed. Everything was scrupulously neat and clean, but in other respects the house looked like the home of some wretchedly poor Irish laborer. I removed my heavy overcoat and was about to hand Miss Armfeldt the letter that I had for her, when she caught me suddenly by the arm and said, "Stop! Don't do that! Wait until I put up the window shutters and bar the door." She lighted a candle with trembling hands, and then ran out and closed the windows with tight board shutters, barred the door, and returning said, "You are not accustomed to the atmosphere of alarm and apprehension in which we live. You might have been seen through the window giving me a letter." She then took the letter; but without opening it fixed her eyes upon me with the expression of bewildered, half-incredulous amazement that had not left her face since I introduced myself at the door. Finally she said, "How did you ever get here?"

I replied that I had come on horseback over the mountains from Stretinsk (Stray'tinsk).

"But how were you ever *allowed* to come here?"

"I was not allowed," I replied. "I came here without anybody's knowledge. I have been in Kara almost a week, and this is the first opportunity I have had to get out of doors unwatched."

I then told her that I had come to Siberia to investigate the life of the political convicts, and gave her a brief account of my previous Siberian experience. She looked at me like one half dazed by the shock of some great and sudden surprise. Finally she said, speaking for the first time in English: "Excuse me for staring at you so, and pardon me if I have not seemed to welcome you cordially; but I

MADAM SUKHOMLINA, A MEMBER OF THE FREE COMMAND.

can hardly believe that I am awake. I am so excited and astonished that I don't know what I am doing or saying. You are the first foreigner that I have seen since my exile, and your sudden appearance here, and in my house, is such an extraordinary event in my life that it has completely overwhelmed me. I feel as Livingstone must have felt when Stanley found him in Central Africa. How did the remarkable idea of coming to Siberia and investigating the life of the political convicts ever enter your head?"

I was answering her questions in English, when I heard a feeble and broken voice, which seemed to come from behind the oven, inquiring, in Russian, "Who is there, Nathalie? With whom are you talking?"

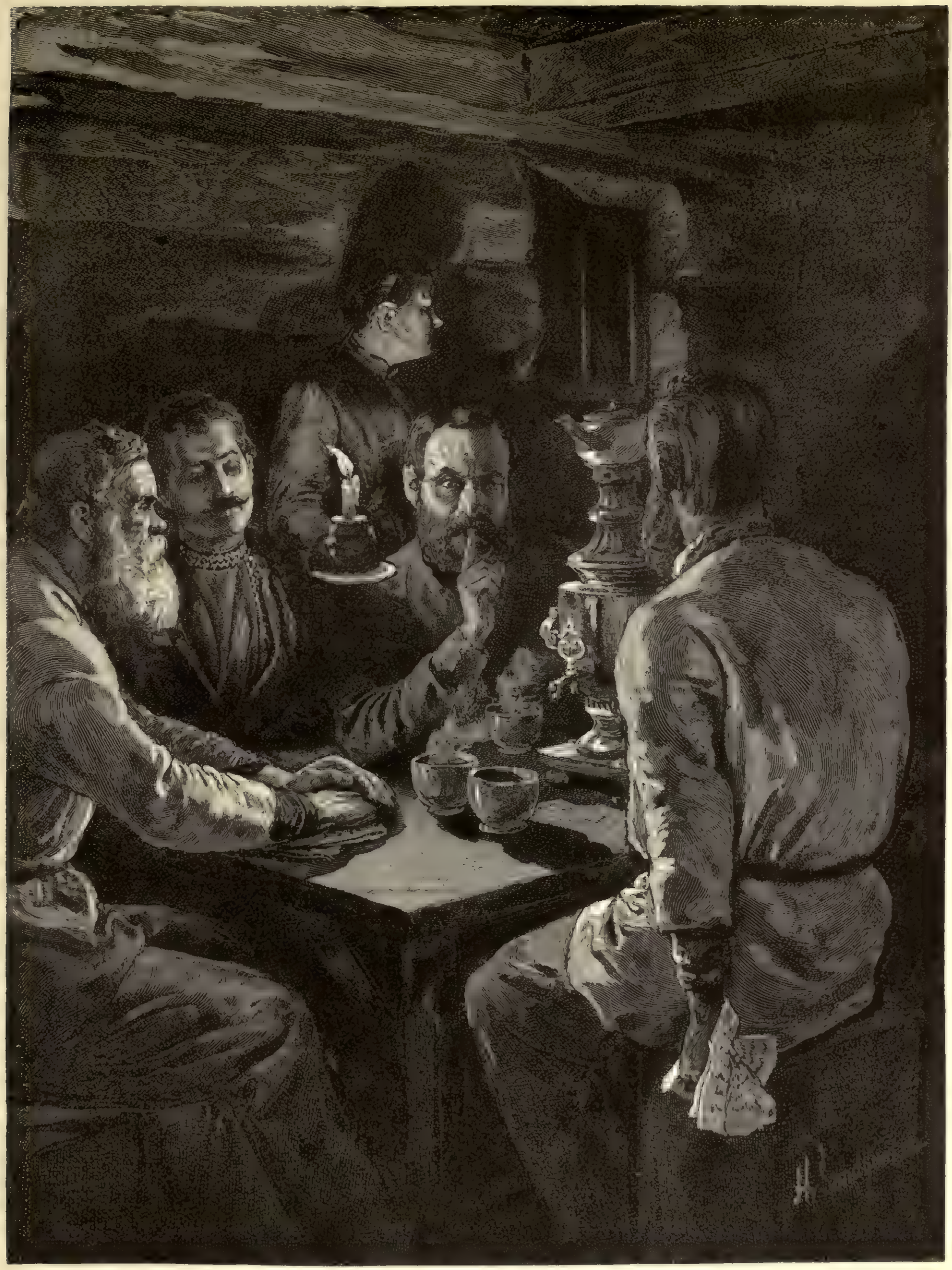
"It is an American traveler, mother, who has found us even here at the mines."

The feeble voice was that of Miss Armfeldt's mother, who had been asleep on a cot bed behind a low partition that partly screened the oven and who had been awakened by our conversation. In a moment she came out to greet me — a worn, broken woman, sixty or sixty-five years of age, with soft gray hair and a refined, gentle, intelligent face, but a face deeply lined by care and grief. Her eyes were swollen, with heavy, dark semicircles under them, as if she had spent many long, weary nights in weeping. It filled my heart with sympathy and pity merely to look at her. I had never seen so sad, hopeless, grief-stricken a face.

I spent half an hour with the Armfeldts and then left them, promising to return at a later hour in the evening, when Miss Armfeldt said she would have the other members of the free command there to meet me. Flushed with nervous excitement, I hurried back to Major Potulof's house, where I found dinner waiting for me. Every now and then in the course of the meal Mrs. Potulof would look at me with a curious expression in her face, as if she wondered what I had been doing all the afternoon; but apparently she could not summon up resolution enough to ask me, and it did not become necessary, therefore, for the recording angel to drop any more tears upon my already blotted record.

At 7 o'clock I went back to the Armfeldts', where I found a political convict named Kurteyef (Koor-tay′eff) and a pale, delicate young woman, who was introduced to me as Madam Kolenkina (Ko-len′kin-ah). I recognized the latter by name as one of the revolutionists sent to the mines for alleged complicity in the plot to assassinate General Mezzentsef (Mez′zen-tseff), the St. Petersburg chief of police, but I was surprised to find her so young, delicate, and harmless-looking a woman. I had been surprised, however, in the same way many times before. The women who have taken an active part in some of the most terrible tragedies of the past fifteen years in St. Petersburg, Moscow, Kiev, and Odessa, who have shown a power of endurance and a stern inflexibility of character rarely found in men, are delicate girls from eighteen to twenty-five years of age, whom I should have taken for teachers in a Sunday-school or rather timid pupils in a female seminary.

One by one the political convicts of the free command began to assemble at Miss Armfeldt's house. Every few minutes a low signal-knock would be heard at one of the window-shutters and Miss Armfeldt would go cautiously to the door, inquire who was there, and when satisfied that it was one of her companions would take down the bar and give him admission. The small, dimly lighted cabin, the strained hush of anxiety and apprehension, the soft, mysterious knocking at the window-shutters, the low but eager conversation, and the group of pale-faced men and women who crowded about me with intense, wondering interest as if I were a man that had just risen from the dead, made me feel like one talking and acting in a strange, vivid dream. There was not, in the whole environment, a single



THE KNOCK AT THE WINDOW-SHUTTER.

suggestion of the real, commonplace, outside world; and when the convicts, with bated breath, began to tell me ghastly stories of cruelty, suffering, insanity, and suicide at the mines, I felt almost as if I had entered the gloomy gate over which Dante saw inscribed the dread warning, " Leave hope behind."

About 9 o'clock, just as I had taken out my note-book and begun to write, a loud, imperative knock was heard at the side window-shutter. Madam Kolenkina exclaimed in a low, hoarse whisper, " It 's the gendarmes! Don't let them come in. Tell them who of us are here, and perhaps they 'll be satisfied." Everybody was silent, and it seemed to me that I could hear my heart beat while Miss Armfeldt went to the door and with cool self-possession said to the gendarmes, " We are all here: my mother, I, Kurteyef, Madam Kolenkina, and" — the other names I could not catch. After a moment's parley the gendarmes seemed to go away, Miss Armfeldt shut and re-barred the door, and coming back into the room said with a smile, "They were satisfied; they did n't insist on coming in." Then, turning to me, she added in English: "The gendarmes visit us three times a day to see what we are doing and to make sure that we have not escaped. Their visits, however, have grown to be formal, and they do not always come in."

Conversation was then resumed, and for two hours or more I listened to stories of convict life in prison, on the road, or at the mines, and answered, as well as I could, the eager questions of the convicts with regard to the progress of the Russian revolutionary movement. In the course of the talk my attention was accidentally attracted to a person whom I had not particularly noticed before and to whom I had not been introduced. It was a man thirty or thirty-five years of age, with a colorless, strangely vacant face and large, protruding blue eyes. He had seated himself on a low wooden stool directly in front of me, had rested his elbows on his knees with his chin in his open hands, and was staring up at me with a steady and at the same time expressionless gaze in which there seemed to be something unnatural and uncanny. At the first pause in the conversation he said to me abruptly, but in a strange, drawling, monotonous tone, "We — have — a — graveyard — of — our — own — here.— Would — you — like — to — see — it?"

I was so surprised and startled by his manner and by the nature of his question that I did not for a moment reply; but the conviction suddenly flashed upon me that it was a political convict who had lost his reason. As the knocking at the gate after the murder in Macbeth seemed to De Quincey to deepen the emotions excited by the tragedy and to reflect back a sort of added horror upon all that had preceded it, so this strange, unprompted question, with its suggestions of insanity and death, seemed to render more vivid and terrible the stories of human suffering that I had just heard, and to intensify all the emotions roused in my mind by the great tragedy of penal servitude.

I remained with the political convicts that night until after midnight, and then walked home with my blood in a fever that even the frosty atmosphere of a semi-arctic night could not cool. Everybody had gone to bed except Mr. Frost, who was watching anxiously for my return. I threw myself on the divan in my room and tried to get to sleep; but all that I had just seen and heard kept surging through my mind, and it was morning before I finally lost consciousness.

George Kennan.

ON THE INDIAN RESERVATIONS.

APACHE SOLDIER, OR SCOUT.

I WAS camping with a couple of prospectors one night some years ago on the south side of the Pinal Range in Arizona Territory. We were seated beside our little cooking fire about 9 o'clock in the evening engaged in smoking and drowsily discussing the celerity of movement displayed by Geronimo, who had at last been heard of down in Sonora, and might be already far away from there, even in our neighborhood. Conversation lapsed at last, and puffing our pipes and lying on our backs we looked up into the dark branches of the trees above. I think I was making a sluggish calculation of the time necessary for the passage of a far-off star behind the black trunk of an adjacent tree when I felt moved to sit up. My breath went with the look I gave, for, to my unbounded astonishment and consternation, there sat three Apaches on the opposite side of our fire with their rifles across their laps. My comrades also saw them, and, old, hardened frontiersmen as they were, they positively gasped in amazement.

"Heap hungry," ejaculated one of the savage apparitions, and again relapsed into silence.

As we were not familiar with Mr. Geronimo's countenance we thought we could see the old villain's features in our interlocutor's, and we began to get our artillery into shape.

APACHE.

YUMA APACHE.

The savages, in order to allay the disturbance which they had very plainly created, now explained.

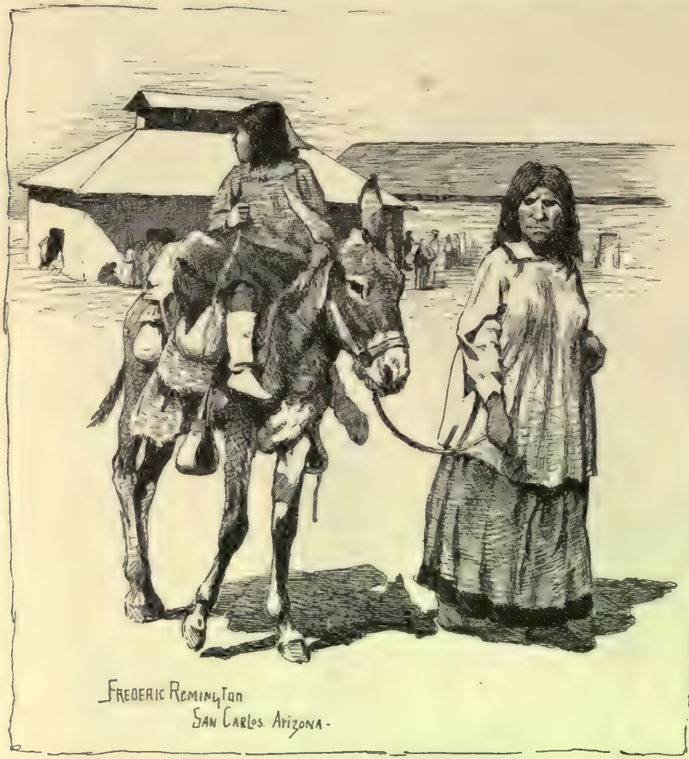
"We White Mountain. No want fight—want flour."

They got the flour in generous quantities, it is needless to add, and although we had previously been very sleepy, we now sat up and entertained our guests until they stretched themselves out and went to sleep. We pretended to do the same. During that night I never closed my eyes, but watched, momentarily expecting to see more visitors come gliding out of the darkness. I should not have been surprised even to see an Apache drop from a branch above me.

They left us in the morning, with a blessing couched in the style of forcible speech that my Rocky Mountain friends affected on unusual occasions. I mused over the occurrence; for while it brought no more serious consequences than the loss of some odd pounds of bacon and flour, yet there was a warning in the way those Apaches could usurp the prerogatives of ghosts, and ever after that I used to mingle undue proportions of discretion with my valor.

Apaches are wont to lurk about in the rocks and *chaparral* with the stealth of coyotes, and they have always been the most dangerous of all the Indians of the Western country. They are not at all valorous in their methods of war, but are none the less effective. In the hot desert and vast rocky ranges of their country no white man can ever catch them by direct pursuit. Since railroads and the telegraph have entered their territory, and military posts have been thoroughly established, a very rigorous military system has kept them in the confines of the San Carlos reservation, and there is no longer the same fear that the next dispatches may bring news of another outbreak. But the troopers under General Miles always had their cartridge-belts filled and their saddle-pockets packed, ready at any hour of the day to jump out on a hostile trail.

The affairs of the San Carlos agency are administered at present by an army officer, Captain Bullis of the Twenty-fourth Infantry. As I have observed him in the discharge of



APACHE WOMAN WITH RATIONS.

his duties I have had no doubt that he pays high life insurance premiums. He does not seem to fear the beetle-browed pack of murderers with whom he has to deal, for he has spent his life in command of Indian scouts, and not only understands their character, but has gotten out of the habit of fearing anything. If the deeds of this officer had been done on civilized battlefields instead of in silently leading a pack of savages over the desert waste of the Rio Grande or the Staked Plain, they would have gotten him his niche in the temple of fame. Alas! they are locked up in the gossip of the army mess-room, and end in the soldiers' matter-of-fact joke about how Bullis used to eat his provisions in the field, opening one can a day from the packs, and, whether it was peaches or corned-beef, making it suffice. The Indians regard him as almost supernatural, and speak of the "Whirlwind" with many grunts of admiration as they narrate his wonderful achievements.

The San Carlos reservation, over which he has supervision, is a vast tract of desert and mountain, and near the center of it, on the Gila River, is a great flat plain where the long, low adobe buildings of the agency are built. Lines of white tents belonging to the cantonment form a square to the north. I arrived at this place one evening, after a hot and tiresome march, in company with a cavalry command. I found a good bunk in the tent of an army officer whose heart went out to the man in search of the picturesque, and I was invited to destroy my rations that evening at the long table of the officers' mess, wondering much at the culinary miracles performed by the Chinamen who presided over its destinies. The San Carlos is a hotter place than I ever intend to visit again. A man who is used to breathing the fresh air of New York Bay is in no condition to enjoy at one and the same time the dinner and the Turkish bath which accompanies it. However, army officers are as entertaining in their way as poets, and I managed to be both stoical and appreciative.

On the following morning I got out my sketch-book, and taking my host into my confidence, I explained my plans for action. The captain discontinued brushing his hair and looked me over with a humorous twinkle in his eyes. "Young man," he said, "if you desire to wear a long, gray beard you must make away with the idea that you are in Venice."

I remembered that the year before a Blackfoot upon the Bow River had shown a desire to tomahawk me because I was endeavoring to immortalize him. After a long and tedious course of diplomacy it is at times possible to get one of these people to gaze in a defiant and fearful way down the mouth of a camera; but to stand still until a man draws his picture on paper or canvas is a proposition which no Apache will entertain for a moment. With the help of two officers, who stood up close to me, I was enabled to make rapid sketches of the scenes and people; but my manner at last aroused suspicion, and my game would vanish like a covey of quail. From the parade in front of our tent I could see the long lines of horses, mules, and burros trooping into the agency from all quarters. Here was my feast. Ordinarily the Indians are scattered for forty miles in every direction; but this was ration-day, and they all were together. After breakfast we walked down. Hundreds of ponies, caparisoned in all sorts of fantastic ways, were standing around. Young girls of the San Carlos tribe flitted about, attracting my attention by the queer ornaments which, in token of their virginity, they wear in their hair. Tall Yuma bucks galloped past with their long hair flying out behind. The squaws crowded around the exit and received the great chunks of beef which a native butcher threw to them. Indian scouts in military coats and armed with rifles stood about to preserve order. Groups of old women sat on the hot ground and gossiped. An old chief, with a very respectable amount of adipose under his cartridge-belt, galloped up to our group and was introduced as Esquimezeu. We shook hands.

DISTRIBUTION OF BEEF AT SAN CARLOS AGENCY.

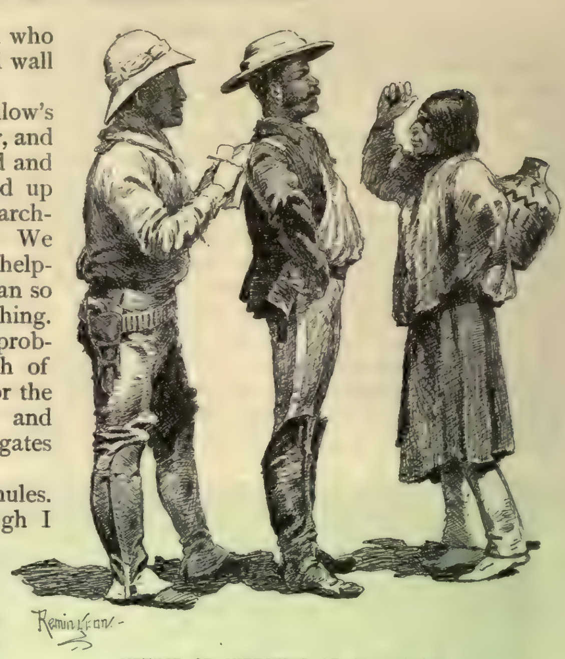
These Indians have natural dignity, and it takes very little knowledge of manners for them to appear well. The Apaches have no expression for a good-bye or a greeting, and they never shake hands among themselves; but they consider handshaking an important ceremony among white men, and in their intercourse with them attach great importance to it. I heard an officer say that he had once seen an Apache come home after an absence of months: he simply stepped into the jicail, sat down without a word, and began rolling a cigarette.

The day was very hot, and we retired to the shade of Captain Bullis's office. He sat there with a big sombrero pulled over his eyes and listened to the complaints of the Indians against one another. He relegated certain offenders to the guard-house, granted absolute divorces, and probated wills with a bewildering rapidity. The interpreter struggled with his English; the parties at law eyed one another with villainous hate, and knives and rifles glistened about in a manner suggestive of the fact that the court of last resort was always in session. Among these people men are constantly killing one another, women are carried off, and feuds are active at all times. Few of these cases come before the agent if the parties think they can better adjust their own difficulties by the blood-atonement process, but the weak and the helpless often appeal.

After leaving the office and going some distance we were startled by a gun-shot from the direction of the room we had just left. We started back. The negro soldiers of the guard came running past; the Indians became excited; and every one was armed in a minute. A giant officer of infantry, with a white helmet on his head, towered above the throng as he forced his way through the gathering mass of Indians. Every voice was hushed, and every one expected anything imaginable to happen. The Indians began to come out of the room, the smoke eddying over their heads, and presently the big red face and white helmet of the infantry officer appeared. "It 's nothing, boys — only an accidental discharge of a gun." In three minutes things were going on as quietly as before.

Captain Bullis sauntered up to us, and tipping his hat on one side meditatively scratched his head as he pointed to an old wretch who sat wrapped in a sheet against the mud wall of the agency.

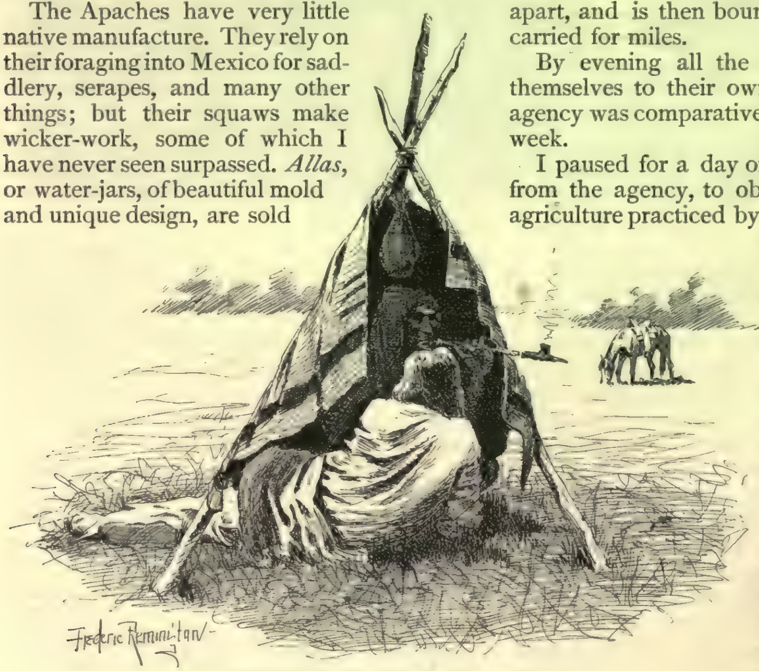
"There 's a problem. That old fellow's people won't take care of him any longer, and they steal his rations. He 's blind and old and can't take care of himself." We walked up and regarded the aged being, whose parchment skin reminded us of a mummy. We recoiled at the filth, we shuddered at his helplessness, and we pitied this savage old man so steeped in misery; but we could do nothing. I know not how the captain solved his problem. Physical suffering and the anguish of cast-off old age are the compensations for the self-reliant savage warrior who dozes and dreams away his younger days and relegates the toil to those within his power.



METHOD OF SKETCHING AT SAN CARLOS.

We strolled among the horses and mules. They would let me sketch them, though I thought the half-wild beasts also shrunk away from the baleful gaze of the white man with his bit of paper. Broncos, mules, and burros stood about, with bags of flour tied on their saddles and great chunks of meat dripping blood over their unkempt sides. These woe-begone beasts find scant pasture in their desert home, and are banged about by their savage masters until ever-present evils triumph over equine philosophy. Fine navy blankets and articles of Mexican manufacture were stretched over some of the saddles, the latter probably obtained in a manner not countenanced by international law.

The Apaches have very little native manufacture. They rely on their foraging into Mexico for saddlery, serapes, and many other things; but their squaws make wicker-work, some of which I have never seen surpassed. *Allas*, or water-jars, of beautiful mold and unique design, are sold to any one who desires to buy them at a price which seems absurdly mean when the great labor expended on them is considered. But Apache labor is cheap when Apaches will work at all. The women bring into the cantonment great loads of hay on their backs, which is sold to the cavalry. It is all cut with a knife from bunches which grow about six inches apart, and is then bound up like wheat and carried for miles.



WICHITAS SMOKING THEIR MEDICINE.

By evening all the Indians had betaken themselves to their own rancherias, and the agency was comparatively deserted for another week.

I paused for a day on the Gila, some miles from the agency, to observe the methods of agriculture practiced by the San Carlos Indian tribe. The Gila River bottoms are bounded on each side by bluffs, and on these the Indians build their brush jicails. High above the stifling heat of the low ground the hot winds from the desert blow through the leafy bowers which they inhabit. As they wear no clothing except breech-cloth and moccasins, they enjoy comparative comfort. The squaws go back and forth between their jicails and the river carrying wicker allas filled with muddy water, and the whole people seek the river and the system of irrigating ditches at evening time to turn the water over the parched ground and nourish the corn, wheat, and vegetables which grow there. Far up the valley the distant *stump* of a musket-shot reaches our ears; then another comes from a nearer point, and still another. Two or three women begin to take away the boards of an acequia dam near as the water rises to their knees, and with a final tug the deepening water rushes through. "Bang!" goes the Springfield carbine of an Indian standing at my elbow, and after some moments another gun-shot comes to our ears from below. As the minutes pass the reports come fainter and fainter, until we are just conscious of the sounds far off down the valley.

INDIAN TERRITORY APACHES PLAYING MONTE.

The pile of straw round which a mounted Indian has been driving half a dozen horses all day in order to stamp out the grain has lowered now until he will have but an hour's work more in the morning. He stops his beasts and herds them off to the hills to graze. The procession of barefooted men and of women bearing jars comes winding over the fields towards their humble habitations on the bluffs. The sun sinks behind the distant Sierras, and the beautiful quiet tones of the afterglow spread over the fields and the water. As I stand there watching the scene I can almost imagine that I see Millet's peasants; but, alas! I know too well the difference.

My companion, a lieutenant of cavalry, and I bethink ourselves to go back to the camps of these people to spend an evening; so, leaving the troopers about their fires, we take our way in company with an old Government Indian scout to his own jicail. The frugal evening meal was soon disposed of, and taking our cigarettes we sat on the bluffs and smoked. A traveler in the valley looking up at the squatting forms of men against the sky would have remembered the great strength of chiaroscuro in some of Doré's drawings and to himself have said that this was very like it.

I doubt if he would have discerned the difference between the two white men who came from the bustling world so far away and the dark-skinned savages who seemed a sympathetic part of nature there, as mute as any of its rocks and as incomprehensible to the white man's mind as any beast which roams its barren wastes.

It grew dark, and we forbore to talk. Presently, as though to complete the strangeness of the situation, the measured "thump, thump, thump" of the tom-tom came from the vicinity of a fire some short distance away. One wild voice raised itself in strange discordant sounds, dropped low, and then rose again, swelling into shrill yelps, in which others joined. We listened, and the wild sounds to our accustomed ears became almost tuneful and harmonious. We drew nearer, and by the little flickering light of the fire discerned half-naked forms huddled with uplifted faces in a small circle around the tom-tom. The fire cut queer lights on their rugged outlines, the waves of sound rose and fell, and the "thump, thump, thump, thump" of the tom-tom kept a binding time. We grew in sympathy with the strange concert, and sat down some distance off and listened for hours. It was more enjoyable in its way than any trained chorus I have ever heard.

The performers were engaged in making medicine for the growing crops, and the concert was a religious rite, which, however crude to us, was entered into with a faith that was attested by the vigor of the performance. All savages seem imbued with the religious feeling, and everything in nature that they do not comprehend is supernatural. Yet they know so much about her that one often wonders why they cannot reason further.

The one thing about our aborigines which interests me most is their peculiar method of thought. With all due deference to much scientific investigation which has been lavished upon them, I believe that no white man can ever penetrate the mystery of their mind or explain the reason of their acts.

The red man is a mass of glaring incongruities. He loves and hates in such strange fashions, and is constant and inconstant at such unusual times, that I often think he has no mental process, but is the creature of impulse. The searching of the ethnologist must not penetrate his thoughts too rapidly, or he will find that he is reasoning for the Indian, and not with him.

THE COMANCHES.

COMANCHE.

After coming from the burning sands of Arizona the green stretches of grass and the cloud-flecked sky of northern Texas were very agreeable. At a little town called Henrietta I had entered into negotiations with a Texas cowboy to drive me over certain parts of the Indian Territory. He rattled up to my quarters in the early morning with a covered spring-wagon drawn by two broncos so thin and small and ugly that my sympathies were aroused, and I protested that they were not able to do the work.

The driver, a smart young fellow with his hat brim knocked jauntily back in front, assured me that "They can pull your freight, and you can bet on it." I have learned not to trust to appearances regarding Western ponies, and so I clambered in and we took up our way.

The country was a beautiful rolling plain, covered with rank, green grass and dotted with dried flowers. Heavily timbered creeks interlaced the view and lessened its monotony. The sun was hot, and the driver would nod, go fast asleep, and nearly fall out of the wagon. The broncos would quiet down to a walk, when he would suddenly awake, get out his black snake whip, and roar "mule language" at the lazy creatures. He was a good fellow and full of interest, had made the Montana trail three times with the Hash Knife outfit, and was full of the quaint expressions and pointed methods of reasoning peculiar to Western Americans. He gave me volumes of information concerning Comanches and Indians in general; and while his point of view was too close for a philosophical treatment of the case, he had a knowledge of details which carried him through. Speaking of their diet, he "allowed anything 's grub to an Injun, jus' so it hain't pisen."

We came at last to the Red River, and I then appreciated why it was called red, for its water is absolutely the reddest thing I ever saw in nature. The soil thereabouts is red, and the water is colored by it. We forded the river, and the little horses came so near sticking fast in the middle that my cowboy jumped out up to his waist and calmly requested me to do the same. I did, but to the ruin of a pair of white corduroys. We got through, however, and were in the Territory. Great quantities of plums, which the Indians gather, grow near the river.

In due course of time we came in sight of Fort Sill, which is built of stone, in a square around a parade of grass, and perched on rising ground. The plains about were dotted with the skulls of cattle killed for ration day. Sheds of poles covered with branches dotted the plains, and on our right the "big timber" of Catch Creek looked invitingly cool.

At Fort Sill I became acquainted with Mr. Horace P. Jones the Comanche interpreter, who has lived with that tribe for thirty-one years. He is an authority on the subject of Indians, and I tried to profit by his knowledge. He spoke of one strange characteristic of the Comanche language which makes their speech almost impossible to acquire. Nearly all Comanches are named after some object in nature, and when one dies the name of the object after which he was named is changed and the old word is never spoken again. Mr. Jones often uses one of the words which a recent death has made obsolete, and is met with muttered protestations from his Indian hearers. He therefore has to skirmish round and find the substitute for the outlawed word.

The Comanches are great travelers, and

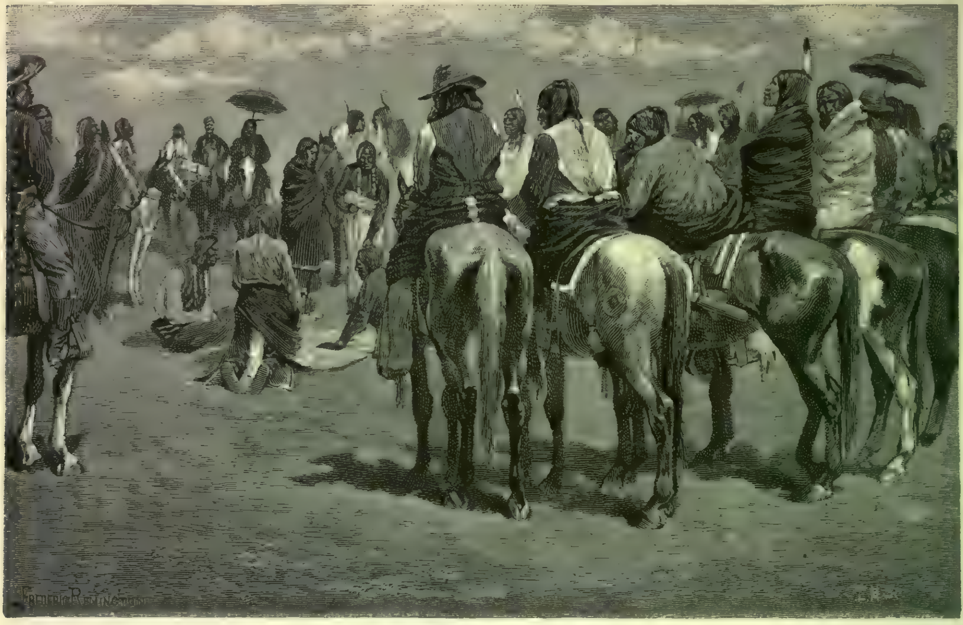
A COMANCHE.

wander more than any other tribe. Mr. Jones has known Comanches to go to California, and as far south as Central America, on trips extending over years. They are a jolly, round-faced people, who speak Spanish, and often have Mexican blood in their veins—the result of stolen Mexican women, who have been ingrafted into the tribe.

The Comanches are less superstitious than Indians are generally. They apply an amount of good sense to their handling of horses which I have never seen among Indians elsewhere. They breed intelligently, and produce some of the most beautiful "painted" ponies imaginable. They take very good care of them, and in buying and selling have no lessons to learn from Yankee horse-traders. They still live in lodges, but will occupy a good house if they can obtain one. About this thing they reason rather well; for in their visits to the Caddoes and the Shawnees they observe the squalid huts in the damp woods, with razor-back hogs contesting the rights of occupancy with their masters, and they say that the tepee is cleaner, and argue that if the Shawnees represent civilization, their own barbarism is the better condition of the two. However, they see the good in civilization and purchase umbrellas, baby-carriages, and hats, and of late years leave the Winchester at home; although, like the Texan, a Comanche does not feel well dressed without a large Colt strapped about his waist. Personal effects are all sacrificed at the death of their owners, though these Indians no longer destroy the horses, and they question whether the houses which are built for them by the Government should be burned upon the death of the tenant. Three or four have been allowed to stand, and if no dire results follow the matter will regulate itself.

The usual corps of Indian scouts is camped under the walls of Fort Sill, and is equally divided between the Comanches and the Kiowas. They are paid, rationed, and armed by the Government, and are used to hunt up stray Government horses, carry messages, make arrests among their own people, and follow the predatory Texas cowboy who comes into the Territory to build up his fortunes by driving off horses and selling corn-juice to the Indians.

The Comanches are beginning to submit to arrests without the regulation exchange of fusillade; but they have got the worst of Texas law so long that one cannot blame them for being suspicious of the magistracy. The first question a Comanche asks of a white stranger is, "Maybe so you Texas cowboy?" to which I always assure them that I am a Kansas man, which makes our relations easy. To a Comanche all bad men are "Texas cowboys," and all good people are "Kansas men."



IN THE BETTING-RING.

At the scout camp I was allowed to sketch to my heart's content, and the people displayed great interest in the proceedings.

The morning of the Fourth of July found Mr. Jones and me in the saddle and on the way to the regulation celebration at the agency below the post. The Fourth of July and Christmas are the "white man's big Sundays" to the Indians, and they always expect the regular horse-race appropriations. The cavalrymen contribute purses and the Indians run their ponies. Extra beeves are killed, and the red men have always a great regard for the "big Sundays."

As we approach the agency it is the hour for the race, and the throng moves to some level plain near, where a large ring is formed by the Indians on horseback.

An elderly Indian of great dignity of presence steps into the ring, and with a graceful movement throws his long red blanket to the ground and drops on his knees before it, to receive the wagers of such as desire to make them. Men walk up and throw in silver dollars and every sort of personal property imaginable. A Winchester rifle and a large nickel-plated Colt's revolver are laid on the grass near me by a cowboy and an Indian, and then each goes away. It was a wager, and I thought they might well have confidence in their stakeholder —mother earth. Two ponies, tied head and head, were led aside and left, horse against horse. No excitement seemed to prevail. Near me a little half-Mexican Comanche boy began to disrobe until he stood clad only in shirt and breech-cloth. His father addressed some whispered admonition and then led up a roan pony, prancing with impatience and evidently fully conscious of the work cut out for him that day. With a bound the little fellow landed on the neck of the pony only half way up; but his toes caught on the upper muscles of the pony's leg, and like a monkey he clambered up and was in his seat. The pony was as bare as a wild horse except for a bridle, and loped away with his graceful little rider sitting like a rock. No, not like a rock, but limp and unconcerned, and as full of the motion of the horse as the horse's tail or any other part of him.

KIOWA BUCK STARTING A RACE.

A Kiowa with loose hair and great coarse face broke away from the group and galloped up the prairie until he stopped at what was to be the starting-point, at the usual distance of "two arrow flights and a pitch." He was followed by half a dozen ponies at an easy lope, bearing their half-naked jockeys. The Indian spectators sat about on their ponies, as unmoved in countenance as oysters, being natural gamblers, and stoical as such should be, while the cowboys whispered among themselves.

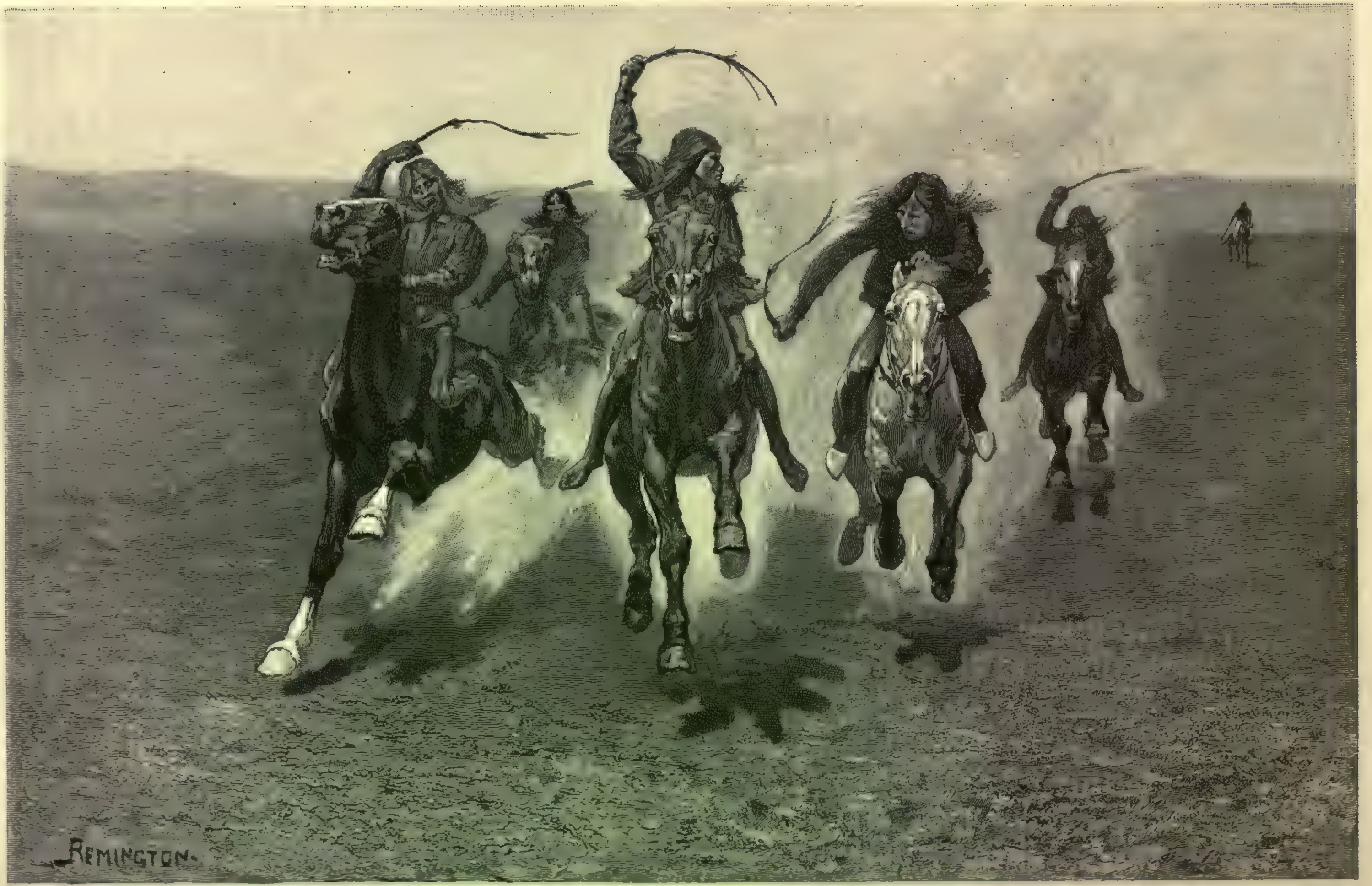
"That 's the bay stallion there," said one man to me, as he pointed to a racer, "and he 's never been beaten. It 's his walk-over, and I 've got my gun up on him with an Injun."

It was to be a flying start, and they jockeyed a good deal and could not seem to get off. But presently a puff of smoke came from the rifle held aloft by the Kiowa starter, and his horse reared. The report reached us, and with a scurry the five ponies came away from the scratch, followed by a cloud of dust. The *quirts* flew through the air at every jump. The ponies bunched and pattered away at a nameless rate, for the quarter-race pony is quick of stride. Nearer and nearer they came, the riders lying low on their horses' necks, whipping and ki-yi-yi-ing. The dust in their wake swept backward and upward, and with a rush they came over the scratch, with the roan pony ahead and my little Mexican fellow holding his quirt aloft, and his little eyes snapping with the nervous excitement of the great event. He had beaten the invincible bay stallion, the pride of this Comanche tribe, and as he rode back to his father his face had the settled calm which nothing could penetrate, and which befitted his dignity as a young runner.

Far be it from these quaint people ever to lose their blankets, their horses, their heroism, in order to stalk behind a plow in a pair of canvas overalls and a battered silk hat. Now they are great in their way; but then, how miserable! But I have confidence that they will not retrograde. They can live and be successful as a pastoral people, but not as sheep herders, as some great Indian department reformer once thought when he placed some thousands of these woolly idiots at their disposal.

The Comanches travel about too much and move too fast for sheep; but horses and cattle they do have and can have so long as they retain possession of their lands. But if the Government sees fit to consecrate their lands to the "man with the hoe," then, alas! good-bye to all their greatness.

Bidding adieu to my friends at Fort Sill, I



INDIAN HORSE-RACE — COMING OVER THE SCRATCH.

"pulled out" for Anadarko on the Washita, where the head agency of the Comanches, Kiowas, and Wichitas is located. The little ponies made bad work of the sandy roads. Kiowa houses became more numerous along the road, and there is evidence that they farm more than the brother tribe, but they are not so attractive a people. Of course the tepee is pitched in the front yard and the house is used as a kind of out-building. The medicine-bags were hanging from the tripod of poles near by, and an occasional buck was lying on his back "smoking his medicine"—a very comfortable form of devotion.

We saw the grass houses of the Wichitas, which might be taken for ordinary haystacks. As they stand out on the prairie surrounded by wagons, agricultural implements, and cattle, one is caught wondering where is the remainder of the farm which goes with this farm-yard.

These Territory Apaches are very different from their brothers of the mountains. They are good-looking, but are regarded contemptuously by other Indians and also by the traders. They are treacherous, violent, and most cunning liars and thieves. I spent an evening in one of their tepees watching a game of monte, and the gambling passion was developed almost to insanity. They sat and glared at the cards, their dark faces gleaming with avarice, cunning, and excitement. I thought then that the good white men who would undertake to make Christian gentlemen and honest tillers of the soil out of this material would contract for a job to subvert the process of nature.

Our little ponies, recuperated by some grain and rest, were once more hooked up, and the cowboy and I started for Fort Reno to see the Arrapahoes and the Cheyennes, hoping to meet them far along on "the white man's road."[1]

Frederic Remington.

CASCO BAY.

IF e'er you sail on Casco Bay
When fields are green and skies are sweet,
And watch the foam-capped waves at play
Where land and sea touch hands and greet,
As friend with friend, in rude delight,
Your soul, like birds at break of day,
Will rise for many a joyous flight
Midst summer isles of Casco Bay:
Of Casco Bay! Sweet Casco Bay!
Where life is joy and love at play
Midst summer isles of Casco Bay.

Oh, wild and glad and circling far,
The ripples sparkle from your prow
As silvery laughter from a star
When Venus decks the evening's brow;
And where the islands stand apart
The ocean waves roll in to pay
Some tribute from the sea's great heart
To gentle, queenly Casco Bay:
To Casco Bay! Dear Casco Bay!
Your soul imbibes the salt-sea spray
And sings with lovely Casco Bay.

Down smiling channels shadows run
And shimmer on the green-blue tides;
And, booming like a far-off gun,
Where Harpswell sea from sea divides,
You hear the breakers' sullen roar
And watch the waves ascend in spray
While all around, behind, before,
The white sails swell on Casco Bay:
On Casco Bay! Fair Casco Bay!
The white sails fill and bear away
The happy ships on Casco Bay.

Benjamin S. Parker.

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[1] See "Open Letter" by Hamilton W. Mabie in this number of THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.—EDITOR.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN: A HISTORY.[1]

LINCOLN RENOMINATED—THE WADE-DAVIS MANIFESTO—HORACE GREELEY'S PEACE MISSION.

BY JOHN G. NICOLAY AND JOHN HAY, PRIVATE SECRETARIES TO THE PRESIDENT.

LINCOLN RENOMINATED.

IN other chapters we have mentioned the unavailing efforts made by a few politicians to defeat the will of the people which everywhere demanded the renomination of Mr. Lincoln. These efforts were worth studying as manifestations of eccentric human nature, but they never had the least effect upon the great currents of public opinion. Death alone could have prevented the choice of Mr. Lincoln by the Union convention. So absolute and universal was this tendency that most of the politicians made no effort to direct or guide it; they simply exerted themselves to keep in the van and not be overwhelmed. The convention was to meet on the 7th of June, but the irregular nominations of the President began at the feast of the Epiphany. The first convention of the year was held in New Hampshire on the 6th of January—for the nomination of State officers. It had properly no concern with the National nominations. The convention consisted in great part of the friends of Mr. Chase, and those employees of the Treasury Department whose homes were in New Hampshire had come together determined to smother any mistimed demonstration for the President; but the first mention of his name set the assembly on fire, and before the chairman knew what he was doing the convention had declared in favor of the renomination of Lincoln. The same day a far more important demonstration came to the surface in Pennsylvania. The State legislature met on the 5th of January, and the following day a paper, prepared in advance, addressed to the President, requesting him to accept a second term of the Presidency, began to be circulated among the Union members. Not one to whom it was presented declined to sign it. Within a day or two it received the signature of every Union member of the Senate and the House of Pennsylvania, and Mr. Simon Cameron, transmitting it to the President on the 14th of January, could say:

> You are now fairly launched on your second voyage, and of its success I am as confident as ever I was of anything in my life. Providence has decreed your reëlection, and no combination of the wicked can prevent it.[2]

This remarkable address began by congratulating the President upon the successes of the recent election, which were generously ascribed to the policy of his Administration. Referring to the Republican victory in their own State, the members of the legislature said:

> If the voice of Pennsylvania became thus potential in indorsing the policy of your Administration, we consider that, as the representatives of those who have so completely indorsed your official course, we are only responding to their demands when we thus publicly announce our unshaken preference for your reëlection to the Presidency in 1864.

This preference is justified by them purely on public grounds.

> To make a change in the Administration until its authority has been fully reëstablished in the revolted States would be to give the enemies of the Government abroad a pretext for asserting that the Government had failed at home. To change the policy in operation to crush rebellion and restore the land to peace would be to afford the traitors in arms time to gather new strength—if not for immediate victory, at least for ultimate success in their efforts permanently to dissolve the Union. . . . We do not make this communication at this time to elicit from you any expression of opinion on this subject. Having confidence in your patriotism, we believe that you will abide the decision of the friends of the Union, and yield consent to any honorable use which they may deem proper to make of your name in order to secure the greatest good to the country and the speediest success to our arms. . . . Expressing what we feel to be the language not only of our own constituents, but also of the people of all the loyal States, we claim to indulge the expectation that you will yield to the preference which has already made you the people's candidate for the Presidency in 1864.

In every gathering of the supporters of the Union the same irrepressible sentiment broke forth. The "New York Times" on the 15th of January clearly expressed the general feeling:

> The same wise policy which would forbid a man of business in troublous times to change his agent of proved efficiency, impels the loyal people of our

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[2] Cameron to Lincoln, Jan. 14, 1864. MS.

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> country to continue President Lincoln in his responsible position; and against the confirmed will of the people politicians are powerless.

The sentiment was so potent in its pressure upon the politicians that they everywhere gave way and broke into premature indorsement of the nomination. The Union Central Committee of New York held a special meeting and unanimously recommended the renomination of the President. Senator Morgan, sending this news to Mr. Lincoln, added:

> It is going to be difficult to restrain the boys, and there is not much use in trying to do so.[1]

At a local election some of the ward tickets were headed, with an irrelevancy which showed the spirit of the hour, "For President of the United States in 1864, Abraham Lincoln." From one end to the other of the country these spontaneous nominations joyously echoed one another. Towards the close of January the radical legislature of Kansas, with but one dissenting voice, passed through both its Houses a resolution renominating Lincoln. All through the next month these demonstrations continued. The Union members of the New Jersey legislature united in an address to the President, saying:

> Without any disparagement of the true men who surround you, and whose counsels you have shared, believing that you are the choice of the people, whose servants we are, and firmly satisfied that they desire and intend to give you four years for a policy of peace, we present your name as the candidate for President of the American people in 1864.[2]

Connecticut instructed her delegates by resolutions on the 17th of February; Maryland, Minnesota, and Colorado expressed in the same way the sentiment of their people. Wisconsin and Indiana made haste to range themselves with the other Northern States; and Ohio seized the opportunity to put a stop to the restless ambition of her favorite son by a resolution of the Republican members of the legislature declaring that "the people of Ohio, and her soldiers in the army, demand the renomination of Abraham Lincoln to the Presidency"—the members rising to their feet and cheering with uncontrollable clamor when the resolution passed. The State of Maine, on the extreme eastern border, spoke next: early in March, the President received this dispatch, signed by a name afterwards illustrious in our political annals:

> Both branches of the Maine legislature have this day adopted resolutions cordially recommending your renomination. Every Union member voted in favor of them. Maine is a unit for you.
>
> James G. Blaine.

Nowhere except in the State of Missouri was the name of Mr. Lincoln mentioned without overwhelming adhesion, and even in the Missouri Assembly the resolution in favor of his renomination was laid upon the table by a majority of only eight. There had been some anxiety on the part of Mr. Lincoln's friends lest the powerful secret organization called the Union League, which represented the most ardent and vehement Republican sentiment of the country, should fall into the hands of his opponents; but it was speedily seen that out of Missouri these apprehensions were groundless. The Union Leagues of New York, Illinois, and even Vicksburg, where the victory of Grant had allowed the development of a robust Union sentiment, were among the first to declare for the President. The organization in Philadelphia, powerful in wealth, intelligence, and personal influence, so early as the 11th of January had resolved that to the "prudence, sagacity, comprehension, and perseverance of Mr. Lincoln, under the guidance of a benign Providence, the nation is more indebted for the grand results of the war, which Southern rebels have wickedly waged against liberty and the Union, than to any other single instrumentality, and that he is justly entitled to whatever reward it is in the power of the nation to bestow." They declared also:

> That as Mr. Lincoln has had to endure the largest share of the labor required to suppress the rebellion, now rapidly verging to its close, he should also enjoy the largest share of the honors which await those who have contended for the right. They therefore recognize with pleasure the unmistakable indications of the popular will in all the loyal States, and heartily join with their fellow-citizens, without any distinction of party, here and elsewhere, in presenting him as the people's candidate for the Presidency.

The current swept on irresistibly throughout the months of spring. A few opponents of Mr. Lincoln, seeing that he was already nominated the moment the convention should meet, made one last effort to postpone the meeting of the convention until September, knowing that their only reliance was in some possible accident of the summer. So earnest and important a Republican as William Cullen Bryant united with a self-constituted committee of others equally earnest, but not so important, to induce the National Committee to postpone the convention. In their opinion "the country was not now in a position to enter into a Presidential contest; it was clear to them that no nomination could be made with any unanimity so early as June. They thought it best to see what the result of the summer campaign would be, as the wish of the people to continue their present leaders in power would depend very much upon this." The committee, of course, took no notice of this appeal, though it was favored by so strong a Republican authority as the "New York Tribune."[1] The National Committee wisely thought that they might with as much reason take into consideration the request of a committee of prominent citizens to check an impending thunderstorm. All the movements in opposition to Mr. Lincoln were marked with the same naïveté and futility. The secret circular of Senator Pomeroy, the farcical Cleveland convention, the attempt of Mr. Bryant's committee to postpone the convention, were all equally feeble and nugatory in their effect.

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[1] Jan. 4, 1864. MS.

[2] Feb. 18, 1864.

Mr. Lincoln took no measures whatever to promote his candidacy. It is true he did not, like other candidates, assume airs of reluctance or bashfulness. While he discouraged on the part of strangers any suggestions as to his reelection, among his friends he made no secret of his readiness to continue the work he was engaged in, if such should seem to be the general wish. In a private letter to Mr. E. B. Washburne he said: "A second term would be a great honor and a great labor, which together perhaps I would not decline if tendered."[2] To another congressman he is reported to have said: "I do not desire a renomination except for the reason that such action on the part of the Republican party would be the most emphatic indorsement which could be given to the policy of my Administration." We have already mentioned the equanimity with which he treated the efforts of a leading member of his Cabinet to supplant him, and he received in the same manner the frequent suggestions of apprehensive friends that he would do well to beware of Grant. His usual reply was, "If he takes Richmond, let him have it." In reality General Grant was never at any time a competitor for the nomination. Of course, after the battle of Missionary Ridge there was no lack of such suggestions on the part of those who surrounded the victorious general; but he positively refused to put himself in the lists or to give any sanction to the use of his name. The President constantly discouraged on the part of office-holders of the Government, civil or military, any especial eagerness in his behalf. General Schurz wrote, late in February, asking permission to take an active part in the Presidential canvass, to which Mr. Lincoln replied:

> Allow me to suggest that if you wish to remain in the military service, it is very dangerous for you to get temporarily out of it; because, with a major-general once out, it is next to impossible for even the President to get him in again. With my appreciation of your ability and correct principle, of course I would be very glad to have your service for the country in the approaching political canvass; but I fear we cannot properly have it without separating you from the military.[3]

And in a subsequent letter addressed to the same general he said:[4]

> I perceive no objection to your making a political speech when you are where one is to be made; but quite surely speaking in the North and fighting in the South at the same time are not possible; nor could I be justified to detail any officer to the political campaign during its continuance and then return him to the army.[5]

The experience of a hundred years of our politics has shown what perils environ a Presidential candidate who makes speeches. The temptation to flatter the immediate audience, without regard to the ultimate effect of the words spoken, has often proved too strong for the wariest politician to resist. Especially is a candidate in danger when confronting an audience belonging to a special race or class. Mr. Lincoln made no mistake either in 1860 or in 1864. Even when exposed to the strongest possible temptation, the reception of an address from a deputation of a workingmen's association, he preserved his mental balance undisturbed. To such a committee, who approached him on the 21st of March, 1864, he replied by repeating to them the passage from his message of December, 1861, in which the relations of labor and capital are set down with mathematical and logical precision, illuminated by the light of a broad humanity; and he only added to the views thus expressed the following words, than which nothing wiser or more humane has ever been said by social economists:

> None are so deeply interested to resist the present rebellion as the working people. Let them beware of prejudices working division and hostility among themselves. The most notable feature of a disturbance in your city last summer was the hanging of some working people by other working people. It should never be so. The strongest bond of human sympathy, outside of the family relation, should be one uniting all working people, of all nations and

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[1] April 26, 1864.

[2] Oct. 26, 1863. MS.

[3] Lincoln to Schurz, March 13, 1864. MS.

[4] Lincoln to Schurz, March 23, 1864. Autograph MS.

[5] General John A. Logan, in a letter addressed to General W. T. Sherman and published after General Logan's death, said that when he left the army to make speeches in Illinois he did this at the request of the President. We have been unable to find any communication in this sense among Mr. Lincoln's papers. We applied to General Logan's family for the evidence on which the assertion was founded, but received no answer. There is no question that General Logan's statement was made in good faith, and that he believed that in taking a leave and assisting in the political canvass he was acting in accordance with the President's wishes. But Mr. Lincoln's action in other cases was so consistently opposed to this hypothesis, that we can only conclude that General Logan got his impression of what the President desired from some other person than the President himself.

> tongues and kindreds. Nor should this lead to a war upon property or the owners of property. Property is the fruit of labor, property is desirable, is a positive good in the world. That some should be rich shows that others may become rich, and, hence, is just encouragement to industry and enterprise. Let not him who is houseless pull down the house of another, but let him labor diligently and build one for himself, thus by example asserting that his own shall be safe from violence when built.

The politicians who opposed Mr. Lincoln, whether from pure motives or from motives not so pure, met with one common fate: they were almost universally beaten in their own districts by men who, whatever their other incentives, were sufficiently adroit to perceive the sign in which they should conquer. It gave a man all this year a quite unfair advantage in his district to be known as a friend of the President, when his opponent was not equally outspoken; and many of the most radical politicians, seeing in which direction their advantage lay, suddenly turned upon their opponents and vanquished them in the President's name. General Lane, for example, who had been engaged in a bitter controversy with Pomeroy in regard to local interests in Kansas, saw his opportunity in the anti-Lincoln circular of his colleague; and although before this it would have been hard to say which of the two had been most free in his criticisms of the President, General Lane instantly trimmed his sails to catch the favoring breeze and elected himself and a full list of delegates to the Baltimore convention, whom he called, in his characteristic language, "all vindictive friends of the President." Other members of Congress, equally radical and more sincere and honest, made haste to range themselves on the side of the President against those with whom they had been more intimately associated. William D. Kelley of Philadelphia publicly proclaimed him "the wisest radical of us all"; Mr. Ashley of Ohio, to whom one of his abolitionist constituents had objected that he wanted no more of a President who had not crushed a rebellion in four years, replied that this was unreasonable, as the Lord had not crushed the devil in a much longer time.

As the day for the meeting at Baltimore drew near, and its unanimous verdict became more and more evident, the President was besieged from every quarter of the Union with solicitations to make known his wishes in regard to the work of the convention. To all such inquiries he returned an energetic refusal to give any word of counsel or to express any personal desire. During a few days preceding the convention a great many delegates took the road to Washington, either to get some intimation of the President's wishes or to impress their own faces and names on his expectant mind. They were all welcomed with genial and cordial courtesy, but received not the slightest intimation of what would be agreeable to him. The most powerful politicians from New York and Pennsylvania were listened to with no more confidential consideration than the shy and awkward representatives of the rebellious States, who had elected themselves in sutlers' tents and in the shadow of department headquarters. "What is that crowd of people in the hall?" he said one day to his secretary. "It is a delegation from South Carolina. They are a swindle." "Let them in," said Lincoln; "they will not swindle me."

When at last the convention came together, on the 7th of June, 1864, it had less to do than any other convention in our political history. The delegates were bound by a peremptory mandate. Mr. Forney, in an article printed the day before the meeting,[1] put forth with unusual candor the attitude of the convention towards its constituents. The permanent policy of the Republican party of the nation was already absolutely established by the acts of the President and accepted and ratified by Congress and the people.

> For this reason [said Mr. Forney] it is less important as a political body, as it cannot originate but will simply republish a policy. Yet for this reason it is transcendently the more imposing in its expression of the national will. Nor has the convention a candidate to choose. Choice is forbidden it by the previous action of the people. It is a body which almost beyond parallel is directly responsible to the people, and little more than the instrument of their will. Mr. Lincoln is already renominated, and the convention will but formally announce the decision of the people. If this absence of independence lessens the mere political interest of the convention in one respect, the fact that it will thoroughly and unquestionably obey national instructions gives it higher importance.

These words represented the well-nigh universal sentiment among Republicans. There were, of course, those to whom such a sentiment was not agreeable. Horace Greeley found it hard to accept an opinion which ran counter to his personal views. In an article of the same date as that last quoted, although he admitted the predestined action of the convention, he still protested vehemently against the impolicy of such action. He quoted the message sent by Mr. Lincoln to Governor Seymour in the dark winter of 1862–63, "that if he wants to be President of the United States, he must take care that there shall be a United States."

> We could wish [said Greeley] the Presidency utterly forgotten or ignored for the next two months,

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[1] Philadelphia "Press," June 6.

> while every impulse, every effort of the loyal millions should be directed towards the overthrow of the armed hosts of the rebellion. That effected, or its speedy accomplishment proved impossible, we should be ready to enter clear-sightedly on the Presidential canvass. Now we are not. We feel that the expected nomination, if made at this time, exposes the Union party to a dangerous "flank movement" — possibly a successful one.

Among the Democratic newspapers a still more blind and obstinate disinclination to accept the existing facts is seen up to the hour of the meeting of the convention. They still insisted that the nomination of Lincoln was in the highest degree doubtful; some pretended that the delegates were equally divided between Lincoln and Grant; others insisted that the nomination of Frémont at Cleveland had electrified the country and would probably carry the convention by storm.

The convention was opened by a brief speech from Senator Morgan of New York, who was chairman of the executive committee. It contained one significant sentence. He said the party of which they were the delegates and honored representatives would fall short of accomplishing its great mission unless among its other resolves it should declare for such amendment of the Constitution as would positively prohibit African slavery in the United States. The sentence was greeted with prolonged applause, which burst at last into three cheers, in the midst of which Governor Morgan announced the choice by the National Committee of Robert J. Breckinridge of Kentucky as temporary chairman of the convention. The venerable Kentuckian on taking the chair made a speech which, though entirely extemporaneous, was delivered with great ease and dignity, and profoundly impressed his auditors.

Disregarding the etiquette which assumes that a convention is a deliberative assembly and that its choice cannot be foretold until it is made, he calmly took it for granted at the very beginning of his remarks that the Union candidate for the Presidency was already nominated, and as soon as the tumultuous cheers which greeted his mention of the name of Abraham Lincoln had died away he turned at once to the discussion of what he considered the real business of the day — the declaration of principles. Coming from a section of the country where the Constitution had been especially reverenced in words and vehemently assailed in action, he declared that with all the outcry about our violations of the Constitution this present living generation and this present Union party are more thoroughly devoted to that Constitution than any generation that ever lived under it; but he contended also that sacred as was the Constitution the nation was not its slave.

> We ought to have it distinctly understood by friends and enemies that while we love that instrument, while we will maintain it, and will with undoubted certainty put to death friend or foe who undertakes to trample it under foot; yet, beyond a doubt, we will reserve the right to alter it to suit ourselves from time to time and from generation to generation.

This speech was full of brief and powerful apothegms, some of which were startling as coming from an aged theologian of an aspect equally strong and benignant.

> The only enduring, the only imperishable cement of all free institutions [he said], has been the blood of traitors. . . . It is a fearful truth, but we had as well avow it at once; and every blow you strike, and every rebel you kill, every battle you win, dreadful as it is to do it, you are adding, it may be a year, it may be ten years, it may be a century, it may be ten centuries, to the life of the Government and the freedom of your children.[1]

Though presiding over a political convention, he declared himself absolutely detached from politics. "As an Abolition party, as a Republican party, as a Whig party, as a Democratic party, as an American party, I will not follow you one foot. As a Union party I will follow you to the ends of the earth, and to the gates of death." He echoed the brief speech in which Governor Morgan had struck the keynote. He said:

> I unite myself with those who believe that slavery is contrary to the brightest interests of all men and of all governments, contrary to the spirit of the Christian religion, and incompatible with the natural rights of man. I join myself with those who say, Away with it forever; and I fervently pray God that the day may come when throughout the whole land every man may be as free as you are, and as capable of enjoying regulated liberty. . . . I know very well that the sentiments which I am uttering will cause me great odium in the State in which I was born, which I love, where the bones of two generations of my ancestors and some of my children are, and where very soon I shall lay my own. . . . But we have put our faces towards the way in which we intend to go, and we will go in it to the end.

In the evening the permanent organization of the convention was effected, William Dennison of Ohio being made chairman. He, also, in a brief and eloquent speech took for granted the unanimous nomination for the Presidency of the United States "of the wise and good man whose unselfish devotion to the country, in the administration of the Government, has secured to him not only the admiration but the warmest affection of every friend of constitutional liberty"; and also, in the tone of both the speakers who had preceded him, said that the loyal people of the country expected the convention

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[1] McPherson, "History of the Rebellion," p. 404.

> to declare the cause and the support of the rebellion to be slavery, which, as well for its treasonable offenses against the Government as for its incompatibility with the rights of humanity and the permanent peace of the country, must, with the termination of the war, and as much speedier as possible, be made to cease forever in every State and Territory of the Union.

There were in fact but three tasks before the convention. The first was to settle the status of contesting delegations from the States and Territories; the second, to agree upon the usual platform; and the third, to nominate a candidate for the Vice-Presidency. All of these questions were handled skillfully, and with a spirit of moderation which led to the most successful result in the canvass.

There were no questions of consequence in regard to the delegations of any of the Northern States, nor did any questions arise in regard to those from Kentucky and West Virginia, Delaware and Maryland. There were two delegations from Missouri, both making special claims of loyalty and of regularity of election. The committee on credentials decided that those styling themselves the "Radical Union" delegates should be awarded the seats. As this was the only delegation which had presented itself opposed to the nomination of Lincoln, and as a large majority, not only of the convention, but of the committee on credentials, were of the contrary opinion, their action in admitting the recalcitrant Missourians was sagacious. It quieted at once the beginnings of what might have been a dangerous schism. The question as to admitting the delegates from Tennessee also raised some discussion, but was decided in their favor by more than a two-thirds vote. The delegates from Louisiana and Arkansas were also admitted by a vote nearly as large. The delegates from Nevada, Colorado, and Nebraska were admitted with the right to vote; those from the States of Virginia and Florida, and the remaining Territories, were admitted to the privileges of the floor without the right to vote; and those from South Carolina were rejected altogether.

The same wise spirit of compromise was shown in the platform, reported by Henry J. Raymond of New York. The first resolution declared it the highest duty of every citizen to maintain the integrity of the Union and to quell the rebellion by force of arms; the second approved the determination of the Government to enter into no compromise with the rebels; the third, while approving all the acts hitherto done against slavery, declared in favor of an amendment to the Constitution terminating and forever prohibiting the existence of slavery in the United States. This resolution was received with an outburst of spontaneous and thunderous applause. The fourth resolution gave thanks to the soldiers and sailors; the fifth applauded the practical wisdom, unselfish patriotism, and unswerving fidelity with which Abraham Lincoln had discharged, under circumstances of unparalleled difficulty, the great duties and responsibilities of the Presidential office, and it enumerated and approved the acts of his Administration. The sixth resolution was of sufficient significance to be given entire:

> *Resolved*, That we deem it essential to the general welfare that harmony should prevail in the national councils, and we regard as worthy of public confidence and official trust those only who cordially indorse the principles proclaimed in these resolutions and which should characterize the administration of the Government.

This resolution, like the admission of the Missouri radicals, was intended in general to win the support and heal the dissatisfaction of the so-called radicals throughout the Union. Its specific meaning, however, was not entirely clear. There were not many of the delegates who voted for it who would have agreed upon all the details of a scheme for reorganizing the Cabinet. If measures for ostracizing all the objectionable members of the Government had been set on foot in the hall of the convention, it is probable that the name of every member of the Cabinet would have been found on some of the shells. It is altogether likely, however, that the name of the Postmaster-General would have occurred more frequently than that of any other minister. The controversy between his brother and the radicals of Missouri, in which he had, in accordance with his habit and temperament, taken an energetic part, had embittered against him the feelings of the radical Republicans, not only in the West but throughout the North, and his habit of candid and trenchant criticism had raised for him enemies in all political circles.

The seventh resolution claimed for the colored troops the full protection of the laws of war. The eighth declared that foreign emigration should be fostered and encouraged. The ninth spoke in favor of the speedy construction of a railroad to the Pacific coast. The tenth declared that the national faith pledged for the redemption of the public debt must be kept inviolate; and the eleventh declared against the efforts of any European power to establish monarchical governments sustained by foreign military forces in near proximity to the United States.

This last resolution showed the result of an adroit and sagacious compromise. The radicals in the convention desired to make it a censure upon the action of the President and the Secretary of State; but the friends of the Administration, while accepting to its utmost results the declaration in favor of the Monroe doctrine, assumed that the President and his Cabinet were of the same mind, and therefore headed the resolution with the declaration:

> That we approve the decision taken by the Government that the people of the United States can never regard with indifference the attempt of any European power to overthrow by force or to supplant by fraud the institutions of any republican government on the Western continent.

There was nothing more before the convention but the nominations, and one of those was in fact already made. The only delay in registering the will of the convention occurred as a consequence of the impatience of members to do it by irregular and summary methods. Mr. Delano of Ohio made the customary motion to proceed to the nomination; Simon Cameron moved as a substitute the renomination of Lincoln and Hamlin by acclamation. A long wrangle ensued on the motion to lay this substitute on the table, which was brought to a close by a brief speech from Henry J. Raymond, representing the cooler heads, who were determined that whatever opposition there might be should have the fullest opportunity of expression; and by a motion, which was adopted, to nominate in the usual way, by the call of States. The interminable nominating speeches of recent years had not come into fashion: Mr. Cook, the chairman of the Illinois delegation, merely said, "The State of Illinois again presents to the loyal people of this nation, for President of the United States, Abraham Lincoln—God bless him!" and those who seconded the nomination were equally brief. Every State gave its undivided voice for Lincoln, with the exception of Missouri, which cast its vote, as the chairman stated, under positive instructions, for Grant. But before the result was announced Mr. Hume of Missouri moved that the nomination of Lincoln be declared unanimous. This could not be done until the result of the balloting was made known—484 for Lincoln, 22 for Grant. Missouri then changed its vote, and the secretary read the grand total of 506 for Lincoln. This announcement was greeted with a storm of cheering, which during many minutes as often as it died away burst out anew.

The principal names mentioned for the Vice-Presidency were, besides Mr. Hamlin, the actual incumbent, Andrew Johnson of Tennessee, and Daniel S. Dickinson of New York; besides these General Rousseau had the vote of his own State, Kentucky. The radicals of Missouri favored General B. F. Butler, who had a few scattered votes also from New England. But among the three principal candidates the voters were equally enough divided to make the contest exceedingly spirited and interesting. For several days before the convention the President had been besieged by inquiries as to his personal wishes in regard to his associate on the ticket. He had persistently refused to give the slightest intimation of such wish. His private secretary, Mr. Nicolay, was at Baltimore in attendance at the convention; and although he was acquainted with this attitude of the President, at last, overborne by the solicitations of the chairman of the Illinois delegation, who had been perplexed at the advocacy of Joseph Holt by Mr. Swett, one of the President's most intimate friends, Mr. Nicolay wrote a letter to Mr. Hay, who had been left in charge of the Executive office in his absence, containing among other matters this passage:

> Cook wants to know confidentially whether Swett is all right; whether in urging Holt for Vice-President he reflects the President's wishes; whether the President has any preference, either personal or on the score of policy; or whether he wishes not even to interfere by a confidential intimation. . . . Please get this information for me if possible.

The letter was shown to the President, who indorsed upon it this memorandum:

> Swett is unquestionably all right. Mr. Holt is a good man, but I had not heard or thought of him for V. P. Wish not to interfere about V. P. Cannot interfere about platform. Convention must judge for itself.

This positive and final instruction was sent at once to Mr. Nicolay, and by him communicated to the President's most intimate friends in the convention. It was therefore with minds absolutely untrammeled by even any knowledge of the President's wishes that the convention went about its work of selecting his associate on the ticket.

It is altogether probable that the ticket of 1864 would have been nominated without a contest had it not been for the general impression, in and out of the convention, that it would be advisable to select as a candidate for the Vice-Presidency a war Democrat. Mr. Dickinson, while not putting himself forward as a candidate, had sanctioned the use of his name by his friends on the especial ground that his candidacy might attract to the support of the Union party many Democrats who would have been unwilling to support a ticket avowedly Republican; but these considerations weighed with still greater force in favor of Mr. Johnson, who was not only a Democrat, but also a citizen of a border slaveholding State, and had rendered distinguished services to the Union cause. At the first show of hands it was at once evident that the Tennesseean was stronger than the New Yorker, receiving four more votes than Mr. Dickinson even in the New York delegation. When the votes on the first ballot were counted it was found that Mr. Johnson had received 200, Mr. Hamlin 150, Mr. Dickinson 108; but before the result was announced almost the whole convention turned their votes to Johnson, and on motion of Mr. Tremain of New York his nomination was declared unanimous. The work was quickly done. Mr. Lincoln, walking over to the War Department in the afternoon as usual for military news, received the dispatch announcing the nomination of Andrew Johnson before he was informed of his own. The telegram containing the news of his own nomination had gone to the White House a few minutes before.

In the evening the National Grand Council of the Union League came together. A large proportion of the members had participated in the National Convention, and their action was therefore a foregone conclusion. They adopted a platform similar to that of the convention, with the exception that they declared, as the Cleveland people had done, in favor of the confiscation of the property of rebels. They heartily approved and indorsed the nominations already made, and passed a resolution to the effect that as Lincoln and Johnson were the only candidates who could hope to be elected as loyal men, they regarded it as the imperative duty of the Union League to do all that lay in its power to secure their election. They also earnestly approved and indorsed the platform and principles adopted by the convention, and pledged themselves, as individuals and as members of the League, to do all in their power to elect the candidates. The seal of secrecy was removed from this action and a copy of the resolution transmitted to the President by W. R. Erwin, the Grand Recording Secretary.[1]

A committee, headed by Governor Dennison, came on the next day[2] to notify the President of his nomination.

> I need not say to you, sir [said Mr. Dennison], that the convention, in thus unanimously nominating you for reëlection, but gives utterance to the almost universal voice of the loyal people of the country. To doubt of your triumphant election would be little short of abandoning the hope of the final suppression of the rebellion and the restoration of the authority of the Government over the insurgent States.

The President answered:

> I will neither conceal my gratification nor restrain the expression of my gratitude that the Union people, through their convention, in the continued effort to save and advance the nation, have deemed me not unworthy to remain in my present position. I know no reason to doubt that I shall accept the nomination tendered; and yet perhaps I should not declare definitely before reading and considering what is called the platform. I will say now, however, I approve the declaration in favor of so amending the Constitution as to prohibit slavery throughout the nation. When the people in revolt, with a hundred days of explicit notice that they could within those days resume their allegiance without the overthrow of their institutions and that they could not so resume it afterwards, elected to stand out, such amendment to the Constitution as is now proposed became a fitting and necessary conclusion to the final success of the Union cause. Such alone can meet and cover all cavils. Now the unconditional Union men, North and South, perceive its importance and embrace it. In the joint names of Liberty and Union, let us labor to give it legal form and practical effect.

On the same day a committee of the Union League presented themselves to inform him of the action taken the night before. The President answered them more informally, saying that he did not allow himself to suppose that either the convention or the League had concluded that he was either the greatest or the best man in America, but rather that they had decided that it was not best "to swap horses while swimming the stream." All day the throngs of shouting and congratulating delegates filled all the approaches to the Executive Mansion. In a brief speech at night, in answer to a serenade from citizens of Ohio, the President said:

> What we want, more than Baltimore conventions or Presidential elections, is success under General Grant. I propose that you constantly bear in mind that the support you owe to the brave officers and soldiers in the field is of the very first importance, and we should therefore bend all our energies to that point.

He then proposed three cheers for General Grant and the officers and soldiers with him, and, swinging his own hat, led off in the cheering.

The more formal notification of the convention was made in a letter written by George William Curtis of New York, in which he paraphrased the platform and expressed the sentiment of the convention and of the people of the country with his usual elegance and force.

> They have watched your official course, therefore, with unflagging attention; and amid the bitter taunts of eager friends and the fierce denunciation of enemies, now moving too fast for some, now too slowly for others, they have seen you throughout this tremendous contest patient, sagacious, faithful, just; leaning upon the heart of the great mass of the people, and satisfied to be moved by

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[1] MS. [2] Thursday, June 9.

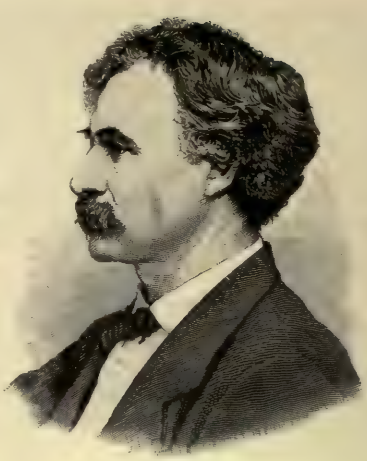
its mighty pulsations. It is for this reason that, long before the convention met, the popular instinct had plainly indicated you as its candidate, and the convention therefore merely recorded the popular will. Your character and career prove your unswerving fidelity to the cardinal principles of American liberty and of the American Constitution. In the name of that liberty and Constitution, sir, we earnestly request your acceptance of this nomination, reverently commending our beloved country and you, its Chief Magistrate, with all its brave sons who, on sea and land, are faithfully defending the good old American cause of equal rights, to the blessing of Almighty God.

In accepting the nomination the President observed the same wise rule of brevity which he had followed four years before. He made but one specific reference to any subject of discussion. While he accepted the resolution in regard to the supplanting of republican government upon the Western continent, he gave the convention and the country distinctly to understand that he stood by the action already adopted by himself and the Secretary of State.

> There might be misunderstanding [he said] were I not to say that the position of the Government in relation to the action of France in Mexico, as assumed through the State Department and indorsed by the convention among the measures and acts of the Executive, will be faithfully maintained so long as the state of facts shall leave that position pertinent and applicable.

THE WADE-DAVIS MANIFESTO.

In his message to Congress of the 8th of December, 1863, Mr. Lincoln gave expression to his ideas on the subject of reconstruction more fully and clearly than ever before. He appended to that message a proclamation of the same date guaranteeing a full pardon to all who had been implicated in the rebellion, with certain specified exceptions, on the condition of taking and maintaining an oath to support, protect, and defend the Constitution of the United States and the Union of the States thereunder; to abide by and support all acts of Congress and proclamations of the President made during the rebellion with reference to slaves, so long and so far as not repealed, modified, or held void by Congress or by decision of the Supreme Court. The exceptions to this general amnesty were of those who, having held places of honor and trust under the Government of the United States, had betrayed this trust and entered the service of the Confederacy, and of those who had been guilty of treatment of colored troops not justified by the laws of war. The proclamation further promised that when in any of the States in rebellion a number of citizens equal to one-tenth of the voters in the year 1860 should reëstablish a State government republican in form, and not contravening the oath above mentioned, that such should be recognized as the true government of the State, and should receive the benefits of the constitutional provision that "The United States shall guarantee to every State in this Union a republican form of government, and shall protect each of them against invasion; and, on application of the legislature, or of the executive (when the legislature cannot be convened), against domestic violence." The President also engaged by this proclamation not to object to any provision which might be adopted by such State governments in relation to the freed people of the States which should recognize and declare their permanent freedom and provide for their education, " and which may yet be consistent, as a temporary arrangement, with their present condition as a laboring, landless, and homeless class." He suggested that in reconstructing the loyal State governments, the names, the boundaries, the subdivisions, the constitutions, and the general codes of laws of the States should be preserved. He stated distinctly that his proclamation had no reference to States where the loyal State governments had all the while been maintained; he took care to make it clear that the respective Houses, and not the Executive, had the constitutional power to decide whether members sent to Congress from any State should be admitted to seats; and he concluded by saying:


HENRY WINTER DAVIS.
(AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH BY POLLOCK.)

> This proclamation is intended to present the people of the States wherein the national authority has been suspended, and loyal State governments have been subverted, a mode in and by which the national authority and loyal State governments may be reëstablished within said States, or in any of them. And while the mode presented is the

> best the Executive can suggest, with his present impressions, it must not be understood that no other possible mode would be acceptable.[1]

The message contained an unusually forcible and luminous expression of the principles embraced in the proclamation. The President referred to the dark and doubtful days which followed the announcement of the policy of emancipation and of the employment of black soldiers; the gradual justification of those acts by the successes which the national arms had since achieved; of the change of the public spirit of the border States in favor of emancipation; the enlistment of black soldiers, and their efficient and creditable behavior in arms; the absence of any tendency to servile insurrection or to violence and cruelty among the negroes; the sensible improvement in the public opinion of Europe and of America. He then explained the purpose and spirit of his proclamation. Nothing had been attempted beyond what was amply justified by the Constitution; the form of an oath had been given, but no man was coerced to take it; the Constitution authorized the Executive to grant or withhold a pardon at his own absolute discretion, and this includes the power to grant on terms, as is fully established by judicial authority. He therefore referred to the provision of the Constitution guaranteeing to the States a republican form of government as providing precisely for the case now under treatment; where the element within a State favorable to republican government in the Union might "be too feeble for an opposite and hostile element external to or even within the State."

> An attempt [said the President] to guaranty and protect a revived State government, constructed in whole or in preponderating part from the very element against whose hostility and violence it is to be protected, is simply absurd. There must be a test by which to separate the opposing elements, so as to build only from the sound; and that test is a sufficiently liberal one which accepts as sound whoever will make a sworn recantation of his former unsoundness.

In justification of his requiring in the oath of amnesty a submission to and support of the antislavery laws and proclamations, he said:

> Those laws and proclamations were enacted and put forth for the purpose of aiding in the suppression of the rebellion. To give them their fullest effects, there had to be a pledge for their maintenance. In my judgment they have aided and will further aid the cause for which they were intended. To now abandon them would be not only to relinquish a lever of power, but would also be a cruel and an astounding breach of faith. I may add, at this point, that while I remain in my present position I shall not attempt to retract or modify the Emancipation Proclamation, nor shall I return to slavery any person who is free by the terms of that proclamation, or by any of the acts of Congress.

The President called attention to the fact that this part of the oath is subject to the modifying and abrogating power of legislation and supreme judicial decision; that the whole purpose and spirit of the proclamation is permissive and not mandatory.

> The proposed acquiescence [he said] of the National Executive in any reasonable temporary State arrangement for the freed people is made with the view of possibly modifying the confusion and destitution which must at best attend all classes by a total revolution of labor throughout whole States. It is hoped that the already deeply afflicted people in those States may be somewhat more ready to give up the cause of their affliction if, to this extent, this vital matter be left to themselves, while no power of the National Executive to prevent an abuse is abridged by the proposition.

He had taken the utmost pains to avoid the danger of committal on points which could be more safely left to further developments. "Saying that on certain terms certain classes will be pardoned with rights restored, it is not said that other classes or other terms will never be included; saying that reconstruction will be accepted if presented in a specified way, it is not said it will never be accepted in any other way." The President expressed his profound congratulation at the movement towards emancipation by the several States, and urged once more upon Congress the importance of aiding these steps to the great consummation.

It is rare that so important a state paper has been received with such unanimous tokens of enthusiastic adhesion. However the leading Republicans in Congress may have been led later in the session to differ with the President, there was apparently no voice of discord raised on the day the message was read to both Houses. For a moment all factions in Congress seemed to be of one mind. One who spent the morning on the floor of Congress wrote on the same day: "Men acted as though the millennium had come. Chandler was delighted, Sumner was joyous, apparently forgetting for the moment his doctrine of State suicide,[1] while at the other political pole Dixon and Reverdy Johnson said the message was highly satisfactory."[2] Henry Wilson said to the President's secretary: "He has struck another great blow. Tell him for me, God bless him." The effect was similar in the House of Representatives. Mr. Boutwell, who represented the extreme antislavery element of New England, said: "It is a very able and shrewd paper. It has great points of popularity, and it is right." Lovejoy, the leading abolitionist of the West, seemed to see on the mountain the feet of one bringing good tidings. "I shall live," he said, "to see slavery ended in America." Garfield gave his unreserved approval; Kellogg of Michigan went shouting about the lobby: "The President is the only man. There is none like him in the world. He sees more widely and more clearly than any of us." Mr. Henry T. Blow, the radical member from St. Louis (who six months later was denouncing Mr. Lincoln as a traitor to freedom), said: "God bless old Abe! I am one of the radicals who have always believed in him." Mr. Greeley, who was on the floor of the House, went so far as to say the message was "devilish good." The Executive Mansion was filled all day by a rush of congressmen, congratulating the President and assuring him of their support in his wise and humane policy. The conservatives and radicals vied with each other in claiming that the message represented their own views of the crisis. Mr. Judd of Illinois said to the President: "The opinion of people who read your message to-day is, that on that platform two of your ministers must walk the plank—Blair and Bates." To which the President answered: "Both of these men acquiesced in it without objection; the only member of the Cabinet who objected was Mr. Chase." For a moment the most prejudiced Democrats found little to say against the message; they called it "very ingenious and cunning, admirably calculated to deceive." This reception of the message was extremely pleasing to the President. A solution of the most important problem of the time which conservatives like Dixon and Reverdy Johnson thoroughly approved, and to which Mr. Sumner made no objection, was of course a source of profound gratification. He took it as a proof of what he had often said, that there was no essential contest between loyal men on this subject if they would consider it reasonably. He said in conversation on the 10th of December: "The only question is, Who constitute the State? When that is decided, the solution of subsequent questions is easy."[3] He wrote in his original draft of the message that he considered "the discussion as to whether a State had been at any time out of the Union as vain and profitless. We know they were, we trust they shall be, in the Union. It does not greatly matter whether in the meantime they shall be considered to have been in or out." But afterwards, considering that the Constitution empowered him to grant protection to States "in the Union," he saw that it would not answer to admit that the States had at any time been out of it; he erased that sentence as possibly suggestive of evil. He preferred, he said, "to stand firmly based on the Constitution rather than to work in the air." He was specially gratified by reports which came to him of the adhesion of the Missourians in Congress to his view.

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[1] In some instances this proclamation was misunderstood by generals and commanders of departments, so that prisoners of war were allowed on their voluntary application to take the amnesty oath. This was not the President's intention, and would have led to serious embarrassment in the matter of the exchange of prisoners.

He therefore, on the 26th of March, 1864, issued a supplementary proclamation declaring that the proclamation applied only to those persons who, being yet at large and free from any arrest, confinement, or duress, should voluntarily come forward and take the said oath with the purpose of restoring peace and establishing the national authority; and that persons excluded from the amnesty offered in the proclamation might apply to the President for clemency, like all other offenders, and that their application would receive due consideration.

BENJAMIN F. WADE.
(FROM A DAGUERREOTYPE.)

> I know [he said] these radical men have in them the stuff which must save the state and on which we must mainly rely. They are absolutely incorrosive by the virus of secession. It cannot touch or taint them; while the conservatives, in casting about for votes to carry through their plans, are attempting to affiliate with those whose record is not clear. If one side must be crushed out and the other cherished, there cannot be any doubt which side we must choose as fuller of hope for the future; but just there [he continued] is where their wrong begins. They insist that I shall hold and treat Governor Gamble and his supporters, men appointed by the loyal people of Missouri as representatives of Missouri loyalty, and who have done their whole duty in the war faithfully and promptly, who when they have disagreed with me have been silent and

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[1] See resolutions introduced in Senate Feb. 11, 1862.
[2] J. H., Diary.
[3] J. H., Diary.

> kept about the good work — that I shall treat these men as copperheads and enemies of the Government. This is simply monstrous.

For the first few days there was no hint of any hostile feeling in Congress. There was, in fact, no just reason why the legislative body should regard its prerogative as invaded. The President had not only kept clearly within his constitutional powers, but his action had been expressly authorized by Congress. The act of July 17, 1862, had provided that the President might thereafter at any time, by proclamation, extend pardon and amnesty to persons participating in the rebellion, "with such exceptions and on such conditions as he might deem expedient for the public welfare." Of course a general amnesty required general conditions; and the most important of these was one which should provide for the protection of the freedmen who had been liberated by the war.

It soon enough appeared, however, that the millennium had not arrived; that in a Congress composed of men of such positive convictions and vehement character there were many who would not submit permanently to the leadership of any man, least of all to that of one so gentle, so reasonable, so devoid of malice as the President. Mr. Henry Winter Davis at once moved that that part of the message relating to reconstruction should be referred to a special committee, of which he was made chairman, and on the 15th of February he reported "a bill to guarantee to certain States whose governments have been usurped or overthrown a republican form of government." Mr. Davis was a man of too much integrity and elevation of character to allow the imputation that his action on public matters was dictated entirely by personal feeling or prejudice; but at the same time it cannot be denied that he maintained towards the President from beginning to end of his administration an attitude of consistent hostility. This was a source of chagrin and disappointment to Mr. Lincoln. He came to Washington with a high opinion of the ability and the character of Mr. Davis, and expected to maintain with him relations of intimate friendship. He was cousin to one of the President's closest friends in Illinois, Judge David Davis, and his attitude in the Congress which preceded the rebellion was such as to arouse in the mind of Mr. Lincoln the highest admiration and regard. But the selection of Mr. Blair of Maryland as a member of the Cabinet estranged the sympathies of Mr. Davis and his friends, and the breach thus made between him and the Administration was never healed, though the President did all in his power to heal it. In the spring of 1863 Mr. Davis, assuming that the President might be inclined to favor unduly the conservative candidate in the election for the next Congress, sought an interview with him, the result of which the President placed in writing in a letter dated March 18:

> There will be in the new House of Representatives, as there were in the old, some members openly opposing the war, some supporting it unconditionally, and some supporting it with "buts" and "ifs" and "ands." They will divide on the organization of the House — on the election of a speaker. As you ask my opinion, I give it, that the supporters of the war should send no man to Congress who will not pledge himself to go into caucus with the unconditional supporters of the war, and to abide the action of such caucus and vote for the person therein nominated for speaker. Let the friends of the Government first save the Government, and then administer it to their own liking.

Mr. Davis answered:

> Your favor of the 18th is all that could be desired, and will greatly aid us in bringing our friends to a conclusion such as the interests of the country require.

In spite of all the efforts which the President made to be on friendly terms with Mr. Davis, the difference between them constantly widened. Mr. Davis grew continually more confirmed in his attitude of hostility to every proposition of the President. He became one of the most severe and least generous critics of the Administration in Congress. He came at last to consider the President as unworthy of even respectful treatment; and Mr. Seward, in the midst of his energetic and aggressive campaign against European unfriendliness, was continually attacked by him as a truckler to foreign powers and little less than a traitor to his country. The President, however, was a man so persistently and incorrigibly just, that even in the face of this provocation he never lost his high opinion of Mr. Davis's ability nor his confidence in his inherent good intentions. He refused, in spite of the solicitations of most of his personal friends in Maryland, to discriminate against the faction headed by Mr. Davis in making appointments to office in that State; and when, during an important campaign, a deputation of prominent supporters of the Administration in Maryland came to Washington to denounce Mr. Davis for his outspoken hostility to the President, saying that such a course, if it continued unchecked, would lose Mr. Lincoln the electoral vote of the State, he replied:

> I understood that Mr. Davis is doing all in his power to secure the success of the emancipation ticket in Maryland. If he does this, I care nothing about the electoral vote.

In the preamble to his bill Mr. Davis expressed, with his habitual boldness and lucidity, his fundamental thesis that the rebellious States were out of the Union.

> *Whereas* [he said], the so-called Confederate States are a public enemy, waging an unjust war, whose injustice is so glaring that they have no right to claim the mitigation of the extreme rights of war which are accorded by modern usage to an enemy who has the right to consider the war a just one; and,
>
> *Whereas*, none of the States which, by a regularly recorded majority of its citizens, have joined the so-called Southern Confederacy can be considered and treated as entitled to be represented in Congress or to take any part in the political government of the Union.

This seemed to Congress too trenchant a solution of a constitutional knot which was puzzling the best minds of the commonwealth, and the preamble was rejected; but the spirit of it breathed in every section of the bill. Mr. Davis's design was to put a stop to the work which the President had already begun in Tennessee and Louisiana, and to prevent the extension of that policy to other Southern States. The bill authorized the appointment of a provisional governor in each of the States in rebellion, and provided that, after the military resistance to the United States should have been suppressed and the people sufficiently returned to their obedience to the Constitution and laws, the white male citizens of the State should be enrolled, and when a majority of them should have taken the oath of allegiance the loyal people of the State should be entitled to elect delegates to a convention to reëstablish a State government. The convention was required to insert in the constitution three provisions: First, to prevent prominent civil or military officers of the Confederates to vote for or to be members of the legislature or governor; second, that involuntary servitude is forever prohibited, and the freedom of all persons guaranteed in said States; third, no debt, State or Confederate, created by or under the sanction of the usurping power shall be recognized or paid by the State. Upon the adoption of the constitution by the convention, and its ratification by the electors of the State, the provisional government shall so certify to the President, who, after obtaining the assent of Congress, shall by proclamation recognize the government so established, and none other, as the constitutional government of the State; and from the date of such recognition, and not before, congressmen and Presidential electors may be elected in such State. Pending the reorganization, the provisional governor shall enforce the laws of the Union and of the State before rebellion. Another section of the bill emancipated all slaves in those States, with their posterity, and made it the duty of the United States courts to discharge them on habeas corpus if restrained of their liberty on pretense of any claim to service or labor as slaves, and to inflict a penalty of fine or imprisonment upon the persons claiming them. Another section declared any person hereafter holding any important office, civil or military, in the rebel service not to be a citizen of the United States.

This bill was supported by Mr. Davis in a speech of extraordinary energy. Without hesitation he declared it a test and standard of antislavery orthodoxy; he asserted boldly that Congress, and Congress alone, had the power to revive the reign of law in all that territory which through rebellion had put itself outside of the law. "Until," he said, "Congress recognizes a State government organized under its auspices, there is no government in the rebel States except the authority of Congress." The duty is imposed on Congress to administer civil government until the people shall, under its guidance, submit to the Constitution of the United States, and, under the laws which it shall impose and on the conditions Congress may require, reorganize a republican government for themselves and Congress shall recognize that government. He declared there was no indication which came from the South, from the darkness of that bottomless pit, that there was a willingness to accept any terms that even the Democrats were willing to offer; he believed that no beginning of legal and orderly government could be made till military opposition was absolutely annihilated; that there were only three ways of bringing about a reorganization of civil governments. One was to remove the cause of the war by an amendment to the Constitution of the United States, prohibiting slavery everywhere within its limits: that, he said, "goes to the root of the matter, and should consecrate the nation's triumph"; but this measure he thought involved infinite difficulty and delay. Though it met his hearty approval, it was not a remedy for the evils to be dealt with. The next plan he considered was that of the President's amnesty proclamation. This he denounced as utterly lacking in all the guarantees required:

> If, in any manner [he said], by the toleration of martial law, lately proclaimed the fundamental law, under the dictation of any military authority, or under the prescriptions of a provost-marshal, something in the form of a government shall be presented, represented to rest on the votes of one-tenth of the population, the President will recognize that, provided it does not contravene the proclamation of freedom and the laws of Congress.

Having dismissed both of these plans with brief censure, he then made a powerful plea for the bill he had reported. He called upon Congress to take the responsibility of saying:

> In the face of those who clamor for speedy recognition of governments tolerating slavery, that the

> safety of the people of the United States is the supreme law; that their will is the supreme rule of law, and that we are authorized to pronounce their will on this subject; take the responsibility to say that we will revise the judgments of our ancestors; that we have experience written in blood which they had not; that we find now, what they darkly doubted, that slavery is really, radically inconsistent with the permanence of republican governments, and that being charged by the supreme law of the land on our conscience and judgment to guarantee, that is, to continue, maintain, and enforce, if it exists, to institute and restore when overthrown, republican governments throughout the broad limits of the Republic, we will weed out every element of their policy which we think incompatible with its permanence and endurance.

The bill was extensively debated. It was not opposed to any extent by the Republicans of the House; the Democrats were left to make a purely partisan opposition to it. The President declined to exercise any influence on the debate, and the bill was passed by a vote of seventy-four to sixty-six. It was called up in the Senate by Mr. Wade of Ohio, who, in supporting it, followed very much the same line of argument as that adopted by Mr. Davis in the House. Mr. B. Gratz Brown of Missouri, believing that as the session was drawing near its close there was no time to discuss a measure of such transcendent importance, offered an amendment simply forbidding the States in insurrection to cast any vote for electors of President or Vice-President of the United States, or to elect members of Congress until the insurrection in such State was suppressed or abandoned, and its inhabitants had returned to their obedience to the Government of the United States; such returning to obedience being declared by proclamation of the President, issued by virtue of an act of Congress hereafter to be passed authorizing the same. The amendment of Mr. Brown was adopted by a bare majority, seventeen voting in favor of it and sixteen against it. Mr. Sumner tried to have the Proclamation of Emancipation adopted and enacted as a statute of the United States, but this proposition was lost by a considerable majority. The House declined to concur in the amendment of the Senate and asked for a committee of conference, in which the Senate receded from its amendment and the bill went to the President for his approval in the closing moments of the session.

Congress was to adjourn at noon on the Fourth of July; the President was in his room at the Capitol signing bills, which were laid before him as they were brought from the two Houses. When this important bill was placed before him he laid it aside and went on with the other work of the moment. Several prominent members entered in a state of intense anxiety over the fate of the bill. Mr. Sumner and Mr. Boutwell, while their nervousness was evident, refrained from any comment. Mr. Chandler, who was unabashed in any mortal presence, roundly asked the President if he intended to sign the bill.[1] The President replied: "This bill has been placed before me a few moments before Congress adjourns. It is a matter of too much importance to be swallowed in that way." "If it is vetoed," cried Mr. Chandler, "it will damage us fearfully in the North-west. The important point is that one prohibiting slavery in the reconstructed States." Mr. Lincoln said: "That is the point on which I doubt the authority of Congress to act." "It is no more than you have done yourself," said the senator. The President answered: "I conceive that I may in an emergency do things on military grounds which cannot be done constitutionally by Congress." Mr. Chandler, expressing his deep chagrin, went out, and the President, addressing the members of the Cabinet who were seated with him, said: "I do not see how any of us now can deny and contradict what we have always said, that Congress has no constitutional power over slavery in the States." Mr. Fessenden expressed his entire agreement with this view.

> I have even had my doubts [he said] as to the constitutional efficacy of your own decree of emancipation, in such cases where it has not been carried into effect by the actual advance of the army.

The President said:

> This bill and the position of these gentlemen seem to me, in asserting that the insurrectionary States are no longer in the Union, to make the fatal admission that States, whenever they please, may of their own motion dissolve their connection with the Union. Now we cannot survive that admission, I am convinced. If that be true, I am not President; these gentlemen are not Congress. I have laboriously endeavored to avoid that question ever since it first began to be mooted, and thus to avoid confusion and disturbance in our own councils. It was to obviate this question that I earnestly favored the movement for an amendment to the Constitution abolishing slavery, which passed the Senate and failed in the House. I thought it much better, if it were possible, to restore the Union without the necessity of a violent quarrel among its friends as to whether certain States have been in or out of the Union during the war—a merely metaphysical question, and one unnecessary to be forced into discussion.

Although every member of the Cabinet agreed with the President, when, a few minutes later, he entered his carriage to go home, he foresaw the importance of the step he had resolved to take and its possibly disastrous consequences to himself. When some one said to him that the threats made by the extreme radicals had no foundation, and that people would not bolt their ticket on a question of metaphysics, he answered: "If they choose to make a point upon this, I do not doubt that they can do harm. They have never been friendly to me. At all events, I must keep some consciousness of being somewhere near right. I must keep some standard or principle fixed within myself."

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[1] J. H., Diary.

After the fullest deliberation the President remained by his first impression that the bill was too rigid and too restrictive in its provisions to accomplish the work desired. He had all his life hated formulas in government, and he believed that the will of an intelligent people, acting freely under democratic institutions, could best give shape to the special machinery under which it was to be governed; and, in the wide variety of circumstances and conditions prevailing throughout the South, he held it unwise for either Congress or himself to prescribe any fixed and formal method by which the several States should resume their practical legal relations with the Union. Thinking in this way, and feeling himself unable to accept the bill of Congress as the last word of reconstruction, and yet unwilling to reject whatever of practical good might be accomplished by it, he resolved, a few days after Congress had adjourned, to remit the matter to the people themselves and to allow them their choice of all the methods proposed of returning to their allegiance. He issued, on the 8th of July, a proclamation giving a copy of the bill of Congress, reciting the circumstances under which it was passed, and going on to say:

> Now, therefore, I, Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States, do proclaim, declare, and make known that while I am — as I was in December last, when by proclamation I propounded a plan of restoration — unprepared by a formal approval of this bill to be inflexibly committed to any single plan of restoration, and while I am also unprepared to declare that the free State constitutions and governments, already adopted and installed in Arkansas and Louisiana, shall be set aside and held for naught, thereby repelling and discouraging the loyal citizens who have set up the same as to further effort, or to declare a constitutional competency in Congress to abolish slavery in the States, but am at the same time sincerely hoping and expecting that a constitutional amendment abolishing slavery throughout the nation may be adopted, nevertheless, I am fully satisfied with the system for restoration contained in the bill as one very proper for the loyal people of any State choosing to adopt it; and that I am, and at all times shall be, prepared to give the executive aid and assistance to any such people, so soon as military resistance to the United States shall have been suppressed in any such State, and the people thereof shall have sufficiently returned to their obedience to the Constitution and the laws of the United States, in which cases military governors will be appointed, with directions to proceed according to the bill.

The refusal of the President to sign the reconstruction bill caused a great effervescence at the adjournment of Congress. Mr. Chase, who had resigned from the Cabinet, made this entry in his diary:

> The President pocketed the great bill providing for the reorganization of the rebel States as loyal States. He did not venture to veto, and so put it in his pocket. It was a condemnation of his amnesty proclamation and of his general policy of reconstruction, rejecting the idea of possible reconstruction with slavery, which neither the President nor his chief advisers have, in my opinion, abandoned.

This entry, made by Mr. Chase in the bitterness of his anger, places the basest construction upon the President's action; but this sentiment was shared by not a few of those who claimed the title of extreme radicals in Congress. Mr. Sumner reported a feeling of intense indignation against the President. Two days later the ex-Secretary gleefully reported, on the authority of Senator Pomeroy, that there was great dissatisfaction with Mr. Lincoln, which had been much exasperated by the pocketing of the reconstruction bill.

When Mr. Lincoln, disregarding precedents, and acting on his lifelong rule of taking the people into his confidence, issued his proclamation of the 8th of July, it was received by each division of the loyal people of the country as might have been expected. The great mass of Republican voters, who cared little for the metaphysics of the case, accepted his proclamation, as they had accepted that issued six months before, as the wisest and most practicable method of handling the question; but among those already hostile to the President, and those whose devotion to the cause of freedom was so ardent as to make them look upon him as lukewarm, the exasperation which was already excited increased. The indignation of Mr. Davis and Mr. Wade at seeing their work of the last session thus brought to nothing could not be restrained. Mr. Davis prepared, and both of them signed and published on the 5th of August, a manifesto, the most vigorous in attack that was ever directed against the President from his own party during his term. The grim beginning of this document, which is addressed "To the Supporters of the Government," is in these terms:

> We have read without surprise, but not without indignation, the proclamation of the President of the 8th of July, 1864. The supporters of the Administration are responsible to the country for its conduct; and it is their right and duty to check the encroachments of the Executive on the authority of Congress, and to require it to confine itself to its proper sphere.

The paper went on to narrate the history of the reconstruction bill, and to claim that its treatment indicated a persistent though un-avowed purpose of the President to defeat the will of the people by the Executive perversion of the Constitution. They insinuated that only the lowest personal motives could have dictated this action:

> The President [they said], by preventing this bill from becoming a law, holds the electoral votes of the rebel States at the dictation of his personal ambition. . . . If electors for President be allowed to be chosen in either of those States, a sinister light will be cast on the motives which induced the President to "hold for naught" the will of Congress rather than his governments in Louisiana and Arkansas.

They ridiculed the President's earnestly expressed hope that the constitutional amendment abolishing slavery might be adopted:

> We curiously inquire on what his expectation rests, after the vote of the House of Representatives at the recent session and in the face of the political complexion of more than enough of the States to prevent the possibility of its adoption within any reasonable time; and why he did not indulge his sincere hopes with so large an installment of the blessing as his approval of the bill would have secured?

When we consider that only a few months elapsed before this beneficent amendment was adopted, we can form some idea of the comparative political sagacity of Mr. Lincoln and his critics. The fact that the President gave the bill of Congress his approval as a very proper plan for the loyal people of any States choosing to adopt it seemed to infuriate the authors of the bill: they say, "A more studied outrage on the legislative authority of the people has never been perpetrated." At the close of a long review of the President's proclamation, in which every sentence came in for its share of censure or of ridicule, this manifesto concluded:

> Such are the fruits of this rash and fatal act of the President—a blow at the friends of his Administration, at the rights of humanity, and at the principles of republican government. The President has greatly presumed on the forbearance which the supporters of his Administration have so long practiced, in view of the arduous conflict in which we are engaged, and the reckless ferocity of our political opponents. But he must understand that our support is of a cause and not of a man; that the authority of Congress is paramount and must be respected; that the whole body of the Union men of Congress will not submit to be impeached by him of rash and unconstitutional legislation; and if he wishes our support he must confine himself to his executive duties—to obey and to execute, not make the laws—to suppress by arms armed rebellion, and leave political reorganization to Congress. If the supporters of the Government fail to insist on this they become responsible for the usurpations which they fail to rebuke, and are justly liable to the indignation of the people whose rights and security, committed to their keeping, they sacrifice. Let them consider the remedy of these usurpations, and, having found it, fearlessly execute it.

HORACE GREELEY'S PEACE MISSION.

NOT least among the troubles and the vexations of the summer of 1864 was the constant criticism of sincere Republicans who were impatient at what they considered the slow progress of the war, and irritated at the deliberation with which Mr. Lincoln weighed every important act before decision. Besides this, a feeling of discouragement had taken possession of some of the more excitable spirits, which induced them to give ready hospitality to any suggestions of peace. Foremost among these was Horace Greeley, who in personal interviews, in private letters, and in the columns of the "Tribune" repeatedly placed before the President, with that vigor of expression in which he was unrivaled, the complaints and the discontents of a considerable body of devoted, if not altogether reasonable, Union men. The attitude of benevolent criticism which he was known to sustain towards the Administration naturally drew around him a certain number of adventurers and busybodies, who fluttered between the two great parties, and were glad to occupy the attention of prominent men on either side with schemes whose only real object was some slight gain or questionable notoriety for themselves. A person who called himself "William Cornell Jewett of Colorado" had gained some sort of intimacy with Mr. Greeley by alleging relations with eminent Northern and Southern statesmen. He was one of those newspaper laughing-stocks who come gradually to be known and talked about. He wrote interminable letters of advice to Mr. Lincoln and to Jefferson Davis, which were never read nor answered, but which, printed with humorous comment in the "New York Herald," were taken seriously by the undiscriminating, and even quoted and discussed in the London papers. He wrote to Mr. Greeley in the early part of July from Niagara Falls, and appears to have convinced the latter that he was an authorized intermediary from the Confederate authorities to make propositions for peace. He wrote that he had just left George N. Sanders of Kentucky on the Canada side.

> I am authorized to state to you [he continued], for our use only, not the public, that two ambassadors of Davis & Co. are now in Canada with full and complete powers for a peace, and Mr. Sanders requests that you come on immediately to me at Cataract House to have a private interview; or, if you will send the President's protection for him and two friends, they will come and meet you. He says the

> whole matter can be consummated by me, you, them, and President Lincoln.

This letter was followed the next day by a telegram saying:

> Will you come here? Parties have full power.

Mr. Greeley was greatly impressed by this communication. The inherent improbabilities of it did not seem to strike him, though the antecedents of Sanders were scarcely more reputable than those of Jewett. He sent the letter and the telegram to the President, inclosed in a letter of his own, the perfervid vehemence of which shows the state of excitement he was laboring under. He refers to his correspondent as "our irrepressible friend Colorado Jewett." He admits some doubt as to the "full powers," but insists upon the Confederate desire for peace.

> And therefore [he says] I venture to remind you that our bleeding, bankrupt, almost dying country also longs for peace; shudders at the prospect of fresh conscriptions, of further wholesale devastations, and of new rivers of human blood. And a wide-spread conviction that the Government and its prominent supporters are not anxious for peace, and do not improve proffered opportunities to achieve it, is doing great harm now, and is morally certain, unless removed, to do far greater in the approaching elections.

He then rebukes Mr. Lincoln for not having received the Stephens embassy, disapproves the warlike tone of the Baltimore platform, urges the President to make overtures for peace in time to affect the North Carolina elections, and suggests the following plan of adjustment: 1. The Union is restored and declared perpetual. 2. Slavery is utterly and forever abolished throughout the same. 3. A complete amnesty for all political offenses. 4. Payment of $400,000,000 to the slave States pro rata for their slaves. 5. The slave States to be represented in proportion to their total population. 6. A National convention to be called at once.

The letter closes with this impassioned appeal:

> Mr. President, I fear you do not realize how intently the people desire any peace consistent with the national integrity and honor, and how joyously they would hail its achievement and bless its authors. With United States stocks worth but forty cents in gold per dollar, and drafting about to commence on the third million of Union soldiers, can this be wondered at? I do not say that a just peace is now attainable, though I believe it to be so. But I do say that a frank offer by you to the insurgents of terms which the impartial will say ought to be accepted will, at the worst, prove an immense and sorely needed advantage to the national cause; it may save us from a Northern insurrection.

In a postscript Mr. Greeley again urges the President to invite "those at Niagara to exhibit their credentials and submit their ultimatum."

Mr. Lincoln determined at once to take action upon this letter. He had no faith in Jewett's story. He doubted whether the embassy had any existence except in the imagination of Sanders and Jewett. But he felt the unreasonableness and injustice of Mr. Greeley's letter, while he did not doubt his good faith; and he resolved to convince him at least, and perhaps others of his way of thinking, that there was no foundation for the reproaches they were casting upon the Government for refusing to treat with the rebels. That there might be no opportunity for dispute in relation to the facts of the case, he arranged that the witness of his willingness to listen to any overtures which might come from the South should be Mr. Greeley himself. He answered his letter at once, on the 9th of July, saying:

> If you can find any person, anywhere, professing to have any proposition from Jefferson Davis, in writing, for peace, embracing the restoration of the Union, and abandonment of slavery, whatever else it embraces, say to him he may come to me with you, and that if he really brings such proposition he shall at the least have safe conduct with the paper (and without publicity, if he chooses) to the point where you shall have met with him. The same if there be two or more persons.

Mr. Greeley answered this letter the next day in evident embarrassment. The President had surprised him by his frank and prompt acquiescence in his suggestions. He had accepted the first two points of Mr. Greeley's plan of adjustment — the restoration of the Union, and the abandonment of slavery — as the only preliminary conditions of negotiations upon which he would insist, and requested this vehement advocate of peace to bring forward his ambassadors. Mr. Greeley's reply of the 10th seems somewhat lacking both in temper and in candor. He thought the negotiators would not "open their budget" to him; repeated his reproaches at the "rude repulse" of Stephens; referred again to the importance of doing something in time for the North Carolina elections; and said at least he would try to get a look into the hand of the men at Niagara, though he had "little heart for it." But on the 13th he wrote in a much more positive manner. He said:

> I have now information, on which I can rely, that two persons, duly commissioned and empowered to negotiate for peace, are at this moment not far from Niagara Falls in Canada, and are desirous of conferring with yourself, or with such persons as you may appoint and empower to treat with them. Their names (only given in confidence) are Hon. Clement C. Clay of Alabama, and Hon. Jacob Thompson of Mississippi.

He added that he knew nothing and had proposed nothing as to terms; that it seemed to him high time an effort should be made to terminate the wholesale slaughter. He hoped to hear that the President had concluded to act in the premises, and to act so promptly as to do some good in the North Carolina elections.

On the receipt of this letter, which was written four days after Mr. Greeley had been fully authorized to bring to Washington any one he could find empowered to treat for peace, and which yet was based on the assumption of the President's unwillingness to do the very thing he had already done, Mr. Lincoln resolved to put an end to a correspondence which promised to be indefinitely prolonged, by sending an aide-de-camp to New York to arrange in a personal interview what it seemed impossible to conclude by mail. On the 15th he sent Mr. Greeley a brief telegram expressing his disappointment, saying, "I was not expecting you to send me a letter, but to bring me a man or men," and announced the departure of a messenger with a letter. The letter was of the briefest. It merely said:

> Yours of the 13th is just received, and I am disappointed that you have not already reached here with those commissioners, if they would consent to come, on being shown my letter to you of the 9th inst. Show that and this to them, and if they will come on the terms stated in former, bring them. I not only intend a sincere effort for peace, but I intend that you shall be a personal witness that it is made.

This curt and peremptory missive was delivered to Mr. Greeley by Major John Hay early on the morning of the 16th. He was still somewhat reluctant to go; he thought some one not so well known would be less embarrassed by public curiosity; but said finally that he would start at once if he could be given a safe conduct for four persons, to be named by him. Major Hay communicated this to the President and received the required order in reply. "If there is or is not anything in the affair," he said, "I wish to know it without unnecessary delay."

The safe conduct was immediately written and given to Mr. Greeley, who started at once for Niagara. It provided that Clement C. Clay, Jacob Thompson, James P. Holcombe, and George N. Sanders should have safe conduct to Washington in company with Horace Greeley, and should be exempt from arrest or annoyance of any kind from any officer of the United States during their journey. Nothing was said by Mr. Greeley or by Major Hay to the effect that this safe conduct modified in any respect the conditions imposed by the President's letter of the 9th. It merely carried into effect the proposition made in that letter. On arriving at Niagara, Mr. Greeley placed himself at once in the hands of Jewett, who was waiting to receive him, and sent by him a letter addressed to Clay, Thompson, and Holcombe, in which he said:

> I am informed that you are duly accredited from Richmond as the bearers of propositions looking to the establishment of peace; that you desire to visit Washington in the fulfillment of your mission; and that you further desire that Mr. George N. Sanders shall accompany you. If my information be thus far substantially correct, I am authorized by the President of the United States to tender you his safe conduct on the journey proposed, and to accompany you at the earliest time that will be agreeable to you.

No clearer proof can be given than is afforded in this letter that Mr. Greeley was absolutely ignorant of all the essential facts appertaining to the negotiation in which he was engaged. As it turned out, he had been misinformed even as to the personnel of the embassy, Jacob Thompson not being, and not having been, in company with the others; none of them had any authority to act in the capacity attributed to them; and, worse than all this, Mr. Greeley kept out of view, in his missive thus shot at a venture, the very conditions which Mr. Lincoln had imposed in his letter of the 9th and repeated in that of the 15th. Yet, with all the advantages thus afforded them, Clay and Holcombe felt themselves too bare and naked of credentials to accept Mr. Greeley's offer, and were therefore compelled to answer that they had not been accredited from Richmond, as assumed in his note. They made haste to say, however, that they were acquainted with the views of their Government, and could easily get credentials, or other agents could be accredited in their place, if they could be sent to Richmond armed with "the circumstances disclosed in this correspondence." It is incomprehensible that a man of Mr. Greeley's experience should not have recognized at once the purport of this proposal. It simply meant that Mr. Lincoln should take the initiative in suing the Richmond authorities for peace, on terms to be proposed by them. The essential impossibility of these terms was not apparent to Mr. Greeley; he merely saw that the situation was somewhat different from what he had expected, and therefore acknowledged the receipt of the letter, promised to report to Washington and solicit fresh instructions, and then telegraphed to Mr. Lincoln the substance of what Clay and Holcombe had written. The President, with unwearied patience, drew up a final paper, which he sent by Major Hay to Niagara, informing Mr. Greeley by telegraph that it was on the way. This information Mr. Greeley at once sent over the border, with many apologies for the delay.

Major Hay arrived at Niagara on the 20th of July with a paper in the President's own handwriting, expressed in these words:

> EXECUTIVE MANSION,
> WASHINGTON, July 18, 1864.
>
> *To whom it may concern:* Any proposition which embraces the restoration of peace, the integrity of the whole Union, and the abandonment of slavery, and which comes by and with an authority that can control the armies now at war against the United States, will be received and considered by the Executive government of the United States, and will be met by liberal terms on other substantial and collateral points, and the bearer or bearers thereof shall have safe conduct both ways.
>
> ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Mr. Greeley had already begun to have some impression of the unfortunate position in which he had placed himself, and the reading of this straightforward document still further nettled and perplexed him. He proposed to bring Jewett into conference; this Major Hay declined. He then refused to cross the river to Clifton unless Major Hay would accompany him, and himself deliver the paper to the Confederate emissaries. They therefore went together and met Mr. Holcombe in a private room of the Clifton House (Mr. Clay being absent for a day), and handed him the President's letter. After a few moments' conversation they separated, Mr. Greeley returning to New York and Major Hay remaining at Niagara to receive any answer that might be given to the letter. Before taking the train Mr. Greeley had an interview with Jewett, unknown to Major Hay, in which he seems to have authorized Jewett to continue to act as his representative. Jewett lost no time in acquainting the emissaries with this fact, informing them of the departure of Mr. Greeley, of "his regret at the sad termination of the initiatory steps taken for peace, in consequence of the change made by the President in his instructions to convey commissioners to Washington for negotiations, unconditionally, and that Mr. Greeley would be pleased to receive their answer" through him (Jewett). They replied to Jewett with mutual compliments, inclosing a long letter to Mr. Greeley, arraigning the President for his alleged breach of faith, which Jewett promptly communicated to the newspapers of the country without notice to Major Hay, informing him afterwards in a note that he did this by way of revenging the slight of the preceding day.

In giving the letter of the rebel emissaries to the press instead of sending it to its proper destination, Jewett accomplished the purpose for which it was written. It formed a not ineffective document in a heated political campaign. It would be difficult to ascertain, at this day, whether Mr. Greeley ever communicated to Jewett or Sanders, and whether they, in their constant flittings to and fro over the Suspension Bridge, ever made known to Clay and Holcombe the conditions of negotiation laid down by Mr. Lincoln in his letters of the 9th and 15th of July. At all events they pretended to be ignorant of any such conditions, and assumed that the President had sent Mr. Greeley to invite them to Washington without credentials and without conditions, to convey to Richmond his overtures of peace. They did not say with any certainty that even in that event his overtures would have been accepted, but expressed the hope that in case the war must continue there might "have been infused into its conduct something more of the spirit which softens and partially redeems its brutalities." They then went on to accuse the President of a "sudden and entire change of views," of a "rude withdrawal of a courteous overture," of "fresh blasts of war to the bitter end"; attributing this supposed change to some "mysteries of his cabinet" or some "caprice of his imperial will." They plainly intimated that while the South desired peace, it would not accept any arrangement which bartered away its self-government; and in conclusion they called upon their fellow-Confederates to strip from their "eyes the last film of delusion" that peace is possible, and "if there were any patriots or Christians" in the North, they implored them "to recall the abused authority and vindicate the outraged civilization of their country."

Even this impudent and uncandid manifesto did not convince Mr. Greeley that he had committed an error. On the contrary, he adopted the point of view of the rebel emissaries, and contended after his return to New York that he regarded the safe conduct given him on the 16th of July as a waiver by the President of all the conditions of his former letters. Being attacked by his colleagues of the press for his action at Niagara, he could only defend himself by implied censure of the President, and the discussion grew so warm that both he and his assailants at last joined in a request to Mr. Lincoln to permit the publication of the correspondence between them. This was an excellent opportunity for Mr. Lincoln to vindicate his own proceeding. But he rarely looked at such matters from the point of view of personal advantage, and he feared that the passionate, almost despairing appeals of the most prominent Republican editor in the North for peace at any cost would deepen the gloom in the public mind and have an injurious effect upon the Union cause. He therefore proposed to Mr. Greeley, in case the correspondence should be published, to omit some of the most vehement phrases of his letters and those in which he advocated peace negotiations solely for political effect; at the same time he invited him to come to Washington and talk with him freely. Mr. Greeley, writing on the 8th of August, accepted both suggestions in principle, but he querulously declined going to Washington at that time, on the ground that the President was surrounded by his "bitterest personal enemies," and that his going would only result in further mischief, as at Niagara. "I will gladly go," he continued, "whenever I feel a hope that their influence has waned." Then, unable to restrain himself, he broke out in new and severe reproaches against the President for not having received Mr. Stephens, for not having sent a deputation to Richmond to ask for peace after Vicksburg, for not having taken the Democrats in Congress at their word, and sent "three of the biggest of them as commissioners to see what kind of a peace they could get." He referred once more to Niagara, and said magnanimously, "Let the past go"; but added the stern admonition, "Do not let this month pass without an earnest effort for peace." He held out a hope that if the President would turn from the error of his ways he would still help him make peace; but for the time being, "knowing who are nearest you," he gave him up. The only meaning this can have is simply, Dismiss Seward from your Cabinet and do as I tell you, and then perhaps I can save your Administration.

The next day, having received another telegram from the President, who, regardless of his own dignity, was still endeavoring to conciliate and convince him, Mr. Greeley wrote another letter, which we shall give more fully than the rest, to show in what a dangerous frame of mind was the editor of the most important organ of public opinion in the North. He begins by refusing to telegraph, "since I learned by sad experience at Niagara that my dispatches go to the War Department before reaching you."

> I fear that my chance for usefulness has passed. I know that nine-tenths of the whole American people, North and South, are anxious for peace — peace on almost any terms — and utterly sick of human slaughter and devastation. I know that, to the general eye, it now seems that the rebels are anxious to negotiate and that we refuse their advances. I know that if this impression be not removed we shall be beaten out of sight next November. I firmly believe that, were the election to take place to-morrow, the Democratic majority in this State and Pennsylvania would amount to 100,000, and that we should lose Connecticut also. Now if the rebellion can be crushed before November it will do to go on; if not, we are rushing to certain ruin.
>
> What, then, can I do in Washington? Your trusted advisers nearly all think I ought to go to Fort Lafayette for what I have done already. Seward wanted me sent there for my brief conference with M. Mercier. The cry has steadily been, No truce! No armistice! No negotiation! No mediation! Nothing but surrender at discretion! I never heard of such fatuity before. There is nothing like it in history. It *must* result in disaster, or all experience is delusive.
>
> Now I do not know that a tolerable peace could be had, but I believe it might have been last month; and, at all events, I know that an honest, sincere effort for it would have done us immense good. And I think no Government fighting a rebellion should ever close its ears to any proposition the rebels may make.
>
> I beg you, implore you, to inaugurate or invite proposals for peace forthwith. And in case peace cannot now be made consent to an *armistice for one year*, each party to retain unmolested all it now holds, but the rebel ports to be opened. Meantime let a national convention be held, and there will surely be no more war at all events.

In a letter of the 11th of August, Mr. Greeley closed this extraordinary correspondence by insisting that if his letters were published they should be printed entire. This was accepted by Mr. Lincoln as a veto upon their publication. He could not afford, for the sake of vindicating his own action, to reveal to the country the despondency — one might almost say the desperation — of one so prominent in Republican councils as the editor of the "Tribune." The spectacle of this veteran journalist, who was justly regarded as the leading controversial writer on the antislavery side, ready to sacrifice everything for peace, and frantically denouncing the Government for refusing to surrender the contest, would have been, in its effect upon public opinion, a disaster equal to the loss of a great battle. The President had a sincere regard for Mr. Greeley also, and was unwilling to injure him and his great capacities for usefulness by publishing these ill-considered and discouraging utterances. His magnanimity was hardly appreciated. Mr. Greeley, in this letter of the 11th of August, and afterwards, insisted that the President had in his letter and his dispatch of the 15th of July changed his ground from that held in his letter of the 9th, which ground, he asserted, was again shifted in his paper "To whom it may concern." This was of course wholly without foundation. The letter of the 9th authorized Mr. Greeley to bring to Washington any one "professing to have any proposition from Jefferson Davis, in writing, for peace, embracing the restoration of the Union, and abandonment of slavery"; the letter of the 15th repeats the offer contained in that of the 9th, saying, "Show that and this to them, and if they will come on the terms stated in former, bring them." The next day Major Hay gave Mr. Greeley a formal safe conduct for himself and party, and neither of them thought of it as nullifying the President's letters. Indeed, Mr. Greeley's sole preposterous justification for his claim that his safe conduct superseded the President's instructions was that Major Hay did not say that it did not.

It was characteristic of Mr. Lincoln that, seeing the temper in which Mr. Greeley regarded the transaction, he dropped the matter and submitted in silence to the misrepresentations to which he was subjected by reason of it. The correspondence preceding the Niagara conference was not published until after the President's death; that subsequent to it sees the light for the first time in these pages. The public, having nothing of the record except the impudent manifesto of Clay and Holcombe, the foolish chatter of Jewett, and such half-statements as Mr. Greeley chose to make in answer to the assaults of his confrères of the press, judged Mr. Lincoln unjustly. Some thought he erred in giving any hearing to the rebels; some criticized his choice of a commissioner; and the opposition naturally made the most of his conditions of negotiation, and accused him of embarking in a war of extermination in the interest of the negro.[1] So that this well-meant effort of the President to ascertain what were the possibilities of peace through negotiation, or, failing that, to convince the representative of a large body of Republicans of his willingness to do all he could in that direction, resulted only in putting a keener edge upon the criticisms of his supporters, and in arming his adversaries with a weapon which they used, after their manner, among the rebels of the border States and their sympathizers in the North. Nevertheless, surveying the whole transaction after the lapse of twenty-five years, it is not easy to see how any act of his in relation to it was lacking in wisdom, or how it could have been changed for the better. Certainly every step of the proceeding was marked with his usual unselfish sincerity and magnanimity to friend and to foe.

NILS'S GARDEN.

AMONG a thousand students in a university town there will always be two or three in whom science and poetry hold each other at a deadlock. The headquarters for these few was, in my time, the delightful room of Edward Tenniman on the spot where the new Law School now stands. He himself was the high priest of this double altar, the professor of these incompatible elective studies. The room was in an old colonial house of the humbler description, the ceiling was low with a cross-timber, the walls were wainscoted, and there was a large, open fireplace. The arrangements of the room followed half unconsciously the double bent of the owner's mind. All one side was devoted to serve botanical science: tin boxes, specimens, herbaria, microscopes, and a recess filled with Latin and German botanical works. The middle of the room was, as it were, transitional: there was a desk with an Æschylus forever open, and a great copy of Liddell and Scott's lexicon, then a novelty. On the other side one passed into high philosophy and dreamland: a portrait of Coleridge, his framed autograph, a picture of his study, and a whole library of mystical philosophy, including, I remember, the folio edition of Jacob Behmen in five volumes, over whose symbolic plates we used to pore. With what delight after a rather stiff lesson in botany — for he took a few of us as private pupils — did we turn to the other side of the room, when Tenniman would unfold for us Behmen's "Aurora, or Day-Spring," and, better yet, the "Signatura Rerum, or the signature of all things, showing the Sign and Signification of the several Forms and Shapes in the Creation; and what the Beginning, Ruin, and Cure of every Thing is, it proceeds out of Eternity into Time, and again out of time into Eternity, and comprehends all Mysteries. Written in High Dutch, 1622, by Jacob Behmen, alias Teutonicus Phylosophus." No doubt this side of the room was very unscientific, in the modern sense, but it was certainly refreshing after an hour or two at the microscope. It perhaps made bad poets out of those whom Tenniman might otherwise have made into good observers, like himself; but a moderate amount of it certainly contributed to the enriching and enlarging of the whole man, and I have never regretted having been steeped for hours together in the perilous fascinations of that old room.

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[1] On the morning that the letter of the rebel emissaries was printed Major Hay, returning to Washington, heard this colloquy between two draymen on a Jersey City ferry-boat: "Have you heard the news?" "No; what is it?" "Old Abe and Jeff. Davis have been trying to make peace." "How did they make out?" "Old Abe, he says, 'Let the niggers go free, and we 'll stop fighting.' Jeff., he says, 'I 'll let them be free that 's free now, and the rest stay as they are.' Old Abe, he says, 'No, they got to be all free'; and so they broke up on that." These draymen were not the only citizens who gave this brief and dramatic form to the negotiations.

Walter Vose, Tenniman's favorite pupil, followed him alike in his profounder studies and his whims, and had a sunny, boyish temperament of his own that carried him cheerfully through all. One day at the Botanic Garden library, where Tenniman used sometimes to send us to practice analysis, the dear old professor, Amos Greene, came in upon Walter and found him with a copy of Pliny's Natural History before him.

"Do you get your botany from Pliny, my dear boy?" said the brisk and kindly professor.

"No," said Walter, "but Tenniman thinks that all botany should still be written in Latin, as he wrote his little book on the Algæ, you know; so I am reading up my Pliny, and came upon a passage that set me thinking, for once."

"Read it out," said the professor; and Walter Vose read and translated:

"No one can doubt that magic is the greatest of the sciences, seeing that it is the only one which embraces three other sciences having power over the human mind, and reduces them to one. No one doubts that it has sprung from medicine and become something loftier and holier than its parent."

"Yes, yes, yes," said the professor; "but really now"—

"Dear," said a woman who had just entered—a woman with a face so sweet that Pliny might have found some of his favorite magic in it,—"you should refer this young gentleman to old Nils and his garden."

"Yes, indeed," said the professor; "my wife has the right of it. You know old Nils?"

"Never heard of him," said the young man, rather nipped in the bud.

"Come, come, come," said Professor Greene, with his usual eagerness; "we shall find him in the fern-room." As they entered an old man rose from his seat, where he was inspecting a minute fern in a vase.

Nils Bergen, as I remember him at that time, was a tall, thin, elderly man, with a seamed and weather-worn face, twinkling blue eyes, and a smile between shy and sly. He still wore in the greenhouses the Norwegian knee-breeches and short waistcoat, as well as the jacket thickly set with silver buttons. It was believed among the students that he kept in his little house a great box full of garments just like this, and that when his suit was hopelessly soiled from the garden he simply laid it aside and took out a duplicate from the chest, while his granddaughter Sanna brushed, folded, and replaced the other. He always had his pockets stuffed with plants, and carried other plants stuck in the rim of his woolen cap, a head-dress which he wore when the greenhouses were at the hottest. He straightened himself up at our approach and said only, "So?"

"Good morning, Nils," said the cheery professor. "This is one of my students. I found him reading Pliny on magic, and I brought him to you."

"I do know nothing of magic," said Nils, guardedly, "and of magic plants I know only what all may know who do read the authors. Some claim to know magic: there was one acquainted with me, in the Hardanger Valley, he did claim to know it well; but he who reads Plineius, or Apuleius, or Theophrastus Eresius, he must know well that there are magic plants."

"But those authors are not read in our colleges," said sweet Mrs. Greene.

"It is that the professors not take the care to theirselves," said Nils, impatiently. "But they do read about the powerful herbs of Medea, the enchanting plants of Lucan, the Nepenthe of Homer, the venomous flowers of Colchis and of Thessaly. Why then do they not know that in plants at least there is magical force?"

"Take them to your garden," said the professor, "and they will certainly know it."

Grumbling to himself, yet with a certain air of self-satisfaction, Nils finished his work of repotting, led the party through the back door of the main greenhouse, then up through a little open garden, sacred to rarities,—where grew, for instance, the *edelweiss*, so hard to rear in our climate,—and then passed to a locked door in a hedge, which he opened. They found themselves in a curious scene of confused and ill-assorted plants, some of them of coarse and lurid growth, among which were mingled many of the commonest and most innocent. But what first arrested attention was the curious plan of the little plantation itself.

The garden lay before them divided in twelve small domains, each of these being subdivided into three, so that the effect was like the ribbon-shaped subdivisions of a French farm. Each parterre had plants of its own, some plain, some gorgeous, planted without regard to regularity or general effect; while some plots were entirely empty, as if waiting for occupants.

"These are Nils's twelve signs of the zodiac," said the cheerful professor.

"This is a quite tolerable collection," said the old gardener proudly, "of the famed chemical plants mentioned by Origen and Stobæus:

the plants named for the Decani, or the divinities that do rule the thirty-six parts of the man's body. Three there are for each sign of the zodiac, and I have them thus divided here. For each divinity some plant was thus for him sacred; use as medicine that plant—it do cure that member or organ. My acquaintance in Hardanger Valley, he did try this garden of chemical plants; foolish! it were too cold. Even in the great garden at Christiania, where they do raise twelve different maizes, they could not do that."

"Does Sanna help you in this garden, Nils?" said the professor's wife.

"Sanna," he said, indifferently, "she never do come inside this gate. She is a woman; she do like to amuse herself. When it comes Sunday she shall take little Katrina to the fernery and read religious books, like as in Norway. By and by she do recommend herself for a teacher in the schools."

As they walked towards the upper end of the little garden, after passing the twelve beds, they came to seven smaller plots laid crosswise.

"These are for the seven plants," said Nils. "This for another way of magic, that of Egypt. For example, this bed contains the compositæ, or composite plants, only—the aster, the chrysanthemum. Why? Because it is they which do resemble to the sun. All things that do resemble to that in shape were known by the wise Egyptians to be good for the heart, because they did hold the heart to be, as it were, the sun of a smaller world. See you not?"

"Did they cure the patient?" asked Walter.

"They cured whom they did cure," said Nils, indifferently. "There is no kind of medicine that shall do more than that. But this is not the art of the Egyptians. They did cure also by the aid of numbers with the wondrous plants. There is much in numbers. In Norway we still have a proverb when we see magpies—'One is for sorrow, and two is for joy; three must be a marriage, and four do bring good fortune.' But the Egyptians they did go much further, as you will see by Proclus, his book on sacrifices and magic. They did anticipate Linne the Great in counting every part of the least plant; but they knew, as he did not, what the numbers did signify. They did choose ten gods whom they numbered in order. Thus they did connect sacred numbers with sacred gods, as is right."

"A celestial numeration table," remarked Walter.

"Then," went on the old man, unheeding, "they did search all plants for their various numbers of leaves, flowers, seeds; they did number the joints in the stems; they did observe the three-sided and four-sided stalks, the stamens, the pistils; then they did dedicate these plants to the proper gods, and when they had dreamed of any god in the temple, they did take his consecrated plants for medicine and were cured."

"But how came the invalids to be in the temple?" objected Walter. "With us, the more an invalid a man is the more he stays at home from church."

"So! that was for the beauty of the ancient religion," said Nils, devoutly. "Does not Jamblichus say, 'In the temple of Æsculapius diseases are cured by holy dreams'? Does not Aristophanes say, 'Let us lie down in the temple of Æsculapius'? It wonders one that you come from college with long lists of knowledge that make no use, and do not learn either from Greek or Latin what really concerns us all to know."

"It is certainly true," mused Walter, "that we never were encouraged to have holy dreams during morning prayers. It's odd, but a doctor's certificate excuses us from the temple instead of sending us there. But, after all, what a dangerous kind of medical practice!"

"It shall not be dangerous at all," retorted Nils, impatiently. "Plants are very near to us; they do mean us no harm. Every plant it do correspond in form to some part of the body; thus the peony and poppy-buds to the head, any one can see that; then the caltha and anthemis,—what you call cowslip and mayweed,—these resemble to the eye, these shall cure the eye; the dentaria for the teeth—you do call it toothwort even now; yonder it grows."

"Was it a Norwegian poet, Nils," interrupted the professor, "who talked about man's being one world and having another to attend him?"

"It shall be that it must be a different poet," said Nils, discontentedly; "but it shall be true for all that."

On the next Sunday afternoon Walter found himself near the Botanic Garden, and met the professor and his wife on their way to church.

"You will not find Nils to-day," said Mrs. Greene. "He usually shuts himself up on Sunday and reads religious books."

"Or magical ones," said her husband. "But he ought to be visiting the greenhouses about this time, as it happens. However, you cannot always count upon him. He tells me that his national proverb says, 'When a Norwegian says immediately, look for him in half an hour.'"

And they walked on. Walter Vose wandered through the gardens and up to the gate of the little corner which had been assigned to Nils as his own pleasure-ground. The wicket was locked; he could merely look through upon the fantastically arranged flowers. "What a curious crotchet," he said to himself, "for such a learned old fellow." Returning, he strolled through the fernery, and suddenly stopped before a scene prettier than any mere magic garden could afford.

An isolated mass of tree-ferns occupied the center of the greenhouse. Around them spread a broad seat of stone, inclosing a tiny water tank, holding a few pond-lilies and fringed with feather-moss. On this stone parapet sat a tall young girl, lithe and erect as any of the tree-ferns above her, but essentially Norse in every fiber of her strength, every tint of her coloring. She had a head so delicately formed that it seemed poised like a lily on its stem, and a child four or five years old and of much darker coloring was busily putting down great braids of soft brown hair from the other's neck and wreathing it with fern-cuttings that lay around. The elder girl was patiently reading; she had on a plain, tight-fitting black dress of some coarse material, that would have given her almost a peasant look but for the great sweetness and refinement of her face. Suddenly the little one sprung up impulsively and threw her arms about her companion, dragging her to look at herself in the calm mirror of the lily tank. "See, see!" she exclaimed; "you look just like one of grandpapa's water-nixies." From the doorway the young man could see a double image of the group, and accepted the child's interpretation. This done, there was a pause, and presently the eager little voice exclaimed, "What shall I do now? What are you reading?"

"I am reading Wordsworth's Poems," said the elder girl.

"What does it say?" asked the child.

"It tells about little Barbara Lewthwaite, a child of beauty rare," answered the other.

"Oh, I know about her," said the little one, half impatiently. "But who was Wordsworth? Where did he live? Did he know that little girl? Was he a kind man?" Then she began again upon the fern-cuttings, then, throwing them away, exclaimed, "O Sanna! you don't do a single thing to amuse me. You call me your sweet little sister, and then you don't do anything for me. If Wordsworth was here, he would do something to amuse me."

"You might eat your apple," suggested the sister, smiling.

"Oh, I forgot all about that," the child said eagerly, and tugging from her pocket a large red one she suddenly stopped, and, looking at her sister, cried out, "O you sweet, sweet, sweet! I must just kiss you—yes, I will, I will"; and rushing at her with a stormy embrace she upset Wordsworth, fern-leaves, and apple, so that the ruddy fruit went rolling into the water-tank and disappeared beneath the lily-pads. With instantaneous reaction she set up a wailing cry. "O Sanna! O you very unkind person! You threw it away, you know you did. O my beautiful, lovely apple!" And pushing her sister vigorously, she burst into passionate tears. Walter came quickly forward, pulled the treasure from the water, and presented it, still dripping, to the small owner.

In a moment the child stopped crying and stiffened herself within that armor of delicious shyness which drops so instantly, like a nun's or Quaker's vestments, over these young creatures; and stood, speechless, tightly grasping the elder girl's dress.

"Say 'Thank you,'" said the girl addressed as Sanna.

"No—you," murmured the little one; but she sent a sudden smile with the thanks and then buried her face in the scant dress.

"Aha!" said a voice from behind, "is it that I have found you at last? Oh, yes, this is my granddaughter, a good girl, but she do not read the authors; she will be a woman. Go, Sanna, and take the little Katrina; the greenhouse is too warm." In a moment he had forgotten their existence, and was again discoursing upon his hobby.

"It is not reason to think," he said, "that Egypt supplied all its own magic plants; there shall be no reason why we shall not raise them here. Here we have the woods, the Veratrum, and Juniperus, powerful for routing the demons; these grow wild, but others we must raise in gardens."

"Are these both your granddaughters?" asked Walter, irrelevantly.

"Yes," said Nils; "Sanna, she do tend little Katrina. Then there is the asphodel, irresistible against gloomy deities."

"I should think little Katrina would be quite irresistible," said Walter.

"Hein?" asked Nils, puzzled. "Then there is laurel, which will grow in your own woods, good to bring on madness, ravings, and sleep; and strychnon and mandragora, which do make love-potions; and even your common autumnal dandelion, the leontodon, can rouse from death itself."

"I think," said Walter, looking at his watch, "that I must go to dinner."

Meantime there was never a poor girl so plied with questions as Sanna. "Who was he?" asked the child incessantly. "Why did he come there? What was his name? Why did she not know his name? Was he kind?" and so on indefinitely. "But I love him very much," added she.

"You do not know him," said Sanna.

"I have known him a long time," said the child indignantly—"as much as ten minutes; that is almost half an hour. I love him better than anybody that there is; that is, I love you better than anybody in the world, but I love him better than any person that ever lived. Do you think he is kind to little girls?"

"Very kind," Sanna said, and she thought of the merry look which Walter had cast on them.

As we sat in Tenniman's window one evening about that time, content to have all our botany brought within the limits of one narcotic weed, there came up a question about Walter Vose, why he kept away from us. "He studies at the Botanic Garden mostly now," said Tenniman. "He got hold of a passage about magic in Pliny one day, and has never been able to get it out of his head."

"Like the poet in 'Festus,'" said one of the young men, "who fell into himself and was missing ever after."

"There is a studious old party at that garden," said another, "who knows all about magic."

"There 's a pretty girl there," replied the first, "who practices it. She 's the daughter or granddaughter of old Nils. This young innocent of mine"—indicating a blushing younger brother—"got a glimpse of her the other day, and he has never been himself since. Somehow she belongs in that garden: she 's a regular white lily-in-the-flesh, if ever there was one; I 'll say that for the girl."

But this led to a rather eager discussion of the comparative charms of several different college belles, and we got no further. It is perfectly true, though, that from that time forth Walter discovered that to study botany from books only was useless work, and that the real place for it must be a botanic garden. He was certainly quite exemplary in his attendance there. He tried to learn about magic plants; he really learned about Sanna and little Katrina. Their mother, it seemed, was an American and well taught—she was the daughter of a country pastor, and had fallen in love with the young Norwegian gardener; but both had died, and Sanna was left to care for the grandfather and the little sister. Their sex excluded them, the old man thought, from all knowledge of his authors and his magic plants; and, as he said, they never entered the quaint garden. But he would keep Walter there for hours, discoursing, explaining, experimentalizing.

"You shall remember," he said, "that the heavenly bodies also shall be regarded for the plucking of plants at fixed times. Thus the stems of Hypericum must be dug up on the feast of St. John—hence you do call it St. John's wort; also the twigs of the wild cherry at St. Martin's, for divining rods; and the ash-wood must be split at noon, when the sun is in the sign Virgo and the moon crescent."

"Is Miss Sanna well to-day?" asked Walter at this point.

"She shall be well enough," said Nils, carelessly. "But Kircherus, he shall maintain that at the time of the solstice the leaves of the willow, white poplar, elm, lime, and olive do turn their under side to the sky. That shall prove that we cannot omit all notice of the heavenly bodies; indeed, Gesnerus shall have it that plants do be affected in shape by the sun and moon. So with the plant nectanebus, which is a love-potion."

"Do you really believe in love-potions?" said Walter.

"So!" said Nils, doggedly, looking at him; "there shall be love-potions. It is easy by magic to produce love. Orpheus and Archelaus do say that arrows drawn out of a wounded body, if they have not yet touched the ground, may be placed beneath persons as they sleep, and produce love; but the Egyptians, they did produce it by love-potions. That was better."

"I have seen the thing done without either," said Walter; but Nils heeded not.

From this time Nils began to confide to Walter that he had himself tested many of his favorite plants, but with little effect; and he evidently would have liked very much to see what result they would produce on a fresher constitution. Walter willingly nibbled a leaf here and there, not so much for a knowledge of magic plants, which had already grown a little wearisome to him, as for the sake of a still older and surer magic which had begun its operation. Sanna spent more and more time in the greenhouses with him, and the innocent sweetness of an unspoiled nature became more fascinating day by day. For her sake he would have heard about Paracelsus and Kircherus for hours at a time. Meanwhile into Nils's mind, which had the practical as well as the ideal bent of his nation, came a vision by no means sentimental in behalf of these two young people. If the youth did at times show a little levity, he was by far the best listener the old man had ever met; and there was Sanna to be provided for! What was the use of all his magic lore, if he could not bring something to pass that should secure the future comfort of his granddaughters? So he pored over his well-thumbed Pliny and Dioscorides, and muddled his brain with potions and mixtures dire, little knowing that a more powerful force was all the while doing his work for him.

Had he looked into the fern-house at dusk one summer evening he would have seen

Walter and Sanna sitting absorbed in a rather low-voiced talk, with occasional inexplicable pauses, while little Katrina hunted for glow-worms in the grass-plot beyond the lifted sash. The great Virgilia tree waved its lingering white clusters within sight, dim and ghostly in the evening; the blue-green Colorado spruce rustled gravely in the light breeze; the frogs croaked in the pond. After a long pause Sanna was just speaking.

"You know very well," she said, softly, "that you do not believe a word he tells you — about the plants, I mean. You think — I don't know what you think. You think he is a silly old man."

"What an outrageous thing to say now!" cried Walter, with a successful effort at indignation. "Your grandfather is the most learned man I ever knew. How can it be that at the University of Christiania they train such men?"

"I know it," said the girl, proudly. "But does his learning convince you?" she asked, looking shyly at him.

"Of what?" said Walter.

"That there is such a thing as magic?" she answered.

"Upon my word," said he, looking at her significantly, "I have more than half believed that for this long while."

"But in plants," she said, hastily; "in plants?"

"Do you believe it yourself?" he evasively answered.

"How should I know?" she replied. "You yourself say he is very learned, and he believes in it. At least he thinks he does; nobody can doubt that."

"True enough," said Walter, thoughtfully. "Talks well about it, too. That was very true what he said the other day about plants and human beings — that they were so nearly related. Now they must seem like that to you, I take it — a sort of sisters."

"Of course," she said, simply; "I was brought up among them."

"Queer," mused Walter, "I was brought up so differently."

"I know you were," answered the girl, "and that is the very thing—" But there she stopped.

She sat leaning forward a little in the dim light; the fern plants drooped over her; she was dressed in white, which was unusual for her, and she might have been one of the lily-maidens in the German legend of the Mummelsee. Suddenly the little Katrina raced uproariously in, holding up a great glow-worm, which she put on Sanna's lap in a little pile of leaves. The elder girl bent over it in silence, and suddenly there fell upon the insect a large drop, which, had its light been made of earthly flame, would have put it out forever. Even as it was, the little creature curled itself up and dropped upon the floor.

"Why, you are crying, Sanna!" exclaimed the excited child. "Walter always makes you cry now, after he goes away, and to-night you are crying before he goes. O you naughty, unkind man!" she went on, turning with her usual precipitation upon him. "Why do you make my Sanna cry?"

"I did not know I did," he answered, honestly.

"But you do, you do," insisted the child. "Why, why, why? Tell her to stop, and she will stop this minute. Besides, when I cried the other day you kissed me to make it well. Kiss Sanna!" And she went at him with one of her boisterous charges, to enforce her prescription.

"O Katrina!" cried Sanna very hastily, "there is the very largest glow-worm you ever saw just outside the window. Run, run, or it will be lost!"

"Kiss her!" persisted the merciless child, now looking towards the doorway, then returning towards him.

Then, as if guided by an irresistible and delicious fate, Walter Vose bent down and kissed the fair head, prevented from withdrawing itself by the interlacing branches of the fern-trees, while the satisfied child bounded away to seek the real or imaginary glow-worm. "Sanna!" he said, wondering equally at himself and her, for it was the first time he had called her by that name. He felt as if he and she were floating away together on a cloud large enough to hold precisely two persons, while the world of men, women, and botany sunk away unregretted beneath their feet. "Sanna," he repeated, "will you be my wife?" At the instant she sprung from him and said impetuously:

"You must never speak to me again." Flinging the leaves from her lap she ran as for life from the fern-house; and grasping little Katrina, swept her from before his sight as with a whirlwind, in the eagerness of her renunciation. The child struggled and screamed as she was borne off; and the last words that came back were: "But I wanted to stay with Walter! O you cruel two persons!"

FOR some days Walter avoided the green-houses altogether, as did Sanna also. He could not, however, forsake the garden itself. Little Katrina, with a child's oblivion of what had passed, sometimes ran to him from afar, climbing eagerly upon him; then she also grew shy. Old Nils went pottering about his own domain and muttered to himself, evidently puzzled by the situation. One day he came to Walter with some Norwegian tobacco, as he said; and the young man, unwilling at this juncture to refuse anything from him, filled his pipe from the proffered pouch.

"But," said Walter, "they certainly do not raise tobacco at those high latitudes."

"They do prepare it," was the answer, "after the manner of our ancestors."

"Queer taste they get into it too," said the youth; "but it is aromatic and pleasant. Magic herbs, eh, Nils?"

"It shall not be for a joke," retorted Nils, severely. "It shall be for a sweet flavor, not?"

There was certainly something pleasant about it, with a soothing influence, and Walter took the pouch with him; but he let the pipe go out almost as soon as lighted, being absorbed in vexatious thoughts of Sanna. The next day he reverted to the new supply and smoked furiously.

Meanwhile poor Sanna sought the professor's wife, her kind adviser since childhood, and unfolded her grief.

"But, Sanna," said Mrs. Greene, "why not marry him?"

"Ach!" she answered, "it is all so different in our positions."

"I don't see why," said the older woman, with courageous philosophy, tempted by the love of match-making. "He is the son of a country clergyman, and you are the granddaughter of one — on your mother's side, you know. You are poor and so is he, I suppose. It is not likely that there is in his family a sweeter woman than your mother was, or a more learned man than your grandfather — I mean Nils. What then is the trouble? Why should you not marry? Certainly little Katrina is fond enough of him, and he and your grandfather talk by the hour together."

"It is no matter," was the despairing answer. "What am I? A Norwegian peasant girl who happened to be born in America, that is all. I have nobody but Katrina and grandfather; and you know — oh, you know very well, Mrs. Greene — that he thinks grandfather queer and strange. Everybody does, I suppose, but Katrina and I."

"Because of his fancy about magic plants?" said Mrs. Greene, smiling a little.

"Yes," said the girl defiantly, straightening up her slender figure. "You know well that most people do not believe in them at all; but there must be something in them, or a great learned man like my grandfather would not give up so much of his time to them."

"If Walter is enchanted, my child," said Mrs. Greene, kissing the fresh cheek, "you are the magic flower."

"Ach! so?" said the blushing girl, falling unconsciously into the old man's vocabulary as well as his arts, and retreating through the greenhouses.

Walter meanwhile had wandered into the now deserted fernery, listlessly plucking a dead leaf or pulling a weed from the flower-pots. "The air is too warm," he thought presently; "my head swims." Suddenly a surge of blood seemed to go upwards from his body to his brain; his head seemed like a bulb expanding to twice its usual size, and he felt himself falling. Instantly a pair of strong young arms were clasped about him and he knew vaguely that he was being dragged from the hot greenhouse and laid upon a bank outside, a green sward, made golden by the early flowers of the yellow autumnal dandelion. He lost all consciousness, and when he awaked his forehead was moist with water that had been profusely showered upon it, and warm, eager lips were pressed against his cheek. He sat up, still dizzy, his head resting against Sanna's shoulder, and looked where old Nils stood, with an air of supreme triumph in his face, and with the little wandering Katrina lurking shyly behind.

"It shall be quite well," he said. "Now you know that plants do have magic. It is well too that you did place him on the dandelions, which do revive a person from death, as saith Kircherus."

The old man had builded better than he knew with the strange herbs, that when mingled in the tobacco had so nearly brought Walter to death's door. Had it not been for this dangerous intermeddling, who knows whether young love would ever have reached its happy end? As Mrs. Greene summed it up, Sanna's magic might after all have proved ineffectual without his. Nor did it ever occur to him to doubt that he did all. At any rate he wrote down in his old copy of Dioscorides, still to be seen in the Botanic Garden library:

NOTE.—Take nectanebus and mandragora, they shall be inhaled for a love-potion. (N. B.—*This I myself have proved by actual experiment!*) Should these herbs have been taken in excess, place the patient on a bed of leontodon, which do have power, as Kircherus hath said, to raise from death itself. (N. B.—*This I myself have seen in case of the leontodon autumnale, or autumnal dandelion, in this very garden!*)

Thomas Wentworth Higginson.

WOMAN IN EARLY IRELAND.

AN IRISH CHILD OF THE UPPER CLASS.

IT has become the fashion to say that a civilization may be measured by the treatment it accords to woman. Hence it may profit to look a little into the position of woman in ancient Ireland so far as one may penetrate the darkness of the past and in such measure as can be given here. The Irish woman of to-day might well inspire a wish to know something of her ancestresses, if it were only to learn whence her qualities are derived; for the women of no country surpass and those of few lands equal her in charm of face and manner, modesty and decorum, brightness and strength of wits. We need not rest our belief concerning the attractiveness of Irish women upon modern statements, nor upon the Lady Blessingtons and Anne Boleyns, nor upon Irish princesses famous in medieval ballads like Kudrun of Ireland in the German poem and Iseult of Ireland in that of France. We have the great romantic literature of Ireland in part still remaining as witness, together with references to many lost poems and prose tales in which queens and noble ladies take the lead.

A long list of Tochmarca, or "courtships," existed of which the bard was expected to know some by heart, and among which a favorite was the courtship of the Lady Eimer by Cuchulinn. Then there were the Aitide, or elopements, among them a very famous one, the tragedy of Deirdré and the sons of Uisneach, first translated in 1808 and told again in English verse by the late Dr. Joyce of Boston. Then there were the Serca, or loves of gallant men and fair dames. Such tragedies and comedies must have been very popular at fairs and in towns, at moated granges of Gaelic farmers and in the triple-fossed strongholds of chiefs; for though stories of battle, voyage by sea, foray and revenges, are far more numerous, the love-tales were sufficient to warrant Giolla na Naem in characterizing the Gaels of Ireland as remarkable among nations for beauty and amorousness.

The verses attributed to him were translated by Eugene O'Curry from the version given by Macfirbis. The composer starts from Asia Minor and names the nations in succession, the Danes and Picts coming last because known to him by their colonies in Ireland and North Britain.

For building the noble Jews are found,
And for truly fierce envy;
For size the guileless Armenians,
And for firmness the Saracens;
For acuteness and valor the Greeks;
For excessive pride the Romans;
For dullness the creeping Saxons;
For haughtiness the Spaniards;
For covetousness and revenge the French,
And for anger the true Britons—
Such is the knowledge of the trees.
For gluttony the Danes, and commerce;
For high spirits the Picts are not unknown,
And for beauty and amorousness the Gaedhils.

The same difficulty we found in drawing the line between god and hero, between mythical allegorical figure and person of history, follows us when we turn to women. A trait that appears very early is the respect paid to women by tradition, showing itself in the large number of female leaders of swarms that invaded Ireland in primitive times. Not only their names are recorded, but where they were buried. Undoubtedly the Gaelic war-goddesses are reflected in some of the queens who fall on the field of battle; or, like Macha Redhair, seize a throne and hold it against all comers; or, like Queen Meave, marrying Ailill for her second spouse, treat their partner with small respect and show him plainly that the woman

THE LAST OF THE FORESTS.

sits the higher on the throne. How much is myth, how much poetic exaggeration, how much history, nobody can tell; but the first pages of the ancient Irish chronicles teem with instances of female prowess and the leadership of women.

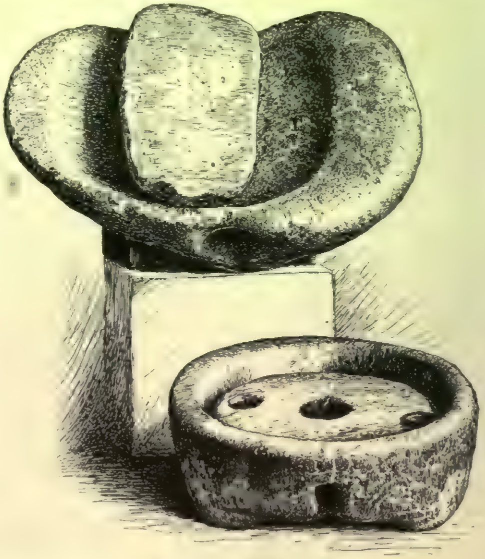
We can be certain, however, that Morrigu, or Great-Queen, was a war-sprite; for in the "Battle of Magh Rath," translated by John O'Donovan and published in 1842 by the Irish Archæological Society, we read of her apparition in the air above the head of the chief king, bent on vengeance for the misdeeds of Congall Claen.

> There is over his head shrieking
> A lean, nimble hag, hovering
> Over the points of their weapons and shields —
> She is the gray-haired Morrigu.

Perhaps Morrigu, Badb, and Macha are the "three daughters of the wicked Cain" whom the wise men of the Christian period mention, as quoted by Geoffrey Keating; they occupied Ireland first, and may be the war-goddesses of non-Keltic tribes. But Kesair, "granddaughter of Noah"— was she in any sense a historical person?

She is the first queen to whom Keating refers with confidence, though he was a learned and pious cleric who ought to have protested against a legend which improves on Genesis. For Kesair advised her father Bith to forsake Noah's God and consult an idol, and the idol counseled them to build a ship of their own and put to sea. This they did, with Ladra, Fintann, Barran, and Balba; they remained seven years and a quarter afloat, and landed near Bantry in Cork. Hitherto it has been the rule to smile at such legends, which are put to the account of vainglorious monks of Ireland. But since we have evidence from Babylonia of various versions of the deluge myth, and especially now that the connection of the ancient dwellers in Ireland with the first peoples of Babylonia and the Ugrians and Finns of Russia has been shown in former articles in THE CENTURY MAGAZINE, it is better to examine a legend like this with all seriousness, and debate whether or not the Irish version is not, beneath the biblical varnish, a sister myth preserved in Ireland by a branch of the Finno-Ugrian race instead of a direct imitation of the story we get in the Old Testament. Fintann, who accompanies Kesair, is connected with fish myths similar to those discovered in the present century in old Babylonia and which reappear in the Finnish Kalewala among exploits of Waïnamoïnen.

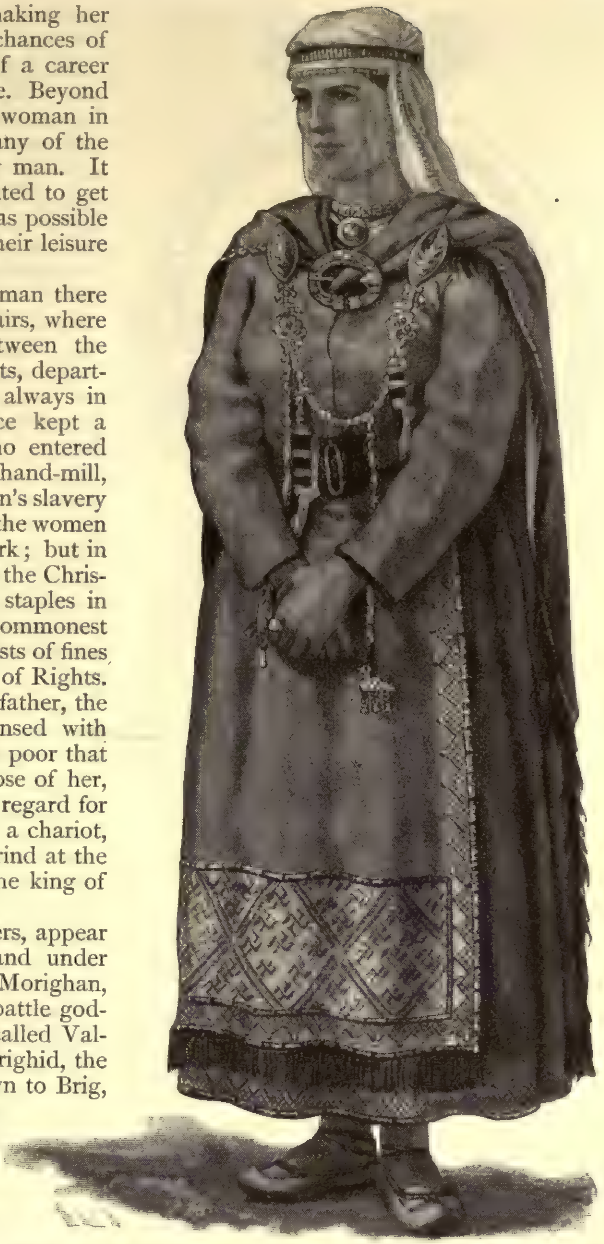
The earliest immigration myths preserved by Keating point to polygamy. The leadership of women does not preclude, as we know from African examples, both slavery and certain forms of polygamy. Against these the orthodox Keltic, and later on the Roman Catholic Church, waged steady conflict as soon as they came to power. In attacking matters common to man on lower stages of development Christians introduced the Oriental way of looking at woman; they strove to deprive her of much of her freedom of action in order



HAND-MILLS IN THE DUBLIN MUSEUM.

to improve morals; and, while making her chaster, limited very seriously the chances of independent life and the pursuit of a career on the part of a woman of enterprise. Beyond the veil of the Christian centuries woman in Ireland can be found pursuing many of the professions usually monopolized by man. It was as if the Christian priests wanted to get women out of public life as much as possible and cause them to devote most of their leisure to affairs of religion.

But as regards the ordinary woman there was no relief to her toil save the fairs, where trouble was always brewing between the valiant men of different tribes, septs, departments, and where bloodshed was always in order unless some powerful prince kept a strong guard and disarmed all who entered the precincts. The stone quern, or hand-mill, was the badge of the common woman's slavery in Ireland. If there were no slaves, the women of the tribe had to do this hard work; but in the pagan period, and far down into the Christian, "foreign bondwomen" were staples in Ireland. They form one of the commonest articles mentioned in the metrical lists of fines and tributes preserved in the Book of Rights. It is recorded of St. Brigit that her father, the Druid Dubthach, became so incensed with her for giving away property to the poor that he put Brigit in his chariot to dispose of her, saying, "It is not through honor or regard for thee that I am bringing thee into a chariot, but to take thee and sell thee to grind at the quern for Dunlaug, son of Enda, the king of Laigen."[1]



FINNISH WOMAN IN OLD COSTUME, SHOWING EMBROIDERY, NECKLACES, AND OTHER SILVER AND BRONZE ORNAMENTS SIMILAR TO THOSE FOUND IN IRELAND.

(FROM "THE KALEVALA IN ENGLISH," PUBLISHED BY JOHN B. ALDEN, NEW YORK: ORIGINAL PUBLISHED AT HELSINGFORS BY THE FINNISH LITERARY SOCIETY.)

Eri, Fodla, and Banba, three sisters, appear to be mere impersonations of Ireland under female forms; Badb, Macha, and Morighan, or Morrigu, as we have seen, are battle goddesses, such as the Scandinavians called Valkyrs, or Choosers of the Battle. Brighid, the patroness of literature, handed down to Brig, a Druidess and daughter of a famous pagan lawyer, some of her preëminence in wisdom, for she is the Pallas Athene of the ancient Irish. St. Brigit, first Abbess of Kildare, whose father threatened to sell her for a slave, according to the pious legend, may have been a historical character, but her worship carried over many pagan practices, of which perhaps the longest to survive was the divination as to a husband. In the last century, and probably far down into the present, unmarried women of the people used to fashion an effigy of St. Brigit on the eve of the day she rules in the calendar. By various incantations and ceremonies with this puppet they sought to learn who was to be their husband. The magicians of the ancient Finns did the same; modern Samoyeds and Lapps fabricate and conjure with similar puppets, which with us are now relegated to the nursery in the form of the

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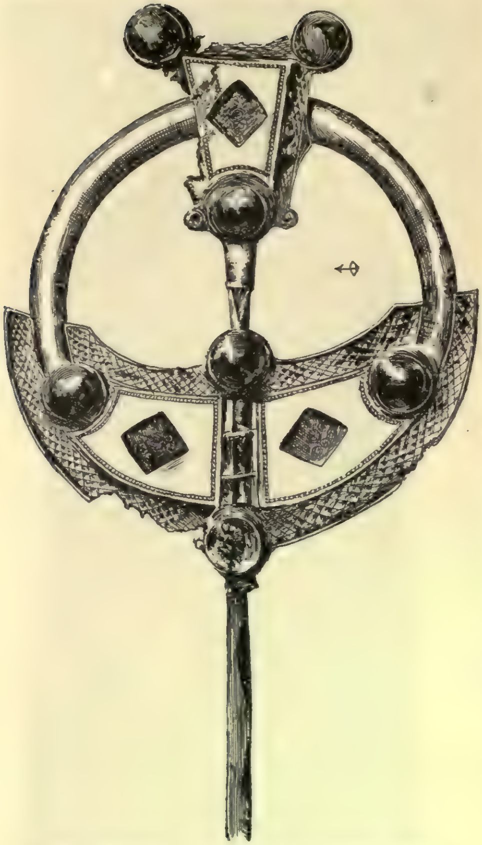
[1] President W. K. Sullivan has noted the resemblance between *rudzi*, the name for rye among the Letts near the Baltic, and the Irish word *ruadan*. Wheat was called *tarai*. According to Pictet, the Mongolian for wheat is *taràn*.



"HEAVY-HEADED" PIN OF INLAID BRONZE USED BY MEN AND WOMEN.

child's doll. As St. Brigit has the honor of introducing nunneries into Ireland, her appearance in the amiable office of match-maker would not be easy to explain did we not now perceive that the pagans of Ireland, like the pagans of Peru and of Rome, were provided with similar establishments long before nunneries became general. The Vestal virgin did not marry while in office, but she was not debarred forever from matrimony, nor did her vows imply any horror for the married state. Hence the contradiction when a Christian saint took over the rites and superstitions proper to a heathen goddess or priestess. An ancient Gaelic poem in the Burgundian Library of Brussels attributed to this saint begins:

> I should like a great lake of ale
> For the king of kings;
> I should like the family of heaven
> To be drinking it through time eternal.

Another queen whose name signifies a race is Scota, the wife of that Miledh of Spain whose sons led the last great Keltic immigration. She is called the daughter of the king of Egypt, and from her the Scoti of Ireland and northern Britain are fabled to get their name. Certainly this swarm has Egyptian traces, such as the Lady Dil, daughter of Miledh, being also the wife of her brother Donn, like the Ptolemies of Egypt; but marriages of state between brother and sister are not confined to Egypt — they appear in Greek mythology. What is important to note about these earliest queens and heroines is the fact that they engage in battle and are often slain, just like any man of note, by warriors whose names are given in history without a sign of disapproval. They afford a clue to the Amazons of Asia Minor, who have been a great puzzle.

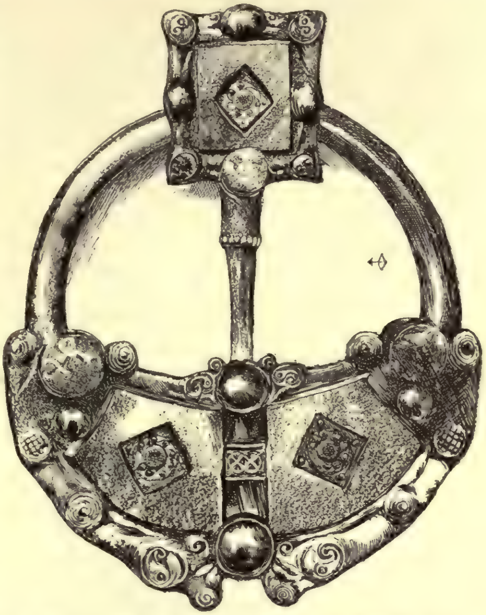
Divorce was easy under the old laws, and the wife took back with her the "tindscra," or marriage portion given by her parents, as well as the "coibche," or reward for her virginity received from the husband. Here are some of the reasons which might be alleged by a quick-tempered or a frail woman as a cause for separation: refusal of her rights in domestic matters, misconduct of her husband with other women, abandonment, a public charge of infidelity, ridicule from her husband, a mark on her person showing maltreatment. If a love-potion had been administered, it might be cited as a cause for leaving the man who gave it. In fine, divorce in heathen Ireland was so easy, and the laws were so favorable to the weaker sex, that the man who "caught a Tartar" must have had every chance of continuing to regret it.

Yet the lateness of date at which we find women fighting in battles is surprising. One of the glories of the Church in Ireland was a law passed by the efforts of St. Adamnan, about A. D. 690, putting a stop to the employment of women in war. The legend runs that he was once carrying his mother on his back near a battle when a woman was seen to thrust a sickle into the breast of another and drag her off the field. Adamnan's mother bade him put her down, and refused to be carried farther until he should swear to free women from such services. This he promised, and at the next grand assembly obtained a passage of the law.

The Sidhe, that race which swallowed up the most important persons of the Firbolg and Dé Danann swarms when the latter gave way before the Kelts under the sons of Miledh, has many female representatives in history and legend. They were called in general Bansidhe, or "banshee," a word which has become narrowed down to a ghost that haunts certain old families and shrieks pitifully when one of the family is about to die. The banshee sometimes gave success to a chief by her wise counsels, sometimes lured him into vice, as did Shin, a banshee who seduced Muircheartach, son of Erca, a monarch who repudiated his wife and drove his own children from Cleitech, his palace on the Boyne. In the Four Masters we hear of this king, A. D. 524, killing Sidhe (fairy), son of Dian (god). But under the date 526 we read of the revenge. For it appears that Shin was the daughter of Sidhe, and made love to her father's slayer until he had destroyed his home as we have seen. Then she burned his palace over his head and brought him to a terrible end.

The male fairy is a Fearsidhe (farshee). He would sometimes solicit and obtain aid from human beings in his wars with other supernatural tribes, just as the gods of Olympus were aided by Hercules. We know now that the Sidhe were early peoples and their gods, incorporated into the following races, who assumed in the eyes of the latter the character of supernaturals living in hills and under the water. Heathen Turks and Tatars of southern Siberia still worship their gods Kudai; on the Volga the Chuwasses worship Sjudtunzi. We find under the Arctic Circle and among the Finns and other "Altaic" or Turanian tribes of Russia the same belief in "Tshuds," or vanished supernatural inhabitants of the land, pointing to the same mixture of ideas we find in Ireland concerning dispossessed peoples of a different tongue but high civilization whose record remains only in legend. The "shee" of Ireland is the same word we find in Asia, but softened down in pronunciation. Among the early Russians and Irish we can safely infer the Turanian underfolk with its myths and manners of life, its subterranean dwellings and repute as magicians; in both we perceive remarkably clever members of the Finno-Ugrian womenfolk gaining a power over chiefs of the conquering hordes and going down into legend as supernatural Sidhes or Tshuds.[1] The foot-note considers the Gaelic words for woman and may well be forgiven, as it also relates to our common English term.

Unfortunately we cannot point to any pictures of early Irish women to aid us in calling up their appearance, the female figures of illuminated missals being conventional; but we must be content with the descriptions of Gaelic novelists and poets, whose ideals were necessarily more Keltic than Finno-Ugrian. But we can gain some idea of the earliest from Finland; accordingly a Finnish woman of the heroic period is reprinted from the picture in the Kalewala as published by the Finnish Literary Society of Helsingfors. The clothes of plebeian women found in Denmark and Ireland in oaken coffins, preserved by the action of oak-sap and peat, are not unlike those we see here, though a woolen girdle and a close-fitting



INLAID BRONZE BROOCH OF THE PAGAN EPOCH, THE FINEST EXAMPLES BEING FOUND IN IRELAND.

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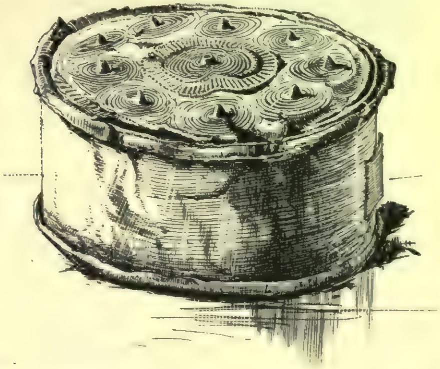
[1] The old word for daughter, *ni* or *nu*, which is now obsolete in the spoken language of Ireland, points to the Turanian peoples by its appearance among the Hungarians and other Finno-Turks as *nō*, wife. With regard to *bean* or *ban*, the ordinary word in Gaelic for woman, we find the root again in Latin *Venus* and *venia* with the meaning to love, venerate; in Sanskrit also as *van*, to love, serve, honor. From this we may provisionally class the living Irish word as Aryan, the obsolete as Turanian. According to Mr. Skeat we get it again in the English words to "win," "winsome." But though the great authority of Mr. Skeat upholds the ordinary derivation of "woman" from *wifman*, analogies are in favor of supposing that the spelling *wifman* in Anglo-Saxon arose from a mistake of the Saxon writers, who strove to explain in that way a word having no explanation in their tongue, which really came in from the Keltic spoken in Britain. When we find Irish turning *bean* into *wan* and *van* under certain circumstances, in accordance with those changes in consonants which are common to Keltic tongues, we have cause to suspect the old derivation of woman from *wifman*, leman from *leofman*, and incline to believe that when a proper study has been made of the Keltic and subject tongues, we shall find that the Keltic women of Britain brought into use in place of *wif* (German *weib*) a word which the old Saxon philologists forced into the unreasonable reading "wife-man." Whether they were married or enslaved by the conquerors would not alter matters; they would necessarily affect the tongue with words from their own language. An exact parallel is found in Irish Gaelic; for whereas the Kelts who entered Ireland had their own word *ban* springing from an Aryan root, they assimilated into their tongue the Finno-Ugrian *ni* or *nu* and used it as the feminine equivalent of *mac*, "son of," before proper names down to a few centuries ago. This is only one out of a number of words in English the origin of which might be traced through Keltic tongues if scholars would remove from their minds prejudices engendered on the one hand by politico-social matters, on the other by the wild assertions of the Keltic scholars before the time of Zeuss and his grammar.

cap of woven wool with strings to it are found in place of the decorated belt and headdress of this Finnish woman of property. So far as descriptions of attire are concerned, we get them in abundance for men of all ranks belonging to parts of Ireland and even to foreign countries; but also for women not a few. Thus when Queen Meave determined to go into Ulster and seize the wonderful bull for which the foray called Táin Bo Chuailgné was undertaken, she was surprised by an apparition seated on the shaft of her chariot. It was a woman engaged in weaving. "She had a green spot-speckled cloak upon her, and a round, heavy-headed brooch in that cloak over her breast. Her countenance was crimson, rich-blooded; her eyes gray and sparkling; her lips red and thin; her teeth shining and pearly so that you would think it was a shower of fair pearls that had been set in her head; like fresh coral were her lips; as sweet as the strings of sweet harps played by the hands of long-practiced masters were the sound of her voice and her fine speech; whiter than the snow shed in one night were her skin and her body appearing through her dress; she had long, even, white feet, and her nails were crimson, well-cut, circular, and sharp; she had long, fair, yellow hair; three wreaths of her hair were braided around her head and another braid descending as low down as the calves of her legs." This lady was a fairy, but her specialty was prophecy, so that we must infer that only certain of the fairies were gifted in that way.



BOX OF BEATEN GOLD TO HOLD JEWELS OR COSMETICS. PAGAN EPOCH.

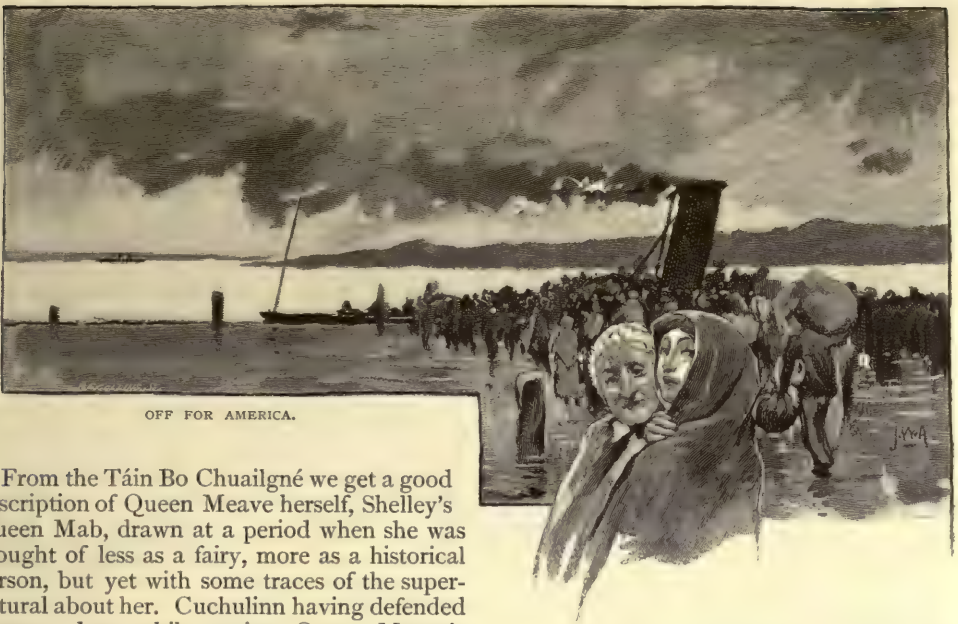
There are many objects in the museums of Dublin, Belfast, and other places the exact use of which is a problem owing to the lack of pictures of early men and women. The poets exaggerate and the medieval writers relate ancient events in the light of their own times without regard to probabilities; though it must be said that the Irish writers of legendary fiction have shown more of the historical sense than those of other northern nations, perhaps because of the existence in manuscript of sober histories from a very early period. The Irish had a musical instrument like the circle of little bells in a Turkish band, and many of these crotals have been found. But they appear at one time to have used them for the adornment of women, though now the crotal is only found as a cow-bell, sheep-bell, and as a sleigh-bell with us. There are strings of little bells in the Dublin Museum which can only have been worn by human beings. The tribes of Central Asia still decorate their unmarried women in this way, perhaps partly in order that their whereabouts should always be known from the sound, lest they steal away to lovers who come with no bride-price in their hands. Gold diadems for the hair, spirals of soft gold to twist round a thick plait, combs of bone ingeniously contrived, moccasins like those still used by the Lapps, oval decorated bosses of gold or bronze such as the Finnish medieval lady shows in the woodcut, are a few of the treasures from the ancient women of Ireland.

The pawnshop, or the Mont de Piété, of the present period is only the survival of a fashion which anybody might follow without loss of honor. The Brehon laws provide for the exact values a queen could demand if an article placed in pawn by her was not forthcoming when she demanded it, and the same for wives lower in the social scale. At Yule, or Christmas, at Easter, at the Midsummer festival, at a fair or other day of meeting, it was necessary to take jewels and other ornaments out of pawn in order to be appareled as befitted rank. Severe were the laws if these were withheld unjustly. The workbag of a queen was supposed to contain the following articles: a veil of one color, a crown of gold, a crescent of gold, a thread or cord of silver.

Should this bag be withheld, the fine is three cows. The fine for the complete contents of a workbag belonging to the wife of a chief is three heifers—reminding us of the first meaning of *pecunia*. These are its proper contents: one veil, a diadem of gold, a crescent of silver, a thread or cord of silver, a painted face or mask for assemblies, a kerchief of silk, gold thread.

O'Curry quotes a stanza from a ninth-century manuscript wherein it appears that blue was considered the proper and modest color for woman's dress, while fops had their garments dyed of many colors:

> Mottled to simpletons, blue to women,
> Crimson to the kings of every host,
> Green and black to noble laymen,
> White to clerics of proper devotion.



OFF FOR AMERICA.

From the Táin Bo Chuailgné we get a good description of Queen Meave herself, Shelley's Queen Mab, drawn at a period when she was thought of less as a fairy, more as a historical person, but yet with some traces of the supernatural about her. Cuchulinn having defended Ulster a long while against Queen Meave's army, and having killed at the ford his old schoolmate and friend Ferdiadh, whom Meave enlisted in her cause, has retired to Ulster to cure his wounds, when Cethern, also grievously wounded, joins him. Cethern describes to him and the physician the appearance of each hero who inflicted a wound on him; among these Queen Meave has a place.

"Look at this blood for me, my good Fingin," said Cethern. Fingin examined this blood. "This is the deed of a haughty woman," said the physician. "It is true," said Cethern. "There came to me one beautiful, pale, long-faced woman with long flowing, golden-yellow hair upon her; a crimson cloak with a brooch of gold in that cloak over her breast; a straight-ridged *slegh* [or light spear] blazing red in her hand. She it was that gave me that wound; and she got a slight wound from me." "We know that woman well," said Cuchulinn; "she is Medbh, the daughter of Eochaid Feidlig, high king of Erinn."

In one copy of the Táin the brooch which this Amazon carries on her breast, and which she offers to Ferdiadh as another bribe to induce him to fight Cuchulinn, weighs thirty ounces. The queen appears to have had a tart temper. She left her first husband, Conchobar mac Nessa of Ulster, returned to her father, was made by him sub-queen of Connaught, married and lost a second husband, and finally chose Ailill for his youth and beauty. Even with him she was prone to quarrel. It was envy of a wonderful bull in the flocks of her husband that made her long to own the bull of Cuailgné, about which the war waged. Yielding to her bribes, Ferdiadh agrees to fight Cuchulinn in the following stanza:

O Medb, abounding in venom,
Thou art not a sweet-tempered spouse to a consort.
It is true thou art the Brachial (shepherd?)
Of Cruachan of the ramparts,
With lofty speech and despotic power.
Send me the beautiful speckled satin,
Give me thy gold and thy silver,
Since to me thou hast proffered them.

The Tochmarc, or courtship, of Eimer by Cuchulinn, as we get it in Irish literature, has traces of customs of two great subdivisions of men, the Turanians as well as the Aryans. For though he sets to work to gain the hand of Eimer in the Aryan way, and is refused because he is a mere champion and a youth, he ends by taking her in the Turanian way, at the point of the sword. The nations roughly embraced by that term have preserved till a late date the habit of going outside of the tribe for a bride. The Esthonians have the word Tombamine for bride-seizure, though the practice has gone out. Although in the Kalewala the tribes of Pohjola, or the Lapps, are considered foul magicians, and ever the foe of the heroes of Kaleva, or the Finns, yet it is from Pohjola that Waïnamoïnen and his comrades always take their brides by force or by purchase. Waïnamoïnen and Ilmarinen generally take the civilized method and bribe the hostess of Pohjola for her daughters, but Lemminkainen seizes against her will the beauty who says:

Why come wooing at my fireside,
Wooing me in belt of copper?

Have no time to waste upon thee;
Rather give this stone its polish,
Rather would I turn the pestle
In the heavy sandstone mortar.

But Lemminkainen has not made himself a shepherd and fascinated the other dames and maidens of the village by his pranks and dancing for nothing. He comes in his wagon or sledge to the level meadow where the dance is to begin.

With the stallion proudly prancing,
Fleetest racer of the Northland,
Fleetly drives beyond the meadow
Where the maidens meet for dancing,
Snatches quick the maid Kyllikki,[1]
On the settle draws the maiden,
Quickly draws the leathern cover
And adjusts the birchen crossbar,
Whips his courser to a gallop,
With a rush and roar and rattle,
Speeds he homeward like the stormwind.

MOTHER GRABALL'S BAY, OUTLET OF EMIGRATION FROM SOUTHERN IRELAND.

In another bride-seeking in the Kalewala the luckless Aino appears to have had no choice when Waïnamoïnen the rich asked for her hand; so she drowned herself. But Kyllikki disposed of her own life as she chose. So in Ireland the rule seems to have been that the parents of the bride decided when she should marry; but many exceptions are found. It is curious to note that the marriage between Lemminkainen and the coy Kyllikki, who presently resigns herself to her fate, turns out badly because the latter breaks her word and goes to the village dances after having made a compact with her husband that she should remain quietly at home while he refrained from war. When she breaks the compact Lemminkainen not only prepares for war, but says that he purposes to get another wife — plainly a wife from the same hostile tribe as before. This rule obtains still among Lapps and Samoyeds, poor and ignorant branches of the same race as the Finns, and among very many nations of the Turkish blood. We may look with confidence among the non-Keltic tribes of Ireland for traces of similar customs, which are founded on the true instinct against interbreeding.

Eocaidh Ainkenn, a king of the province of Leinster, was so well pleased with one daughter of Tuathal Techtmar, the king of all Ireland, that he came for another before his first wife died. The king gave him his second daughter, Fithir, to wife, but when she reached her palace at Magh Lugadh and found her sister alive she fell dead from shame; whereupon Darinni, the first wife, lamented her for a time and died of grief. The story is obviously parallel with the classic one in Greece which accounts for the song of the nightingale, but is not necessarily an echo in Ireland of that tale; it may easily be native there also. A volume were needed to cite the adventures of noted women in Irish history of the pagan and early Christian epochs, point out their Aryan qualities and habits and customs similar to those prevalent among women of Turanian stock in Central Asia, define their status before the law, and give particulars in connection with bride-buying, bride-seizing, elopements, childbirth, and customs at funerals. In a long poem on the Fair of Carmán the poet brushes aside all other derivations for that word, which O'Curry thought was the ancient Gaelic name for the site of Wexford, a late Norse colony:

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[1] This maiden's name, Kylli or Kyllikki, means the "tinkling one," owing to the use of metal plates and even little bells on the clothes of a rich man's daughter. It appears in Irish as *kill*, "church," owing to the impression made on the pagans by the tinkling hand-bells of the missionaries, and comes obviously up out of the Turanian underfolk of Ireland. But it has been shown conclusively that our word church, which is "kirk" in the dialect of Scotland, derives through *kilicne*, *kiricne* from the same root "kil," and signifies the place of bells. *Kilkka* in Finnic, it became *cirice* in Anglo-Saxon. It is only one of a thousand instances where Turanian words, having become excellent Gaelic in Ireland and Scotland, have entered our own tongue very early and are to all appearance English from the old rock until their origin is shown.

> It was not men, and it was not an angry man,
> But a single woman, fierce and revengeful,
> Loud her rustling and her tramp,
> From whom Carmán received its first name.

This magician queen and her sons came to Ireland from Greece by way of Spain, so it would appear, and wrought frightful injuries to the fields and cattle of the Dé Danann tribes; but the Druids of the latter were too strong for them. They were forced to depart, leaving their mother Carmán in pledge. She was placed in a tomb alive, where apparently she starved to death. But her captors thought enough of her to come every third August to mourn her, and the wake of the old war-witch was the fair. Horse-races and trials of power between men were part of the triennial honors to "old crooked Garmán," her husband, as well as to Carmán, his wife, as another verse has it. These rites over the graves of great leaders are exactly the same among the Turkish tribes of Central Asia, according to Vámbéry. The fair of Carmán must have grown to very large proportions before A. D. 1000, if we are to believe the poet whose account of it is preserved in the Book of Leinster.

> No man goes into the women's assembly,
> No woman into the assembly of fair clean men;
> No abduction here is heard of,
> Nor repudiation of husbands nor of wives.
>
> Seven mounds without touching each other,
> For the oft-lamenting of the dead;
> Seven plains, sacred, without a house,
> For the sports of joyous Carmán were reserved.
>
> Three markets were held within its borders:
> A market for food; a market for live cattle;
> The great market of the foreign Greeks,
> In which are gold and noble clothes.
>
> The slope of the steeds, the slope of the cooking,
> The slope of the assembly of embroidering women.
> No man of the happy host
> Receives adulation, receives reproach.

A right understanding of the Irishman is difficult for Englishmen and Americans because those immigrants who are recognized as Irish are, as a general thing, from the rural population, and do not represent the educated classes. But to Americans the difficulty is much increased by the fact that Ireland furnishes also the great body of women servants, whose ignorance of our ways of life forms the despair of housewives. Americans who despair of Irish servants will do well to remember that the women of Ireland also present the most remarkable extremes of dullness and quickness. Some there are whom it is hopeless to train; but others, by the readiness with which they acquire skill in all the walks of life, show that their ancestry was an educated one.

The right of women to inherit property was admitted at a very early period, certainly long before their exemption from war, if we can be sure that it really was St. Adamnan who secured their freedom from obligation to serve, and not some early pagan legislator of whose act this is merely a Christian echo. Tradition states that it was a learned woman who secured for women in Ireland a part of any succession, namely, a third part of the landed estate if there were no sons. Later the whole property went to the daughters in default of male heirs.

The one who effected this change for women was Brig or Brigit Ambui, the daughter of Senchan, chief poet and judge to King Conchobar mac Nessa of Ulster, and the third of her name. For her mother was Brig Brethach, or Brigit of the Judgments, and her grandmother Brig ban Brughad, or Brigit the Farmer-woman. The name recurring so often makes one suspect that we have to do with matters so far back that the name of Brig the goddess of learning has been varied to suit poetic treatment. It also shows that there were women who practiced the profession of the law, as there were those who taught the military art, like Scatach the teacher of Cuchulinn, and female physicians like Eaba, a lady who accompanied the queen who led one of the first swarms into Ireland; teachers like Fuaimnech, a princess who brought up the sons of kings and nobles; and poetesses like Fedelm and Ailbhe.

The last mentioned was a bluestocking of the deepest dye. Grainné having preferred the beautiful Diarmait to her affianced lord, Fion mac Cumhal, and eloped, the latter finally made the best of it and sought consolation in a lady of mind, but, it is to be feared, of little physical beauty. Ailbhé, daughter of Cormac mac Airt, was reputed the wisest woman of her time, and with her Fion entered into a conversation designed to show each speaker as the wisest and most eloquent person in the world. Doubtless he wooed her with success; wisdom might inhere in one of the multitudinous variants on the sungod, while she was granddaughter of the constellation called the Great Bear. Nothing is more indicative of the cultivation of Irish literature for a long period than the completeness with which cosmical ideas became humanized and filled up in all details — the dates, characters, appearance, and family relations being supplied. That this should go on without being extinguished by the changes of thought in the rest of Europe is most singular; it could only have existed among a people of imagination walled off from the rest of the world by straits of the sea and by prejudices of antique date.

We have poems by various ladies of early Ireland, generally daughters of kings. Another Meave, called the Half-red, has some of the characteristics of Queen Meave just noticed. "The strength and power of Meave was great over the men of Erinn," says the introduction to her poem over the grave of her first husband, whom she deserted for a better man; "for it was she that would not permit any king in Tara without his having herself as wife."

My noble king, he spoke not falsehood;
His success was certain in every danger.
As black as a raven was his brow,
As sharp was his spear as a razor,
As white was his skin as the lime.
Together we used to go on refections;
As high was his shield as a champion,
As long his arm as an oar;
The house-prop against the kings of Erinn sons of chiefs,
He maintained his shield in every cause.
Countless wolves fed he with his spear,
At the heels of our man in every battle.

Records of such women are all the more precious because few nations keep any account of early women famous for literature. The Japanese, however, have a mythical account of the beginnings of literature with a woman deity, and mention many famous ladies who were wits and authors. The Muses and Sappho represent the same idea among the Greeks. Despite the degraded condition of women in early times, the Irish appear to have given them more chance and encouragement than other races. When all seems brutality in other nations of northern Europe, the Irish have traces of a nobler outlook and seem to be cherishing the seed of ideas from which sprung later the romantic view of women in countries of greater size and wealth — the view we express by the word chivalry. In all probability it was from Ireland that the troubadours got the spirit and many of the subjects of their lays; from Irish impulse came the revival in Wales of music and the ballads and stories clustering round the name of King Arthur, mixed with a great deal of old British matter. The high view of women which is the honor of the present may be traced back through English, Italian, and French romancers to little Ireland, where we may confidently predicate living women of the highest character as the cause and continuance of such ideas.

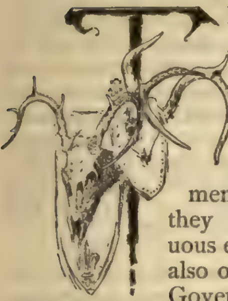
In perfecting the Irish woman the Christian faith did a great deal, though it is only fair to paganism to say that virtues existed in the people even before St. Patrick. But if we can recall the existence of woman in family life under the old paganism by what we are now learning of her habits among the nomad, half-nomad, and settled tribes of Asia, who are practically heathen still, the picture is indeed dark. It was an existence of relentless toil, with few periods of festivity and rare chances to improve her condition. A rich and powerful husband could put away his wife or force her to accept a rival. Unless hired mourners could be engaged she was expected to do the mourning on occasion of a death. If her husband died she must shriek and wail for a year, or until a mound or cairn was raised over his corpse. A very crude morality existed in pagan times which permitted a chief or hero rights over the persons of women that are sufficiently startling when met with all their unconscious naïveté in the oldest tales. Christianity tried to put order into this promiscuous condition of affairs, but it would never have succeeded as it has, were it not that the material for the work was superior. In other matters heathenism held its own; but in morals, using the word in the stricter sense, it gave way. Christianity was not so successful in this particular elsewhere: the inference is that the Irish woman has high qualities by nature. From goddesses and banshees, from Druidesses who understand weapons as well as the black art, through queens and saints who are human in a gentler fashion, the line of brilliant and charming Irish women runs on unbroken from the very dawn of history to the present day. Surrey's poem on Elizabeth, the Fair Geraldine, might apply to many of the early women of Ireland, if we can judge by the adventures undertaken in their behalf and the expressions of bards in all centuries:

From Tuscane came my lady's worthy race,
Fair Florence was sometime her ancient seat,
The Western isle whose pleasant shore doth face
Wild Camber's cliffs did give her lively beat.
Fostered she was with milk of Irish breast,
Her sire an Earl, her dame of Prince's blood,
From tender years in Britain doth she rest.

One generalization may be added. Irish women resume in themselves a good deal of this trait of the nation, a temperament in extremes. They are found in the old literature very feminine or very masculine, never lukewarm or doing things by halves.

Charles de Kay.

THE TEMPERANCE QUESTION IN INDIA.



THE natives of India could not have adopted a more proper term by which to designate their intoxicating liquors than "Apka Shrab," or "Government Shame Water." By this they denote their contemptuous estimate of the fluids, and also of the strong hand of the Government which furnishes it to the 260,000,000 of the people of India at the very reasonable rate of four cents a bottle.

The most ancient Hindu books, giving information which dates back three thousand years, inform us that the Aryans made intoxicating fluid of the juice of the soma, or moon plant. The gods drank freely of it, and the early Hindu sculptors were candid enough to bequeath to us images in stone of the more convivial gods in a state of drunkenness. But drinking by a god was generally regarded by a devotee as an infirmity, and never as a real virtue. Rishi says of Indra: "Thy inebriety is most intense, nevertheless thy acts for our good are most beneficent." During all of the ages of the development of the Indian race, after the Aryan conquest, the people remained temperate. When Vasco da Gama landed on the Indian coast he found a thoroughly abstemious population. The caste system of the Hindus prohibited intemperance, while the Koran enjoins total abstinence upon every Mohammedan.

The manufacture and use of all intoxicating liquors were discouraged by all the rulers, both Hindu and Mohammedan. Some of the Mogul emperors, and, notably, the great Akbar, indulged freely, but the people recognized the infirmity with both pity and censure. When the Maharajah of Kashmir gave encouragement to the Europeans to plant grapes and hops for wine and brewing, the orthodox Hindus seriously considered whether he ought not to be put out of caste. But his sickness and death followed soon after, and his subjects believed his fate to be an act of Heaven in its own behalf. All authority shows that, until the English Government took the manufacture of intoxicating liquors into its own hands, and then deliberately made itself the barkeeper for the Indian Empire, no native governments had ever reaped an excise revenue from the making and selling of an intoxicating liquor; that tradition and social customs were in favor of temperance; and that the great body of the people not only were temperate by habit, but never acquired the passion for intoxicating drinks.

The excise regulations of the Government of India began in Bombay in the year 1790. It was claimed that the people began to develop a taste for liquor, and that the cost of a quart of *mowah* spirit, made of the juice of the palm, was so low — only a half-penny — that anybody could get drunk on it. Then the fallacy came at once to the front. Tax, and therefore restrict. Put a tax on the tree, and the people will drink less. This was the outspoken argument, a good exoteric weapon in defense of the excise. The real argument was nothing of the kind. Tax the juice of the tree, and the Government will have all the money it wants — that was the whole philosophy, and it has been steadily adhered to in India for a whole century. The object of the Government of India has been to grind money out of a vice, and not to pulverize the vice.

Two systems have been adopted by the Government, which is the real purveyor of liquors to the people of India. The manufacture has not been allowed to everybody. That important work must be conducted in such way that fraud cannot be perpetrated; in other words, that every gallon of liquor distilled must be sure to pay its tax into the treasury of the Empire.

The first method adopted was that of the Government distillery. Its general name was the Sudder (District) Still system. There was one still, or only a very few, in the district. The arrangement was beautifully patriarchal. The Government was the responsible proprietor of every distillery in the land. It built large sheds for the distilleries, provided all the necessary utensils for distillation and measurement, and set apart special police to watch the pandemonium. It was the owner of the machinery. To do the work, there was a native contractor. He was closely watched. The amount turned out by each distillery was fixed by law. A duty was levied on still head; that is, a certain rate was levied per gallon according to strength. Only a certain number of distilleries were permitted in each district. Then only a limited amount of London proof liquor was allowed to be produced from a certain amount of material. For example, the rule was that only two and a half gallons of proof spirits were to be manufactured from eighty pounds of *mowah cassia latifolia*. The size of the stills was limited, and only pure liquor could be manufactured, and that must be from wholesome material. The distillery was strictly watched by the Government police, and the fluid left under lock and key. There were other safeguards by which the output of liquor was comparatively limited. What was the result? The Government did not make all the money it wanted for its general treasury. In order to carry on the Government, £640,000 were assigned to the Excise Department of Bengal, as its share to meet demands. But under the Government distillery plan only from £550,000 to £600,000 had been raised for years. Seldom did the revenue go beyond £600,000. Then came the demand for £640,000. What was to be done? The old principle could not be worked up to that paying basis.

Now came a happy thought. The old Sudder system must be given up. It did not put money enough into the treasury. Mr. C. T. Buckland must go down to posterity as the brilliant man who was equal to this occasion. His genius evolved the Out Still system. He laid it before the Government. It was adopted. The treasury soon had all the money it wanted. The Government distillery was a ruin, and the Out Still was erected on the site. The new arrangement was introduced in the year 1876, but did not go into complete operation until two years later. But when once in full motion it answered all expectations — except those of the friends of temperance. It filled the treasury to overflowing, but covered many a fair plain with drunkards.

Let us look at this brilliant invention — the Out Still of New India. All the Sudder distilleries for country spirits must be shut up. The right to set up Out Stills, or stills outside Government control, must be offered at auction to the highest bidder. He can distill what he likes, and as much as he likes, on condition that he keep his bargain with the Government to pay the price at which he bought his right to distill. He buys for one year, just as he would hire a house. The auction is held by a district officer, near the magistrate's office, and superintended by a district officer or a deputy-magistrate, as the case may be. In this way the Government is released from all expense and from all supervision.

"The Times" of India thus describes one of these Government auctions:

> Yesterday afternoon the town hall was the scene of a good deal of excitement. The last public auction sale of liquor licenses was held there by the collector of Bombay. Parsis, Hindus, Goanese, and native Christians mustered in great force. The large hall was nearly full of men, women, and children. The first-class shops were put up first, at the reserved price of five hundred rupees each; and in spite of the moan made to Government regarding the rigid laws that obtain with regard to spirit licenses, every shop fetched a considerable amount over the price fixed on it by Government. Though there will be no sale next year, these prices will hold good for three years, as the licenses will only be renewed on payment of their value at this auction. After that, of course, the value will be assessed by the Abkari inspectors. Out of the fifty licenses put up forty-nine were sold; the fiftieth was bought in, as the police objected to the locality. The sale will continue to-morrow and for some days to come yet, as 450 licenses remain to be sold. It is hardly worth mentioning that the Government are turning a pretty penny by the rivalry of the bidders, for even here every caste seems to exult over the downfall of another. The sales are fetching more this year than they did this time twelve months ago.

The direct result of this system is that the number of distilleries has been enormously increased. The people can now get all the liquor they desire. The Out Still is before all eyes. The increase in revenue is enormous. In 1873–74 the excise revenue from drink was £2,300,000. By 1878–79 it had increased to £2,600,000. Every year afterward it increased. In 1883 it was £3,609,000; in 1884, £3,836,000; in 1885, £4,012,000; in 1886, £4,152,000; and in 1887, £4,266,000. During the last five years, therefore, we find an increase of India's revenue from liquor to be £660,000, or nearly 20 per cent. Such is the financial triumph of the Out Still.[1] No wonder the Commissioner of Revenue could exclaim in his report, for the joy of the Government in London, "The expansion of revenue under this system has been marvelous."

It is but just to the Government to say that it claims for its defense that there is no real increase in intemperance and the general consumption of intoxicants; that a larger revenue is from a larger duty; that there has been increased vigilance on the part of the revenue officers, and that there is, under the Out Still system, less chance for fraud. But the testimony of tea planters in Assam, of publicists, and of wise and observant missionaries, long resident in India, is to the effect that the doubling of the revenue on liquor in ten years betokens increased consumption and drunkenness. The great increase in the number of stills and in the revenue cannot be accounted for on the Government line of defense. The Government has never claimed that it adopted the original plan of the Government Still, or the new Out Still to take its place, in order to lessen intemperance, but simply to increase its revenue. Here it has been honest — it gained its end. Besides, the special Bengal commission was appointed in 1886 for the express purpose of investigating this very subject. What was its conclusion? That there is a vast increase in consumption. It declares that in Bengal, which is one-fourth of all India and contains a population of 66,000,000, the quantity of liquor distilled and sold in 1874–75 was one and a half million gallons. The population at the utmost had increased only 8 or 9 per cent., but the output and consumption of liquor increased 135 per cent., and in some districts 180 per cent.[1] Here we have the Government against itself.

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[1] No. 166 of Government of India's Papers for 1887. Also, Report of the Second Decennial Missionary Conference, Calcutta, 1883, p. 433.

This very subject was the theme of an important debate in the House of Commons in March, 1888, during which the enormity of the Government share in promoting intemperance — though we by no means claim such to be its motive — came out in strong light. Mr. Caine, a member of the House of Commons, said:

> The fact is the Indian Government are in the position of licensed victuallers, who hold a monopoly of the liquor traffic, and are responsible entirely for the amount of the liquor that is sold and for the methods by which it is sold. . . . According to the evidence laid before the commission the Out Stills are frequented by large numbers of people, young and old, who are found often in a high state of intoxication, singing ribald songs, and creating all kinds of disorders; in fact, the condition of things you would expect to find — if uncontrolled and unchecked public houses should exist in this country — in the lowest slums of London. . . . I contend that the whole tendency of the excise system is to increase consumption, and that I have proved it to the hilt from the very documents which the Government of India, misled by some mendacious official, has put forward to prove the contrary. The Government are driving this license trade as hard as they can. Collectors find it the easiest way to increase their contribution to the revenue, and for years they have been stimulating the consumption of liquor to the utmost. If the Government continue their present policy of doubling the revenue every ten years, in thirty years India will be one of the most drunken and most degraded countries on the face of the earth.[2]

The most careful study of the Sudder Still system, contrasted with the Out Still system, leads us to conclude that the Government safeguards against smuggling and other methods of concealment were much stronger and more numerous in the former than in the latter. When the auction is over, the tenant of the Out Still is not the Government, but the highest bidder. He has farmed the job, just as a man farms the rents of a landlord holding an Irish estate, and it is his interest to get all the money out of it he can. When he attended the auction, and his highest bid was accepted, his motive was purely financial, and not the lessening of intemperance. This motive, it is very supposable, controls all his methods.

IS INTEMPERANCE IN INDIA INCREASING?

To this serious question we are compelled to answer affirmatively. The proof is overwhelming that the temperate Hindus are gradually becoming a nation of drunkards. Roadside grog-shops are multiplying. Crime is fostered by them, and "the roads near by are made unfit for respectable people and unsafe for passengers."[3] In one well-known district in Bengal, that of Monghyr, the Government distillery used to turn out five hundred gallons a day. Now, under the new Out Still system, the average is fifteen hundred gallons a day, or three times the former amount. The increased production means more drunkenness and crime. Private drinking is now indulged in by nearly nine-tenths of the Bengalis instructed in the English colleges and schools. Keshub Chunder Sen says:

> So long as the men are in the university we can hold them, because they are not allowed to drink; but the moment they pass, away they go, and now the Sabbath day in Calcutta is simply a bacchanalian festivity for the educated Bengalis of the city. . . . Friends never meet nowadays without spirit being consumed. Crime and immorality are also in large measure attributable to this cause. The instances of petty crimes and heinous offenses committed under the influence of drink are of frequent occurrence, as may be proved by the criminal records of the country. . . . It is, indeed, harrowing and painful to contemplate the extent to which sensuality, profligacy, and brutal revels on the one hand, and irreligion, blasphemy, and practical atheism on the other, are making ravages among all classes of the native community in consequence of the spread of drunkenness, and undermining the religious and moral life of the nation. . . . In short, the use of intoxicating liquor has done more than anything else to degrade the physical, moral, and social condition of my countrymen, and has proved a stupendous obstacle in the path of reformation.

An English medical officer says:

> The quantity of intoxicating liquor drunk on holidays is incredible. In the course of practice I have met patients who have astonished me by describing their powers of drinking. One, a Mohammedan moonshe, asserted that he had finished a bottle of brandy and three bottles of beer at an evening sitting; another, a Kayasth a vakil, that he had swallowed a bottle of brandy almost at a draught.

The way in which the ever-increasing temptations to drink are breaking down all old religious restraints of the Hindus and Mohammedans is easily seen. The education in the schools has loosened the bonds, and now come the vices of the civilized West. Native doctors say that delirium tremens is a common disease among their patients. Drunkenness is the almost invariable result of a native dinner party. Indeed, liquor is being introduced into the zenana, and women are acquiring the passion. The Mohammedans are yielding, in spite of the Koran. Scarcely a social meal takes place among the better class without European wines being used.[1] All barriers are falling down before the enlarging facilities for drinking. The rush is towards the still. When there was no tax on the palm furnishing the juice which served as a simple beer for the natives, the natives contented themselves with that. But now the Government taxes every tree which produces that juice. The people having gotten the taste of the strong drink, now prefer it. It is quite convenient to reach the roadside groggery, and the liquor is furnished so cheaply that it requires but a small sum of money to drink at will. Nothing can give one a clearer idea of the illusions of intoxicating liquors than the way they blind one to his religious vows. The Shrastras of the Nepali castes — the Bahur, the Khas, and the Thakuri — prohibit drinking, but these very people now indulge freely.

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[1] Ridley, "One Aspect of the Present Outcry against Foreign Missions," p. 9.

[2] "India and the Excise Revenue." Report of the debate in the House of Commons, March 13, 1888, pp. 3, 7.

[3] Pringle, Extracts, etc., p. 3.

> Their caste rules could restrain them from making intoxicants in their own houses, or from going to the other castes to procure them; but they have not sufficed to save them from the seductions of the Government liquor shops, whose keepers are only too willing to connive at secrecy, though even secrecy is now but little practiced. Such cases generally commence with brandy obtained on the sly, or as "medicine," in the imported spirits shops, and finish with "country spirits," taken in open and shameless defiance of religion and morality from the Out Still shops.[2]

The Rev. A. Turnbull, a missionary in Darjeeling, addressed postal cards to the proprietors of the 199 tea plantations of the district, and inquired whether or not they considered the excise shops, established by the Government along every public road and in every private and public bazar, a public evil, injurious to the local tea industry and to the material and moral interest of the tens of thousands of tea Kulis. One hundred and forty-four replies were returned, and all except three were positive in the declaration of the curse of intemperance to the tea industry. One manager says ten per cent. of his laborers get drunk, and that the Brahmans of Darjeeling are breaking all caste by selling liquor in the bazar. Mr. N. L. Roy says:

> The liquor traffic has corrupted the morals so that the laws of religion and the binding customs of society are being totally disregarded for the sake of strong drink. Why is it so? Because the temptations to drink are great — the facilities and opportunities for drinking are ample and daily increasing. And how should it be otherwise, since Government is at the head of the drink traffic? It defies competition with any other trade. I have been now eighteen years in Darjeeling. When I first came there was, to my knowledge, only one grog-shop; now there are nine such shops in one bazar.

Poresh Ram Patni of Dinagepore, an honored native, thus describes the curse of the Out Still system:

> I remember the time when the Out Stills were first in use many years ago. After that we had the Sudder distillery system, and the shopkeepers were not allowed to distill liquor in their own houses. At that time it was only possible to buy liquor at a rupee a bottle. If you wanted half a bottle the man would charge you eight annas, and four annas for quarter of a bottle, and so on. Now that the Out Stills have been established, you can buy four kinds of liquor — the cheapest at two annas, the next at four annas, then at eight annas, and the last at one rupee a bottle. The liquor we can now buy for one rupee is much stronger than that we could buy for the same price in former years. The bottle now sold for eight annas is equal to that we could buy for one rupee before.

Mr. J. H. Newberry, Collector of Rungpore, declares

> that the natives, when they drink at all, drink to excess. Laziness, poverty, crime, and disease are the usual moral effects of excessive drinking. Natives of this country who drink any intoxicating liquor at all never seem able to restrain themselves to healthy and moderate drinking. They all drink to excess.

All these testimonies relate to the tea districts of India. The increase is equally great elsewhere, and equally destructive of the local industries. The Bengal excise commissioner makes the following important declaration:

> There has been undoubtedly a very great increase of late years in the number of spirit-drinkers among the wage-earning classes, including those who cultivate land on their own account in addition to working for hire. This has been most marked in the Behar spirit-drinking tract, in the cities of Bengal, and in the centers of the jute-pressing, cotton and jute spinning, and coal mining industries. . . . The city of Monghyr rivals Patna in drunkenness, and the evidence taken at Jamalpore, even after the necessary deductions have been made for exaggerations and inaccuracy, proves that there has been a great increase of drinking among the workmen of that place.

Mr. French, the manager of the Churaman Ward's estate in Dinapore, a man who has had fifty-two years' experience of the country, gives this evidence:

> After forcibly describing the increase in drinking observed by him, he stated his belief that it is entirely due to the increased facilities with which

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[1] Gregson, "Drinking and the Drink Traffic in India," p. 11.

[2] "The Traffic in Strong Drink" (Darjeeling), pp. 5, 6.

liquor can be obtained at his very door. A deputation of the East Bengal Landowners' Association, who met the president of the commission at Dacca, stated to him that in their opinion the increase of drinking among the lower classes is in a great measure due to the shops being situated in markets and such-like places, and there can be no doubt that the selection of improper sites for shops has had much to do in most districts with the increase of drinking and drunkenness.

As to the quality of the liquor now served to the people of India by the Government there is but one opinion. It is a miserable decoction, adulterated and diluted, and can be sold at a profit for two cents a bottle. The natives can go to the grog-shop, and, poor as they are, are known to barter their smaller articles, such as shawls and umbrellas, for liquor. The liquor is anything but attractive in odor to the average European in India, and it now passes under the name of "Billy Stink." But, the passion for it being formed, the ill odor has no power to repel. It is a terrible arraignment which the Archdeacon of Bombay makes when he says of the English in India, "For every Christian we have made in India we have made one hundred drunkards."

MOVEMENTS TO ARREST INTEMPERANCE.

It cannot be supposed that such a great increase in intemperance could take place, and move steadily forward, without exciting profound attention, not only among the Christians of India, led by the vast missionary force, but by the English at home. The protest has gone from India to England, and now a sentiment is rapidly forming in the latter country which is giving great hope to all the churches represented in India. The debate in the House of Commons on March 15, 1888, was remarkable in every respect. Mr. Caine took up the cause of temperance in India, and proved that even the statistics had been manufactured, especially in the cases of Ahmedabad, the island of Bombay, and Cawnpore. The debate was participated in by Lord Randolph Churchill, Sir G. Campbell, Sir J. E. Gorst, Mr. S. Smith, Sir Richard Temple, Mr. Boyce, and Sir J. Fergusson. Defense of the present system was made by some of the speakers. But the great array of facts presented by Mr. Caine was such that no amount of apology could mitigate the fact itself — that the Government, without intending to increase the traffic and intemperance, is nevertheless the real author of the astounding growth of the passion for intoxicating drinks and its subsequent crimes.

In Darjeeling, where the tea plantations are the most important industry, there has been formed the Darjeeling Temperance Society, which is supported by prominent civilians, missionaries, and educated natives. It has issued a pamphlet, giving an account of an anniversary held in June, 1888, and containing addresses by influential speakers and a large correspondence from tea planters, testifying to the increase of intemperance and to the responsibility of the Government for it. An influential native writer, Dinshaw Edulji Wacha, has published a large pamphlet showing the injurious effect of the present policy of the Government in promoting crime by intemperance.[1] The British Soldiers' Association is an important organization in India, which has resulted in the signing of the pledge of total abstinence by ten thousand soldiers in the Indian army. Perhaps of all the organizations now operating for lessening the crime of intemperance in India, the Native Races and Liquor Traffic United Committee of London is the most important. It publishes valuable documents, sees that the public is well informed, and is using all proper methods to influence English opinion in favor of temperance in India.

The missionaries in India are alert in this important work. There seems to be no dissenting voice that the crime of intemperance is rapidly on the increase. All the churches are interesting themselves. When union conventions are held the discussion of the subject forms an important part of the programme.

But the most hopeful of all the signs is that the natives themselves are arousing, with great energy, against the growth of intemperance. It is safe to say that if they had the power of local self-government they would break up every still in the country. They well know that their religions with all the traditions are against the drinking of intoxicants. Some of the native princes are unwilling to give any indorsement to any system for collecting excise from the sale of liquors. The Prince of Mysore has not yet allowed the Out Still to be auctioned off in his dominions. The late Rajah of Travancore, a highly intelligent man, said he could not understand the English people. They held a great many meetings, and had a very strong political agitation against the opium traffic: if it was wrong to get money out of it in India, it must be equally wrong to get revenue out of intoxicating liquor in India. Why is it not just as criminal to degrade Hindus as it is to degrade John Chinaman? Why is it not just as wrong to send brandy and whisky to Calcutta as to send opium to Shanghai or Hong Kong?[2]

There is in Bombay a native temperance league, the special object of which is to arrest the growth of drunkenness among the Mahrattas in Bombay and in western India in general. A native gentleman of Bombay, who seems to be connected with no society, is laboring as an individual in the interests of temperance in the Colabba district of that great city. Mr. Gregson, wishing to find out the motive for his crusade, inquired:

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[1] "Indian Abkari Administration." Bombay, 1888.

[2] Gregson, "Drinking and the Drink Traffic in India," p. 10.

"Is it against the Government?"

"No," was the reply.

"Do you threaten the people with violence?"

"No."

"Do you obstruct them in going to the shops?"

"No. My only reason is that I do not want the vice of drunkenness to spread among my countrymen," was his grand reply.

The native Indian writer is a master in the art of arraying English authorities and example in England against English example in India. An illustration of this keenness of criticism may be seen in the manner in which a native author, Wacha, introduces a fact in English history, supported by no less an author than Lecky, in his "History of England in the Eighteenth Century," in condemnation of the present wholesale reaping of financial profit by England in India from the revenue from intoxicating liquors, and in proof of the groundlessness of the Government plea that restriction of the liquor traffic is a real barrier against increased intemperance:

> By the year 1736 so frightful was the drunkenness that even the sluggish Parliament under Walpole was moved to strong measures; a duty of 20 shillings a gallon was imposed on all spirituous liquors, and a license of £50 a year was required for selling them in less quantities than two gallons. But these measures, which would have well-nigh extirpated gin-drinking could they have been enforced, were overstrained. The consumption of spirits, indeed, sank from 5,394,000 gallons in 1735, to about 3,000,000 in 1737, but at the cost of violent riots; and soon a clandestine retail trade arose, very lucrative and very popular, till, in 1742, no less than 7,000,000 gallons were distilled. Then the law swung from one extreme to the other, and in 1743 the duty of 20 shillings was reduced to a penny, the license of £50 was reduced to 20 shillings; but neither drunkenness nor even clandestine selling yielded to this new mode of treatment. . . . At last, in 1751, wise and practical measures avoided the excess of the law of 1736 and the defect of the law of 1743. . . . These laws were not beyond the capacity of the nation, and although not extirpating the chronic evil of spirit drinking and drunkenness, allayed the acute malady of the previous thirty years, and caused a notable diminution in the consumption of spirits, in drunkenness, and in disease.

THE RESULTS.

THE effects of intemperance are the same the world over. Crime and poverty fatten on the vice. But there is a difference in countries. The evils of intemperance magnify in the ratio of the unevangelized state of the people who are cursed by it. The self-restraint possessed even by people living in a Christian land, and yet themselves not practical Christians, is one of the most patent of the indirect effects of the Christian religion. The atmosphere of Christian life has its effect on all who breathe it. But in such a vast conglomeration of races as India presents, where the number of Christians is very small compared with the entire population, the general effect of the easy access to intoxicating liquors by every individual in the land must be terrible. The missionaries are united in their testimony of the invasion of their hard-won Christian folds by the growing vice. The Rev. H. Onasch of Ranchi, in the district of Lohardugga, for example, makes the following report of the danger to his work among the aboriginal people of Chota Nagpore:

> Having been now for more than seven years here, and having plenty of opportunity to see the natives in their villages, I, with a sorrowful mind, state that drunkenness amongst Christians, Hindus of all classes, and Mussulmans is increasing rapidly. Referring to the native Christians of my own church here, I will prove my assertion from the annual statistics since 1880, which I have with me, viz.: In 1880, amongst 29,000 Christians: habitual drunkards, 41; moderate drunkards, 160. In 1881, amongst 30,000 Christians: habitual drunkards, 79; moderate drunkards, 163. In 1882, amongst 30,000 Christians: habitual drunkards, 61; moderate drunkards, 356. In 1883, amongst 30,000 Christians: habitual drunkards, 250; moderate drunkards, 274. Though we missionaries have done our utmost to check the evil, and though we have been successful in many cases, yet we have not been able to obtain a satisfactory result. Now if people under the word of God and under church discipline show an increase of drunkenness, how much more will this be the case with those who are under no obligation whatever; and it is indeed deplorable to observe how drunkenness affects the non-Christian Kols, both in their moral and material condition. They are daily to be found in large numbers drunk in their houses, in the public places of their villages, such as the weekly village or town bazars, near Government distilleries, and on the roads. A few instances will confirm what I say. In February last I came along the road from Kalamati to Ranchi. At the Government distillery at Topadana a large number of Hindus and non-Christian Kols were sitting near the distillery, and all of them in a more or less drunken state. The Chaukidar from Hatya was amongst them, and on seeing me came up to my cart and tried to stop me from going. I reached Doranda before sunset. Passing through the Government distillery I observed a large number of men, women, and children sitting and drinking liquor. I stopped and looked at them, and found most of the men drunk and quarreling, and thirteen women in a state of intoxication.

There is, however, not a mission field in India to-day which is not endangered by the growing intemperance. The Syrian Christians are cursed with the vice. The Roman Catholics are indulging in the same way, "even children learning early to drink, going with their parents and getting a little from them."[1]

The hill tribes, who are the descendants of the races conquered by the Aryans, and have ever remained more impervious to foreign influence because of their gross life and dense ignorance, are particularly affected by habits of intemperance. The liquors which they drink, and are growing fonder of all the while, kill with astonishing rapidity. The indigenous races have neither self-respect nor the power of self-discipline. They drink until they are drunk. The wayside shop, with the sign-board "Wines and Spirits Sold Here," means certain death to the pre-Aryan. There is no diversity of opinion as to the fatal effects upon these defenseless natives. The missionaries among them, in both the south and the north, declare the effects to be simply devastating. These poor people, more than any others, when once possessed of the demon of the passion, barter any possession for a bottle of liquor.

An army surgeon, of twenty years' intimate knowledge of India, in a paper read before the Colonial Temperance Congress in 1886, wrote thus:

> Twenty years' personal observation in the Northwestern provinces has demonstrated to me the appalling fact that the entire race of hereditary owners of the soil have all been swept off by drink. Brandy or Government rum is what these poor creatures take to when the taste has been lighted up; and it is certainly a subject for thoughtful consideration, that, while we in this country are rejoicing at the reduction of the excise revenue in Britain, what are we to say of the gradually increasing liquor revenue in India?[2]

What wonder? A penny's worth is all that is needed to intoxicate, madden, and wreck. Even if a poor native has no money, he can manage to get liquor. He can get it on credit, and mortgage his few possessions, if so be he can quaff the intoxicating cup.[3] Then the back door — that invention of the saloon-keeper in Great Britain and the United States — is made to do its full work, if the proprietors prevent ingress by the front door.

Now, dark as this picture is which we have unwillingly been compelled to draw, there is no real ground for discouragement. The Gospel has never been carried to a country without at the same time, if not earlier, the transportation of the vices of the land which sends the truth. Already the missionaries are awake to the danger. The English people are becoming aroused to it. The real rulers of India do not hold council in Calcutta, or enact laws in the Westminster Houses of Parliament, but are the vast commonalty of the British Isles — or, rather, are the whole Anglo-Saxon race. India will be conquered for Christ. It will be a complete conquest — alike over the evils of false faiths and over the vices which still grow, as tares among the wheat, in Christian lands.

John F. Hurst.

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[1] Mateer, "Native Life in Travancore," p. 284. This author furnishes some sad proofs of the invasion of the Travancore congregations by intemperance; and also some beautiful illustrations of the rescue of natives from the habit by becoming Christians. Pp. 284, 285.

[2] Ridley, "One Aspect of the Present Outcry against Foreign Missions," p. 8.

[3] Gregson, "Drinking and the Drink Traffic in India," pp. 45, 48.

SLEEP.

IN MEMORIAM: A. B. P.

THOU best of all, God's choicest blessing, Sleep;
Better than Earth can offer — wealth, power, fame:
They change, decay; thou always art the same;
Through all the years thy freshness thou dost keep;
Over all lands thine even pinions sweep.
The sick, the worn, the blind, the lone, the lame,
Hearing thy tranquil footsteps, bless thy name;
Anguish is soothed, sorrow forgets to weep.
Thou ope'st the captive's cell and bid'st him roam;
Thou giv'st the hunted refuge, fre'st the slave,
Show'st the outcast pity, call'st the exile home;
Beggar and king thine equal blessings reap.
We for our loved ones wealth, joy, honors crave;
But God, he giveth his beloved — sleep.

Thomas Nelson Page.

GENTILE DA FABRIANO (1347?–1427–8).

(GENTILE DI NICCOLO DI GIOVANNI DI MASO DA FABRIANO.)

(ITALIAN OLD MASTERS.)

THE more closely we study the history of the Italian schools of art the more clearly we see that the lines of distinction and demarcation which the critics draw are hypothetical, and often neither distinguish nor delimit, but that, in effect, all central and northern Italy was from 1100 to 1600 in a ferment with the new vitality of awakening political life, and that even in the case of artists of widely separated regions there is a confusion in the attribution of work which shows that the distinctions are so subtle as not always to be traceable. We find pictures credited to one school after another, and the work of one master given to another so often and on such positive grounds that we are obliged to come to the conclusion that the differences were often more personal than territorial, and that as Cimabue did not invent Italian art, so no district of this wide region is entitled to the distinction of having been its cradle. The art of Umbria had as legitimate beginnings as were those of Tuscany, and the names of famous miniature painters (descendants in craft no doubt from the same Byzantines who had kept up the traditions of Greek art) and of famous potters (the elements of whose technic and decoration are to be found as early as the eleventh century) are preserved to us, as Oderisio of Gubbio and Master Giorgio. The latter, we are told, was an ancestor of Gentile da Fabriano, who was on the whole the most remarkable of his generation in the region which was, later, to be the home of Raphael. Dante speaks of Oderisio (as among the dead), as well as of his successor Franco Bolognese; and other painters are known, showing that Umbria was no more dependent on Florence for its inspiration than was Siena.

The artistic genealogy of Gentile indicates a cross of Flemish strain. Lindsay justly notes this, and it is one of the evidences of the immense circulation of the art ideas of that epoch that the influence of Flanders had penetrated into Italy when no other element of civilization can be shown to have done so. The year of Gentile's birth is unknown, but it must have been about 1348; as he is shown by a document lately discovered at Fabriano to have died about 1428, and is said to have died at the age of eighty. (Before the discovery of this document the dates were commonly taken as 1370?–1450.) Of the details of the lives of their great painters the authorities of the day, as of many days before and after, did not concern themselves; artists were craftsmen like all others of any other trade, apprenticed and dealt with like the carpenters and the masons of the time, and no one thought it a matter of interest that the day of the birth or the death of a Gentile or a Giotto should be recorded.[1] This obtained as long as the painter was the servant of the commune, so that it is only when he becomes the servant of personal vanity that he appears as a man of any individual importance. Gentile was the pupil of one of the Umbrian successors of Oderisio, Allegretto Nuzi da Fabriano; but his range of study included the Sienese as well as the Florentine and the Flemish, and his work is of wider range than that of any other artist of his day. He was the contemporary of the brothers Van Eyck, the elder of whom, Hubert, was born about 1366, and died in 1426, while John was twenty or thirty years younger, and died not far from the same time as Gentile, probably in 1446. In Venice the works of John Van Eyck were well known, and may well have been familiar to Gentile during his abode in that city. At all events, Gentile exhibits in his work the love of luster and the jewel-like quality of the Flemish brothers, and his pictures seem a prophecy of those of Albert Dürer. But in the essential of the art-spirit of the great Italian schools, the manner of looking at nature, and the subjective treatment of even the details, Gentile remains true to his immediate ancestry. He never falls into the realism of the Flemings; he loves the gorgeous color and the jeweled glitter, and he gets a glimpse of the naturalistic future of art; but this, in his work, is merely seen through the invincible habit due to his idealistic education. The necessity of working on large surfaces in fresco was with Gentile, as with all of his fellow-workers in Italy, a barrier to the adoption of the realistic method, while with the Flemings, whose work was on a restricted scale, the direct study of nature was facile and tempting. Over and above this, the far more conservative nature of the Italian was an impediment to any change of method or type.

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[1] A protocol of the notary Giovanni di Ser Federico da Cerreto existing in the archives of Fabriano shows the act of acceptation of the bequest of Master Gentile, dead in Rome, in behalf of his relative Maddalena, daughter of Ser Egidio da Fabriano, with the date 1428, November 22. However, the date of the death may be 1427, Gentile having worked in St. John Lateran from the 28th of January till the end of July, 1427, with the salary of twenty-five florins a month, and there being no information of work done subsequent to that date. ["The Year of the Death of Gentile da Fabriano." By Aurelia and Augusto Zonghi. Tipografia Sonciniana; Fano.]

Vasari has it that Gentile was the pupil of Fra Angelico; but the spirit of their work is so different that there seems no indication of affiliation between them, if we except the common parentage of the Italian schools in the Byzantine. Moreover, as, according to the latest discoveries, Gentile was born forty years before Fra Angelico, it is in the last degree improbable that he should have seen any work of the latter before his style was as far determined as it ever became, and it is far more likely that the work of Orcagna was the common cause of any similarity there may be in that of the two younger men. A fragment of fresco by Gentile at Orvieto, where he worked in extreme old age, shows, in the opinion of Cavalcaselle, the influence of Siena; but considering the age at which it was done I should be more disposed to regard the Sienese influence as due to subsequent repainting. At Fabriano is the predella of an altar-piece — the other parts of which have been taken to Milan — which recalls work of Taddeo Bartolo's at Siena. The figures in this altar-piece are clumsy in proportion and attitude, their drapery complicated and full of meaningless folds, while the hands and feet are coarse and ungainly. The details are most elaborate and highly finished.

Gentile, on leaving Fabriano, first went to Brescia, where he decorated a chapel for Pandolfo Malatesta. He then went to Venice and painted one wall of the great hall of the ducal palace with a battle scene, a combat between Barbarossa and the Venetians. He also executed two altar-pieces, for the churches of San Giuliano and San Felice. Records recently discovered state that the walls in the ducal palace were undecorated up to 1411, and that the paintings were all completed by 1422, showing that Gentile and Pisano must have worked on them between those two dates. The battle piece above mentioned has disappeared, nor do any of his works executed in Venice survive, with the exception of one madonna in the Venice Academy. We know, however, that Jacopo Bellini, father of Gentile Bellini and Giovanni Bellini, entered his workshop as pupil, and that a strong friendship existed between master and disciple, Gentile standing sponsor to Jacopo's first child.

In 1422 we find Gentile at Florence; but though he had left Venice, he continued to have many orders from that city, where his style was immensely admired, and where a great number of his works were collected. Says Cavalcaselle:

> From his shop in the Popolo St. Trinità at Florence, Gentile doubtless sent forth much that is undiscoverable at the present day. In 1423, he completed an order for the church of his adopted parish; and the "Adoration of the Magi" . . . is now the ornament of the Florentine Academy of Arts [of which Mr. Cole has engraved a portion]. He enriched the foreground of the composition by the introduction of a copious retinue of followers, grooms, and huntsmen, accompanied by dogs and monkeys, filling the distance with well-arranged episodes and groups. The Saviour, the Virgin, and the angel appear in the medallions of the gables, whilst the predella comprises the Nativity, the Flight into Egypt, and the Presentation in the Temple. Grace in the shape of the females attendant on the Virgin, ease in the motion of the king, whose spurs a page removes, are combined with individuality in heads, which seem portrayed from nature. The harmonies of color are Umbrian in their gayety, but there is no aërial perspective, and gilt-relief ornament is luxuriously applied. The profile of a female to the left of the Virgin recalls the types of the old Siennese period, whilst the turbaned king seems impressed with that softness which becomes a more charming feature in Perugino. The figures in the gables are pretty and in fair condition, whilst the principal subject is not free from injury. This is Gentile's best extant effort, proving that his stay in Florence had taught him something more than he had learnt at home, yet, that like his precursor, Nuzi, he could not alter his Umbrian nature, nor forget his primitive education so far as to adopt any of the innovations due to Uccello, Brunelleschi, Masaccio,[1] or Donatello. He may have been struck by a miniaturist like Lorenzo Monaco, he may have admired the creations of Angelico; but he remained inferior to the first, and *a fortiori* at a respectful distance from the second.

With so much disparagement of Gentile I am not disposed to agree. He was unequal in his work and changeable in his temper, with less respect for the conventions of which the art of his day was in great part composed; but if in the vein of Fra Angelico he was not to be compared to him, he was admirable in decorative qualities of which the Dominican had but a faint perception.

We know that Gentile remained in Florence till 1425, when he was called to Orvieto to decorate a part of the cathedral. Vasari speaks of work of his at Siena, and a Virgin and Child supposed to be by him, and stated to have been painted in 1425, is much praised by Facius, but there is no record of his having been in Siena. During his abode of three years in Florence he painted several pictures. Vasari praises much a Virgin and Child in the church of San Niccolò, of which only the side panels are now extant, very gracefully and richly designed. A panel has lately been discovered in the same church, representing the Holy Ghost in the shape of a dove descending from God upon Christ and the Virgin, who kneel below on a rainbow. At the sides are the figures of various saints and the resurrection of Lazarus.

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[1] As Gentile was fifty-four when Masaccio was born, the latter is not likely to have influenced him much. They died at nearly the same time.

Gentile was called from Orvieto to Rome by Martin V. to decorate the newly restored church of St. John Lateran, and he worked on the frescos until the time of his own death.[1] Most unfortunately all have perished, though one still remained in the sixteenth century. Vasari tells us of a saying of Michael Angelo's, referring to Gentile: "Aveva la mano simile al nome" ("His touch was like his name"), Gentile meaning delicate, graceful. Van der Weyden, after seeing the frescos in the Lateran, declared that Gentile was the greatest man in Italy, and no doubt the Flemish artist found much that was sympathetic and interesting to him in Gentile's work.

Gentile did other work for Pope Martin, all of which has disappeared; and he was probably at Perugia at some time of his life, judging from the fragments of a fresco in San Domenico. There are some works at Città di Castello attributed to him, but their authorship is doubtful.

Gentile died at Rome, according to the lately discovered document mentioned above, in 1427–28.

W. J. Stillman.

NOTES BY TIMOTHY COLE, ENGRAVER.

FLORENCE, January 13, 1888.— The detail sent is from the "Adoration of the Kings," by Gentile da Fabriano, in the Academy of Fine Arts, Florence. It is in the long gallery leading off from the Tribuna del David, where are arranged in chronological order examples from the earliest period of Italian painting down through the decline of art. The picture is about nine feet square, including the frame, which is architectural in design and highly ornamented. It is filled with figures, and the kingly procession which has come to pay homage to the Child winds away off into the distance through a picturesque and hilly landscape. There is a variety of gay and cheerful life — neighing horses, barking dogs, chivalric men and graceful women, with dwarfs, monkeys, asses, camels, and tigers. Doves circle in the air above and play at mating, at which the men look up in smiling interest. The guiding star rests above the Child. The ornamentation of the garments and halos is indescribably rich and delicate, being both embossed and incised, and in places in exceeding high relief, as, for instance, in the crown of the figure behind the one kneeling and in the curious hat upon the ground. The details are worked out with the greatest possible minuteness; every individual pebble on the ground is separately painted, and if you get near enough you can see the grain of the wood in the manger delicately and beautifully laid in. I did not discover this until after I had engraved it, which I did on a dull day; but when upon a bright day I again viewed it through my glass I discovered — to my mortification — the delicate graining and the knots in the wood, which only a few feet distant appeared a flat, smooth color as in my engraving; for though the details are so carefully worked in, the effect is broad. The halos of gold around the heads are especially rich and delicate. I could make no attempt to get in the wealth of ornament there ingrained. The color of the whole is very rich — the Madonna's robe being a middle tone of blue; that of Joseph an agreeable yellow of a lighter tone; that of the maid next him a rich deep purple; that of the kneeling figure a rich purplish-brown, with gold worked through it and the whole incised, which gives depth and softness, while the other portion of the garment of this figure is worked in the same way with whitish tints mingled with gold. This is very curious and beautiful work. In the gold border of the garment colored stones were inset, which are now broken off. Over the arches which frame the picture — three in number — are three medallions, built in with the frame and forming a part of it, one over each arch. These are busts of prophets, except the middle one, which represents God the Father. On each side of the medallions are reclining figures, similar in position to the "Night and Day" of Michael Angelo, and above each one is a sitting figure, so that a triangular form is given to the space above each arch; and finally the separate parts of the frame terminate above each in an ornamental point. The predella, or base of the picture, comprised "The Nativity," 24 by 10 inches; "The Flight into Egypt," 36 by 10 inches; and "The Presentation in the Temple," 24 by 10 inches. The last of these is now in the Louvre at Paris. "The Flight into Egypt" is the central panel. The Madonna is seated upon the ass and conducted by Joseph; a servant follows; it is evening, and the sun is setting in a clear blue sky over a rich and charming landscape. The sun is a golden ball in relief. This, being burnished, shines where the light touches it. The leaves of the burdened fruit-trees, and the hills, are illumined with touches of gold mingled with delicate tones of yellow and orange, with cooler shades interspersed, and the realistic effect of sunlight is delightful. A city in sunlight rises in the distance.

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[1] Lindsay makes Gentile appear at Orvieto in 1423, and go from there to Florence (as the date 1425 is on a picture in San Niccolò), and supposes that he went to Rome in the following year. Cavalcaselle, on the contrary, believes the Orvieto madonna to have been painted later, and that he went to Rome immediately after.

PRESENTIMENTS, VISIONS, AND APPARITIONS.

One question more than others all
  Of thoughtful minds implores reply:
It is, as breathed from star and pall,
  "What fate awaits us when we die?"

IF these words are true, certainly next in importunate demand is whether men shall direct their conduct by practical wisdom and right motives, or look for and follow occult intimations which may either confirm or contradict the judgment.

Exclusive of the sphere of true religion,—which does not claim to be an infallible guide except to repentance, purity of motive, and the life beyond,—omens, premonitions, presentiments, visions, and apparitions have exerted the greatest influence over the decisions and actions of mankind.

Omens are extraordinary events which, on account of the opinions held of them, are thought to presage disaster. They are not true presentiments, but generalizations from imperfect data. Astrology and divination exhibit on a large scale the fallacies underlying such conclusions, belief in them being sustained by the observation of occasional coincidences between events and preceding actions or conditions that could have had no causal connection with them. Dreams often afford similar materials for erroneous reasonings, but as they originate in the mind, they are sometimes so similar to presentiments that it is impossible to decide whether a presentiment caused the dream, or the dream the presentiment.

A presentiment in the strictly etymological sense is a previous conception, sentiment, opinion, or apprehension; but its secondary meaning, which has almost supplanted the primary, both in the French and English use of the word, is an antecedent impression or conviction of something about to happen. Though presentiments of good are common and often fulfilled, as their results are not tragical they are seldom remembered or attributed to supernatural causes; and for this reason the word presentiment is confined almost exclusively to inward premonitions of evil, and is practically the equivalent of "foreboding" in such passages as Dryden's, "My heart forebodes I ne'er shall see you more."

Few would consider general forebodings of evil worthy of special investigation. To some temperaments they are peculiar, and prosperity, however great, cannot dissipate them. They may arise from overwork, old age, or from prolonged sickness of any kind except consumption; and as evil overtakes the majority of mankind, such general forebodings are certain of general fulfillment. It is only when time and events concur with the presentiment that it becomes a phenomenon requiring scientific treatment; and being a product of the mind allied to many other experiences, it is a philosophical problem of the first magnitude.

A writer in the "Cornhill Magazine" for October, 1886, attempts to lay down the essence of a true presentiment. He says that "it must be spontaneous; it must come at a time when you have no reason to look for it." He explains these conditions by saying that you must not be ill and think you have a presentiment that you will not recover; you must not be away from home and think that some calamity has happened there; you must not know that a friend is in danger and have a presentiment of his death; you must not have reason to suspect a man and have a presentiment that he will cheat you.

In laying down these conditions he justifies himself by saying that they are necessary, "because in all these instances there is a simple natural cause for fear or uneasiness." I cannot admit that all these conditions are exact. The person may indeed be sick, yet the illness may be slight, and its seat removed from any fatal possibility; and if in opposition to every indication he have a foreboding that he will not recover, which persists in defiance of reason, and does or does not end in death, it has the mental and emotional characteristics of a presentiment. Of course if a person have yellow fever, and a presentiment of his death, it is in harmony with popular belief; though, according to the statistics of the epidemic in Jacksonville, the proportion of deaths is but about one to ten cases, and the rational expectation would be that an ordinary person attacked had nine chances in ten for recovery. Again, if a person leave his family in perfect health, knowing no cause of danger either to them or to his property, and have a presentiment impelling him to go back, and on arriving find his worst fears realized, although his peculiar state of mind arose during an absence from home, it has the characteristics of a presentiment, both in its origin and in the relation of time and events.

Conclusions drawn from reasoning and generalizations from data may produce convictions so strong that men would die for them. Under their influence they may risk their lives and fortunes in the pursuit of objects which cannot be attained, if at all, until after many years. These are not presentiments, for the sum of the reasonings and experiences of the man becomes the unconscious test which he applies to everything submitted to his judgment.

But if there be genuine presentiments which foretell future events they must have an external source, human or extra-human. That God could produce such impressions none who admit his existence can doubt. Whether other beings, in or out of human bodies, could do so is an unproven theory. Clairvoyance and telepathy do not apply to the subject of presentiments in the sense now under consideration. The clairvoyant theory of perception is the power to read the past, discern the present, and forecast the future; that of telepathy a transfer of ideas and feelings spontaneously or intentionally from a living person called the agent to another called the percipient. These theories will hereafter receive attention upon their own merits.

Most persons holding that God could at any time create a presentiment will incline to the comfortable belief that he sometimes does so, and that this is one of the means whereby he cares for those who put their trust in him. But the fact that God can produce presentiments is not in itself an evidence, nor does it even rise to the dignity of a presumption that he will produce them. He could preserve all his servants from destruction by sea or by land, he could impart to all his people a knowledge of future events; but he does not. The righteous often die in the pestilence and in calamities at sea; the wicked may escape, while those who pray sink.

While it would be presumptuous to affirm that no such presentiment as we are considering is ever imparted by the Spirit of God to human beings, two propositions may be supported without irreverence: first, that the human mind without special influence from God or other beings may originate presentiments; second, that the probability is that this is their true explanation.

UNSUSPECTED MENTAL RESOURCES.

SELF-ESTEEM is common and self-conceit general, yet few persons have an adequate idea of the resources of their own minds. Most fancy that what they recollect is the measure of what they know; whereas, in addition to every fact or idea that any person remembers, there are countless others which have entered his mind, and are liable at any moment to cross the plane of his consciousness. He who, when a thought arises, will ask, "How came I to think of this?" in the effort to trace the successive steps by which the mind traveled from the last conscious thought or experience to that which is the subject of retrospection will be compelled to conclude that these lightning-like movements of the mind have as often been directed by associations of which we are unconscious as by those whose significance and relations are perceived. Experiments to determine the rapidity of thought, by uttering a sentence or command and noting the time before the rational perception of it is manifest, are deceptive, because they involve the rate of motion of the senses, which is slow compared with the movement of ideas in the mind.

Revery frequently affects the emotions powerfully, and produces an influence which is felt for days and even months, and that when the mind, calmly reflecting, rejects the idea that there is any cause for the depression. A common experience of foreign travelers is that the mind runs over the whole field of personal interest illuminating it as with flashes, bringing before him who pursues his way "remote, unfriended, melancholy, slow," vivid thoughts of home and friends. Such pensive states are often accompanied by intense concern, which crystallizes into conviction, that death or some other calamity has already taken place. Thousands of letters and many telegraphic dispatches inspired by such feelings cross the sea every summer to receive responses indicating that there is no occasion for anxiety. Many business men will also acknowledge that at different times in the course of their careers, for reasons which they have not been able to fathom, an impression of impending calamity has possessed them, which was so strong as to make them ready to dispute the truth of the trial-balance which showed them to be solvent and prosperous.

The observation of the reader will doubtless furnish instances of persons whose forebodings of calamity — sometimes confirmed by the event, but oftener otherwise — are recognized by their business partners and friends, and call for the exercise of patience and the use of every means to dissipate the mysterious, unwelcome, and paralyzing impression. A manufacturer whose name is known in every city in the Union, and in most foreign countries, whose riches are estimated at many millions, whose employees are numbered by thousands, whose charities are munificent, whose piety is undoubted, and whose sanity is unquestioned, has had presentiments of disaster a score of times within the last twenty-five years, no one of which has been fulfilled; but all were as intense and overpowering while they lasted as any could be.

Two other mental phenomena must be observed. No discipline, however protracted and rigid, can exclude thoughts which start mysteriously concerning life, business, home, friends, investments, etc. The mathematician may be engaged in solving the most intricate problems, the theologian in preparing discourses, the essayist in the flow of composition, the accountant in adding a column of figures, but none of these can be certain of fifteen consecutive minutes undisturbed by ideas or impressions almost as vivid as a living personality. The difference between the disciplined and the undisciplined mind consists chiefly in the ability to expel the intruder, and not in exemption from such visits.

The other phenomenon is, that the mind, in a voluntary or an involuntary review of the situation, will frequently pause upon one phase of it, which will predominate over others without any apparent reason. A parent absent from home may be particularly anxious about one of three children and be for weeks under the shadow of a causeless fear. As every mental state must have a cause, in the labyrinth of associated ideas and feelings, some occasion must exist; but introspection may never reveal it. To demonstrate that the mind cannot originate presentiments is, therefore, impossible; and we are brought to the question whether, in the number or character of such presentiments, there be convincing evidence that they have a supernatural origin.

Many experiences called presentiments are not of that nature. Dr. Forbes Winslow's "Psychological Journal" gives a tragic account of a presentiment to the great master of kings, Talleyrand. Dr. Sigmond received it from the widow of the private secretary and friend of Talleyrand, M. Comache. It shows signs of having been written afterwards and embellished. Talleyrand said, "Upon one occasion I was gifted for a single moment with an unknown and mysterious power." He had fled from France with an intimate friend named Beaumetz. They had arrived in New York together, and, considering that they could not return to France, decided to improve the little money that was left by speculation, and freighted a small vessel for India. Bills were all paid and farewells taken; but there was a delay of some days for a fair wind, during which the time of departure was uncertain. Beaumetz was irritated to an extraordinary degree, and unable to remain quietly at home. He hurried back and forth from the city with an eager, restless activity. He had been ever remarkable for great calmness and placidity of temper. One day he entered, evidently laboring under great excitement, though trying to seem calm. Talleyrand was writing letters to Europe. Beaumetz, with forced gaiety, said: "What need to waste time penning those letters? They will not reach their destination. Let us take a turn on the Battery. The wind may be chopping round; we may be nearer our departure than we imagine." The language in which the dénouement is described is graphic:

> We walked through the crowded streets to the Battery. He had seized my arm and hurried me along, seemingly in eager haste to advance. We had arrived at the broad esplanade, the glory then, as now, of New York. Beaumetz quickened his steps still more until we arrived close to the water's edge. He talked loud and quickly, admiring in energetic terms the beauty of the scenery, the Brooklyn Heights, the shady groves of the island, the ships riding at anchor, and the busy scene on the peopled wharf, when suddenly he paused in his mad, incoherent discourse, for I had freed my arm from his grasp, and stood immovable before him. Staying his wild and rapid steps, I fixed my eye upon his face. He turned aside cowed and dismayed. "Beaumetz," I shouted, "you mean to murder me. You intend to throw me from the height into the sea below. Deny it, monster, if you can." The maniac stared at me for a moment, but I took especial care not to avert my gaze from his countenance, and he quailed beneath it. He stammered a few incoherent words, and strove to pass me, but I barred his passage with extended arms. He looked vacantly right and left, and then flung himself upon my neck and burst into tears. "'T is true, 't is true, my friend. The thought has haunted me day and night like a flash from the lurid fire of hell. It was for this I brought you here. Look! You stand within a foot of the edge of the parapet. In another instant the work would have been done." The demon had left him. His eye was unsettled, and the white foam stood in bubbles on his white lips, but he was no longer tossed by the same mad excitement under which he had been laboring, for he suffered me to lead him home without a single word. A few days' repose, bleeding, abstinence, completely restored him to his former self, and, what is more extraordinary, the circumstance was never mentioned between us. My Fate was at work.

What there is in this narrative to imply anything extraordinary, in view of the extraordinary circumstances, I am unable to perceive. Beaumetz had been unusually calm; he became greatly excited. Every action he performed and every word he said, for several days, was sufficient to excite alarm as to his mental condition. He was on the verge of an attack of acute mania. That Talleyrand had recognized his condition to some extent is apparent; that his mind perceived the danger, and that he took the only natural course to escape, is also clear; and the history of lunatic asylums abounds in accounts by friends or attendants of their discerning at the right moment that the maniac meant to perpetrate a tragic deed.

In some instances it has been foreseen, and the wife, after predicting her own death at his hands, has succumbed to the maniacal fury of the once loving husband rather than allow him to be placed under restraint. A case of this sort, originating in the highest circles of American society, but culminating in Europe, has startled the world within a few years.

IMPRESSIONS AND "IMPERATIVE CONCEPTIONS."

IMPRESSIONS are closely allied to presentiments, and many both devout and undevout persons yield to their influence. Baseball pitchers, prize-fighters, soldiers, and politicians are subject to them. The celebrated Dr. Nathan Bangs, a minister of great influence and strength of character, early in life was accustomed to believe in and follow impressions. The manner in which he was delivered from the fear of them is described in Stevens's "Life of Bangs," page 101:

> On a certain occasion, when the weather was very cold and the snow deep, the mind of Dr. Bangs became more than usually impressed with the value of souls. As he rode along he came opposite a dwelling which stood quite a distance back in the field, and instantly he became impressed with the thought that he ought to go and talk and pray with that family. He was in a feeble condition, no path had been made to the house, and he knew it would be dangerous for him to wade that distance and expose himself to the cold. So he resisted the impression and passed on; but no sooner had he passed the house than it became doubly strong, and "he finally turned back, tied his horse to the fence, waded through the snow to the house, and *not a soul was there!*"

His friend and successor in Canada, Dr. Fitch Reed, who communicated these facts to Dr. Stevens, says, "From that time he resolved never to confide in *mere impressions*."

A ludicrous instance of an impression connected with a supposed answer to prayer was notorious in the city of New York forty years ago. A gentleman of excellent character prayed that he might receive an impression from God when he should come into the presence of the person who would make him a suitable wife. He received assurance that his prayer would be answered, and tried to maintain a devout and expectant frame of mind. The months passed without a sign, but one day, while walking up Broadway, he saw a lady walking ahead of him whose motions were exceedingly graceful, and instantly came the impression, "This is the woman whom God hath chosen for thee." For a long time he followed her in silence. At last the object of his anxiety turned into a side street. He turned also, and at that moment she dropped her handkerchief. He hastened forward to take it from the ground, and as she lifted her veil to thank him he perceived that she was of African descent! In an instant his faith in impressions was forever destroyed, and it was his custom in speaking of the occurrence to say that he had learned that prayer could not be substituted for common sense.

The number of impressions of which nothing comes is so much greater than those which appear to be fulfilled as to satisfy rational minds that they are not to be relied upon; and this requires on moral grounds the further conclusion that they are not of supernatural origin.

"Imperative conceptions," known among the insane, often have parallels among the sane. It is common for lunatics who have committed some atrocious act to assign, and often with absolute truth, that "it had to be done," or that they "had to do it." Certain crimes committed by sane persons under a powerful influence have also been excused upon that ground, when a just view would show that though strongly impelled they were not incapable of resisting the impression, and were therefore responsible. I venture to affirm that there are few persons who have not at some time in their lives felt almost irresistibly drawn to do some act, make some decision, or utter some word which they knew was not expedient; but the conviction that "it had to be done" predominated, and in many instances they have yielded. Where the consequences are not serious the effects may still be evil, for when the "ego" yields contrary to the judgment its power of resistance is lessened. These imperative impressions, which in the purely insane absolve from guilt, are often seen in their germs in the conduct of children who are dominated by their imaginations and sensibilities.

These are all akin to the state of mind in which presentiments arise.[1]

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[1] Dr. Henry M. Hurd, the justly distinguished superintendent of the Eastern Michigan Asylum for the Insane at Pontiac, in speaking of imperative conceptions says: "By this term is understood a mental concept or impression arising in the mind without external cause, or an emotional basis, or logical connection with any previous train of thought, which dominates the will and often compels to actions which are known to be ludicrous or improper, or contrary to the judgment of the individual. The imperative conception differs from the delusion in the fact that it is not elaborated by any process of reasoning, and does not commend itself to the reason or to the judgment. . . . *It is not necessarily an evidence of insanity*, unless it persists and dominates the conduct habitually. All persons have imperative conceptions arising spontaneously in the mind, which momentarily influence action and compel attention." He gives as

CONSEQUENCES.

PRESENTIMENTS concerning hours of death have sometimes been defeated by deceiving the subjects of them. Well-authenticated instances exist of chloroforming those who had made preparation for death, but whose gloomy apprehension was dispelled when they found that the time had passed and they were still living.

The case of the dissipated Lord Lyttleton, who was subject to "suffocating fits," and who claimed that his death had been predicted to occur in three days, at twelve o'clock, midnight, is easily explained. On the evening of that night some of his friends to whom he told the story said, when he was absent from the room, "Lyttleton will frighten himself into another fit with this foolish ghost story"; and thinking to prevent it they set forward the clock which stood in the room. When he returned they called out, "Hurrah, Lyttleton! Twelve o'clock is past, you 've jockeyed the ghost; now the best thing to do is to go quietly to bed, and in the morning you will be all right." But they had forgotten about the clock in the parish church tower, and when it began slowly tolling the hour of midnight he was seized with a paroxysm and died in great agony. The opinion of those who knew the circumstances was that the sudden revulsion of feeling caused such a reaction as to bring on the fit which carried him off. This is a rational view, for when one nearly dead believes that he is about to die the incubus of such an impression is as effective as a dirk or poison.

Many extraordinary tales are told of presentiments on the eve of battle, and the particulars are given; but this is not wonderful. Soldiers and sailors are proverbially superstitious. The leisure they frequently have favors the recital of marvelous experiences, and battles depend upon so many contingencies, and are liable to be controlled by such inexplicable circumstances, as to give to even the bravest of men a tinge of superstition. It has been observed that the most unrighteous battles, fought against an oppressed people, have been attended by victories turning upon circumstances that may have been accidental; and that the most heroic patriotism has been defeated in the same way. That soldiers should have presentiments is not strange; and that those who have been exceedingly fortunate through a score of battles should sometimes in moments of depression conclude that they would die in the next battle is not extraordinary. In these voluminous narratives we hear little or nothing of presentiments of certain escape, though they too are often fulfilled and as often disappointed.

A correspondent of "Notes and Queries," second series, thirty-fourth volume, having spent several months in the Crimea during the severest period of the bombardment, says: "I can state that many cases of presentiment were fulfilled; as also that some were falsified. There were also many deaths without any accompanying presentiment having been made known." The great Turenne exclaimed, "I do not mean to be killed to-day"; but a few moments afterwards he was struck down in battle by a cannon ball.

The possibilities of chance in the fulfillment of presentiments are incomputable, as a fact which occurred in this country during the civil war, and which is known by thousands yet living to be true, may serve to show. Joseph C. Baldwin, a young gentleman residing in Newark, N. J., was a journalist of more than local fame. He wrote under several pen names, one of which was "Ned Carrol," and another "Frank Greenwood." The articles written under the latter name were unlike any of his other productions, being personal and censorious in character; and Frank Greenwood was in consequence most unpopular in Newark and vicinity, while Ned Carrol was a general favorite. Early in the war Mr. Baldwin enlisted in the 11th regiment of New Jersey Volunteers, and after arriving at the seat of war wrote several letters for publication, in one of which, sent to the Newark "Courier," he described the death of the mythical Greenwood in these words:

> ARMY OF THE LOWER POTOMAC,
> GENERAL HOOKER'S DIVISION.
>
> MR. EDITOR:
>
> I only fulfill the dying request of a beloved comrade in apprising you of his sad fate. Two months ago Frank Greenwood joined our company (C, 5th regiment), and soon became a general favorite, owing to his great sociability and undaunted courage. He received his death-wound from a shell, which was thrown from the Cockpit Point rebel battery, and burst within twenty feet of him, while holding the signal halyards at a review on the 3d inst. We mourn him as a brother.
>
> NED CARROL.

On the 15th of May, 1864, Lieutenant Baldwin, who had been in the battles of Bull Run, Gettysburg, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Antietam, and the Wilderness, and a score or more of skirmishes; who had had many narrow escapes and many wounds in the active

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illustrations the common experience of an overpowering impression that a watch has not been wound, or a window fastened, or that some other regular duty has not been performed, which is enough to destroy a person's peace of mind after he has retired, and compels him to leave his bed only to find that there is no foundation for the impression.

service, sat in camp knowing of no danger near, when a piece of iron from a shell "thrown from a rebel battery," which "burst within twenty feet of him," struck him in the back of the head, killing him instantly.

Let those who propose to prove supernatural portents by mathematics determine what the "probability" was that in a mere spirit of jest he should describe in detail the manner of his own death months afterwards.[1]

Just after the close of the civil war I concluded to go South by steamer, and took passage from St. Louis on the steamship *Luminary* for New Orleans. Navigation on the Mississippi River at the close of the war was uncertain. Many old vessels were employed, the condition of the river was dangerous, and during the preceding twelve or fifteen months nine steamers had been blown up, or otherwise destroyed, resulting in great loss of life. Nearly all the accidents had been caused by the explosion of what are known as tubular boilers, and a great prejudice existed against vessels having boilers of that kind. The *Luminary* was of the old-fashioned sort, and quite a number of passengers had taken it on that account.

I was accompanied to the vessel by my brother, who up to that time had traveled with me, and was about to return to the East. As he was upon the point of bidding me farewell, I was seized without a moment's thought or preparation with the most appalling conviction that the vessel would be lost, that I was looking upon my brother for the last time, and seemed to see with almost the vividness of an actual perception the scene of the explosion, to hear the shrieks of the passengers, and to feel myself swallowed up in the general destruction. Composing myself as much as possible, I said to my brother: "If ever a man had a presentiment of death, I have it now; but you know I have for years held that presentiments spring from physical weakness, superstition, or cowardice. Would you yield to these terrible feelings?" He replied, "No! If you do, you will always be a slave to them." After some further conversation he went ashore, and the boat started.

For several hours the dread of disaster overhung me, but gradually wore off, and late at night I fell asleep. The distance from St. Louis to New Orleans is about twelve hundred miles. The time taken by the *Luminary* was seven days. It was in all respects, after the first day, a delightful voyage. After remaining in New Orleans a few days I reëmbarked on the same vessel, continuing up the river eight hundred miles, making in all more than two thousand miles without any accident.

Since that experience, in many voyages I have made it an object to inquire of travelers and others concerning presentiments and have found that they are very common, occasionally fulfilled, generally not so; and that it is the tendency with practically all persons who have had one presentiment come true to force themselves into all, and to become tyrants over those dependent upon them or those traveling with them. It is to be frankly admitted that no matter how vivid the supposed presentiment might be, its non-fulfillment would not demonstrate that there are no presentiments which must have originated external to the mind of the subject; but having been led by my experience to induce many persons to defy such feelings without a single instance of reported evil results, it confirms strongly the hypothesis of their subjective origin.

That presentiments are governed by no moral principle in the character of the subjects to which they are applied, the persons who receive them, the occasions upon which they are given, and their effects, is apparent. The most immoral have claimed to have them, have communicated them to others, and they have sometimes been fulfilled by events from which the persons having them have derived great personal advantages. The best of men have had presentiments, but the great majority of good people have not; and the greatest calamities which have befallen most persons have come without any warning whatsoever, except such as could be inferred from existing situations. Experience, foresight, and guidance by ordinary sagacity have been all that mankind have had to rely upon; and to be governed only by these, combating or disregarding presentiments, impressions, and powerful impulses for which no foundation can be found in the nature of things, is the only safe and stable rule.

VISIONS.

By visions, I mean appearances to the mind's eye when there is no corresponding reality. Of the hallucinations of the insane it is necessary to say but little, as there is no doubt as to their nature and source. Generally the insane think them to be true perceptions, and endeavor to conform their conduct to them. Yet in some instances, and very often in the beginning of insanity, they admit that they are morbid and contend against them.

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[1] Such dreams as these, without any proper authentication of detail, are published and republished. "The night that President Lincoln was murdered, a neighbor of mine," writes a physician, "declared that the President was killed, and by an assassin. It was several hours before the news reached the town."

The wife of a New York clergyman made a similar statement just before the news arrived of the assassination of President Garfield, and said that she saw him in a railway station, surrounded by ladies and others.

But we hear nothing of the seventeen persons who communicated to Andrew Johnson, in the course of the three years that he was President, dreams describing his death by assassination; nor of similar communications made to the late President Arthur.

A question of deeper interest, and of closer relation to the subjects treated in these articles, is whether subjective visions are possible to the *sane;* and, if so, whether they are at all common, and liable to occur as isolated circumstances. On a full survey of the subject, both these questions will be answered in the affirmative. To say nothing of the visions produced by alcohol, opium, hasheesh, fever, blows upon the head, prolonged abstinence, deep anxiety, or those which precede attacks of epilepsy or of apoplexy, it is certain that hallucinations often arise without assignable cause or subsequent effect; and the subjects of them demonstrate their sanity by recognizing the unreal character of their perceptions.

Griesinger, one of the most eminent and discriminating writers on mental diseases, says: "Nothing would be more erroneous than to consider a man to be mentally diseased because he had hallucinations. The most extended experience shows rather that such phenomena occur in the lives of very distinguished and highly intellectual men, of the most different dispositions and various casts of mind, but especially in those of warm and powerful imagination." In illustration he speaks of Tasso, who, in the presence of Manco, carried on a long conversation with his protecting spirit; and of Goethe's well-known blue-gray vision, and his ideal flowers with their curious buds. He speaks briefly also of the hallucinations of Sir Walter Scott, Jean Paul, Benvenuto Cellini, Spinoza, Pascal; of Van Helmont, who saw his own soul in the form of a light with a human countenance; of Andral, the great physician, who experienced an hallucination of sight; and of Leuret, who, in his "Fragments of Psychology," gives an account of a phantasm of hearing which he experienced.

A. Brierre de Boismont divided hallucinations that are compatible with sanity into two kinds — those which are corrected by the understanding, and those which, on account of superstition, sluggishness of thought, love of the marvelous, inability to interpret them correctly, or because the emotions which they excite make calm consideration impossible, are not corrected. The cases which he adduces are numerous and striking. One is that of Talma, who, when he trod the stage, could by the force of his will make all the brilliant dresses of his numerous audience disappear and substitute skeletons for the living characters. When he had thus filled the theater with these singular spectators, his emotions were such as to give to his playing a force which produced the most striking effects. The case of an intelligent lady who would see a robber enter her chamber and conceal himself under her bed is in point. Though the spectacle produced violent palpitation of the heart and universal trembling, she was aware of its falsity, and after some moments her judgment and reason would triumph so that she could approach the bed and examine it without fear.

Another case was communicated by a physician of acknowledged reputation to Sir Walter Scott. The first hallucination was that of the presence of a great cat. After a few months the cat disappeared, and a phantom of a higher grade took its place — that of a gentleman usher dressed as though he was in the service of a lord lieutenant, or of some great functionary of the Church. But after some months he disappeared, and a phantom horrible and distressing, a skeleton, appeared. The fact of these visions was concealed by the subject of them, who was an important officer in a department of justice, for several years. Though he knew that they were of subjective origin, they wore him out, and he died a victim to the agony in which his years were passed.

Dr. Abercrombie gives a case of a man who had been all his life beset by hallucinations: when he met a friend in the street, he was uncertain whether he was a real person or a phantom, but by paying close attention he could distinguish between them. Dr. Abercrombie declares that he was at the time of writing in good health, of a clear intellect, and occupied in business.

Many striking instances, the most valuable of which are those personally attested by Boismont, or by the authorities whom he quotes, are given where the mind was *sane*, though the hallucinations were *not* corrected by it. It must not be supposed that these hallucinations of the sane are confined to persons of distinction, of sedentary habits, or of poetic temperaments. Many have had once or twice in their lives spectral illusions, or instances of hallucination; and among plain men, mechanics, laborers, and the peasantry of all nations, they are very common. Griesinger, after giving a list of distinguished men who, though sane, had hallucinations, says: "Judging from what we have heard and observed on this subject, hallucinations doubtless occur also in men of very average minds, not as *rare* but as *frequently overlooked* phenomena."

Spectral illusions are very common in children, and are most frequently, though not always, perceived in the night between waking and sleeping.

The persistence of dreams after one is fully awake is also a suggestive occasional experience. After the appearance of the article on "Dreams, Nightmare, and Somnambulism," the editor of THE CENTURY received a letter written by a gentleman of the city of New York describing a dream which he had had a few weeks before, in which he dreamed that he was lying on his back in his own room and saw a frightful black hobgoblin, well defined in shape, which stood by the side of his bed and acted as if about to attack him. In the midst of the horror produced by the specter he awoke, found himself lying on his back just as he had dreamed, looked around the room and recognized the furniture and other things in the room, but continued to see the hobgoblin as plainly as he saw anything else, heard him growl, and distinctly saw him going on with his hostile demonstrations. Reasoning upon what he should do, he struggled to move, was unable to stir hand or foot for some time, but finally did move, and that instant the uncanny specter vanished. He says: "I had my eyes on the hobgoblin at the moment when I made the movement, and at once tried to see whether there was any object in the room which I could have mistaken for it, but could find none."

The books of marvels contain narratives which sometimes afford the evidence of their explanation, but frequently omit details which a person not disposed to the marvelous would be sure to examine if he had the opportunity. In Stilling's "Pneumatology," translated from the German and edited by Dr. George Bush, there are many of these. Stilling endeavors to show that people who see themselves are generally likely to die soon afterwards. He says: "When a person sees himself out of himself, while others who are present observe nothing, the apparition may be real, or it may be merely imaginary; but when it is also perceived by others it is no fantasy, but something real." He then gravely adds, "I myself know of persons having seen themselves and dying shortly afterwards."

He tells of one of the Government secretaries who went, as he was wont to do, to the archives to look for a paper which was very important. On arriving there he saw himself sitting on a chair. Much terrified, he went home and sent a woman servant to fetch the documents. It is asserted that the woman found him there also. Dr. Stilling does not say that the man died "shortly afterwards"; but that he did die some time after is probable, as the book is nearly a hundred years old.

Another case is that of a professor who was having a theological dispute with a number of his friends. Having occasion to go to the library for a book, he saw himself sitting on a chair at the table where he usually sat. Going nearer, he looked over the shoulder of the person and saw that this figure of himself pointed with one finger of the right hand to a passage in the Bible. He looked at the passage indicated and saw that it was, "Set thine house in order, for thou shalt die." Full of astonishment and fear, he went back to the company and related the occurrence; and in spite of all they could say he was firm in the opinion that this apparition betokened his death, and accordingly took leave of his friends. "The day after, at six o'clock in the evening, he expired, *being advanced in years*." Many persons can be found who are not advanced in years who would be killed by such an experience as this.

The origin of such visions is readily traced. To imagine one's self in a familiar place with almost the vividness of life is not uncommon. Whether the vision shall be that of one's self or of another, when the mind is in such a state as to develop visions, depends much on the general belief at the time. The same principle is illustrated where it seems impossible not to see, in his accustomed seat at the table, a person who has died; and when worn with anxiety and long watching, even strong-minded men have been for a moment almost certain that they saw the familiar figure pass through the room. They have felt "the touch of a vanished hand" and heard "the sound of a voice that is still." Add a belief in the marvelous to such impressions and the vision is complete.

Sudden flashes of the imagination may develop the phenomenon instantaneously. Thus a sea captain engaged in his duty saw in the mist the figure of a boyhood companion beckoning to him. He was certain that it portended his death or that of the friend whose figure he saw, but nothing came of it. A gentleman passing along the street suddenly saw his brother whom he had not seen for twenty-five years. The figure was plain, and he was about to speak to him when he disappeared. Sometime afterwards the news came of his death at about the time of the vision. Taken alone it might seem as if there was some connection between the two circumstances; but so many have such occasional experiences which seem remarkably real, and yet are not followed by any noteworthy event, that the natural explanation is adequate to cover the cases.

The visions and hallucinations of hypnotism and animal magnetism require special examination.

HABITUAL VISIONS.

HALLUCINATIONS may become frequent, and to a certain extent systematic, especially if a belief in their supernatural origin exists; in which case a person may be for a long period of sound and discriminating understanding, except when in a trance, or beholding a vision.

The visions of St. Theresa have, for three hundred years, formed an important chapter in religious literature, and another in pathology. At twelve she was devoutly pious, becoming so after the death of her mother. About the age of fifteen she fell off into a very worldly state, and against her will was placed by her father in a convent. She was frequently ill, and finally, after a year and a half, owing to dangerous sickness, returned home. Sometime afterwards she was seized with a violent fever, and upon recovery determined to devote herself to a religious life, and in opposition to her father's wishes entered a Carmelite convent and took the veil. This was in her twentieth year. Her biographer, as translated by Dr. Madden, says that she was attacked "with frequent fits of fainting and swooning, and a violent pain at her heart, which sometimes deprived her of her senses." Her first trance was in 1537, in her twenty-third year; it lasted for four days, and during it through excess of pain she bit her tongue in many places — a phenomenon common to fits of various kinds. At last she was reduced almost to a skeleton, had a paralytic affection of her limbs, and remained a cripple for three years. Her first vision was three years later, when she had allowed herself some dissipation of mind. "The apparition of our Lord was suddenly presented to the eyes of her soul, with a rigorous aspect testifying to the displeasure occasioned by her conduct."

There were great differences of opinion as to the source of her visions. Several very learned priests and confessors judged her to be deluded by the devil. One of them instructed her to make the sign of the cross, and to insult the vision as that of a fiend. In one of her visions, according to her statement, the Lord appeared angry at her instructions, and bade her tell them it was tyranny. She acknowledged that she frequently saw devils in hideous figures, but she drove them away by the cross or by holy water. She also claimed to see St. Joseph, the blessed Virgin, and other saints; had visions of purgatory, and saw a great number of souls in heaven who had been there.

There is no difficulty in explaining her visions on natural principles. She was a religious woman, in such a state of health as to be subject to trances, and they took their character from her conventual and other religious instruction. Visions of this kind have been common in the excitable of all sects. The early Methodists had many of them, which Mr. Wesley could not understand; and he expelled some persons from the society because they persisted against his commands in narrating visions which even he could not accept as of divine origin.

Luther suffered from hallucinations of a religious character for a considerable period of his life. The opposition he encountered, his sedentary life, taken in connection with the extraordinary powers attributed to Satan in the Middle Ages, fully explain his visions. Luther thought that the devil removed a bag of nuts, transformed himself into a fly, hung on his neck, and lay with him in bed. His visions would sometimes come on after nightmare. Here is his own account: "I awoke in the middle of the night. Satan appeared to me. I was seized with horror. I sweated and trembled. My heart beat in a frightful manner. The devil conversed with me. His logic was accompanied by a voice so alarming that the blood froze in my veins."

Zuinglius had a similar experience when he was half asleep. A phantom, black or white, he could not say which, appeared before him, called him a coward, and stirred him up to fight. This is explained by Forbes Winslow as a case of overheated sensorium, "during the transient continuance of which the retina became so disturbed as to conjure up a phantom which the patient not only mistook for a reality, but, what is still worse, acted upon his mistaken or diseased imagination."

Swedenborg's visions were of the same class. He was educated, devoted himself for many years to science, and up to his fifty-fourth year had the reputation of a scientific and philosophic student; was a professor in the mineralogical school, and believed to be a simple-minded man of the world. About 1743 he had a violent fever, in which for a little time he was mad, and rushed from the house stark naked, proclaiming himself the Messiah. After that period a change took place in him, and he lived twenty-nine years in the firm conviction that he held continual intercourse with angels and also with deceased human beings. He says that he conversed with St. Paul during the whole year, particularly in reference to the text Romans iii. 28. He asserted that he had conversed three times with St. John, once with Moses, a hundred times with Luther, and with angels daily "for twenty years."

Swedenborg had an elevated style of thought, and when reasoning upon the fundamental principle which underlies his theological views he is acute and profound. Attention has frequently been called to his shrewdness in explaining why when he claimed to hear the voices of angels those who stood by could not, by his declaring that he was accustomed to see and hear angels when perfectly wide awake, and adding: "The speech of an angel or of a spirit sounds like and as loud as that of a man, but it is not heard by the bystanders. The reason is that the speech of an angel, or of a spirit, finds entrance first into a man's thoughts, and reaches his organs of hearing from within." It is necessary only to read his literal statements to perceive the subjective character of the visions. He gives detailed accounts of the habits, form, and dress of the angels. He sends his opponents mostly to Gehenna and sees them there. The chief representatives of the reformed churches go to heaven, but Catholics and some of his Protestant opponents he sees in vision elsewhere.

The visions and hallucinations of men of this class are quoted against each other in the ecclesiastical conflicts of the Middle Ages, and more lately, as proofs of the doctrines held by them. But as proofs they are mutually destructive, exist in all religions, true or false, and are liable to occur apart from religion. In the revivals which occurred in the early part of this century in the United States, and which sometimes take place now, visions are not infrequently connected with religious experience. When men pray without attending to the necessary cares of the body days and weeks together, the result is faintings and trances accompanied by visions. Where they are believed to be of divine origin they produce profound impressions, but there is no reason to think their cause different from those already discussed, nor have unbelievers in Christianity escaped them.

The autobiography of Lord Herbert of Cherbury relates one of the most remarkable visions, and an equally remarkable illustration of inconsistency. Lord Herbert did not believe in Christianity, and wrote a book against the miracles recorded in the Bible. When it was completed he exhibited it to Grotius and Tilenus, whom he met in France. They praised it much and exhorted him to publish it; but he foresaw that it would encounter great opposition, and hesitated for some time, not knowing whether to print it or not. The history of what followed is given in his own words:

> One fine day, about noon, my windows being open, I took my book, knelt down, and pronounced aloud these words: "O eternal God, creator of the light which illuminates me, thou who enlightenest souls when thou wouldst, tell me by a celestial sign if I should publish or suppress my work." I had hardly uttered these words than a loud but agreeable sound proceeded from heaven, which impressed me with such great joy that I felt convinced that my request was granted. Howsoever strange this may appear, I protest, before God, not only that I heard the sound, but saw, in the clearest sky on which I ever gazed, the spot whence it came. In consequence of this sign I published my book, and spread it throughout all Christian lands, amongst all the learned capable of reading and appreciating it.

This circumstance is of great importance. No doubt has ever been thrown upon the truth of the recital, which shows how a person not subject to hallucinations may, under circumstances of deep meditation, or under the influence of strong desire and expectation,—if I may so speak,—generate an hallucination, which may be the only one that he will experience in the course of a lifetime, and leave no evil effects except the false inferences which he will draw from it when he supposes it to be of supernatural origin. It shows that the absence or the presence of any form of faith may not be an essential, and it is clear that Lord Herbert might easily have passed into a state of habitual visions in all respects analogous to those of Swedenborg and St. Theresa.

VISIONS OF THE DYING.

THE visions which the dying are supposed to see are regarded by many with reverence bordering upon awe. The explanation given by Dr. Edward H. Clarke, a devout physician of Boston, in his "Visions: a Study of False Sight," is strictly physiological. After a long and very suggestive philosophical exposition, he says:

> Should a bright ray of light falling from some object in the chamber on the retina of a dying person excite the visual apparatus and cells, the hieroglyphic of a departed child, husband, lover, or friend be brought into the field of subjective sight, the beloved one would be reproduced, and at once projected into space. Intense emotion, engendered by such a sight, would for an instant break through the stupefying power of nature's anæsthetic, as the surgeon's knife sometimes momentarily breaks the spell of ether, and the dying individual springing, with eyes intent, features transfigured, and arms outstretched, towards the vision, would naturally pronounce the long-remembered name, and then fall back and die. Such scenes have occurred. Few could witness them without an overwhelming sense of awe, oppressed "with thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls," at beholding for a moment the apparent lifting of the veil and the glory within. To the dying such a vision would not be false. It would not be imagination. It would be real to him. The well-known features would be there, and yet they would be a creation or reproduction of a dissolving brain, and not a messenger from the opened heavens. The vision would be a physiological effect, not a supernatural intervention.

Dr. Clarke is not willing to say that it is impossible that there shall be to the dying a revelation of the future into which they are about to enter. He says: "Probably all such visions as these are automatic. But yet, who, believing in God and personal immortality, as the writer rejoices in doing, will dare to say *absolutely all?*—will dare to assert there is no *possible* exception?"

During the past thirty years I have seen many persons die, and many who supposed themselves to be dying who afterwards recovered, but I have no ground to suppose any of the visions supernatural, nor have seen any indication of the development of a faculty of cognizing another world. The single case given by Dr. Clarke appears insufficient to raise a presumption, much less to support a conclusion.[1]

The following facts cannot be disputed nor disregarded in the elucidation of the subject:

First. Such dying visions occur in all parts of the world, under every form of civilization and religion, and if the dying appear to see anything, it is in harmony with the traditions which they have received.

Second. Such visions are often experienced by those whose lives have not been marked by religious consistency, while many of the most devout are permitted to die without such aid, and sometimes experience the severest mental conflicts as they approach the crisis.

Third. Where persons appear to see angels and disembodied spirits, the visions accord with the traditional views of their shape and expression; and where wicked persons see fiends and evil spirits, they harmonize with the descriptions which have been made the materials of sermons, poems, and supernatural narratives.

Fourth. Many of the most remarkable visions have been seen by persons who supposed themselves to be dying, but were not; and who when they recovered had not the slightest recollection of what had occurred. When a student I was called in with the others to witness the deathbed scene of the most popular young man in the institution. He had professed on the bed of death a religious experience, and was supposed to be dying of typhoid fever. Never have I heard more vivid descriptions or more eloquent words. It seemed as though he must see another state of being. After the scene he sunk into a lethargic state, so remained for some days, and gradually recovered. Both his religious conversion and visions were entirely forgotten, and not until many years afterwards did he enter upon a religious life.

Fifth. A consideration of great weight is this: the Catholic Church confers great honor upon the Holy Virgin; Protestants seldom make any reference to her. Trained as the Roman Catholics are to supplicate the sympathy and prayers of the mother of our Lord, when they have visions of any kind I am informed by devout priests and by physicians that she generally appears in the foreground. Among the visions which dying Protestants have been supposed to see I have heard of only two in which the Virgin figured, and these were of persons trained in their youth as Catholics.

APPARITIONS.

THE passage most frequently quoted on the subject of apparitions is that which Dr. Johnson in "Rasselas" puts into the mouth of the sage Imlac:

> That the dead are seen no more I will not undertake to maintain against the concurrent testimony of all ages and all nations. There is no people, rude or unlearned, among whom apparitions of the dead are not related and believed. This opinion, which prevails as far as human nature is diffused, could become universal only by its truth; those that never heard of one another would not have agreed in a tale which nothing but experience could make credible. That it is doubted by single cavilers can very little weaken the general evidence; and some who deny it with their tongues confess it with fears.

All authorities agree that Dr. Johnson was very superstitious, and this passage when critically examined does not seem to be entitled to the weight which his great name and its clearness of statement have given to it. The concurrent testimony of all ages and nations can hardly create a presumption, unless it be assumed that there have been no universal errors. The assertion that the opinion could become universal only by its truth compels the assumption that all universal opinions are true. To prove that the dead are seen no more, or cannot appear to living beings, is of course impossible. But that a thing cannot be proven impossible is not a reason for believing it actual. No one can demonstrate that the spirit of Mahomet is not now embodied in the present Sultan of Turkey, but no one believes it to be so.

The belief in apparitions, common in all ages, was generally dying out in the middle of the last century, but was revived in the antagonisms created by the excesses of materialistic and infidel opinions, which denied the truth of the miracles recorded in the Christian Scriptures. John Wesley says, "It is true that the English in general, and indeed most of the men in Europe, have given up all accounts of witches and apparitions as mere old wife's fables." He expresses great sorrow at this and says, "If but one account of the intercourse of men with superior spirits be admitted, their whole castle in the air (deism, atheism, materialism) falls to the ground."

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[1] Some years ago I was visiting at the house of a citizen of Brooklyn, now one of the editors of a leading scientific publication. A gentleman, the father of his wife, was very ill. His disease was consumption complicated with extreme age. It was thought that he could not survive the day. For several days he had been in a state of stupor bordering upon coma, nor had he spoken for some hours. During the absence of his daughter from the room I sat by his bedside watching his painful breathing and anticipating the end, which could not be long delayed. Suddenly the dying man opened his eyes and said, "Old Virginia, old Virginia, old Virginia." I immediately summoned his daughter, but he never uttered another syllable or showed any sign of consciousness, and died in a few hours. On asking members of the family if he had ever been connected in any way with Virginia, they said he had not, but was a native of Kentucky. Three months afterwards his son-in-law informed me that inquiry suggested by the circumstance revealed the fact that he was born in Virginia and lived there until he was ten years old. The sole explanation was that the vital force was so nearly exhausted as to be incapable of stimulating any of the brain cells, except those early impressed; and a vision of the lovely scenes of his childhood rose in his mind, and his intelligence was sufficient only to recognize it as in a dream.

The discussion of Mr. Wesley's views of the relation of witchcraft to true Christianity is not in place here. His testimony as to the opinions of men of his time is the best of which the case admits, and the assertion quoted concerning the value of proof of that kind in the then pending conflicts with the freethinkers justifies the use made of it by Dr. Hibbert in his "Philosophy of Apparitions," published not more than forty years after Wesley's death.

Two subjects which have a bearing upon any theory of apparitions, telepathy and modern spiritualism, are also postponed. Telepathy does not bear directly upon apparitions in the sense of the direct manifestations of the dead only so far as it is connected with alleged perceptions of persons just dead or dying. At the close of the second part of "A Theory of Apparitions," published by the Society of Psychical Research, the writer says, "Of apparitions after death we say nothing here," and makes use of telepathy merely for the purpose of analogy. Modern spiritualism has so many phases, and its alleged and real phenomena are many of them so dissimilar in matter and manner to the spontaneous apparitions referred to by Lord Byron in

I merely mean to say what Johnson said,
  That in the course of some six thousand years,
All nations have believed that from the dead
  A visitant at intervals appears,

as to make it necessary to consider it separately.

What I design is to show that when the evidence is rigorously though fairly examined, the Scotch verdict of "Not proven" must be rendered concerning the reality of apparitions; and that the presumptions of their natural origin are so strong as to leave little doubt in minds not intoxicated by a love of the marvelous, or who do not desire to find by sensuous evidence an "Elysian road which will conduct man undoubtingly to such beliefs as his heart most craves."

The belief in apparitions was universal before the development of the scientific spirit. Scarce an instance can be given from antiquity of a tale of supernatural events carefully investigated, because to be told of the appearance of a ghost excited no more surprise than to be informed of a storm at sea, or of an extraordinary flash of lightning. In Greece and Rome such narratives furnish the materials of poetry, and for ages after the hold of the marvelous upon ordinary writers was broken the impression of primeval superstitions was so strong that the questions which science now asks — nay, more, the questions which practical men now ask — were not propounded.

To believe in such cases what antiquity believed, because antiquity believed it, is but to tighten the swaddling-clothes of the infant about the grown man and force him back into the cradle.

The testimony of a single witness to an apparition can be of little value, because whatever he thinks he sees may be a spectral illusion or an hallucination. The state of mind of a person who thinks that he sees an apparition is entirely unfavorable to calm observation; and after he has seen it he has nothing but his recollection of what he saw, unsupported by analogies or memoranda taken during the vision. To say that immediately after he witnessed such a thing he made a note of it, is at best to say only that he wrote down what he could remember at that time.

The identification of the dead must be a matter of very great difficulty to a living person, particularly as in many of the ghost stories the deceased has not been seen for twenty or twenty-five years, or perhaps was never seen by the person to whom he is alleged to appear. In view of the mental excitement, not to say trepidation, induced by the belief that he sees a spontaneous and unexpected apparition, the one who fancies that he sees the dead must be the least competent to determine whether it be a subjective vision or an actual object.

It has frequently been laid down as indisputable that if two persons see a vision at the same time its objective and authentic character is conclusively demonstrated. This by no means follows; on the contrary, a hundred persons may be confident that they see an apparition, and the proof that they do not may be conclusive. In the Middle Ages thousands believed in Vampyrism. Less than two hundred years ago in Hungary, Moravia, Silesia, and Lorraine it was prevalent. "Some dreamed that these malicious specters took them by the throat, and, having strangled them, sucked their blood." Others believed that they actually saw them. At times when the imagination is greatly excited, and a belief in ghosts exists, they can be manufactured by the thousand, and thousands can see them. The colored people in the South have no trouble on this point. It is a common occurrence for the ghosts of persons hanged to appear to the prisoners in the jail, and though the officers may look at midnight, or whenever the ghost is said to appear, and can see nothing, scores of the prisoners are certain that they see the dreadful vision, and great revivals occur among them. An instance of this kind has occurred within a few years, resulting in the permanent reformation of several persons.

Sailors, naturally superstitious, have great powers as seers of ghosts. A vessel that sailed from Newcastle-upon-Tyne had on board a cook one of whose legs was shorter than the other, so that he walked in that way which in the vulgar idiom is called "with an up and a down." He died on the trip and was buried at sea. A few nights afterwards the captain was told by the mate that the cook was walking before the ship, and that all hands were on deck to see him. Angry at being awakened, the captain told the mate to let the cook alone and race with him to see whether the ship or he would get first to Newcastle. But being further importuned the captain finally turned out. I will now quote the words of Mr. Ellis (who published "Brand's Popular Antiquities") as they were received from the captain:

> He honestly confessed that he had like to have caught the contagion, and on seeing something move in a way so similar to that which an old friend used, and withal having a cap on so like that which he was wont to wear, verily thought there was more in the report than he was at first willing to believe. A general panic diffused itself. He ordered the ship to be steered towards the object, but not a man would move the helm. Compelled to do this himself, he found on a nearer approach that the ridiculous cause of all their terror was part of a maintop, the remains of some wreck, floating before them.

If he had really caught the contagion the evidence would have been complete; the Society for Psychical Research might make much of it, and it would be declared to be a convincing proof of a future state.

Dr. Tuke gives an instance of a general misapprehension of vision. At the conflagration in the Crystal Palace, in the winter of 1866–67, when the animals were destroyed by fire, it was supposed that the chimpanzee had succeeded in escaping from his cage. Men saw the unhappy animal holding on to the roof and writhing in agony while trying to get hold of one of the iron ribs. They watched its struggles with sickening dread—but there was no animal there. "It was a tattered piece of blind, so torn as to resemble, to the eye of fancy, the body, arms, and legs of an ape!"

When Brigham Young asserted that he saw the angel of the Lord from Ensign Point, making signs that that was the place where the great city and tabernacle of the Latter Day Saints would be established, the surrounding Mormons thought they beheld it, and nothing could shake their conviction of its reality.

Mistaken identity accounts for many apparitions. Resemblances between persons in no way related are much more numerous and striking than is generally supposed. Many instances of this were given in an article in this series entitled, "Astrology, Divination, and Coincidences." Lord Byron, who was superstitious, in speaking of ghosts said:

> And what is strangest upon this strange head
> Is that, whatever bar the reason rears
> 'Gainst such belief, there's something stronger still
> In its behalf, let those deny who will.

Yet he occasionally laughed at ghosts. In 1811, writing to Mr. Murray, he says, "My old school and form fellow Peel, the Irish Secretary, told me he saw me in St. James street; I was then in Turkey. A day or two afterwards he pointed out to his brother a person across the way and said, 'There is the man I took for Byron.' His brother answered, 'Why, it is Byron, and no one else.' I was at this time *seen* to write my name in the Palace book. I was then ill of a malaria fever. If I had died, here would have been a ghost story." According to the telepathic theory, Byron's self might have left his body in Turkey where he was sick and made an excursion to London. It would be interesting to have an account of the state of his body on that day; whether much agitated, or enjoying a calm and refreshing sleep in the absence of the perturbed spirit of the poet, who must have been an uneasy tenant at the best of times. But these details were omitted, and the natural explanation would be "mistaken identity."

A whole city was excited by the appearance of a person known to be dead—a silent man, who entered a hotel, registered his name, and looked wistfully about, speaking to no one, and not willing to explain his business. Terror seized upon the people. Every person who looked at him affirmed that he was the dead man. He was compelled after a few days to account for himself, and had no difficulty in proving, not only that he was a living man, but that he had never seen the man whom he so strongly resembled. A remarkable fact about this case was, that both the dead man and his double had three moles on the left cheek.

Jugglery and intentional deception, subsequently confessed, have explained many cases of apparition which within a short period previous to the exposure had been generally believed real in the communities where they were reported. One of the most common sources of supposed supernatural interference with ordinary laws is unexplained noises, especially those that appear to respond to questions. Many of these have been subsequently explained by chemical conditions; others by the wind shrieking through bottles, down chimneys, and occasionally by pendulum motions caused by gravitation, shakings, or motions by the movements of distant bodies; one famous case by changes that had taken place, the result of mining operations beneath the ground upon which the house stood. The ringing of bells when it was obvious no one was pulling the wires—occasionally the result of electricity, at other times of cats—has terrified some ordinarily intelligent persons almost out of their senses. The disturbances produced by dogs, cats, and even rats, magnified by large rooms, immense fireplaces, and the transformation of innocent objects in nights when the moon is at the full, and the deep shadows produced by the movements of the limbs of trees reflected in mirrors, have all contributed to the production of awful impressions.

In a certain rectory within forty miles of the city of New York stood an old-fashioned candlestick surrounded by prisms of glass which were pendent from the top. On several occasions the family were awakened by the ringing of these in the night, the effect of which was to terrify the servants and all the inmates of the house, except the wife of the rector, who determined to solve the mystery. For a long time the sounds were not produced except in total darkness, but by gradually introducing the practice of burning a light at night the ringing was finally heard one night when there was a light in the room. The lady of the house then went quietly down to the dining-room and saw a large rat with every expression of pleasure leaping forward and with his forelegs striking the prisms so as to make them ring, and evidently taking the keenest delight in the sound thus produced.

In an article on Apparitions written by Andrew Lang, in the second volume of the "Encyclopædia Britannica," ninth edition, he says:

> The writer once met, as he believed, a well-known and learned member of an English university who was really dying at a place more than a hundred miles distant from that in which he was seen. Supposing, for the sake of argument, that the writer did not mistake some other individual for the extremely noticeable person whom he seemed to see, the coincidence between the subjective impression and the death of the learned professor is, to say the least, curious.

To determine whether or not it was a case of mistaken identity is very important, but no opportunity is given in the passage quoted. If it was a subjective impression, the coincidence would be curious and nothing else; and not more so, as I have shown abundantly, than many coincidences in trifles, and many other circumstances absolutely disconnected, and many subjective impressions without any coincidences. Mr. Lang, in the article referred to, has written like one who has crammed with the literature of the subject without being at the pains to reason closely upon the alleged facts. He refers to the superstitious horror shown by a dog at the moment of a supposed apparition to his master. That the dog exhibited horror when his owner thought he saw an apparition may be readily believed. And one familiar with dogs knows that nothing will terrify them more than a great appearance of alarm on the part of their masters without any visible cause. Of the same nature is the remark concerning the mysterious disturbances at the house of the Wesleys: "The mastiff was more afraid than any of the children." The volatile imaginations of children have never shown any great horror of mysteries; they were sustained, too, by confidence in their parents. But the dog heard mysterious noises which naturally greatly agitated him.

Mr. Lang closes his remarks on this part of the subject by naïvely saying, "The case of Baalam's ass is sufficiently well known." This case is not pertinent. Balaam's ass, according to the record, not only saw a supernatural appearance, but engaged in a process of reasoning in which his past life as an ass was called up to vindicate him from abuse, and further engaged in a conversation with his master in the latter's vernacular. Indeed, according to the record, he exhibited a cogency of reasoning which applied to most of the tales attested to prove the reality of apparitions would effectually "lay" the ghosts.

Many persons fancy that mysterious noises which will appear to respond to questions, to make raps or answer raps, conclusively prove that they are directed by intelligence. Sometimes they may, and the intelligence is quite likely to be of human origin; but noises of atmospheric, chemical, or electrical origin may furnish astonishing coincidences, just as the fissures in the rocks are extremely difficult to be distinguished from hieroglyphics. Some years ago an alphabet based on the spiritualistic alphabet was applied to the successive gusts of wind of a stormy autumn day, and the coincidences were astonishing. Whole sentences of a very significant character at times appeared to respond to the arbitrary standard. And in any case the conclusion that a noise the cause of which is not yet understood must be supernatural is a process of reasoning *ab ignorantia.*

That ghosts do not come to those most interested in them, and seldom or never to any who long for them, has been a matter of note from the earliest times. Wordsworth's words, often quoted, state the conclusion drawn from this in language natural and almost convincing:

> 'T is falsely said
> That there was ever intercourse
> Betwixt the living and the dead,
> For surely then I should have sight
> Of him I wait for day and night
> With love and longings infinite.

The ceremonies practiced by the Christian Church in the Middle Ages in the successful exorcising of ghosts are not less striking than the sort of evidence on which the ghosts were accepted. Two or three clergymen are necessary and the ceremony must be performed in Latin, "the language which strikes the most audacious ghost with terror." According to history and tradition the ghost may be laid for any term less than a hundred years, "in any place or body, filled or empty." But what a ghost hates most is the Red Sea. It is related on the most indisputable authority that the ghosts have earnestly besought exorcists not to confine them in that place; nor is any instance given of their escaping before the time!

When we consider the horrible injustice inflicted upon orphans whose estates are squandered by trustees, the concealment or destruction of wills, the ingratitude to destitute benefactors, the diverting of trust funds for benevolent purposes to objects abhorrent to those who with painful toil accumulated them and with confidence in the stability of human laws bequeathed them, the loneliness and despair that fill human hearts, and the gloomy doubts of the reality of a future existence,—all of which would be rendered impossible if actual apparitions took place,—the conclusion that neither in the manner of the alleged comings nor in the objects for which they come is there any evidence to be found of their reality gathers almost irresistible force.

If it be assumed that the testimony of one person or of one hundred persons to a supernatural event is not sufficient to prove that it occurred, the question, "What becomes of the testimony of the Apostles and the five hundred brethren to the resurrection of Christ, and of Stephen to his seeing the heavens open," comes up again. It admits of but one answer. If they had nothing to give us but the fact that they saw a person alive who had been dead, it would be necessary to reject it on the ground that it is far more probable that they were deceived than that such a thing occurred. But that is not the case. They present to us the whole body of Christian doctrine, declaring that it was received from that person who predicted that he would rise from the dead, and whom they believed themselves to see, and with whom on various occasions they conversed after his resurrection. If the body of Christian doctrine in its relation to the moral nature of the thinker does not convince him of the divine origin and consequent truth of the record, we know of no means of doing so.

J. M. Buckley.

In THE CENTURY for July, 1888, in an article of this series entitled "Dreams, Nightmare, and Somnambulism," a quotation concerning Laura Bridgman, taken from an article by Joseph Jastrow, was erroneously attributed to the "Presbyterian Review" instead of to the "New Princeton Review," and the language to Prof. G. Stanley Hall. The facts were derived by Mr. Jastrow from an unpublished manuscript of Professor Hall, but the language quoted was his own.—J. M. B.

THE KING'S DIARY.

JULY 14, 1789.

"RIEN," he wrote, because it chanced that day
There was no hunt of fawn or stag or boar.
All else was nothing to the man who wore
The crown which once the brows of Hugh Capet
Had ached beneath, eight centuries away.
Since then what well-beloved and hated more
Had worn it lightly, or with anguish sore,
Some strong to rule and many but to slay.

"Nothing!" And, while he wrote the senseless word,
The tocsin rang in Paris; the human flood
Poured onward raging till it came where stood
The Bastille. Soon the foolish King had heard
How prone it lay. Behold his aimless wit:
He and his kingdom were as he had writ.

John W. Chadwick.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

The Day of Independence.

IT is probable that the era of "centennialism," if the coinage of such a word be permissible, which set in about 1875, is now at an end for a long time to come. The successive events of the American Revolution, of the period of confusion which followed it, and of the final establishment of sound national government, have all had their days of remembrance, concluded fittingly by the great celebration of last April in New York City; and it is not easy to see any near occasion for renewing the series. There have been events in our history for which remembrance might be suggested during the next twenty years; but they are those in which the United States can claim no peculiar property, such as the discovery of America, or events in the special history of the individual States, which can hardly excite general interest, or such as the voyages of the Cabots, which, however important, are somewhat too academic to enlist any genuine popular enthusiasm. It is most probable, then, that we are to have no recurrence of "centennial" anniversaries this side of the naval victories of 1812 at least, and that patriotism must content itself for that length of time with the simple and less heroic interests of the present, relying no longer for inspiration upon the great occasions of the past.

It should not be believed that the occasions of the present lose in real dignity by comparison with those of the past, any more than that the fathers of the Republic would have been better engaged in holding "centennial" celebrations themselves than in doing the duty which lay nearest to them. It is not by great occasions, or by the spasmodic energies of a desperate patriotism, that the rank of a people in history is to be measured. Such events are like the stamp of the die upon the coin; it may be impressed on bullion or on base metal. Spain had her Zaragoza, as we had our Bunker Hill; but when King Ferdinand resumed his throne he found no tools of his tyranny more subservient than the rural population, such as had defended Zaragoza. The true metal, to which alone the stamp can give permanent currency, is that courage which is the representative of long years of the assiduous practice of the homelier virtues of good citizenship. If Bunker Hill had represented only brute courage, or "war to the knife," the British Ministry might have found it a real victory, or some American usurper might have made it a stepping-stone to a despotism: the secret of the battle was in the fact that Miles Standish, and the Winthrops, and Thomas Hooker, and all the host of unnamed worthies of New England history for a hundred and fifty years, stood behind the breastworks, and made certain of permanent results in spite of temporary defeat. The interest of such an event is not in the mere pugilist's wonder that embattled farmers should withstand regular soldiers, but in the struggle of good citizenship, with its inevitable results, against the prizes and incentives offered by a privileged class.

It may be or may not be that the exercise of the simple civic virtues in the present is a preparation for some future Bunker Hill; but he must be strangely blind who cannot see the approach of enemies as fatal to the Republic and as easily visible as the long line of red-coats which landed at Charlestown on that June morning of 1775. Here is the professional politician, who buys votes and corrupts citizenship at its fountain-head; the venal politician, to whom office is valuable only for its opportunities of marketing his own vote; the "ring"-leader, who exploits the taxing-power and leaves behind him a broad track of peculation and debt; the demagogue, who makes political and personal profit out of religious and race differences; the machine politician, who appropriates his share of the civil service while he cants about the people's right to the offices; the man who thinks it an act of tyranny to impose limits or checks upon his right to tempt his neighbors to drink; the corporate tyranny which insists on having only helpless workmen to deal with, or the "labor" tyranny which hounds, cripples, or murders the helpless individual — every grade of civic offenders, from the petty larcenist up or down, to the imported scoundrel who prepares dynamite bombs for the police. More terrible than an army with banners, more insidious and aggressive than the assaulting line at Bunker Hill, these modern foes of the Republic are to be met and overcome, not by "centennial" celebrations, but by just those civic virtues which gave possibility to the great events of the past.

The power of the Republic in the present is great, but it is an error to believe that it was not fully foreseen a hundred years since. Franklin and others amused their leisure with mathematical calculations of the increase of population, which time has shown to have been singularly correct. President Stiles of Yale College, who, in a sermon of 1760, on the conquest of Canada, had predicted the development of "a Provincial Confederacy," and perhaps the growth of an "imperial dominion" out of the Confederacy, went further into the future in his election sermon of 1783. "It is probable that within a century from our independence the sun will shine on fifty millions of inhabitants in the United States. This will be a great, a very great nation, nearly equal to half Europe. And if the present rate of increase should be rather diminished in some of the other settlements, yet an accelerated multiplication will attend our general propagation, and overspread the whole territory westward for ages." But the preacher saw the attendant dangers with equal clearness. He warned posterity, as well as his hearers, that there was need of "vigilance against corruption in purchasing elections and in designations to office in the legislatures and Congress, instituting such efficacious provisions against corruption as shall preclude the possibility of its rising to any great height before it shall be controlled and corrected. Although, in every political administration, the appointment to office will ever be considerably influenced by the sinister, private, personal motives either of interest or friendship, yet the safety of the state requires that this should not go too far." If a preacher's forecast made such a warning necessary then, how much more must be added now from our bitter experience? How necessary such words of solemn and prophetic admonition as those spoken by Bishop Potter at St. Paul's on the chief day of the centennial celebration—in the presence of one President and two ex-Presidents.

We saw, thirteen years ago, the scene of enthusiasm when the dawning of Independence Day commemorated the origin of the festival just a hundred years before. We may easily imagine the intense excitement which would characterize it this year if armed and alien enemies stood in military array within the boundaries of the Republic. And yet there has never been a time in our country's history when the elements of reverence for the past and anxiety for the present and the future were more necessary than in the celebration of this first Independence Day of the Constitution's second century. There are many subjects which deserve the most serious reflection of any American who aspires to good citizenship. It is high time for him to awake out of slumber and disappoint the hopes of the intestine foes of all good citizens. He can no longer afford to believe that all the voters of the opposite party are rogues; that he is serving his country when he uses his citizenship for the mere purpose of circumventing them; that he is under any obligation to transfer to local elections the issues and passions which are appropriate only to national elections; or that in general every man whom he finds labeled with his party title becomes thereby a Heaven-ordained leader, to be trusted implicitly and followed unshrinkingly: these are the familiar tricks and devices by which self-seeking politicians of all parties have kept the good people of these States divided and neutralized, taking to themselves the objects of their own desire. To repudiate such influences may seem an easy task, but human nature makes it one of the most difficult of human experience. To meet it with success, there is need of all the resources to be drawn from the training of the past and the feeling of responsibility for the future; and for such considerations there have been few Independence Days more appropriate than that of 1889, when the political passions of the past have cooled and the strong winds of coming struggles are yet at a distance. The thoughts appropriate to the day may be less exciting than usual this year, but it cannot be said that they are less important.

The Summer Exodus, and what it Testifies.

THE contrast between the past and the present of American life will hardly find a more striking embodiment than in the changes in the mode of passing the summer. Within the memory of many of us, a complete change of residence during the hot months was a luxury confined to comparatively few. Country people never thought of it; and it was believed that in the cities the first subterfuge of an ambitious family was to close the front of the house and to live in the back rooms, if so be that they could thus persuade the world of their neighborhood that they too had taken part in the annual flitting. If city children were sent for the summer to the grand-paternal farm, they were fortunate beyond their fellows. Now the case is changed past recognition. Social conditions seem to be ordered to meet a general summer exodus. Summer hotels are everywhere. They form an almost continuous line along the coast of New England and the Middle States; one mountain region after another has succumbed to their invasion; the lakes of the interior have begun to prove most attractive watering-places; and the rising tide of summer travel has begun to cut new channels for itself—along the Pacific coast, on the Gulf of Mexico, and in the great pine woods and the hill territory of the South. The summer cottage has been elastic enough to meet the needs of purses of every grade: it ranges from that which is almost a palace in its extent and equipment or the wide-stretching club-park, with its reserved rights of shooting or fishing, to the economical boarding-place or the Adirondack cabin. Poor indeed is the family that cannot contrive by the exercise of forethought and thrift to secure some brief summer's outing, for the bread-winners or for all the members of the family; and when the inability seems to exist, it is more often a certain incompatibility between the family resources and the family desires. The development has even gone further, and many who cannot afford such a relaxation contrive a substitute by transferring their scene of work to summer resorts, or have it furnished for them by "fresh-air funds."

Much of this change in the habits of the people has undoubtedly been due to the increasing tendency to a city life. However great the attractions of the city may be, man retains something of the nature of Antæus, and needs an occasional renewal of direct contact with mother earth to keep him in full vigor. When the proportion of those who are habitually confined to an urban life has increased from one-thirtieth to one-third it is natural that there should be a correspondingly increased pressure for summer relaxation and for accommodations to supply it. Even this explanation, however, is by no means adequate. It would account for the increased stream of Americans who wish to leave the cities during the summer, but not for their ability to indulge the desire. The fact that school-teachers, who naturally long for a summer outing, are many times more numerous than they were fifty years ago, will not tell us why that sorely underpaid class of workers, for whom there was no provision then, has now a store of vacation resorts from which to choose.

The subject may have much more than a merely curious interest. Mr. Henry George and his disciples have strenuously asserted that the rewards of labor are both actually and comparatively less than they were fifty years ago, and others have as strenuously contradicted them. It is impossible, unfortunately, to array any undoubted or fairly indubitable testimony on either side. Those who labored and were paid for their labor fifty years ago are most of them dead, and can tell us nothing about the matter. Those who are still alive are by no means the same persons that they were fifty years ago; they cannot compare the two periods fairly and tell us whether the intervening time has given them more or less for their work. Figures are incorrigible liars. They leave out of view all sorts of conditions, which materially change their size and weight. A table of comparative wages may tell us in plain figures the workman's different rates of wages at two different periods, while it tells nothing of the variations in the price of flour or meat, or in rent or clothing, all of which the workman would find to be very serious limitations on the real purchasing power of his money wages. Even when we get figures for these latter elements they profit us little. The average price of flour for a particular year may be a high one, but this may be due either to continuous high prices throughout the year, or to an abnormally high price for some months, in which the workman has felt it very little by reason of his ability to provide substitutes for flour at that time. No mere wage statistics, moreover, will tell us whether the workman, under the wages current for either point of time, had work enough for all the year around, or for but a part of the year. Again, the price of board or the total cost of living may have remained the same, while improvements in transportation have added to the table beef and mutton from the West, fish from the Pacific coast, and canned goods from all parts of the country or of the world, thus enabling the same money, or the same wages, to furnish that prime necessity for man, a varied diet. Countless parallel reasons have led men to impeach the validity of almost every collocation of figures, and fair-minded men, while admitting the figures as conclusive upon their own judgment, have often shrunk from any attempt to impose them upon the judgment of others. The figures do seem to show that Mr. George is utterly wrong, and that the condition of the workingman has improved greatly during the past half-century. Every new collocation of figures which brings out the same result strengthens the mathematical probability of that conclusion, and yet we can hardly say that the inherent weakness of figures has so far been overcome that the case is decided.

Under such circumstances, the summer exodus may contain indications which are more trustworthy and of more real weight than any mere figures can be. A column of wage statistics may, out of willfulness, inattention, or pure ignorance in the compiler, omit elements which are essential to any complete or just conclusion; but no such imperfection can be attributed to such a social fact as that which we are considering. The summer exodus is the mathematical result of a composition of all the forces which bear on the question: it omits no consideration which is essential to the conclusion; it assigns to each its comparative importance with an accuracy which no human compilation of figures can hope to reach; and its summing-up may be of the greatest service in showing us whether the progress of the past fifty years has really been accompanied by any relative increase of poverty. If the summer exodus has grown only as the country has grown; if it is confined to the same social classes to which it was confined in 1839; if the numbers who take part in it have increased only in proportion to the increase of those classes; still more, if there has been any relative falling-off in number — then we may as well admit that there is the strongest of indications that our progress has not done much for poverty. If, on the other hand, we find that the numbers of those who can now indulge in the summer's outing have grown far beyond the mere numerical increase of population; that the annual movement has penetrated further downward to social strata which could not have thought of it a half-century ago — then we may surely take the whole development as a fair indication that progress has done something to take the edge from poverty, unless we are to take it that the people are obstinately bent nowadays on taking vacations which they cannot really afford. It is from this point of view that such social phenomena are most worthy of study, as well as most easy of apprehension. There are not many who cannot make some contribution to the discussion; and the greater the amount of light which is poured upon it the greater is the likelihood of a just and permanent decision.

Outdoor Sports.

THERE comes to the American people, with the hot weather, the season in which outdoor sports seem to reign supreme. Boat-races and baseball matches follow one another in bewildering succession. The newspapers reek with championships and gossip about champions and would-be champions. You shall find the spectators at a single game of baseball outnumbering the entire population of such a city as Boston a hundred years ago. Schoolboys are no longer the only ones who are thought to suffer such amusements to come between them and their work; an equal interest in outdoor sports is attributed to judges and lawyers, editors and reporters, merchants and clerks; and it is even said that our Saturday half-holidays are in many cases due less to interest in the health of subordinates than to the desire of principals to witness some outdoor athletic contest. At any rate, it should be understood that lack of interest in open-air amusements is no longer to be included among the faults of the American people.

We may grant at once all that is claimed for the new development by its professed admirers. It will doubtless exert a strong influence against the intrusion of weak lungs, hearts, and livers into our pulpits, editorial and court rooms, and other scenes of professional work. It will make those who take active part in it more prompt to think and decide in emergencies. It will check the feverish eagerness of Americans in their pursuit of work for the sake of work. And the increasing number of those who are able to take part in it is merely another fact in evidence of the greater comfort of modern life and of our people's stronger leaning towards healthy amusements as a break in the monotony of unvarying work.

All this and more might be granted without making out an impregnable case for the modern development of athletics. It is not enough to prove the objects good, even with a likelihood of attaining them; it is often more important to attend to the correctness of the methods employed, for they may be such as to bring with them new evils which more than counterbalance all the good that has been attained. The amusements of a people are not at all beneath the attention of a sound social philosophy; they are often symptomatic of tendencies which cannot yet be seen in any other way, as the real nature of men comes out most clearly in their moments of relaxation. When the Roman noble went into the barracks of the gladiators and bet his sesterces upon their chances in the morrow's contest, the evil omen of the scene was not in the mere brutality of the sport, but in the disappearance of all that had once made up the Roman idea. No matter whether the sport in question was cruel or refined, the men and women whose souls were absorbed in it were no longer of that breed which had brought the civilized earth under control of the Roman Peace. When the Byzantine mob went into ecstasies of excitement over the alternate victories of the blue or the green drivers in the circus there were none of the cruelties which marked the outdoor sports of Rome; but the pettiness of mind which found satisfaction in such relaxations was echoed in the bombast and conceit of Byzantine historians, and in the cowardice of the Byzantine emperors, who trembled behind their strong walls as successive deluges of barbarians, crusaders, and Mohammedans swept around them.

The relaxation of mind and body which is found in outdoor sports is by no means the most important circumstance connected with them: they are much more important as representatives of, or centers of influence in, the growth of the people. Viewed from this standpoint it is a serious question how far the modern athletic régime is a social benefit or a social injury. The development of a people is seen nowhere more clearly than in their ability to distinguish means from ends, and this is nowhere more true than in this matter of amusements. One may be glad to see a people turn work into play from time to time, from a conscious longing for relaxation, and yet see nothing admirable in an interest which makes the amusement an end in itself, and not a means to something better. Our newspapers give columns of expensive dispatches detailing the foreign "triumphs" of two American baseball nines, while they have no longer space or readers for more than a meager summary of the debates in Congress. Crowds surround the bulletin-boards to watch the reflected glories of a boat-race, while the demands of business are so imperative that they cannot spend an hour twice in a twelvemonth in keeping alive their membership and influence in their party's primary association. If we are to gauge the popular interest in outdoor sports and in any more serious occupation by their respective shares of the Sunday newspapers, what is to be thought of the mental and moral standards of our people?

The whole question is one on which no appeal is possible except to the individual consciousness and conscience. A man should be able to tell, in his own case, whether his interest in outdoor sports is for their own sake or as a means to a higher and better end; whether he is a grown-up child, "pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw," or a hard-working man, who feels the need of decreasing the strain upon his energies from time to time in order to keep them in full efficiency. His ability to consider his own case impartially will test his ability to estimate the general influence of outdoor amusements as we have them. These amusements are of no importance whatever in themselves; they are of the greatest importance as indications of a general drift, and it is a most serious question, on which every man ought to have an opinion, whether they are now indicative of greater comfort or of popular degeneracy, of higher standards of living or of lower standards of work.

OPEN LETTERS.

Indians, and Indians.

MR. REMINGTON'S descriptions of the Apaches and Comanches in this number of THE CENTURY have all the vividness of an impressionist, and are undoubtedly faithful as impressions. There is a tendency, however, among the people at large to accept a brief impression for a complete portraiture, and so to form general ideas out of a few details entirely inadequate for such a purpose. There are Indians and Indians, and he who should form his general impression of the Indian from a glimpse of the savagery of individual Apaches would find it necessary to discard his work and begin anew in the presence of the peaceful and skillful Zuni. It is true that the determination of methods of practical dealing with the Indians must depend somewhat on their character, but if the whole mass of Indians were as bad as individuals are sometimes represented to be the duty of dealing justly with them in all relations would still remain untouched. Whether or no the Indian of to-day is an attractive person to us is a small matter; the supreme matter is that he shall have no ground for a charge of injustice against us. No characterization of the Indian can be in any measure adequate which does not exhibit the various types found among the different tribes, the degrees of civilization reached, and the varying grades of material advancement represented by individuals and communities. Those who have studied the question on the ground are agreed that while the army view, the view of the frontiersman, and the view of the philanthropist are each true in individual cases, none of them contains the whole truth. The Indian character is as varied as the character of the white man who sits in judgment upon him. Reversing the usual process, the Indian might base his impression of the whites on the indifference and somewhat scornful protection which the army man offers him, or the undisguised greed and unscrupulousness of the frontiersman who covets his lands, or the sometimes unpractical temper of the philanthropist whose whole desire is to serve him. All these types exist, and yet neither of them represents the great body of whites.

What is known as the Indian Question has made great and substantial progress during the last ten years — progress not only in the development of public opinion favorable to an award of an exact justice, but in knowledge of the real character and capacity of the Indian himself. No one who has any real knowledge of the matter ever thinks of the Indian to-day as controlled by any single passion or as represented by any single type of character. He recognizes that in dealing with them we are dealing with a body of people who differ among themselves as widely as the people of any other race. Moreover, what can be done with the Indian is no longer a matter of speculation. Much has been done in education, in agriculture, in social organization, and in diffusion of the spirit, occupations, and habits of civilized men. The present stage is no longer experimental. So much has already been done, and, in the main, done successfully, that what still remains to be done is to complete and expand the operation of methods, instrumentalities, and laws already in operation.

The results at Hampton and Carlisle have settled the question of the capacity of the Indian for education. During the last decade Hampton alone has trained with more or less thoroughness more than three hundred students, who have been under its culture from a few months to five or six years. The record of these students has been carefully preserved, and that record shows that the great majority, in the face of almost insurmountable obstacles, are exercising a wide and beneficent influence on the communities through which they are scattered, and are doing faithfully and successfully the work of pioneers in the civilization of their people. As teachers, farmers, clerks, interpreters, scouts, and cattle-raisers they have attained, all things considered, an average success quite as high as that which would have attended the labors of an equal number of whites. The record of Carlisle's school would undoubtedly make as favorable a showing as the record of Hampton.

But the great and substantial gain which has been made in the discussion of the Indian question is the clear perception that the doing of justice does not depend on the character of those to whom it is awarded; that it is an absolute obligation independent of all such considerations. The long and terrible story of injustice to the Indians has at last borne its fruits in an awakened public conscience. The appealing pathos of such a story as "Ramona" has undoubtedly reached many who would have turned away indifferent from a bare recital of facts, but if the typical Indian were Geronimo rather than Ramona our duty to him would not be the less evident or the less imperative. It is the perception of this long-neglected duty which has not only banded together individuals to secure the redress of the wrongs inflicted upon the Indian, but which has at last produced something like a coherent system of measures looking to a permanent adjustment of the relations of the two races. The breaking up of the reservation system, the allotment of land in severalty, the conferring of the privileges and protection of citizenship, the extension of the civil and military laws over the reservations, the organization of an educational commission looking to the establishment of public school education, are all consistent features of a general movement which shall incorporate into the law of the land the aroused sentiment of its citizens.

Hamilton Wright Mabie.

Industrial Education for the Negro: Is it a "Craze"?

Most friends of the negro in the North as well as in the South agree that industrial training should go hand in hand with his moral and mental culture. That is, they think that there should be for men such a drill at least in the elementary principles and processes of farming and the most common handicrafts, and for women in cooking, sewing, domestic economy, nursing and the care of children, that they may be better able both to earn and to save money, to secure homes of their own, and to make them worthy of that sacred name.

But while there is this nearly universal agreement as to the need of training of this sort, and disagreement merely as to matters of detail and method, there are a few earnest friends of the colored man — whose long, arduous, and efficient labors in his behalf entitle their opinions to great weight — who are afraid of this movement, and speak of it as a "craze." They think that the outcome of it is almost certain to be a less extended and thorough mental and moral culture. And as some of them are in positions where their opinions must have great power to shape or modify some of the most important of the organizations and institutions whose special object is negro education, it seems as if a statement of the reasons for their opinion, and the considerations which lead many of the benevolent to disagree with them, would be timely.

One of these reasons is that it is very hard to get enough money to give the ordinary scholastic education, the equipment for which is not so costly as that for industrial training. Will not the effort to give this more expensive culture diminish the amount available for the other?

It is urged, further, that the proposed change implies too great a concession to the widely prevailing opinion that the negro is, and in the nature of the case must be, better fitted for manual than for mental labor.

They argue also that the new departure tends to foster materialistic notions of the value of education, the main object of which should be the ennoblement of the worker rather than the production of more cotton, rice, sugar, coal, iron, or lumber. It is a materialistic age at best, and the tendencies in that direction are especially strong in the South at present; and even were the object no higher than the increase of the negro's value as a factor in the production and distribution of commodities, a widely known writer contends that, since dexterity is largely a result of mental rather than muscular training, any scheme that contemplates less of the higher education for the sake of increased production will in the end defeat itself.

Then again, the surprising success in some schools, and notably in one, in mastering the more advanced branches is profoundly affecting the opinions of many of the most influential people in the South as to the capacity of the negro; and to do anything which would make the work in these high-grade schools less extensive or less thorough will push him and his friends off this hard-won vantage-ground.

Still further, we are exhorted to remember that leaders qualified to hold their own in the sharp competitions of professional life are a great, if not the greatest, need of the colored race in this country. Over wide areas most of their clergy are illiterate, immoral, self-seeking, bitter sectarians, and the most determined opponents of every kind of improvement. So, too, the lack of lawyers, editors, and physicians of sufficiently broad and thorough training to be able to defend their weaker brethren against designing or incapable advisers is a very discouraging feature of the situation. The negroes do not as a rule seek the leadership or counsel of competent and honest whites in matters of religion or of business; hence the greater need of well-qualified men of their own race.

These are strong points. What can be said against them without aiding those who disbelieve in advanced education for colored people? Some of these are warm friends of the negro, and some, it is to be feared, are not anxious that he should have more education than just enough to keep him from voting on the side of anarchy and to make him more efficient as a hewer of wood and a drawer of water. But is it not possible to unite industrial training with thorough and wide mental and moral culture? In advocating it need we strengthen the hands of the excellent people who oppose the high-school and college work, on the ground that it is better to give some book learning to the many rather than a good deal to only a few? There are a considerable number of those who believe in providing the most advanced scholastic education for those colored people who will push on to gain it who are firmly convinced that the movement for industrial education may be a help rather than a hindrance to the higher school work. What can be said in support of their position?

First. Only a small number graduate in the thorough college courses of the institutions that provide such advantages, and most leave them before they are qualified to pass the examinations for first-grade certificates as teachers. Hence they cannot hope for positions in the graded schools, which are kept open eight or nine months in a year. They must take those which afford them employment for only two or three months. What are they to do during the remaining nine or ten months? If they had the industrial education now given in some schools they might support themselves in the same communities where they teach, acquiring decent homes of their own, which would be a much needed example and incentive to all about them. The lack of anything worthy to be called home is the most appalling obstacle to the elevation of the negro. If these higher schools should furnish this industrial training, as some of them are beginning to do, nine-tenths, or, in many cases nineteen-twentieths, of the pupils who never finish even the grammar-school course might be put in the way of living for the rest of their lives like human beings instead of like beasts.

Second. The industrial training need not diminish, but may be made rather to increase the funds available for school work. Many will give to schools that afford this training who will not give to the schools that do not afford it. Many will give for this who will give nothing for school work. Besides, a large item of the expense of most of the existing schools is for "student's aid." In an institution which gives industrial training the students can earn much if not all of this aid. This saves their self-respect, avoids the danger of pauperizing them, and enables a thousand dollars given for such aid to be used over and over.

Third. In many cases students could stay and get a more thorough mental training if such work were furnished. There need not be such a small percentage of graduates from the normal, scientific, and collegiate courses as the catalogues show.

Fourth. Such work gives an entirely new idea of the dignity of labor. It was one of the greatest evils of slavery that manual labor was considered degrading. This was especially mischievous in its effects on the poor whites. The South is only slowly coming to believe that one who works for a living can be qualified for good society. In many of the industrial schools already established students are beginning to take pride in their command of tools, in their well planned and executed mechanical work, and in the thorough, clean tillage, the enlarged and varied products, and the improved stock and buildings of the farms attached to these schools.

Fifth. Two or three hours a day of manual labor leave abundant time for all the study which is consistent with mental alertness and vigor. Quality is of far higher importance in mental work than quantity. It is of comparatively little moment that a certain number of facts and rules find lodgment in the mind for a time — usually a short time. The main thing is that the student acquires the power and the habit of incisive, sustained, and honest thinking. Six or eight hours of sharp attention is as much as should be required of any young person in one day. Some public schools require all lessons to be learned at home; but it is hard to see how such schools can produce anything but a lax and flabby habit of mind, or else injure the health. Just as much severe, intense study — and no other should be tolerated — can be done in a day by one who works two or three hours as by one who does not. Work that demands care and skill is really more of a relaxation than that which calls for nothing but brute force, because it is more interesting.

Sixth. The ability to plan or build a church, a school-house, or a dwelling, or to carry on a farm as it should be carried on, gives a man's opinion about purely professional matters greater weight in all struggling communities. A teacher, minister, or physician could hardly have, aside from his mental and moral qualities, a more effective passport to the confidence and respect of colored people.

Industrial education is in the air, and is sure to be tried extensively. Ought not those who have so long and so successfully fought the battle for purely school work to take a leading place in shaping policy under the new departure? Who can keep it from becoming too materialistic so well or so surely as they?

S. W. Powell.

Charles Thomson, Secretary of Continental Congress.

IN THE CENTURY MAGAZINE for April is a very interesting article by Clarence Winthrop Bowen on "The Inauguration of Washington." On page 813 Mr. Bowen says: "In 1774, when he [Charles Thomson] was elected Secretary of the Continental Congress, — which office he held for fifteen consecutive years,— he had just married a young woman of fortune, *who was the aunt of President William Henry Harrison, and the great-great-aunt of President Benjamin Harrison.*" The marriage referred to took place September 4, 1774, at "Harriton," in Merion Township, then in Philadelphia, but now in Montgomery County, Pennsylvania. The lady whom he married was Hannah Harrison, daughter of Richard Harrison, a Friend who originally came from Maryland and married Hannah Norris, a daughter of Isaac Norris and granddaughter of Governor Thomas Lloyd. Richard Harrison died March 2, 1747, and left to survive him his widow and four children, namely, *Thomas* Harrison, *Mary*, who died unmarried, *Samuel*, and *Hannah*, who married Charles Thomson. As neither of Mr. Harrison's sons was named Benjamin, it is very apparent that Mr. Bowen has made a mistake. John Adams, in his diary of the occurrences of a few days previous to the meeting of Congress, says, speaking of a visit to the house of Thomas Mifflin: "Here we had much conversation with Mr. Charles Thomson, who is, it seems, about marrying a lady, a relation of Mr. Dickinson's, with £5000 sterling. This Charles Thomson is the Sam Adams of Philadelphia." In a foot-note to his article Mr. Bowen says, "*Thomson was the father-in-law of Elbridge Gerry.*" This also is an error. Mr. Thomson was twice married. His first wife was a daughter of Charles Mather of Chester County, by whom he had two children, who died in their infancy. By his second wife *he had no children*, and hence it is very clear that he was *not* the father-in-law of Elbridge Gerry. Mr. Gerry's wife was a Miss Ann Thompson, daughter of James Thompson of New York City, a man of great prominence in his day, and on his mother's side connected with some of the oldest families in New York. For details of this statement I refer Mr. Bowen to the "Memoirs of Elbridge Gerry," by James T. Austin, p. 502.

Mr. Bowen, however, is not the only person who has fallen into error about Charles Thomson. In Drake's "Dictionary of American Biography," in a sketch of Gerry, Mr. Drake says: "He married Ann, daughter of Charles Thomson, Secretary of Congress," and adds that she died at New Haven, March 17, 1849, aged eighty-six years. In "Appleton's Cyclopædia of American Biography," a very valuable work, it is stated that Charles Thomson "had just come to Philadelphia in September, 1774, with his bride, *a sister* of *Benjamin Harrison*, the signer."

PHILADELPHIA. *Horatio Gates Jones.*

Imperial Federation.

IN the April number of THE CENTURY MAGAZINE Charles H. Lugrin of Fredericton, New Brunswick, writes: "I do not recall the name of a prominent public man who favors the project [of Imperial Federation]; while several may be named . . . who have put themselves on record against it."

Will you allow me to correct this statement by referring to the latest list of the council of the Imperial Federation League in Canada, which I inclose, and which contains the names of two ministers of the Dominion, twelve senators, including the speaker, more than fifty M. P.'s of the Dominion, the Roman Catholic archbishop of Halifax, the Anglican bishop of Nova Scotia, four lieutenant-governors, and many well-known names in all branches of public life.

Mr. Lugrin also states that "A few branches of the Federation League have been established in the Dominion." The facts are these:

A year ago branches were in existence in Montreal, Ingersoll, Victoria, B. C., Halifax, Peterboro, Ottawa, and Toronto. Since then branches have been organized in Brantford, Port Arthur, St. Thomas, Orillia, Lindsay, and county of Victoria; St. John, N. B.; Chatham, Ontario; Pictou, N. S.; Wiarton, Belleville, and Kingston; and there are in course of formation, branches at Woodstock, Picton, Cookstown, Barrie, Calgary; Yarmouth, N. S.; St. Mary's, Vancouver, B. C.; Winnipeg, Paisley, Brampton, and Hamilton.

Arthur H. Loring,
Secretary Imperial Federation League.

LONDON, ENGLAND.

Salmon P. Chase's Training for Finance.

IN a recent number of THE CENTURY the biographers of Mr. Lincoln, speaking of Mr. Chase, say:

> *Without any special previous experience, without any other preparation for his exacting task* than great natural abilities, unswerving integrity and fidelity, and unwearying industry, he grappled with the difficulties of the situation in a manner which won him the plaudits of the civilized world and will forever enshrine his name in the memory of his fellow-citizens.

The statement above, italicized by me, is perhaps not strictly correct. It is true that Mr. Chase was primarily a lawyer, yet it is also true that he was a trained financier. So early as 1834 he was appointed solicitor at Cincinnati of the old United States Bank.

In that year the Lafayette Bank of Cincinnati was established. I have before me as I write the original minutes of the Board of Directors of that bank for the first ten years of its existence. From these I find that Mr. Chase was one of the first Board of Directors, and continued a director for nearly ten years. In addition to this, he was made Secretary of the Board at its first meeting and solicitor of the bank. The latter office he held also for nearly ten years. At the time of this election he was but twenty-six years of age. I have looked carefully through the minutes, and they disclose the fact that he was in constant attendance at the meetings of the Board, and took a controlling direction in the affairs of the bank. He was constantly placed at the head of the most important committees, such as that of preparing the by-laws.

It also appears from the minutes that he gave minute attention to the business, and was severely exacting. The resolutions in his handwriting, which I inclose, evidence this.[1]

At the time he took so prominent a part in the affairs of this bank, while so young a man, his associates numbered among them some of the most famous men of that city of that day — Josiah Lawrence, the president, Judge Este, Neff, Jones, and others. This bank became a leading bank of the city, and now, transformed into a national bank, maintains its original high character. Here, as elsewhere, his work is enduring. Thus for ten years, in the formative period of his life, from twenty-six to thirty-six years of age, he had the double training of a bank director and solicitor of the bank — and this in one of the chief cities of the country.

As a bank lawyer, he ranked first in his profession.

Before he became a member of Mr. Lincoln's Cabinet he had been for six years United States senator. While excluded by the pro-slavery majority from the committees, because he "belonged to no healthy political organization," it was yet his duty to consider the finances of the nation; and where duty called him to act it was his habit thoroughly to inform himself. He had also been for four years Governor of Ohio, with a general supervision of the finances of that great State. During this time occurred the famous defalcation of Breslin, the State Treasurer. Mr. Chase, as governor, at once took possession of the treasury, and with a master's hand brought order out of chaos, and so satisfactorily to the State that what seemed at first to be a blemish to his administration redounded to its honor. So it would seem that he had had that special training which fitted him for his mighty task. When he met the great bankers of New York he met them not as a stranger, but as one of them, initiated into the mysteries of their craft. It was well. Mr. Chase's achievement was not the flash of genius that bewilders, but the natural result of trained powers.

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[1] The resolutions are as follows: "*Resolved*, 1. That in no case shall any mortgage upon real estate be received as security for any loan or discount, unless the applicant for such loan or discount shall have furnished a complete abstract of the material parts of the title papers of such real estate, and also of all adverse claims, legal and equitable, to such real estate, to the solicitor whose duty it shall be carefully to examine such abstract and to furnish to the President his written opinion thereon, which opinion, together with the abstract, shall be lodged with the cashier. 2. That in all cases where any real estate, received as security for any loan or discount, shall be released from the operation of any mortgage before the debt secured thereby shall have been fully paid, the attendant expenses shall be paid by the applicant for such release. 3. No discount or loan shall be granted to facilitate the payment of any debt on which suit has been commenced or judgment rendered unless the applicant for such loan or discount shall pay the costs of such suit or judgment, including attorney's fees."

Allow me a word in another relation. The extracts from the diary and letters of Chase given in this history of Mr. Lincoln are not pleasant reading. But the picture has its relief. They were written chiefly in the weary, waiting year — 1861–62. The most effective pages of this history are, perhaps, those relating to McClellan. The grouping of the facts presents a progressive climax that is simply crushing — but is it not reactionary? Is not the emotion it excites one of painful pity for McClellan and something akin to indignation that those in power should have borne so long with him? Remember that Chase was present and saw all — saw the grand army of the Union wasting away in hopeless inactivity; saw it again, led to battle in a desultory way, defeated piecemeal by a foe inferior in numbers; saw it when victorious retreating from its vanquished enemy; meanwhile saw the debt of the nation piling up mountain high, threatening a financial abysm that would engulf all.

The situation was without precedent. No other nation could have borne those loans. For many months Mr. Chase was in daily apprehension of a catastrophe, blasting alike his country and himself. The responsibility was his. Others spent; "he smote the rock"; and yet he was ignored! He felt himself neglected, and chafed as the strong man bound. Perhaps it would have been better had he suffered in silence; and yet perhaps complaint brought relief.

Born to command, a courtier he could not be.

A letter he wrote me of date August 29, 1862, portrays his feelings during the McClellan régime. I close with this extract from it:

> Since the coming of General Halleck, I have known no more of the progress of the war than any outsider. I mean so far as influencing it goes. My recommendations had been, before he came in, generally disregarded, and since have been seldom ventured. I did, in one or two conversations, insist on the removal of General McClellan, and the substitution of a more vigorous and energetic and able leader; on the clearing out of the Mississippi; and the expulsion of the rebels from East Tennessee — all which might have been done. But though heard, I was not heeded. I hope for the best. Those who reject my counsels ought to know more than I do. At all events little is now left for me, except to administer as well as I may under existing circumstances the complicated and difficult concerns of my own department.

CINCINNATI. *W. M. Dickson.*

Retaliation in Missouri.

THERE are errors in the April installment of the "Life of Lincoln" relative to the part taken by me in the execution of ten rebel guerrillas at Palmyra, Missouri, in October, 1862, in retaliation for the abduction and murder of a Union citizen of that town. With the opinion of Messrs. Nicolay and Hay on what they term "a punishment tenfold as severe as that demanded by the Mosaic law" I need not concern myself. The statement that my action was under the authority of the State of Missouri is an error. The letter of General Curtis quoted to sustain that statement appears (according to a foot-note on page 860 of Vol. XXII. of the "Official Records") never to have been sent; or, if sent, he was afterwards ashamed of its misstatements, for he forwarded to Washington a copy of a letter taking entirely different ground for refusing to treat with the rebel authorities in their investigation of the execution.

The fact is that while I was at the time a brigadier-general of Missouri State troops, I held a commission as colonel of the 2d Missouri Cavalry, a regiment of State militia mustered into the United States service. As such I had been assigned, June 4, 1862, by the department commander, General Schofield, to command the district of North-east Missouri (see Vol. XIII., page 417, of the "Official Records"), and instructed by him to "take the field in person and exterminate the rebel bands" infesting that section. General Schofield expressly enjoined (see Vol. XIII., page 467, of the "Official Records"): "Do not be too moderate in the measure of severity dealt out to them. Carry out General Orders No. 18 and No. 3 thoroughly."

General Order No. 18 (see Vol. XIII., page 402, "Official Records") states that:

> Rebel officers and men are returning to their homes, passing stealthily through our lines and endeavoring again to stir up insurrection in various portions of the State where peace has long prevailed, and there still remain among the disaffected who never belonged to the rebel army a few who avail themselves of every opportunity to murder Union soldiers and destroy the property of citizens. . . . The utmost vigilance and energy are enjoined upon all troops of the State in hunting down and destroying these robbers and assassins. When caught in arms engaged in their unlawful warfare they will be shot down upon the spot. All good citizens who desire to live in peace are required to give their assistance to the military authorities in detecting and bringing to punishment the outlaws who infest this State, and those who shelter and give them protection. Those who fail to do their duty in this matter will be regarded and treated as abettors of the criminals.

It will thus be seen that I was acting directly under Federal authority as an officer of the United States Army and in accordance with my official instructions as such. Moreover, the ten guerrillas executed (not one of whom but had committed murder under circumstances of atrocity) were selected from twenty-two who had previously been formally tried by a United States military commission and sentenced to death, so that their death was but hastened by the act of retaliation, the remaining twelve of the twenty-two convicted being soon afterwards shot in pursuance of their sentence by the officers in command at Macon City and Mexico, Mo. Nor was there unseemly haste in thus carrying out the sentence already pronounced against these unfortunate men. Public notice was given that the ten men would be shot unless within ten days the abducted Union citizen (Andrew Allsman, seventy years of age and a non-combatant) was returned unharmed to his family. During that period of ten days, my ranking officer, General Lewis Merrill of the regular army, and General Curtis, who had succeeded General Schofield in command of the district of Missouri, September 26, 1862, were fully advised of my action. In a letter to me dated January 22, 1880, referring to an attack on me in the United States Senate relative to this matter, General Merrill wrote as follows:

> No notice appears to have been taken of the other executions, and no reflections were ever made that I know of on either General Curtis or myself, though equally responsible with you, and indeed having the greater responsibility, in that we were your superior officers and could have stopped your action had duty allowed it. Both General Curtis and myself had to listen to many heart-rending appeals to take this action, and both uniformly refused. The event showed it would have been weakness and failure of duty to have listened, for the executions practically ended all guerrilla operations in North Missouri, and restored peace to the community to such an extent at least that it was possible thereafter to commit to the civil authorities the trial and punishment of most of the crime which was thereafter perpetrated. Before this the civil authorities were utterly powerless. You have long suffered from falsehood and misapprehension in this matter, and it gives me great pleasure to do what I can to right you, as I know no more tender-hearted soldier than yourself ever lived, and no more painful duty could have been imposed upon you than that involved in the execution of these criminals; but I also know that you never permitted personal pain to swerve you from the plain line and demand of duty, however stern and hard it should be.

Such an investigation of this affair as President Lincoln made before appointing me a brigadier-general (November, 1863) will convince any unbiased inquirer that my action sprung from neither "mistaken zeal" nor "uncurbed passion," as my present critics infer, but from an imperative sense of duty. Since the issue of the April CENTURY an interview with General Merrill has appeared in the St. Louis "Globe-Democrat" (April 2), in which he relates that he was summoned by telegraph to report to the President, and immediately repairing to Washington, ignorant of the reason for the summons, appeared before President Lincoln at a time when the members of the Cabinet were seated about him. General Merrill then proceeds as follows:

> "I was ordered to report to you, Mr. President," I said, after being presented.
>
> "Yes, General. . . . I want to inquire about that shooting in Missouri."
>
> "I can give you a written report in a few minutes that will explain all," I said.
>
> "I don't want anything in writing, General. I want you to tell me the story."
>
> I told it to him as I have to you, with this addition: "I telegraphed you a number of times asking your approval of the order and asking you, Mr. President, to issue the order yourself, but I asked in vain; and as it was a necessity, I took the responsibility. It was my duty, and I have never felt a twinge of conscience that suggested I did other than right to my trust."
>
> The President came up, laid his hand on my shoulder, and said: "Remember, young man, there are some things which should be done which it would not do for superiors to order done."
>
> By his manner I inferred that had he ordered me to do what it was essential for me to do, political complications would have arisen which would have been troublesome. He evidently meant that he justified my course himself, but preferred not saying so, and left me to understand that my judgment was trusted, and to be exercised by me in emergency.

Having thus the indorsement of both the officers who were my immediate superiors, the implied approval of President Lincoln (whose too tender heart forbade ordering retaliation even for the Fort Pillow massacre), and cherishing, as I do, the firm conviction that my action was the means of saving the lives and property of hundreds of loyal men and women, I feel that my act was the performance of a public duty.

John McNeil,
Late Brevet Major-General, U. S. Vols.

ST. LOUIS.

Governor Seymour during the Draft Riots.

IN the April CENTURY, the authors of the "Life of Lincoln" have fallen into a mistake as to the conduct of Governor Seymour during the draft riots, which should be corrected. I saw the audience in the City Hall Park which Governor Seymour addressed on the occasion referred to at page 929. It was not a crowd of rioters. He did not address the rioters at all. The people whom he there addressed were a multitude of persons naturally attracted to the City Hall by the news that the governor of the State, whose arrival was anxiously expected, had actually come. He used in speaking to the multitude the expression that he and Mr. Everett commonly employed in addressing an audience — "My friends." There was no mention in the speech that the draft justified the riots, and I know that the governor used the whole authority which the law gave him to suppress the riots. Nor can it be truly said that he did all he could to embarrass the Government, or to rouse the people against it. On the contrary, he was thanked by the Secretary of War for his active and energetic coöperation in forwarding troops to meet the Confederate forces. Indeed, one embarrassment during the riots was that the city had been completely stripped of uniformed militia, who had been sent forward by Governor Seymour to meet the invading enemy.

NEW YORK. *Everett P. Wheeler.*

The "Life of Lincoln" — a Correction.

ON page 927 of the April CENTURY the authors of the "Life of Lincoln" speak of Brevet Brigadier-General Alexander S. Diven, one of the provost-marshal generals of New York, as a "War Democrat." Mr. Ausburn Towner writes by way of correction to say that General Diven "was, originally, a 'Free-soil Democrat,' one of that faction of the old Democratic party that, uniting with the 'Free-soil Whigs,' formed the Republican party. He was a member of the State Senate of New York in 1858–59, having been elected such as a Republican and by Republicans, and therefore was one of those who composed the first Republican Senate of that State. He was elected as a Republican and by the Republicans of his district, then the 27th (the Elmira district), to the 37th Congress, 1861–62, leaving his seat to help organize the 107th Regiment, which he commanded until he was appointed to the position named in the 'History.' He can hardly, with truth, be classed as a 'War Democrat,' unless you so class Secretary Chase or any other Republican leader who had been a Democrat."

One Reason of the Inefficiency of Women's Work.

By subordinating self-improvement to her various domestic and social duties a woman not infrequently defeats her own end: the sum-total of her usefulness in these very directions is less than it might be if she gave some time each day to intellectual culture. We are standing on the solid platform of practical usefulness and are not considering the delights of knowledge for its own sake; for all of charity is not bread and butter, and all of motherhood is not mending. Many a mother, by an excess of devotion to her little son, unfits herself to be a mother to the same boy when he goes to college; for he needs sympathy as much in his higher studies as he did in his blocks and his marbles. The wisest mother will not merely see that her child is fed, and clothed, and instructed, and made good and happy for the time being. She will be careful to keep as far as possible on a level with his intellectual stature, so that his mental attitude towards her may not change with his physical — so that the man may feel, as did the baby, that his mother is not only the best, but the wisest, of women.

Honest Dick Steele's reference to Lady Elizabeth Hastings, that "to love her was a liberal education," is oftener quoted than deserved; and yet this is the friendship which every woman of intelligence and will can give to her husband and to her children. Surely an intelligent woman needs only to appreciate the value of such an equipment in order to feel that time spent in gaining it is not wasted — that it affords a sufficient reason for taking one hour at least out of twenty-four from the other duties of life, however absorbing they may be.

The actual knowledge which comes of intellectual work is of great value, but this is not all. It is not the mere facts gained, but the mental discipline acquired, which give to the habit of study its highest justification, its chief value as a sort of mental gymnastics.

The idea is notorious among men that women cannot do business, cannot carry on a connected line of thought, cannot follow and appreciate an extended argument. Like most generalizations, this admits of large exceptions, but it is in the main true. We all know, for example, how impossible it is to converse with some women. They interrupt us in the middle of what we consider an interesting and valuable train of thought, and run off on a side-track, without the slightest appreciation of the discourtesy of which they are guilty or of the fact that our conversation was making logical approach towards some definite point. Their own remarks are never directed by any other than the "word suggestion" method: one thing "reminds" them of another indefinitely, and they become confused in a hopeless labyrinth of parentheses, without attempting to extricate themselves, and without even being conscious that they are lost. The same method is followed in their actions as in their thought processes.

We do not attempt to say how much of this is owing to a native lack of logical power; but we are convinced that it is largely due either to defective early training or else to long-continued intellectual stagnation after school-days are over — probably to both. A woman's occupation, it is true, consists largely in heterogeneous details; she is subject to constant interruptions; she is at the beck and call of her husband and children and of the world in general; she is sometimes imposed upon and tyrannized over, often without realizing the extent of the humiliation; and she is seldom brave enough to be willing to seem disobliging. The result of all this is that, to a certain extent, she loses her individuality. In short, she becomes deficient in sense of proportion and in power of analysis.

When the situation is thus viewed it becomes a little difficult to say whether intellectual stagnation should be treated as cause or as effect. Certainly the character of one's occupation has a strong reflex influence upon the character of one's thoughts, and it cannot be denied that the same degree of system is impossible in a woman's work as in a man's. However, our object is not to cavil with fate, but to consider what are the best methods of procedure under existing circumstances; and from this point of view intellectual stagnation appears as the cause of much that is defective in the work of women.

The laws of habit and of exercise hold good of the mind as well as of the body. The hands perform most easily familiar actions; the mind, kept alert by constant exercise, is ready for any emergency. If we keep our minds wide awake by constantly studying and doing genuine *thinking* in some definite direction; if we learn to analyze the various elements of a subject and see their true relative importance; if we learn to weigh and balance arguments with nice discrimination; if we keep at our command, by constant practice, the power of concentrating our thoughts — these healthy mental habits will have a wholesome influence upon everything that we do. When a thousand different claims are made upon our time and attention the habit of analysis will stand us in good stead, and we shall have the strength of mind to do the most important things, and to leave the others undone, instead of helplessly attending to whatever important item happens to be brought to our notice first. When hard problems must be solved and difficult questions answered, the habit of reflection and quick decision will be found simply invaluable. When the distractions of the kitchen, the nursery, and the street make life one vast hubbub, the habit of concentrating thought and fixing attention will make it possible to form and keep in mind fixed purposes, and to make intelligent efforts towards carrying them out. In short, an active mind is as necessary an equipment for every-day life as a strong body, and a proper early education is not sufficient to keep either the mind or the body in healthy condition. They both need vigorous and habitual exercise if the power for work is to be kept at its maximum. Moreover, if the opportunity for healthy development does not lie in the course of a person's ordinary occupation, that is just the case in which it must be sought. A field-laborer needs no gymnasium, but a sedentary man does; a professional student will naturally have an active mind, but a wife and mother, whose affections are occupied more than her intellect, needs to set up a sort of home gymnasium for intellectual culture, and to practice in it faithfully.

It is not without a keen appreciation of the inherent difficulties of the case that these suggestions are made. Probably no class of people meet more obstacles in matching practice to theory than the women of whom we speak, but it is none the less necessary that their theories should be sound. The inherent difficulties of the case make it only the more necessary to have a sure footing and a true aim.

Subjects and methods and times for study must always vary with individual cases; several good suggestions have been given in former numbers of THE CENTURY. Our design is simply to suggest the proper mental attitude in the matter. If a woman considers an hour of aggressive, absorbing intellectual work as much an essential of a symmetrical day as sleep, or food, or exercise,—if her ultimate object in the study is increased power for actual work,—she will be much more likely to study than if she regards intellectual occupation as either a useless effort or a selfish indulgence. Of course there are crises in life when study must be suspended, just as proper rest and exercise are dispensed with under special pressure, and there are probably some cases in which it is actually impossible; but this does not alter the fact that it is well to be in the habit of sleeping and of exercising, and, we would add, of studying.

Mary A. Johnson.

The Decline of the Editorial.

IT has been urged with pertinacity that the editorial leader should be signed by the writer, and unresponsive pity has been called upon to rise in behalf of the man whose talents find no recognition in the anonymity of the daily press. For my part, I know of nothing more unfortunate than would be such a change in custom, and I sincerely hope the desire for change, for the unusual, will not lead to its adoption generally. The potency of the editorial "we" has suffered enough in the last dozen years without this final blow, and that it has retained its power at all has been due to the willingness of great minds to sacrifice the reputation for the advantages of the freedom of the anonymous form. The decadence of newspaper influence would follow the change almost inevitably, and the fault would be the writer's, not the reader's. An appeal to all who use their pens as bread-winners would, I think, bring a response that the sense of responsibility is not less when the writer is unidentified, while a broader view is commonly taken and more courage shown in the expression of opinions which may provoke dispute, yet may, none the less, be eternally true. The tendency of the individual is to avoid quarrel, and the avoidance of quarrels is the gravest of newspaper blunders. To arouse some antagonisms is almost as necessary as to make friendships, in a progressive journal.

Journalists should need no warning, however, against the use of the first person, singular, in view of the decline of the editorial which most of them are aware of, though not so many will admit it. If Mr. Matthew Arnold had not spoken, one might appeal to the average citizen for confirmation of the declaration that the editorial has, in fact, declined. By this let it not be supposed that the leader is not so able (to use a favorite newspaper word) as in the earlier days, for a comparison of the editorial page of to-day with the page of twenty years ago shows no falling off, but rather a gain in method and matter. It is simply that the editorial is not read with the attention once given it, that it is now merely one department of the newspaper, receiving the consideration of the subscriber if his horse-car journey happens to be long enough. Of course a good deal of this neglect has been due to the increased size of the more prosperous papers and the vast extension of the field they cover. The news columns are so much more interesting than they used to be! But there have been other causes at work, and the great increase of personalism — the word is used in a broad sense — is to blame for the loss of respect for the purely editorial utterance. The "managing editor," the executive officer of the newspaper, is the really responsible party. How dare an editorial writer advance an original opinion on a subject of national importance when the chief executive on the other side of the partition has received "specials" from Washington and every State capital giving the views of men of all shades of opinion on the issue involved, many of them speaking with an authority which readers will accept as conclusive? Why venture to discuss the prospects of European war, when Bismarck's opinions, construed by Salisbury, may be had for money paid to maintain a social lion as correspondent in London? The editor of the metropolitan journal is driven to discuss phases instead of the subject-matter, or, perhaps, devotes himself to praise of the enterprise that has obtained the important expression found in our news columns of this date! The editorial writer has, alas! not even the title of "editor" in some cases, and the conductor of more than one powerful journal to-day never puts pen to paper.

That the editorial page may soon disappear altogether is a dreadful possibility; and if it is to be committed to the care of the elegant essayist, writing over his own signature, there will remain no reason for its existence in its present form. The pressure for space in every great daily is severe, and it now requires a stern front to hold the three or four columns sacred for editorial utterances. Give the news editor his opportunity and he will abolish the essayist without a qualm of conscience.

Yet one cannot see the approaching doom of a department in journalism so powerful as this without an effort to avert it. A force so potential as the daily newspaper should be something more than the mirror of events which the executive forces of journalism are making it. Let them pursue their glorious career undisturbed and hire the Prince of Wales for special society correspondence, or the Pope for theological discussion, if they can; but let the editorial "we" remain. The leader writer must, however, give in this daily work a cause for his existence, and that can be found only by some change in method.

Far be it from me to suggest aught to the learned and "able" writers of the editorial page in the great cities, yet there have been occasions when an editorial expression of opinion might have been of tremendous value, backed by that mysterious anonymity of which I have spoken. Some readers, I know, looked in vain for such an editorial discussion of the longshoremen's strike not long ago that would have shown real knowledge of the matter and an opinion based upon that knowledge. The instance is, perhaps, hardly a fair one, but there should be, it seems to me, a more thorough study of current public agitations by editorial writers who now avoid them, or, worse yet, slur them over with vague generalities. No so-called "expert" opinion could take the place of the editorial discussion so founded. And, to follow the suggestion to its logical conclusion, the information for the editorial discussion may often be best obtained by doing the reporter's work, while the use of the reporter as an editorial writer upon events which he has described in the news columns is to be recommended upon occasion, and has been tried with no small success. A learned judge once said to me that he had no faith in the conclusions of a court where the judges did n't travel a circuit, and I have also noticed that this same shrewd observer always uses the nominative plural in referring to any judicial act of his own. The "we" had its advantages in jurisprudence as in newspapers.

NEWARK, N. J. *W. T. Hunt.*

Confiscation no Remedy.

IN his book Henry George clamors boldly for the confiscation of the land; for its seizure by the state without compensation to the owner. But of late, in his paper and speeches, he would reach this confiscation indirectly, by imposing upon land the whole weight of taxation. How would this operate, for example, in Ohio? In that State the land now, it may be, bears one-third of the taxes; the improvements and personal property the other two-thirds. To place all upon the land would increase its burden threefold and proportionally decrease its value, and to this extent confiscate it. Much of the land would not be worth the tax and would be given up. Thus as to this the confiscation would be complete. Mr. George sees all this and would make the change gradually. But here the first step would tell; the future would be discounted and the confiscation would immediately take place. Does any one believe that the landed interest, the farmers of Ohio, would submit to this? Could it be enforced except at the expense of a war in comparison with which the late conflict were a tame thing?

Hence, whatever its theoretic merits may be, George's plan is outside of practical politics. It is simply impossible. The cities could not force it upon the country. Therefore, with all his excellent intentions,—and I freely concede these,— Henry George is a disturbing force, an incubus upon the labor cause. He arrays the farming interest against it; he distracts its council, paralyzes its action, sows distrust and suspicion abroad. He is indeed the unwitting ally of the monopolist.

His generalization rests upon too narrow a basis: he speaks from a personal experience. His education in California vividly impressed upon him the evils of land monopoly and land speculation. He rushed to the conclusion that these things are the authors of all our social woes. He forgets that the body politic, like the natural body, is a very complex affair, and that no one specific will reach all its ills. Indeed, monopoly of any species of property is an evil; of food, for instance, even a greater evil than of land. The great monopolists, plutocrats, ignore land and escape taxation. What care they where the nominal ownership is, if they gather the fruit? They really view with complacency George's land taxation theory: it will relieve them of the little taxes they now pay.

The remedy is restraint, pruning, regulation, not confiscation. Let all property bear the taxation that its protection entails. Let there be, as in France, income and succession taxes to prune the overgrown; regulation of and restraint upon corporations; a limitation of land ownership. These are the lines for the labor movement.

The business world tends to congestion of the brain — grows vertiginous, apoplectic. Here a little depletion is good.

The labor conventions spread themselves too much, entangle themselves in outside and doubtful matters. "One war at a time," said Mr. Lincoln.

CINCINNATI, O. *W. M. Dickson.*

General Sheridan and his Troops.

THE admirable and graphic description of "The Western Soldier," in THE CENTURY for May, will interest every reader who served in the Western military departments; but all will not agree with the statement that the men "would have liked Sheridan more if he had been less severe."

Previous to being ordered East, General Sheridan commanded a division of the Fourth Corps, Army of the Cumberland, and as such made himself exceedingly popular with his men. The dash and enthusiasm he possessed made him peculiarly suited to handle Western men. They soon learned that when he exacted a difficult service there would be no undue exposure unless a definite result was reasonably certain. Thoughtfulness of his men's comfort was shown in little things. Those who were with General Buell's army during the Perryville campaign will call to mind the dusty "pikes" of Kentucky during that memorable pursuit of Bragg. Many of the troops were raw recruits under the 600-000 call of July and August, 1862; and beneath the weight of a newly made soldier's knapsack the art of war was learned under depressing conditions. At Perryville some heard the "szip" of bullets not many weeks after their enlistment. The season was dry, and water exceedingly scarce; while the dust from broken limestone was not soothing to throat, nose, and eyes.

It was the custom of general officers to make their headquarters, in the evening, at houses near the camps of their respective commands, and to start, next morning, after the army was in motion. If they wished to get to the head of the column, "open order" was the word, while officers, staff, orderlies, and body-guard galloped by, leaving us in the cloud raised by clattering hoofs. I call to mind General Sheridan's habit under like circumstances. Instead of putting his men to such discomfort, he went leisurely round them, through the fields, giving words of cheer and encouragement to the boys as he passed along.

No, General Sheridan was not severe with his men, in the sense of being arrogant towards them, or ill-treating them. And those who served under him in the West will always cherish his memory, so that the picture of "Little Phil" on his big black horse will not soon fade from their minds.

C. L. Gabrilson,
NEW HAMPTON, IA. *Co. I, 24th Wis. Vol. Infantry.*

BRIC-À-BRAC.

A Song of the Road.

Come, comrades, since the way is long
Let 's 'liven it by tune and song,
And greeting give to all we pass;
To white-of-head, to light-of-head,
To matron grave and laughing lass.

Hurrah for lane and by-way,
For distant path and nigh way,
For friends we greet, for foes we meet,
Along the world's broad highway!

'T is morning-break: lithe limbs are strong;
Who dreams of crime and guilt and wrong?
Yon youngling and his violet eyes?
Nay, light-of-mind and love-so-blind
Are wisdom-proof and folly wise.

Hurrah for lane and by-way,
For distant path and nigh way,
For friends we greet, for foes we meet,
Along the world's broad highway!

'T is noontide: let us spend an hour
Dream drinking ere we lose the power,
And all our pleasure disappears,
Since slight-of-heart and blight-of-heart
Have sworn the goblet smacks of tears.

Hurrah for lane and by-way,
For distant path and nigh way,
For friends we greet, for foes we meet,
Along the world's broad highway!

'T is night and low: foul thieves have mobbed
The weak ones here and left them robbed
Of hope, and faith, and love, and rest;
But sure-of-soul and pure-of-soul
Still fold their treasures to their breast.

Hurrah for lane and by-way,
For distant path and nigh way,
For every one whose journey 's done,
Who 's gained the distant sky-way!

Julie M. Lippmann.

Just Bloomed.

Come, Marie, take your feathered hat,
And shoulder-cape, and piquant muff,
Some repartees, a laugh, a glance,
And in your sleeve a sly rebuff,—
Come, Marie, come!

Come dancing down the stairs, and call
Some trite remark that sounds divine;
Be saucy at your mother's care
About your wraps; my aid decline
About your glove.

I know not why a foolish girl
Should seem so wise — to be so sweet;
Nor why, without a glimpse of soul,
You are a creature quite complete,
And somewhat rare.

Let me but gaze upon your cheek,
And catch the fervor of your eye,
And note the dimple at your lip
When I declare that I shall die
Without your love!

Rose Hawthorne Lathrop.

A Purpose.

It is good to have a purpose;
I approve of it, of course;
All the people who have purposes
I cordially indorse;
But there 's one especial purpose
Which has struck me with much force.

It is not my own, this purpose —
It is very far indeed
From a personal possession,
Or I surely should not need
To make mention of it sadly,
Or to give it any heed.

'T is a sort of general purpose,
Owned by several witnesses;
'T is no doubt a lofty purpose,
But the mystery is this:
That, full often as I've heard of it,
I don't know what it is!

I have only seen its shadow
On the wrong side of the screen
Which veils it from the public;
Now, what may this shadow mean?
'T is — "Not suited to the purpose
Of the ——— Magazine."

Margaret Vandegrift.

At the Door.

It was just for a moment Rose stopped at the door,
In the dim twilight,
And I halted and stammered, and said no more
Than just — "Good-night."

Yet now I can think of a host of things
That I meant to say;
And the words come as fast as if they had wings,
When she is away.

For I think her charming, but how can she know
What I think aright,
When the best I can do is to stammer so,
And say — "Good-night"?

Walter Learned.

A Flag of Truce.

Nay, you have frowned enow,
Unknit that threatening brow,
Put wrath away,
Now
While you may.

Life is too bare of bliss
That we our share should miss,
So make amends,
Kiss
And be friends.

G. Preston.

The Reason.

With proudly lifted head,
With joy the Rose blushed red;
While the Lily, drooping near,
Let fall the dewy tear:
Julia the Rose had kissed,
The Lily's beauty missed.

George Birdseye.

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A Tennyson

MIDSUMMER HOLIDAY NUMBER.

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THE STREAM OF PLEASURE.

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY JOSEPH AND ELIZABETH ROBINS PENNELL.

UNIVERSITY BARGES, OXFORD.

EVERY Englishman has done the Thames, and the time to do it, since everything in England must be done in its season, is the summer.

Oxford is the starting-point. The few track the shy Thames's shore "above the locks, above the boating throng"; the many come downward with the flood. Once we decided upon the course of the many we were urged to change it for that of the few. But we found that above the locks, which begin near Oxford, are dams,—or "weirs," as they are called on the Thames,—not easy to pass; and we also learned that it is the boating throng which has made the Thames the rival of any water-way in the world and given it a character all its own.

On Wednesday, the 1st of August, we drove to Salter's landing-place, though it was pouring. It had been raining more or less steadily for two months, so there seemed no reason to wait for clear weather. Hitherto we had looked upon Oxford only as the university town, but now we came to know it as the Mecca of all river tourists. Were its colleges to disappear one by one, were Ruskin to be forgotten, so long as Salter's boat-house stands by Folly Bridge it will be the trysting-place for the oarsmen of England.

Our boat, which was new, had not yet been launched, but was still at the builder's. It was a pair-oared skiff, but shorter and broader than those generally seen on the Thames — "a family boat," an old river man called it with contempt. Its great feature was the green waterproof canvas cover which stretched over three iron hoops and converted it for all practical purposes into a small, a very small, house-boat. By a complicated arrangement of strings the canvas could be rolled up and fastened on top so as, theoretically, not to interfere with our view of the river banks on bright days; or it could be let down to cover the entire boat from stern to bow — an umbrella by day, a whole hotel by night.

Salter seemed surprised to see us; why, I do not know, for two or three parties started down the river before us. In one boat a girl in a bright pink mackintosh sat in the stern under an umbrella. The men in their clinging wet flannels looked as if they had just been taking headers in the stream. In the midst of a weak and damp hurrah from one ancient boatman, the *Rover* was at last pushed off its trestles, and, with a vigorous shove, sent clear across the Thames. There was no baptism with champagne; only the everlasting rain was poured

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upon it. On the landing-place we waited under our umbrellas. Two or three of Salter's men staid to see us crawl into the long, green tunnel and to give us a parting push. They probably regretted their bargain when they saw us come to a dead stop in mid-stream and swing round with the wind. I had never steered, J—— had scarcely ever rowed a boat. We thought there was a laugh on shore, and we were quite sure we heard some one say:

"If you 're going down the Thames in that boat you 'd better use the right sculls."

The river, after the long-continued rains, was very high. For two persons who knew nothing about boats and could not swim, the Thames journey with such a stream running was not promising. Somehow we got down to Iffley Lock, where we could hear the noise of the water tumbling over the dam, and could see the strong current of the mill-way sweeping in a swift rushing funnel ready to carry us with it. We were glad to find the lock gates open, so that there was no occasion to hang on to the muddy banks. J—— put his sculls in deep, giving strong but uncertain dabs, and pulled them out with a jerk: I cannot call his frantic efforts of those first days sculling. But the lock-keeper, as in the time of Tom Brown, was equal to the occasion. He came out, smoking his pipe with enviable indifference, seized our bow with his long boathook and pulled us into the lock. The great upper gates were slowly closed, he opened the lower sluices, and the water began to fall. At this point is run one of the dangers to be remembered on the river journey. You must not lose control of your boat, but you must be on the lookout to prevent bow or stern catching in the slippery beams or posts found in some locks, especially in old ones. If the boat were so caught, the water, rising or falling, would turn it over at once. It is very easy to upset in a lock, though there is no necessity to do so; it is as difficult to get out again. The fact that we never had trouble proves that with ordinary common sense and a little bit of prudence the danger is avoided.

IFFLEY MILL.

While the water ran out the lock-keeper came and gave us our ticket. The Thames lock ticket is a curious literary production. It admits you through, by, or over the lock or weir for threepence. That is, I suppose, you can go through the lock in Christian fashion, drown under the weir, push and pull over the roller if there is one, or drag your boat round by the shore; but whether you come out dead or alive, for any of these privileges the Thames Conservancy will have its threepence.

The minute you get through Iffley Lock you see to its right Iffley Mill. It is only an old whitewashed, brown-roofed mill with a few poplars and near tumbling water, but the composition is the finest you will find between Oxford and London. We spent the afternoon there, dry under our cover, while J—— made his drawing and I read "Thyrsis" to him, and the rain pattered on the canvas. On the other side of the lock were three dripping tents; at their doors sat half a dozen wretched men. We vowed that unless every inn on the river were crowded we would not sleep out that night; for before we started we had talked a great deal of beautiful nights to be spent upon the river, when we would go to bed with the swans and rise up with the larks, cook our breakfast under the willows, and wash our dishes and ourselves in quiet, clean pools. Salter had supplied us with an ingenious stove, with kettles and frying-pans fitting into each other like the pieces of a Chinese puzzle, a lantern, cups and saucers and plates, forks and knives and spoons, a can of alcohol. He had even offered us a mattress large enough for a double bedstead. But as it was clear that if it went we must stay, we had decided to sleep on our rugs.

In the late afternoon we paddled slowly away, meeting no one, but seeing at every turn a picture to whose beauty nothing was wanting but sunlight; by Rose Island, where a dreary boatman waited in vain for us to come ashore, and by Sandford lasher, where we remembered Tom Brown, and left all the river between it and our boat. A lasher, which we had never understood, we found to be merely a place above the lock where the overflow of water falls to a lower level. The entire Thames, from London to its source, is a series of locks and lashers, which help to produce a uniform current.

Just beyond was Sandford; from the river but an old church, a picturesque inn, a big barn, a mill, and a lock. When the inn came out of the rain we determined to stay in it, even before we saw how bright and fresh it was inside; and though we had made just three miles, we had the house to ourselves. The landlady was as blue as we were, telling

ABINGDON.

us no one had staid with her for a month; and we wondered if we should have to pay to make up for the crowd that had not come. For we had been warned that riverside inns are expensive; and this is, in a measure, true, since in the tiniest village inn you pay hotel prices — that is, about two or three dollars a day. You can camp for one-third of this. But then the inns are always as comfortable as tents are uncomfortable. We had also been warned that these inns were so crowded that a room must be secured a week beforehand. Probably in a good season this would be the case; but the summer of 1888 was so exceptionally wet that comparatively no one was in the upper reaches of the Thames.

The unexpected is always happening in English weather. We woke in the morning to find the sun shining in through the little leaded windows of our low-ceilinged room. We came down to an excellent breakfast, and soon got away after paying a moderate bill. Passing through Sandford Lock seemed an easy matter now that our green cover was caught up by its many strings. It hung, however, between the loops in tantalizing folds, an ugly blot in the scenery, a hindrance to my steering. We were all the morning — so often did we stop by the way — making the mile and a half to Nuneham, the place of the Harcourts, where there is a very ugly house which only shows for a minute, and a beautiful hill which grows wooded as you wind with the river towards it, and get nearer and nearer until you come to the pretty cottages at its foot. All afternoon we drifted slowly downstream or lay for hours among the reeds by the banks, watching the sail-boats hurrying before the wind, the canoes paddling slowly after, the camping parties with tents piled high in the stern, the occasional great barges gaudily painted and trailed by slow horses, the small boats towed for pleasure, and the swans which, in the most crowded and loneliest reaches, are ever at hand to group themselves into picturesque foregrounds. In the stillness we could hear far voices and even the sharpening of a scythe on shore, or the plashing of oars and the grinding of rowlocks long before the boats came in sight. And then a shrill whistle and a train rushing across the meadowland would remind us that this great quiet of the Thames is within easy reach of the noise of London.

BRIDGE AT ABINGDON.

Not long after Abingdon spire showed itself in the flat landscape, we pulled into Abingdon Lock, where there is a fall of several feet. Beyond the lock the channel is narrow and, owing to the deep fall, the stream is swift. It carried us quietly and quickly on, until all at once, as we watched the growth of the spire and the lovely arrangement of the town on the quaint old bridge, we were startled by the shouts of men on both banks. As we looked to find the cause of their excitement we crashed, broadside on, against a stone wall that juts out into the river and divides it suddenly into two rapid streams, which pass out of sight under the low arches of the bridge. Had not our boat been a broad-beamed, family tub, it would have turned us out; that the men on the banks expected this was evident from the way they rushed round with boathooks and life-preservers. But as there is nothing about the strong current in the many guidebooks and maps and charts of the Thames, we could not be prepared for what is unquestionably one of the few really dangerous places in the river.

SAILING.

How could we think of sleeping in our boat when the proprietor of the Nag's Head, who seemed certain he had saved us from a watery grave, literally dragged us into his inn? We had nothing to regret. We left the boat for another very old and rambling house, another good little dinner. Instead of being alone, as at Sandford, men in flannels like ourselves were in the coffee-room, at the bar, and in the garden. Every time we looked out on

WITTENHAM CLUMP, FROM DAY'S LOCK.

the river, from the inn windows or from the bridge, we saw a passing pleasure boat.

Abingdon is very picturesque, with its old gabled houses, its town hall by Inigo Jones, its abbey gateway and St. Helen's Church, whose graveyard is bounded by quaint old almshouses and whose spire is a landmark for the Thames traveler. But were I to begin to describe the endless beauty that lies near the Thames, and just hidden from it, I should never get back to the river again.

When we were ready to leave Abingdon, late the next day, our first care was to stow away the three hoops and the green cover at the bottom of our boat. Our next was to find out something about the current from the landlord. He told us there was no use of our attempting to go down the back way, and we were nervous about again passing and this time rounding the stone wall. It was in anything but a pleasant frame of mind we started, the landlord looking after us with evident uneasiness. J—— pulled slowly, apparently with tremendous effort, up above the island, which we cleared so successfully that we ran into the opposite mud bank. Here we made believe we had stopped to look at the view and J—— to smoke a pipe. As we pulled off again there came a moment of breathless suspense, and then the boat began to gather headway. The current here was so strong that earlier in the day it had taken all the available loafers of the town to pull a steam tug upstream against it. Now it caught us, and the first thing we knew we were on the other side of the bridge. It was only here at Abingdon we met with even the suggestion of an accident, so that in the simple tale of our voyage no one need look for Haggardian descriptions of shipwreck.

After the bridge it was easy going. By the time we had passed Culham Lock we began to take heart again, and actually braved the current of a mill-race in order to explore a little back-water. For one of the great charms of the Thames is the number of its "sedged tributaries,"— back-waters they are called,— which sometimes lead to and from mills and then are nothing but mill-streams, and sometimes are really the main river, which is left by the boats as they pass up the cut to the lock. But the most beautiful are those which seem to tire of running with the current, and turn from it to rest where lilies blow round long islands, or where cattle graze in quiet meadows.

It was near Clifton Lock we first saw Wittenham Clump, a hill with a group of trees on top, which is after this for many miles forever cropping up in the most unexpected places, now before you, now behind, giving a good idea of the many windings of the river. We had come too into the region of the tall clipped elms, which from here to London are one of the most beautiful, if familiar, features of the Thames.

There was no sleeping in the boat that night, for we expected two friends — a publisher and a parson — to meet us at the Barley Mow, a little roadside inn on the other side of the river from Clifton Hampden. It is a favorite stopping-place with river men, and the two days we spent there we never went into its low-paneled parlor without finding some one eating lunch or tea or dinner; on the road to the river flowed a never-ceasing stream of men in flannels and women in serges; at the landing-place, where the pretty girl was in charge, boats were always coming in and going out, and once in the midst of them we saw the *Minnehaha* and the *Hiawatha*, two real canoes.

THE BARLEY MOW.

On the other side of the bridge, almost under the shadow of the little church on the cliff, was a punt. Inside it were three chairs, and on the three chairs sat three solemn men fishing. They never stirred, except when one, still holding fast to his line with his left hand, with his right lifted a great brown jug from the bottom of the boat, drank long and deep and handed it to the next, and so it passed to the third. The sun shone, the rain fell, the shadows grew longer and longer and the jug lighter and lighter, but whenever I passed there they still sat.

All the near elm-lined roads and willowed back-waters lead to pretty villages — to Long Wittenham, which deserves its adjective with its one street straggling far on each side its old cross; to Little Wittenham, only a group of tiny houses just at the foot of Wittenham Clump; and to Dorchester, with its huge abbey, of all perhaps best worth a visit. But the beauty of Clifton Hampden is that which will not let itself be told; and he will never know it who does not feel the charm of peaceful country when the sunset burns into the water and the elms are black against the glory of the west, and little thatched cottages disappear into the darkness of the foliage—the charm of long walks through hedged-in lanes as the red fades into the gray twilight and a lone nightingale sings from the near hedge, and far church bells ring softly across the sleeping meadows.

Sunday afternoon we came home from church at Dorchester, just at the hour when kettles were boiling in every boat. On the river every one makes afternoon tea, just as every one wears flannels, and so of course we felt we must make it with the rest. We pulled up a little back-water and landed with our stove among the willows. The publisher went to the near lock for water, the parson filled the spirit-lamp, the trouble was great and the tea was bad. This was the only time during our month on the river that the stove was disturbed. From that time forward it rested from its labors in the box in which Salter had packed it.

When we left the Barley Mow on Monday morning, heavy rain was followed by soft showers and grayness. But it was bank holiday, and holiday makers in great numbers were on the river. Steam launches tossed us on their waves and washed the banks on each side. River fiends, they are popularly called, for in these narrow upper reaches, whenever they pass, the angler is aroused from contemplation, the camper interrupted in his dish-washing, the idler disturbed in his drifting, and sometimes the artist and his easel upset, and all for people who turn their backs on the beauty of the river and play "nap" and drink beer or champagne, as they might in the nearest public-house at home.

"LOCK! LOCK!"

But the great business of the day was eating and drinking. The thin blue smoke of camp-fires rose above the reeds. In small boats kettles sung and hampers were unpacked. In the launches the cloth was never removed. We were but humans like the rest. After Shillingford, where the arches of the bridge framed in the river with its low island and the far blue hills, and where, near the Swan, 'Arry and 'Arriet were romping, or Phyllis sporting with Amaryllis in the shade, as the parson had it, Benson, a few red roofs straggling landward from a gray pinnacled church tower, came in sight, and to Benson we walked for lunch.

Our resting-place for the night was Wallingford, a town with much history and little to show for it. When we pulled ashore it was raining, and of course out of the question to sleep in the boat. We went instead to the gabled George, where we found a great crowd. It was the day on which the Galloway races, whatever they may be, had been held, and local excitement ran high. We ate our supper in company with a party of flanneled record makers who were in fine spirits because they had sculled twenty miles since morning. "Not bad for a first day out, by Jove, you know!"

"Twenty miles," said J——, not in the least impressed; "why, we may have come only eight by the map, but it was full twenty and a half by the parson's steering."

Later, when the landlady came in for orders, they called for beer for breakfast, but we asked for jam. "Jam by all means," said J——; "we 're training to make our four miles a day," which was our average. After this they would have nothing to do with us, but drank whisky and wrote letters at one end of the table, while at the other we studied the visitors' book, and learned how many distinguished people, including our friend Mr. William Black, had been at the George before us.

Next morning the parson and the publisher took an early train to London, and we were again a crew of two. The champions we left over their beer and breakfast. But already, while we loaded our boat, campers sailed swiftly past and under the bridge, and punts leisurely hugged the opposite shore.

The punt is to the Thames what the gondola is to the canals of Venice. Wherever you go you see the long, straight boat with its passengers luxuriously outstretched on the cushions

STREATLEY.

in the stern, the punter walking from the bow and pushing on his long pole. To enjoy his work he must know not only the eddies and currents of the stream, but something of the river bed as well. For this reason it is not easy to pole in unknown waters. Countless as were the punts we saw, I do not remember one laden as if for a trip. The heaviest freight was a lunch-basket. As often as not a girl was poling, and I never ceased wondering how work that looked so easy could be so difficult to learn as punters declare it. But these are the three situations, I am told, which the beginner at the pole must brave and conquer before he can hope for ease and grace: first, that in which he abandons the pole and remains helpless in the punt; secondly, that in which, for reasons he will afterwards explain, he leaves the punt and clings to the inextricable pole; and thirdly, that of fearful suspense when he has not yet decided whether to cling to the pole or the punt.

By the shores beyond Wallingford here and there house-boats were moored. The typical Thames house-boat is so big and clumsy, with such a retinue of smaller boats, sometimes even with a kitchen attached, that it is not so easily moved as the big hotels we used to see wandering on wheels through the streets of Atlantic City. Indeed, because of the trouble of moving, it often remains stationary summer after summer. One we caught in the very act of being poled downstream; another we saw just after it had finished an enterprising journey; the rest looked as if nothing would tempt them from their moorings. They do not add much picturesqueness to the river. A square wooden box set on a scow is not and can not be made a thing of beauty. At Henley regatta the flat top always becomes gay with flowers and Japanese umbrellas and prettily dressed women, so that there color makes up in a measure for ugliness of form. But on many house-boats we passed that day from Wallingford buckets and brooms and life-preservers were the only visible armaments.

HOUSE-BOAT OFF READING.

The inns, by the way, were a pleasant contrast. Nothing could be prettier than the little Beetle and Wedge, red and gabled, with a big landing-place almost at the front door; or the Swan at Streatley, with its tiny lawn where the afternoon tea-table was set, as in every other riverside garden we had passed above and below Cleve Lock.

It would have been foolish indeed to put up for the night under our canvas when in Streatley a whole cottage was at our disposal once we could find it. We rang up the post-mistress, whose door was shut while she drank tea like the rest of the world. She directed us to a little brick cottage with jasmine over the door where lived a Mrs. Tidbury; and Mrs. Tidbury, armed with a key big enough to open all Streatley, led the way almost to the top of the hilly road, to a cottage with deep thatched roof and a gable where an angel, his golden wings outstretched, his hands folded, kept watch. *Nisi Dominus Frustra* was the legend, beaten in brass-headed nails, on the door which opened from the front garden into a low room with great rafters across the ceiling, and a huge fireplace, where every morning of our stay we saw our bacon broiled and our bread toasted. There were jugs and jars on the carved mantelshelf; volumes of Balzac and Turgeneff, Walt Whitman and George Eliot, Carlyle

PANGBOURN.

SONNING BRIDGE.

and Thackeray, on the book-shelves; photographs from Florentine pictures on the walls; brass pots hanging from the rafters. A narrow flight of wooden steps led up to a bedroom with walls sloping under the thatch. Mrs. Tidbury gave the big key into our keeping; in the morning I bought meat from the butcher in Goring, and coaxed a cross old man into selling me green pease and berries from his own garden. We were at home, as we were bidden to be by the friend whose pleasure it is to share with others those good things which are his worldly portion.

"And Streatley and Goring are worthy of rhyme," and of paint too, according to Mr. Leslie. The pretty village streets and the old bridge which joins them have been done to death; of Streatley Mill we have had our fill; Goring Church, with the deep red roof and gray Norman tower, so beautiful from the river, is almost as familiar in modern English art as the solitary cavalier once was in English fiction. The campers who pitch their tents on the reeded islands are armed with cameras, and on the decks of house-boats easels are set up. But

> In Streatley you
> Should mount the hill and see the view
> And gaze and wonder, if you 'd do
> Its merits most completely.

It was the hour of sunset when we mounted and looked down on the valley, spread out like a map below, the river winding through it, a path of light between the open fields, a cold, dark shadow under the wooded banks. May the lazy minstrel another time wait to smoke and weave his lazy lay until he has climbed the hill, and then he will sing of something besides the Swan at Streatley!

IN A LOCK.

The day we left the hot August sun had come at last. It was warm and close in the village, warm and fresh on the water. The *Golden Grasshopper*, the famous yellow and white house-boat of the last Henley regatta, had just anchored near the Swan, and its proprietor was tacking up awnings and renewing his flower frieze, which sadly needed the attention, but he monopolized the energy of the river. Boats lay at rest under the railway bridge below Streatley and under the trees of Hart's Woods. Anglers dozed in the sun.

> O, Pangbourn is pleasant in sweet summer time,

with its old wooden bridge to Whitchurch over the river, and the lock with delicate birches on its island, and the mill and the weir and the gables and red roofs and tall elms. In all Thames villages the elements of picturesqueness are the same; in each they come together with new beauty. We had scarce left Pangbourn before we passed Hardwick House, red, gabled, and Elizabethan, and the more impressive because, as a rule, the big private houses on the Thames are ugly. And not far beyond was Mapledurham Mill, a fair rival to Iffley, and on the other side of the lock Mapledurham House, of whose beauty every one tells you. But you cannot see it from the river, and its owner will not let you land. His

THE BULL AT SONNING.

SHIPLAKE.

shores are barricaded by the sign "Private"; there is no inn in the village; he has but lately asked the courts to forbid fishermen to throw their lines in the Thames, as it flows past his estate; and the only wonder is that he has not hung up a curtain in front of the beautiful trees that line his river bank.

There is an inn, the Roebuck, just a little below—a new red house, tiled and gabled, standing on a hill that overlooks the river. But if I say it belongs to the same class as the taverns on the Wissahickon or as certain hotels on Coney Island, Philadelphians and New Yorkers will understand why we did not stop in it, convenient though it was to the beauties of Mapledurham.

From here to Caversham is the stupid stretch of which guide and other books give fair warning. But at the hour of sunset the ugliest country is glorified, and nowhere is the river really ugly. The "Dictionary of the Thames" for 1888 recommended as "snug and unpretentious" the White Hart Inn on the left bank by Caversham Bridge. Accordingly to the left bank we drew up, but behold! we found a large hotel, a steam launch bringing in its passengers, waiters in dress-coats, a remarkably good supper, and a very attentive Signor Bona to add the pleasure of an Italian kitchen to the clean comfort of the English inn.

AT WARGRAVE.

The town of Reading,

'Mong other things so widely known
For biscuits, seeds, and sauce,

seldom has a good word said for it by those who write from the river point of view. And yet the stream of the Thames makes glad the city with its railways and big brick factories and tall chimneys, and it becomes, in its own way, as picturesque, though not as characteristic of the upper Thames, as the little villages and the old deserted market towns. It is not, however, the ideal place for a house-boat, and for this reason, I suppose, we found two or three within hearing of the ever-passing trains and within sight of the chimneys and the smoke. From them canoes were carrying young men and their luggage to the convenient station; in the small boats at their bows young ladies were lounging; in the sterns white-capped maids were busy with brooms and buckets.

Even if the much-abused banks, where the river the "cleere Kennet overtakes," were unattractive, it is not far to Holme Park and the shady riverside walk known as the Thames Parade, beyond which is Sonning Lock—

That 's famed
For roses and for bees,

and for the lock-keeper who cared for them until his death, some three years ago, and whose poem called "Summer Recreations" is perhaps the simplest description ever written of the journey from Oxford to Windsor. Close to the lock is the village, "set on fair and commodious ground," with roses and sweet jasmine growing over every cottage door. It was at the cheery White Hart the lazy minstrel lunched

Off cuts of cold beef and a prime Cheddar cheese
And a tankard of bitter at Sonning.

We too might have had our tankard in its pretty garden, but there was no room for us; and so we walked from the river through the churchyard to the Bull, low and gabled, running round two sides of a square, with the third shut in by the churchyard wall and a row of limes. It would be a figure of speech, however, to say we staid at the Bull, where we ate our meals and paid our bill. But our rooms were

WARGRAVE.

PUNT FISHING.

in one of the near cottages; and as for the publisher, when he drove up in a hansom from Reading station he was given a freehold property all to himself.

It was chance that took us to the Bull. Now we find from Mr. Black that it was quite the correct place to go. For the White Hart, down by the riverside, he says, is beloved of cockneys, but the artists who know the Thames swear by the Bull.

We thought Sonning quite the prettiest village we had come to, and J—— and the publisher and the parson thought the barmaid quite the nicest. But, to counterbalance these attractions, the weather was vile. All Sunday drenching mist fell. But, somehow, time did not hang very heavy. As we stood at the door we heard the famous church bells which a century ago carried off a two-handled silver cup for the "superior style in which they rang two hundred and eight bob-major," and for this we would much sooner have the word of the guidebook than hear for ourselves the way really beautiful bells can be misused in England. We sat in the church porch and listened to the hymns of the congregation. We walked to the bridge where men and women watched for clear weather, while on the near island campers pathetically huddled together under the trees. But just in the hour before dark the mist rose and the clouds rolled away to give fair promise for the morrow.

A gale was blowing but no rain fell when we pulled—for to-day there was no easy drifting—to Wargrave. The poplars looked cold and bare, the willows showed all their silver, and at Shiplake Lock, as J—— and the parson to the best of their ability gave the familiar Thames cry of "Lock! Lock!" and we waited for the gates to open, the wind swung our boat clear round, and it took a deal of manœuvering with the boathook to bring the bow in position again. A young man from a near tent ran up to play lock-keeper,—the favorite amusement of campers in the intervals between eating and cooking,—and hardly had we passed through when, a certain proof of the beauty of Wargrave, we suddenly saw Mr. Alfred Parsons sailing home from his work to the George and Dragon.

Wargrave bears an air of propriety, as befits the last resting-place of the creator of "Sandford and Merton." Carriages with liveried footmen roll by on the village street, upon which new Queen Anne houses open their doors. The artistic respectability of the George and Dragon is vouched for by its painted sign, the not very wonderful work of two R. A's. On each side the inn lawns slope down from private houses, and boats lie moored along the shore. And, as if to show they are not common folk, the boating men of Wargrave go so far as to make themselves ugly and wear a little soldier cap stuck on one side of their heads.

ANGEL AT HENLEY.

But little of the time we gave to Wargrave was spent in the village. We explored instead the

Loddon slow, with verdant alders crowned,

and the many near back-waters, with that indifference to the sign "Private water" which Mr. Leslie in "Our River" recommends. Indeed, no one seems to heed it. I have heard men read aloud "Private water," and add at once, "Oh, that 's all right. Come on!" In Patrick Stream, as the only man who ever really painted English landscape told us, there are Corots at every step, and what more need we say? In Bolney back-water the trees meet above your head and in the water below, with here and there a glimpse beyond the willows of lovely poplars and old farmhouses and "wide meadows which the sunshine fills." Reeds and lilies and long trailing water plants in places choke the stream, so that sculls are put away for the paddle. May and

HENLEY.

MEDMENHAM ABBEY.

sweetbrier, with the bloom all gone now in mid-August, trail over the banks. Flowering blackberries festoon the bridges, where you must lie low as you float under the arch. The stillness is broken only by the plashing of your paddle and the twittering of birds; the dragon-fly comes to dream on the water, blue kingfishers fly from shore to shore, and the water-rat swims across the track of your boat. The solitude is seldom disturbed, except perhaps by a boy in a dinghy, by the one-armed ferryman of Wargrave in a punt coaching a beginner, or by a canoe silently stealing along.

In the quiet of the evening it was pleasant to fall back to the George and Dragon in time to see the sun sink, a ball of fire, below the wide stretch of golden meadowland opposite, where villagers played cricket after their day's work.

From Wargrave, past the colony of house-boats within easy distance of Shiplake station, at the foot of a shady lane, where, if you land, a man suddenly appears and claims a penny (for what I hardly know); past Bolney with its ugly big house and pretty islands where the swans rest at noontide; past the ferry where the lazy minstrel sat and sang "Hey down derry!" until the young lady came to his rescue; past Park Place with its grotesque boat-house, niched and statued; through Marsh Lock, at whose gates during regatta week boats crowd and push and jostle, just as people do at the pit doors of a popular theater — 't is a short three-miles' journey to the Angel at Henley.

Henley seemed quiet by comparison with the July day when we came down from London and found the river a mass of boats and brilliant colors, and the banks crowded with people, and Gargantuan lunches spread at the Lion and the Angel and the Catherine Wheel. But that was during regatta week, when Englishmen masquerade in gay attire and Englishwomen become "symphonies in frills and lace," and together picnic in house-boats, launches, row-boats, canoes, punts, dinghies, and every kind of boat invented by man. It is true that now and then the course is cleared and a race rowed:

> But if you find a luncheon nigh —
> A mayonnaise, a toothsome pie —
> You 'll soon forget about the race.

But whatever life there was at Henley we saw from the Angel. Across the way was the "finely toned, picturesque, sunshiny Lion," where Shenstone wrote his famous lines, too often quoted to be quoted again, and where the coach starts for Windsor. The pretty bow-window of our coffee-room opened upon the river, and, gray as were the three days, we waited in vain to see Henley in sunshine: pleasure parties were always starting from the landing-place, boats never stopped passing, swans floated by in threes, while boys forever hung over the open balustrade of the old gray bridge, where, now and then, we could see the long boats on Salter's van as it crept Oxford-ward.

A strong wind was blowing and there was quite a sea on when, late one afternoon, we pulled away from the Angel, under the bridge, down the regatta reach, wide and desolate without its July crowds; by the island with its little classic temple and its poplars set against a background of low hills — the starting-point of the race; past many houses, among others that of the Hon. W. H. Smith, an improvement on the usual Thames-side house; and then, like the "countless Thames toilers, now coming, now going," we took our pink ticket at Hambledon Lock, where there is a red lock-house covered with creepers, close to a great weir and a mill-stream, a white mill, and a little village full of yellow gables and big deserted barns, with grass growing on their old roofs and weeds choking their neglected yards.

BISHAM ABBEY.

We landed just below the lock, determined to make a record. For I fancy never before has any one on the Thames journey succeeded in making but nine miles in a week! We put up at a brand-new, very ugly, but comfortable brick Flower Pot, where there was a landlord who had much to say about art and the Royal Academy. For Royal Academicians often lunch with him and Royal Academy pictures have been painted under the very shadow of his house, as well they might, for all the near country was as pretty as the inn was ugly. Elms, the loveliest in the whole length and breadth of England, met overhead in the narrow lanes, bordered the fields "with poppies all on fire," and shut in the old-fashioned gardens full of weary sunflowers waiting to count the steps of the sun that would not shine. Here and there through the elms we caught a glimpse of the river, and in the distance the tower of Medmenham Abbey.

We dropped down to the abbey towards noon the next day, just as the first picnic party was landing in the near meadows. For this place, where for centuries men worked in silence and knew not pleasure, is now but a popular picnicking ground. We too have lunched at Medmenham. We had been but a few weeks in England then, and I remember how we wondered at the energy of the young girls in fresh muslins who unpacked the hampers, laid the cloths, and washed the dishes; and how we thought nothing could be prettier than the old abbey, turned into a farmhouse, with its cloisters and ivy-grown ruined tower. That was four years ago, and in the interval we have seen much of England's loveliness. Now we were not so much impressed, though the abbey makes a pleasant enough picture with its gray, ivied arches and red roof and tall chimneys, and the beautiful trees on each side. Even the tower, if it be but a sham ruin, is effective.

At Lady Place, but little more than a mile below, men came together to save their country from the Stuarts. But in a boat under a blue sky, drifting past hay-scented meadows, sightseeing loses its charm, and it was a relief to be told by the lock-keeper that some of the family were now at home and so the gates of Lady Place were closed against the public. There was nothing to see anyway; just a few tablets stuck in the walls, and a cellar where a conspiracy went on once—he could n't exactly say just when.

"O, Bisham banks are fresh and fair"; and Bisham Abbey stands where it cannot be hid from the river, and you need not leave your boat to see the old gray walls and gables or the weather-worn Norman tower of Bisham Church, past which Shelley so often drifted in his boat as he dreamed his dreams of justice.

BISHAM CHURCH.

Great Marlow was a disappointment. Only the street which leads to the river, where the ferry was of old, shows a few picturesque gabled houses. Gravel was heaped on the shores, where the girls stand in Fred Walker's picture, and instead of the ferry-boat, pleasure punts and canoes and skiffs lay beyond. The town was poor in Shelley's time. Now, to the outsider, it looks fairly well-to-do.

If you wake up early enough in "dear old Marlow town" you will see walking riverward all the men in flannels you yesterday met in boats, each with a towel over his arm. They are on their way "to headers take at early dawn." And presently, if it be Sunday morning, after the breakfast hour the procession reforms and divides, one half in top hats and conspicuous prayer books, the other still in flannels and carrying hampers instead of towels. For Sunday is the river day on the stretch between Marlow and Maidenhead.

When we came downstairs in the morning, an Oxford friend had just arrived to take a pair of sculls for the day, and it was in fine style we made our start. Dickens in his "Dictionary of the Thames" advises caution in passing Marlow Weir. Though, as a rule, he is as nervous as Taunt is easy-going, his nervousness here is not without reason. The weir, less protected than many, stretches to your right as you go towards Marlow Lock, and the angler-haunted current by the mill is on your left and you must keep straight in the middle, or what is the result? You go over, as so many have already gone, and, once over, you never come out again. But still, on the Thames, with moderate care there is no occasion for accidents so long as daylight lasts, for at every weir is the sign "Danger!" big enough to be read long before you come to it. After dark, however, even those who know the river best are not safe.

"And Quarry woods are green"; and at the foot of low hills, yellowing with the late harvest, is Bourne-End, a group of red roofs and a long line of poplars, and next Cookham

IN A THAMES LOCK.

church tower comes in sight. Under its shadow Fred Walker lies buried near the river he loved in life. Within the church a tablet is set up in his honor in the west wall, and a laurel wreath hangs beneath. But over his grave only a gray stone, like those one sees in all English country graveyards, is erected to his memory, and that of his mother and brother.

At the Ferry Hotel at Cookham we unpacked our boat and ceased to be travelers, to become, with the many on the water, pleasure-seekers of a day. Anglers no longer slept on the banks, but were alert to order us out of their way if we drew too near. In every house-boat, in every steam launch, was a gay party. Along the beautiful stretch between Marlow and Cookham, beneath the steep wooded slopes of Cliefden,— where here and there the cedars and beeches leave a space to show the great house of the Duke of Westminster rising far above, its gray façade in fine perspective against the sky,— up the near back-waters winding between sedge and willow, one to a mill, another to a row of eel-bucks, the name of the smaller boats was legion. Among them was every possible kind of row-boat, and there were punts, some with one some with two at the pole, dinghies, sail-boats, even a gondola and two sandolas, and canoes with single paddle, canoes with double paddles, and one at least with an entire family on their knees paddling as if from the wilds of America or Africa. On the Thames it seems as if no man is too old, no child too young, to take a paddle, a pole, or a scull. In one boat you find a gray-haired grandfather perhaps, in the next a little girl in short frocks and big sun-bonnet.

CLIEFDEN.

The locks were more crowded than usual, and on

RAINBOW ON THE THAMES.

their banks men waited with baskets of fruit and flowers. In one we sunk to the bottom to the music of the "Brav' Général," and the musicians, when there was no escape, let down the lock-keeper's long boathook with a bag at the end for pennies.

But it was outside Boulter's Lock, on the way back to Cookham, that we found the greatest crowd. There was such a mass of boats one might have thought all

The men who haunt the waters,
  Broad of breast and brown of hue,
All of Beauty's youngest daughters,
  Perched in punt or crank canoe,

were waiting to pass through together. But presently the lock-keeper called out, "Keep back! There are a lot of boats coming!" and the lock gates slowly opened and out they came, pell-mell, pushing, paddling, poling, steaming, and there was great scrambling, and bumping, and meeting of friends, and cries of "How are you?" "Come to dinner at eight," "Look out where you 're going!" and brandishing of boathooks, and glaring of eyes, and savage shoutings, and frantic handshakings, and scrunching of boats, and scratching of paint, and somehow we all made our way into the lock as best we could, the lock-keeper helping the slower boats with his long boathook and fitting all in until there was not space for one to capsize if it would. But indeed in a crowded lock if you cannot manage your own boat some one else will manage it for you; and, for that matter, when there is no crowd you meet men whose only use of a boathook is to dig it into your boat as you are quietly making your way out. Both banks were lined with people looking on, for Boulter's Lock on Sunday afternoon is one of the sights of the Thames.

When the upper gates opened there was again pushing and scrambling, and it was not until we were out of the long cut and under the Cliefden heights that we could pull with care. The boats kept passing long after we had got back to Cookham and while we lingered in the hotel garden. Almost the last were the sandolas and the gondola, and as we watched them, with the white figures of the men at the oar outlined against the pale sky and bending in slow, rythmic motion, we understood why these boats are so much more picturesque than the

RUNNYMEDE.

punt, the action of the gondolier so much finer than that of the punter. The entire figure rises above the boat, and there is no pause in the rhythm of the motion. In a punt the man at the pole, except in the upper reaches near Oxford, stands not above but in the boat; and fine as is his action when he draws the pole from the water and plunges it in again, the interval when he pushes on it or walks with it is not so graceful. To know the punt at its very best you should see it in a race, when the action of the punter is as continuous as that of the gondolier.

Gradually the launches began to hang out their lights, the row of house-boats opposite Cookham Church lighted their lamps and Japanese lanterns, making a bright illumination in one corner, and "when the evening mist clothed the riverside with poetry as with a veil" "all sensible people" turned their backs upon it and went in to dinner.

After Cookham there is history enough to be learned from the guidebook for those who care for it: scandalous as you pass under

Cliefden's proud alcove,
The bower of wanton Shrewsbury and of love;

stirring about Maidenhead, where the conspiracy of Harley bore some of its good fruit; mainly ecclesiastical at Bray, where lived the famous Vicar, who never faltered in his faith unless the times required it:

And this is the law that I 'll maintain
  Until my dying day, sir,
That whatsoever king shall reign
  Still I 'll be the Vicar of Bray, sir.

He showed his good taste. The village is as charming when you first see from the river the long lines of poplars and the church tower overlooking a row of eel-bucks as when you wander through the streets to the old brick almshouse with the quaintly clipped trees in front and the statue of the founder over the door. For the first time in our river experience there was not a room to be had in the village. At least so the landlady of the George on the river bank told us, while she struggled with her h's. She advised us to try the H-h-hind's H-h-head in the village. We did, but with no success. Now was the time to unfold our canvas and put up in our own hotel. Instead, we dropped downstream in search of an inn where we would not have to make our own beds and do our own cooking.

Between Bray and Boveney Locks is the swiftest stream on the river, and we saw only one boat being towed, and another sculled with apparently hard work up past Monkey Island, where the Duke of Marlborough's painted monkeys, which give the island its name, are said still to climb the walls of his pleasure house.

The river flowed in long reaches and curves between shores where there was little to note. But as we passed Queen's Island we saw, gradually coming into view on the horizon, the great gray mass of Windsor Castle. We lost sight of it when, with a turn of the stream, we came to Surly, where the Eton boys end their famous 4th of June, and to little Boveney Church, shut in by a square of trees much as a Normandy farm is inclosed. Just before the lock the castle was again in front of us, nearer now and more massive. But hardly had we seen it when it went behind the trees. Below the lock dozens of boats and many swans with them were on the water; not the crowd we had left at Maidenhead, however. Men sculled in stiff hats and shirt-sleeves. Parties were being pulled instead of pulling themselves. Soldiers, their little caps still stuck on their heads, but their elegance taken off with their coats, tumbled about in old tubs: once in the midst of them a crew of eight, spick and span as if for a parade and coached by an officer, passed in a long racing-boat.

The banks, where fishermen sat, grew higher and more commonplace; one or two little back-waters

THAMES EEL-BUCKS.

quietly joined the main stream. A long railway embankment stretched across the plain. The river carried us under a great archway, and just before us Windsor towered, grand and impressive, from its hill looking down upon river and town. The veil of soft smoke over the roofs at its foot seemed to lift it far above them, a symbol of that gulf fixed between royalty and the people.

Rain began to fall as we drew up to a hotel on the Eton side, just opposite to where the castle "stands on tiptoe to behold the fair and goodly Thames."

In the town we could forget the river, so seldom did we see the river uniform, so often did we meet tourists with red Baedekers. In the hotel we could as easily forget the town, for here we overlooked the water and the passing boats. Even when it was so dark that we could no longer see them, we could hear the whistle of the steam launches, the dipping in time of many sculls, and the cries of coxswains.

The morning we left Windsor was brilliant with sunshine. Near Romney Lock the red walls and gray chapel of Eton came in sight, and when we looked back it was to see a corner of Windsor Castle framed in by the trees that line the narrow cut. Beyond the lock were the beautiful Eton playing-fields, where crowds meet on the 4th of June; and next Datchet and Datchet Mead, where Falstaff was thrown for foul clothes into the river; and Windsor Park, where the sun went under the clouds and down came the rain in torrents. At the first drop all the boats disappeared. The minute before a girl had been poling downstream at our very side. Now she had gone as mysteriously as the Vanishing Lady. We, not understanding the trick, kept calmly on our way and were none the worse for our ducking. And when the sun shone again the boats all reappeared as suddenly. One cannot tell in words how the river, with the first bit of sunshine, like the Venetian lagoons, becomes filled with life.

ETON FROM THE RIVER.

At Old Windsor the weir seemed to us much the most dangerous we had come to, and the lock by far the most dilapidated. After we left the lock we passed the yellow bow-windowed Bells of Ousely, an inn famous I hardly know for what, its sign hanging from one of the wide-branching elms that overshadow it; and Magna Charta Island, where the barons claimed the rights which they have kept all for themselves ever since, and where two or three pleasure parties were picnicking, and a private house stands on the spot so sacred to English liberty; opposite, those who to-day are its defenders were playing at making a pontoon-bridge, and the field was dotted with red coats and white tents. Below was Runnymede, a broad meadow at the foot of a beautiful hillside, where the great fight was fought.

At Bell Weir Lock the gates were closed. Too many barges had crowded in from the lower side, and the last had to back out, an operation which took much time and more talk. A boat-load of campers pulled up while we waited.

"Back water, Stroke!" cried the man at the bow, who had a glass screwed in one eye. "Easy now! Bring her in! Look out where you 're going!" And with his glass fixed upon Stroke, he quite forgot to look out where he was going himself, and bang went the bow into a post and over he tumbled into a heap of tents and bags at the bottom of the boat. When he got up the glass was still there, as it apparently had been for several weeks, for we had seen the party going upstream when we were at Sonning. They had probably been to the top of the Thames and were on their way back, but they had not yet learned to manage a boat. When the gates at last opened Stroke saw some young ladies on shore, and at once put his pipe in his mouth and his hands into the pockets of his blue and black blazer, and struck an attitude, and Bow gave orders in vain. The boat swung from one side of the lock to the other and still he posed. However, we had the worst of it in coming out. For in trying to clear the waiting barge we ran aground and stuck there ignominiously, while all the boats that had been behind us in the lock went by. But it was not much work to push off again, and almost at once we were in Staines.

The town is thought to be the rival of Reading in ugliness, an eyesore on the Thames. We minded this but little, for we spent the evening sitting at a table in the garden of the Pack Horse, watching the never-ceasing procession of boats — the punt with the two small boys come to meet their father after his day in London; the racing punts; the long, black canoe, either the *Minnehaha* or the *Hiawatha* (we were too far to see its name); the picnic parties coming home with empty hampers; the sail-boats; the ferry punt, where now and then an energetic man in flannels took the pole from the ferryman and sent the punt zigzagging through the water, but somehow, and in the course of time, always got to the other side. And if an ugly railway bridge crossed the river just here, we could look under it to the still busier ferry, where the punt, crossing every minute, was so crowded with gay dresses and flannels that one might have thought all Staines had been for an outing. The sun set behind the dense trees on the opposite bank, its light shining between their trunks and the dark reflections; moonlight lay on the water, and still we sat there. We could understand our landlord when he told us that, though he had traveled far and wide, there was no place he cared for as he did for Staines. Like his wife and the pile of trunks at the head of the stairs, he had an unmistakable theatrical look. Later he went into the bar and played the violin, and people gathered about the tables while he gave now a Czardas, now the last London Music Hall song. The evening was the liveliest we spent upon the river.

A fine Scotch mist fell the next morning. Of the first part of the day's voyage there was not much to remember but gray banks, a gray river, and an occasional fishing-punt with umbrellas in a row. In our depression we forgot when we passed Laleham that the village has become a place of pilgrimage. Matthew Arnold lies buried in its churchyard, and perhaps he, who hated the parade of death, would rather have the traveler pass his grave without heeding it than stop to drop a sentimental tear.

ROLLERS AT MOULSEY.

At Chertsey the mist rose and our spirits with it. We had arrived just in time for the Chertsey regatta, and when presently the sun struggled through the clouds, as if by magic the river was crowded with boats. The races were not worth seeing. The men sculled in their vests, poled in their suspenders. Punts at the start got so hopelessly entangled that spectators roared with laughter. But there was an attempt to do the thing as at Henley. Between the races, canoes and punts and skiffs went up and down the racecourse, and the people in the two house-boats received their friends and tea was made. Among the lookers-on, at least, costumes were correct.

From the river, Chertsey was so pretty and gay, we did not go into the town, which Dickens says is dull and quiet, even to hunt for the humble nest where Cowley

'Scaped all the toils that life molest,
And its superfluous joys,

or the near mansion where Fox raised his turnips.

We neared Shepperton Lock as the sun was going down. Just below the long straggling village of Weybridge was hidden round a corner of the river at the mouth of the Wey. Close by another little stream and a canal join the Thames, and their waters meet in the weir pool, which was a broad sheet of light when we first saw it. At the landing-place of the Lincoln Arms lay the usual mass of boats, but almost all were marked with monograms repeated on every scull and paddle, and on the road above carriages with liveried footmen waited.

The little river Wey runs to Guildford and still farther through the fair county of Surrey, and on its banks, not far from Weybridge, lived the rollicking, frolicking, jolly old monks whose legend is said to drive away sentiment as suddenly as a north wind scatters sea-fog. But after all, if you turned from the Thames to explore every stream rich in story and in beauty, you would never get down to London. Besides, on the Wey there are locks every hour or less, and at almost all you must be your own lock-keeper and carry your tools with you, and there are those who say the pleasure is not worth the work.

From Weybridge to Walton is the neighborhood abounding with memories of olden time, where Mr. Leland once went gipsying. First there is Shepperton, with its little Gothic church and many anglers, on your left; and then Halliford, a quaint old street facing the river, where we found an impudent young man sailing the *Shuttlecock*, as if the *Shuttlecock* were not the special property of the lazy minstrel; and next Cowey Stakes, where Cæsar is said to have crossed; and Walton with its relics of scolds and gallants and astrologers. For if there is a picture at every turn of the Thames, there is a story as well; and if you are not too lazy, you read it in your guidebook and are much edified thereby, but you go no further to prove it true.

The cut to Sunbury Lock, with its unpollarded willows and deep reflections, is like a bit of a French canal. At the lock there is one of the slides found only in the most crowded parts of the river. On them boats are pulled up an inclined plane over rollers and then let down another into the water above or below, as the case may be, and this in one-fifth of the time it takes to go through a lock, nor is there any long waiting for water to be let out or in.

And next came Hampton, where a large barge with red sail furled showed we were nearing London, and close by Garrick's Villa with its Temple of Shakspere, and on the opposite shore Moulsey Hurst, where the costermongers' races are run in the month when gorse is in bloom, and where I was first introduced by the great Rye Leland to Mattie Cooper, the old gipsy whose name is an authority among scholars. And here the river divides into two streams to run round islands, which stretch, one after another, almost to Moulsey, so that as you pass down on either side the river seems no wider than it was many miles away at Oxford.

At Moulsey Lock on Saturday afternoon and on Sunday you find everything that goes to make a regatta but the races. It is the headquarters of that carnival on the river which begins with June, is at its height in midsummer, and ends only with October. Not even in the July fêtes on the Grand Canal in Venice is there livelier movement, more graceful grouping, or brighter color. There may be gayer voices and louder laughter, for the English take their pleasure quietly. But I do not believe, the world over, men in their every-day amusements can show a more beautiful pageant. The Venetian fêtes can be seen only once each summer. But though for that of the Thames you must go to Henley regatta, every week Boulter's or Moulsey Lock makes a no less brilliant picture. And, as Mr. Leland has said, "It is very strange to see this tendency of the age to unfold itself in new festival forms, when those who believe that there can never be any poetry or picturing in life but in the past are wailing over the banishing of Maypoles and all English sports."

It was still early Saturday afternoon when we reached Moulsey. At once we unloaded our boat and secured a room at the Castle Inn, close to the bridge and opposite that

> Structure of majestic frame
> Which from the neighboring Hampton takes its name.

The rest of the day and all the next we gave to the river between Hampton and the Court. In the lock the water never rose nor fell without carrying with it as many boats as could find a place upon its surface. At the slide, where there are two rollers for the boats going up and two for those coming down, there were always parties embarking and disembarking, men in flannels pulling and pushing canoes and skiffs. Far along the long cut boats were always waiting for the lock gates to open. And on the gates, and on both banks, and above the slide, sat rows of lookers-on, as if at a play; and the beautiful rich green of the trees, the white and colored dresses, the really pretty women and the strong, athletic men, all with their reflections in the water, made a picture ever to be remembered. On the road were ragged men and boys, with ropes and horses, offering to "tow you up to Sunbury, Shepperton, Weybridge, Windsor," and still raggeder children chattering in Romany and turning somersaults for pennies. If we pulled up to Hampton it was to see the broad reach there "overspread with shoals of laboring oars," or with a fleet of sailing boats tacking from side to side — dangerous, it seemed to us, as the much hated steam launches. Below the weir were the anglers' punts. And up the little Mole, which "digs through earth the Thames to win," the luncheon cloth

HAMPTON COURT.

was spread and the tea-kettle sung under the willows. Through the long Sunday afternoon the numbers of boats and people never lessened, though the scene was ever varying. And when the sun sunk below Moulsey Hurst there was still the same crowd in the lock, there were still the rows of figures sitting on the banks, the men and horses on the road, the stray cycler riding towards Thames Ditton — all now, however, but so many silhouettes cut out against the strong light.

TWICKENHAM FERRY.

Close by Moulsey Lock is Hampton Court, with its park and gardens, its galleries and courts, its bad pictures and fine tapestries, its fountains and terraces. What good American who has been in England does not love this most beautiful of English palaces? But of all those who come to it Sunday after Sunday, there is scarcely one who knows that within a ten-minutes' walk is another sight no less beautiful in its way — very different, but far more characteristic of the England of to-day.

At Moulsey we felt that our journey had really come to an end; but everybody who does the Thames is sure to go as far as the last lock at Teddington, and so for Teddington we set out early on Monday morning. There is no very fine view of Hampton Court from the river. One little corner crowned with many twisted and fluted chimney pots rises almost from the banks, and the wall of the park follows the towpath for a mile or more. On our left we passed Thames Ditton, where, in the Swan Inn, Theodore Hook, who to an abler bard singing of sweet Eden's blissful bowers would "Ditto say for Ditton," is as often quoted as is Shenstone at the Lion at Henley; and Kingston, with its pretty church tower, where the great coal barges of the lower Thames lay by the banks and a back-water we explored degenerated into a sewer; and then we were at Teddington with its group of tall poplars, where there is a large lock for the barges and steam tugs, and a smaller one and a slide as well for pleasure boats, and where the familiar smoky smell that always lingers over the Thames at Westminster or London Bridge greeted us.

The tide was going out or coming in,— it was so low we hardly knew which,— and on each side the river now were mud banks. But it was still early, and we decided to pull down and leave our boat at Richmond. After Teddington it was ho! for Twickenham Ferry, and the village of eighteenth-century memories. From the river we saw the villa where Pope patched up his constitution and his grotto, and the mansion where the princes of the house of Orleans lived in banishment. And in front of us from Richmond Hill, where Turner painted and many poets have sung, The Star and Garter, a certain dignity lent to it by the beautiful height upon which it stands and the knowledge that you will be bankrupt if you stop there, overlooked the Thames's "silver winding way."

In places the shores were as pastoral as in the upper narrow reaches, but again we came to the mud banks. From every landing-place men cried, "Keep your boat, sir?" — for Salter has agents on the river whose business it is to take care of boats left by river travelers until his van calls to carry them back to Oxford. Everybody expected us to stop; something of that great noise of London which has been likened to the roaring of the loom of Time seemed to reach us. We had left the Stream of Pleasure and were now on the river that runs through the world of work, as the big barges and the steam tugs told us. At Richmond we pulled up to shore for the last time, and intrusted the *Rover*, now with a good deal of its paint scratched off and bearing marks of long travels and good service, to the waiting boatman.

LANDING AT RICHMOND.

Elizabeth Robins Pennell.

AFTERNOON AT A RANCH.

PICTURES OF THE FAR WEST.—IX.

HOUSES in the West, in accordance with their owners' tendencies, are showy, imaginative, practical, reminiscent, or shiftless; though there is a sort of building, *in transitu*, which may indicate economy and good judgment.

Such a dwelling stood in the midst of the sage-brush common, on the outskirts of a frontier town where we once lived, facing the foothills which were the seat of a military post. It was first a wall tent, set up a few feet from the ground on a foundation of boards. Here, in the course of the summer, a child was born. It occurred to us that some of the comforts needed at such a time might be wanting in this Ishmaelitish household, as we supposed it to be. But we were told by the daughter of a neighbor, who knew, through her mother's good offices, more of the family than we, that they were people of means — stock-raisers looking about them, like the tribe of Reuben in the land of Jazer and of Gilead, in search of good grazing valleys where the winters were not severe.

A few months later we saw the mother, bearing her babe in her arms, walking, after sunset, bareheaded, along the paths of the common. She looked a woman to be the mother of pioneers — the gipsy-like tan of her long journeys showing on her cheeks through the paleness of recent maternity. To have thought of her as an object of charity seemed ridiculous.

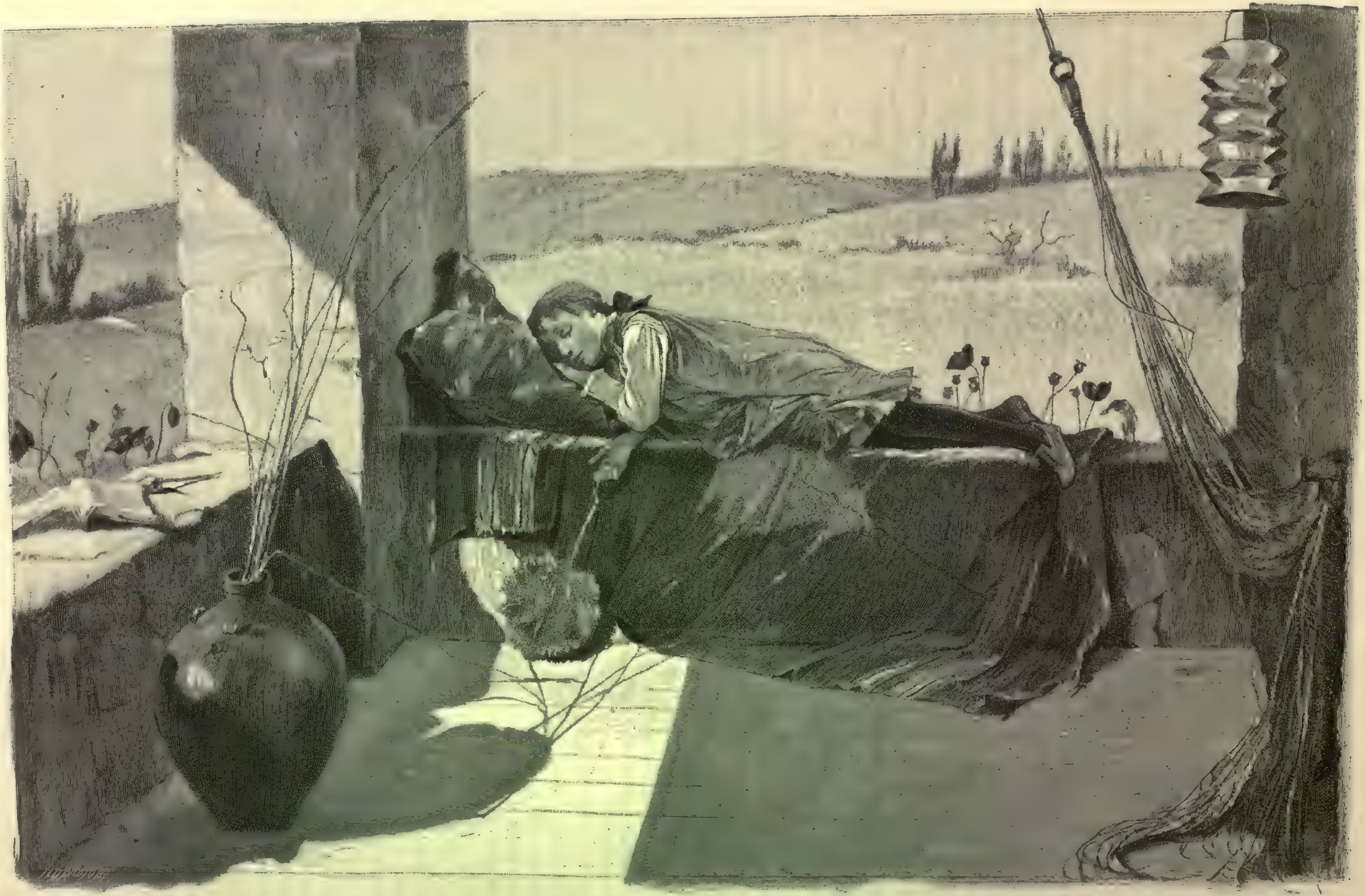
They continued to look about them all the rest of the summer, driving their stock up into the hills in the morning, and down to the ditches to water at evening. In the autumn a cabin was added to the tent, the rear of the one opening into the door of the other; wagon-sheets drawn over the wagon-body, close by, enlarged their winter accommodations. All these arrangements had a thoroughly competent and experienced look. In the spring we went away ourselves and saw no more of our nomadic neighbors on the common.

In every Western town which has known a period of prosperity there will be a few houses built by persons who have had the means to proclaim their taste. "Oh that mine enemy would build him a house!" one might reflect looking upon some of these monuments. But with regard to our neighbor's house, as well as his management in most other respects, the point of view is personal, and where one lightly scoffs in passing another may pause and respectfully admire.

"He jests at scars that never felt a wound." He that has never disappointed himself with results of his own planning may laugh at his neighbor's follies in bricks, or boards, or stone. If there lives a man that, having had the license money gives to clothe his caprice, finds himself entirely satisfied, let him not obtrude the fact. There is something offensive in our neighbor's complacency with the fine shell of his own making. We will grant him whatever God gave him as his portion in other particulars, but he must be modest about his house. We forgive him if his chimney smokes — we love him as a brother if he is generous enough to confess to one fundamental regret concerning the whole!

Besides the houses that celebrated their owners' success, there are the modest homes built in this far land in fond remembrance of the cherished ideals of home, wherever home may be. The white paint; the neat door-yard fence; the little fruit trees close to the house; the old-fashioned flowers, tended in beds and borders and fed by foreign irrigation instead of the pleasant showers of home — all have a wistful look. Yet this may be the fancy of some homesick passer-by; another may see only the look of contented achievement. No more than this was expected or desired. Here ambition ceases, and the householder would not exchange the new home of his own making for the soundest inheritance, of equal value, at home.

The imaginative builder in the West, as in the East, frequently "slips up" in practice; but it will be he that first catches the spirit of the landscape and makes its poetry of suggestion his own. The people of certain races build with an unconscious truth to the nature around them which is like an instinct; or perhaps it is part of that providence which is said to attend upon the lame and the lazy. They are crippled by their poverty; they have the temperament that can wait. They cannot afford to "haul" expensive lumber or pay for carpenters to aid them in their experiment; so they scrape up the mud around them, make it into adobes and wait for them to dry, and pile them up in the simplest way, which proves to be the best. They build long and low because it is less trouble than to build high; for the same reason, perhaps, they do



DRAWN BY MARY HALLOCK FOOTE.

ENGRAVED BY H. DAVIDSON.

AFTERNOON AT A RANCH.

not cut up their wall space into windows. The result is the architecture of simplicity and rest; and it goes very well with a country that pauses, for miles, in a trance of sky and mountain and plain, and forgets to put in the details.

The practical builders are as successful as the lazy builders, for they build with the same directness. The ranch buildings of the West, like the old Eastern farm-houses, are good in this way. There is no nonsense about them. If the buildings belong to a show ranch there will be ample opportunity for the exercise of a trained intelligence in the adaptation of historic styles that were inspired by similar sites and conditions.

The houses of these great desert landscapes should convey the idea of monotonous and concentrated living. Sun and wind beleaguered fortresses, they should never look as if they cared in the least what an outsider thought of their appearance. They should wrap themselves in silence and blind-walled indifference, as a bathless, breakfastless Mexican smokes his cigarette against a sunny wall of a morning, wrapped to the ears in his dingy serape. It is not presumed to offer this somewhat squalid suggestion to the ranch gentry, but to their humble neighbors of the railroad outpost, the cattle-feeding station, and the engineers' camp, who have winters as well as summers to provide for.

It may be added that the best houses in the West, those best worth describing, like the best people, are not the ones that are typical.

* * *

THE POISON OF SERPENTS.

MY first encounter with a venomous serpent occurred when I was but a lad and had been wading the waters of the Clarion, in McKean County, Pennsylvania. Heavily laden with a noble string of trout, I set foot on a slippery bank to leave the stream on my homeward way when my guide suddenly caught me by the shoulder and jerked me back so violently that I fell in the shallow water. As I struggled to my feet in alarm, the old lumberman pointed quietly to a "hurrah's nest"[1] half-way up the slope — on it was coiled a large rattlesnake. But for the man's quickness I should have been struck in the face or the throat. We soon killed the snake, and as I sat on the bank, thoughtfully examining the fangs of this skillful apothecary that knew the use of hypodermatic injections so long before we took the hint, I felt the awakening of an interest in the strange poison I had so nearly tested on my own person. Few men of my age and occupation have been more in the woods than I, yet only once since this adventure have I seen a crotalus in my many wanderings in the Eastern States. I found a small "rattler" dead on the road near Cape May Court House, New Jersey: a cynical friend settled my doubts as to what had killed it by suggesting that it might have bitten a Jerseyman.

This heroic animal, which never flees, which warns of danger all who come too near, has nearly gone from our woods and plains. As a cause of death it hardly figures in the census; and even in Florida its mortal foe, the hog, is making such ruthless war upon it that before long a snake is likely to become as rare as the viper is to-day in English forests.

In the West, on the sage deserts, I have seen the ground-rattlesnake in large numbers. No one dreads it much, and bites are rare. Deaths from our Eastern or our North-western snakes are also very infrequent, nor were fatal accidents of this nature ever very common anywhere in North America. For this there were several reasons: our poisonous snakes are not excessively numerous, their poison is much less active than that of the cobra and the Bungarus of India or the vipers of Guadeloupe, and during a large part of the year they bury themselves to escape cold. Our troops must in war have trampled heedlessly through countless miles of swamp and woods, and yet there is no return among our war statistics of a single case of death from snake bite.

Compare this with the terrible account Fayrer gives us of the loss of human life from snake poison in India, where dislike of the hog and superstitious reverence for the cobra combine to make the management of this question difficult. Very imperfect returns, excluding Central India, gave in 1869 the deaths from snake bite as 11,416 for a population of 120,972,263, and subsequent and fuller statistics place this vast mortality still higher. Little has been done by the Indian Government to lessen the constantly recurrent annual loss of life. Rewards for cobra heads proved of slight use, and no continuous or systematic means have been used to enable the able staff of army or civil surgeons to study the subject of snake bites as it should long since have been studied.

Some years went by before I was able to

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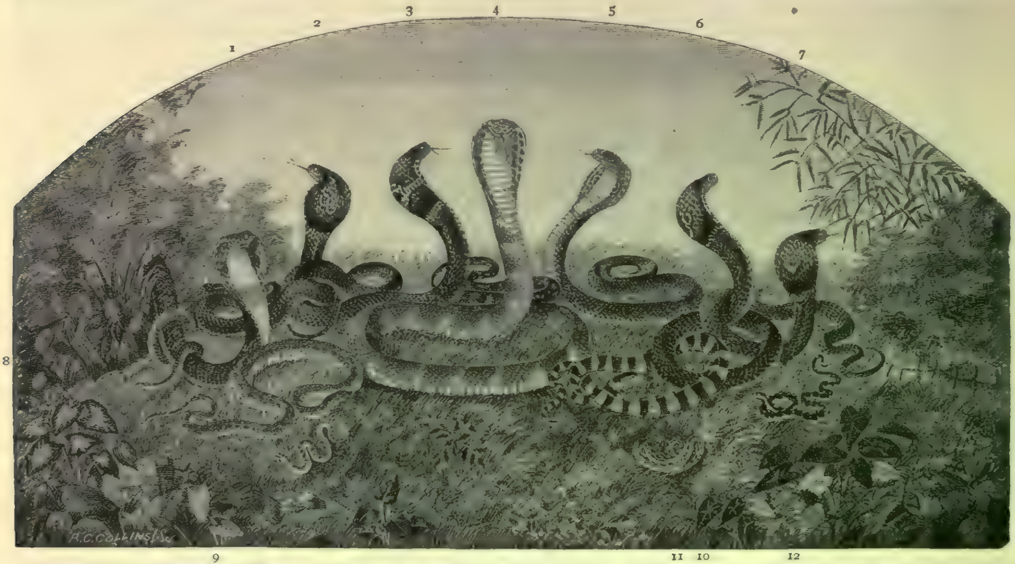
[1] A mass of leaves left by a freshet in the crotch of the divergent branches of a bush.

gratify my never quite forgotten desire to know more of this interesting poison. One day, however, a man offered me a small lot of snakes, and just then I learned of a supposed antidote invented, it was said, by the famous French herpetologist, Bibron. In fact he never did invent an antidote, and how the queer mixture of iodine and corrosive sublimate got his authoritative name is still a mystery. I began in 1859 to study the matter, and soon found that the antidote was worthless, and that no one knew much about snake venoms. Not quite a hundred years previous Fontana wrote on the poison of vipers an immortal work, and nearly another century before him there were written two quaint books, one by Redi, 1664, and one by Charas, 1673. Both of these little volumes are still worth reading. Charas's belief in the value of volatile salt of the ashes of calcined vipers as a remedy for viper bite is an instructive exhibition of a form of medical idiocy not without modern illustrations.



TYPICAL INDIAN POISONOUS SERPENTS. (FROM A PAINTING BY ANNODA PROSACT BAGCHEE.)

1, Ophiophagus Elaps; 2–7, inclusive, Varieties of Cobra; 8, Trimesurus Carinatus, coiled around No. 1; 9, Daboia Russellii; 10, Bungarus Fasciatus; 11, Bungarus Cornutus; 12, Echis Carinata; one unknown.

My own researches were carried on in the intervals of a life of great occupation, and were published in 1862 by the Smithsonian Institution. About 1872, unaided by Government, in a climate where heat makes all labor difficult, and at a cost in the way of money and mortal risks which few can comprehend, an Indian surgeon, now Sir Joseph Fayrer, created on this subject a vast mass of material knowledge which without reward he gave to the Government of India. The illustration on this page was meant for a frontispiece to his splendid volume, but was for some reason unused and came to me as a gift from Fayrer. The snakes, drawn from life by pupils of the Government schools, are here grouped so as to show at a glance all the typical Indian poisonous serpents.

Twenty-four years after my first essay, the Smithsonian published[1] the results of another four years of additional work on the problems which had interested me in my early life. Much of what I did in 1859 to 1862 needed no reëxamination, but new questions had arisen, and novel and accurate methods were now at our disposal. Moreover, I had been haunted for a year or more by the idea that serpent poisons might not be simple but complex, not one thing but a mixture of two or more, and that this might explain the causes of the difference between rattlesnake and cobra bites, and possibly give the clue to methods of successful treatment. When a maggot like this gets into the brain of a man accustomed to want to know why, it breeds a variety of troublesome pleasures. In my case it drove me once more to the laboratory, and caused me to seek the skillful aid of Dr. Edward T. Reichert, now Professor of Physiology in the University of Pennsylvania. Together we solved many perplexing problems. As some of these have for the general reader an unusual interest, I purpose to restate here a few of our results, since our large Smithsonian memoir is not likely to come before many of the readers of THE CENTURY.

It has occurred to me that in telling my story it might be well to show in popular shape how the work was done, as well as its results. To make it clearer, I must first explain the

[1] "Researches on Serpent Poisons," by S. Weir Mitchell, M. D., and Prof. E. T. Reichert.

GILA MONSTERS — POISONOUS LIZARDS.

mechanism which enables the serpent to use its poison.

We have in America as venomous serpents the several species of rattlesnake, the water moccasin, the copperhead, and the beautiful coral snake, the little elaps of Florida, too small with us to be dangerous to man.

India is preëminently the home of the poisonous snakes, of which there are no fewer than fifteen genera. The cobra is most abundant, but the *Ophiophagus elaps* is the most dreaded, and attains at times the length of fourteen feet. Unlike the cobra and the crotalus, this serpent is viciously aggressive, and will pursue a man with activity.

Among the vipers the daboya is entitled to rank as a poisoner close to the cobra, and the crotalidæ are represented by a number of snakes which are somewhat less effective slayers than the cobra. While these genera are too sufficiently abundant on land, the Indian seas also abound in species belonging to the family of hydrophidæ. These serpents are agile and dangerous, but as yet no one seems to have made any examination of their venom, nor directly experimented to learn anything of its relative hurtfulness. Poisonous water-snakes are found in abundance on the shores of South America, and used to be thrown up in numbers into the paddle-wheel covers of the old side-wheel steamers. I never had the good luck to get a living specimen.

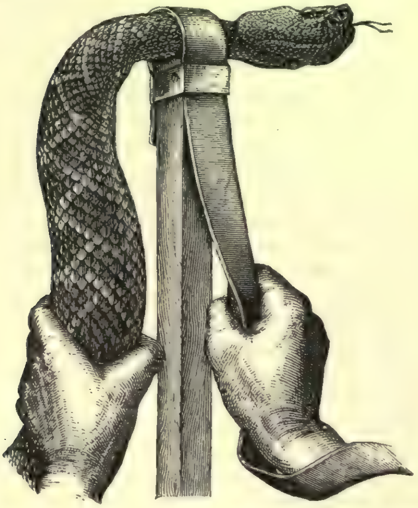
The centipede and the scorpion rank high in the popular mind as poisoners, but they are gentle apothecaries compared to the serpent.

We are in America the privileged possessors of the only other animal at all approaching the poisonous snakes in lethal vigor: it is a lizard, the Gila monster (*Heloderma suspectum*) of Arizona. This strange creature is the only poisonous lizard known. I have heard of but one death in man from its bite, and for a long while it was looked upon by all except the Indian as harmless. Sluggish, inert, well armored with a tough, defensive skin, a feeder on birds' eggs and on insects, it is most difficult to induce this good-humored and most hideous reptile to bite at all. When once it takes hold, no bulldog could be more tenacious. The odor of its poisonous saliva is exactly like that of magnolia buds. Its bite causes no local injury, and its venom is a deadly heart poison.

All of the great family of thanatophidiæ have substantially the same mechanical arrangements for injecting their venom. When not in action the two hollow teeth known as fangs lie pointing backwards, wrapt in a loose

RATTLESNAKE COILED TO STRIKE.

cloak-like cover, a fold of the soft skin of the interior of the upper jaw. At the base of each of these fang teeth is an opening connected with a tube running backwards under the eye to an almond-shaped gland which forms the poison. This body continuously manufactures venom, and holds in its cavity a supply for use. Over the gland runs a strong muscle, which is ordinarily employed to close the mouth by lifting the lower jaw, to which it is made fast. A little circular muscle around a part of the duct keeps it shut and prevents waste of venom.



A SNAKE STAFF.

Let us observe what happens when the rattlesnake means mischief. He throws himself into a spiral, and about one-third of his length, carrying the head, rises from the coil and stands upright. The attitude is fine and warlike, and artists who attempt to portray it always fail. He does not pursue, he waits. Little animals he scorns unless he is hungry, so that the mouse or the toad he leaves for days unnoticed in his cage. Larger or noisy creatures alarm him. Then his head and neck are thrown far back, his mouth is opened very wide, the fang held firmly erect, and with an abrupt swiftness, for which his ordinary motions prepare one but little, he strikes once and is back on guard again, vigilant and brave. The blow is a stab, and is given by throwing the head forward while the half-coils below it are straightened out to lengthen the neck and give power to the motions which drive the fangs into the opponent's flesh; as they enter, the temporal muscle closes the lower jaw on the part struck, and thus forces the sharp fang deeper in. It is a thrust aided by a bite. At this moment the poison duct is opened by the relaxation of the muscle which surrounds it, and the same muscle which shuts the jaw squeezes the gland, and drives its venom through the duct and hollow fang into the bitten part.

In so complicated a series of acts there is often failure. The tooth strikes on tough skin and doubles back or fails to enter, or the serpent misjudges distance and falls short and may squirt the venom four or five feet in the air, doing no harm. I had a curious experience of this kind in which a snake eight feet six inches long threw a teaspoonful or more of poison athwart my forehead. It missed my eyes by an inch or two. I have had many near escapes, but this was the grimmest of all. An inch lower would have cost me my sight and probably my life.

A snake will turn and strike from any posture, but the coil is the attitude always assumed when possible. The coil acts as an anchor and enables the animal to shake its fangs loose from the wound. A snake can rarely strike beyond half his length. If both fangs enter, the hurt is doubly dangerous, because the dose of venom is doubled. At times a fang is left in the flesh, but this does not trouble the serpent's powers as a poisoner, since numberless teeth lie ready to become firmly fixed in its place, and both fangs are never lost together. The nervous mechanism which controls the act of striking seems to be in the spinal cord, for if we cut off a snake's head and then pinch its tail, the stump of the neck returns and with some accuracy hits the hand of the experimenter — if he has the nerve to hold on. Few men have. I have not. A little Irishman who took care of my laboratory astonished me by coolly sustaining this test. He did it by closing his eyes and so shutting out for a moment the too suggestive view of the returning stump. Snakes have always seemed to me averse to striking, and they have been on the whole much maligned.

RATTLESNAKE STRIKING FROM THE UNFOLDING COIL.

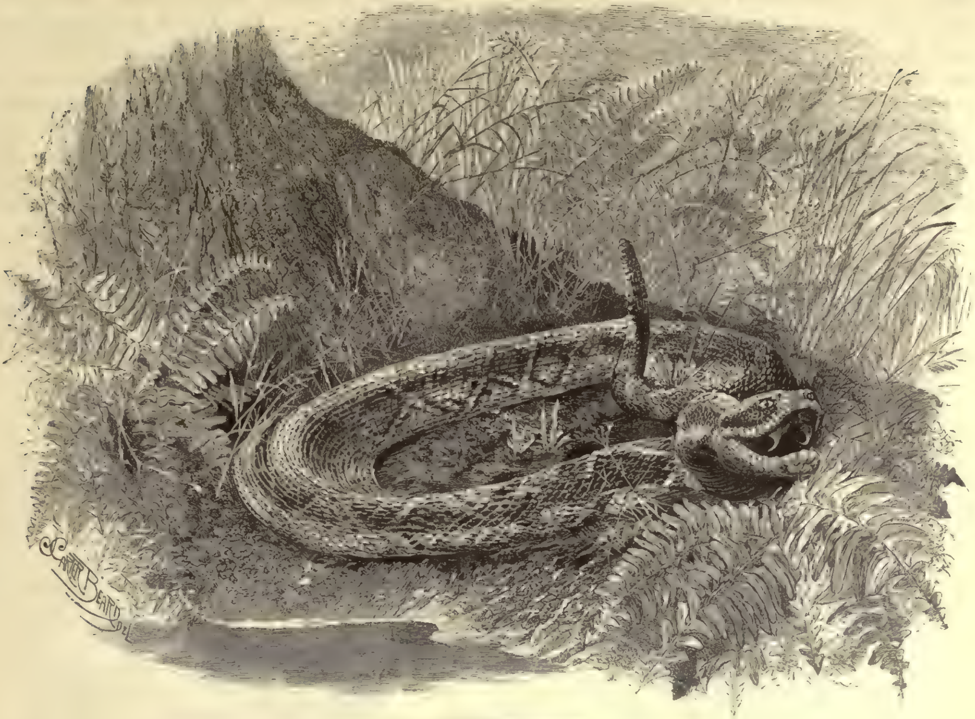
Any cool, quiet person moving slowly and steadily may pick up and handle gently most venomous serpents. I fancy, however, that the vipers and the copperhead are uncertain pets. Mr. Thomson, the snake keeper at the Philadelphia Zoölogical, handles his serpents with impunity; but one day having dropped some little moccasins a few days old down his sleeve while he carried their mamma in his hand, one of the babies bit him and made an ugly wound. At present the snake staff is used to handle snakes.

I saw one October, in Tangiers, what I had long desired to observe — a snake charmer. Most of his snakes were harmless; but he refused, with well-acted horror, to permit me to take hold of them. He had also two large brown vipers; these he handled with care, but I saw at once that they were kept exhausted of their venom by having been daily teased

RATTLESNAKE IN COIL.

into biting on a bundle of rags tied to a stick. They were too tired to be dangerous. I have often seen snakes in this state. After three or four fruitless acts of instinctive use of their venom they give up, and seem to become indifferent to approaches, and even to rough handling.

When a man or an animal is bitten by a rattlesnake, death may take place in a few minutes.



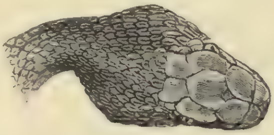
RATTLESNAKE SURPRISED.

It has followed in man within a minute, but unless the dose given be enormous, or by chance enters a vein, this is very unlikely. The bite is, however, popularly believed to be mortal, and therefore every case of recovery gives credit to some remedy, for it is a maxim with physicians that the incurable and the easily relievable maladies are those which have most remedies assigned to them.

Usually the animal struck gives a cry, and very soon becomes dull and languid. The heart, at first enfeebled, soon recovers, the respirations become slower and weaker and more weak, paralysis seizes the hind legs, the chest becomes motionless, and at last death follows, usually without convulsions. Observe how little this tells us. Mere outward observation gives us but slight explanatory help. If the animal should chance to survive over a half-hour, the part bitten swells, darkens, and within a few hours the whole limb may be soaked to the bone with blood, which has somehow gotten out of the vessels and remained fluid in place of clotting. What is at first local by and by becomes general, and soon the blood everywhere ceases to have power to coagulate. Then leakages of the vital fluid occur from the gums or into the walls of the heart, the lungs, brain, and intestines, and give rise to a puzzling variety of symptoms, according to the nature of the organ thus disordered. These phenomena make the second stage of poisoning, and with them there is, in finally fatal cases, a continuous and increasing damage to the nerve centers that keep us alive by energizing the muscles which move the chest walls and so give rise to the filling and emptying of the lungs.

When a physiologist speaks of a nerve center he means by this a group of minute nerve cells, and such a group he is apt to call a ganglion, labeling it with the name of the distant organ or the function to which it gives energy. Much alike in appearance, one ganglion keeps the chest in motion, one influences the heart, one regulates the temperature of the body. When we throw into the circulation a poison, it comes into contact with all of these numerous governing centers; but it does not trouble all of them alike. It has, as a rule, a fatal affection for one only, or far more for one than for another. Why venom should, as if by choice, almost instantly enfeeble the ganglia which keep us breathing, none can say. By and by it also in turn disturbs other groups of nerve cells, but its deadliest influence falls on the respiratory mechanism. The nerve cells thus attacked undergo no visible change; yet some mysterious alteration is present. Probably they lose power to give out their waste products and to re-absorb from the blood the material needful to sustain their local life and activity. At all events the evil done is grave, and when the dose of venom is large, death becomes certain, the animal bitten perishing by slow suffocation.

The deadly apothecary does not succumb to his own drugs. I have over and over injected under the skin of a rattlesnake its own venom or that of a moccasin, or of another crotalus; but in no case have I seen a death result. Why should this be? Other and non-venomous snakes die readily of venom poisoning. The many noxious compounds man carries in his liver, gastric glands, or thyroid gland are fatal if they enter the blood in large amount. There is, indeed, scarcely an organ of his body which is not a possible source of poison to him, the sole question being as to his constant competency to rid himself of the fractional doses ever passing into and out of his blood and to secure himself against certain products which are not meant at any time to pass out of the issues of certain organs of the body into the hurrying currents of the circulation.



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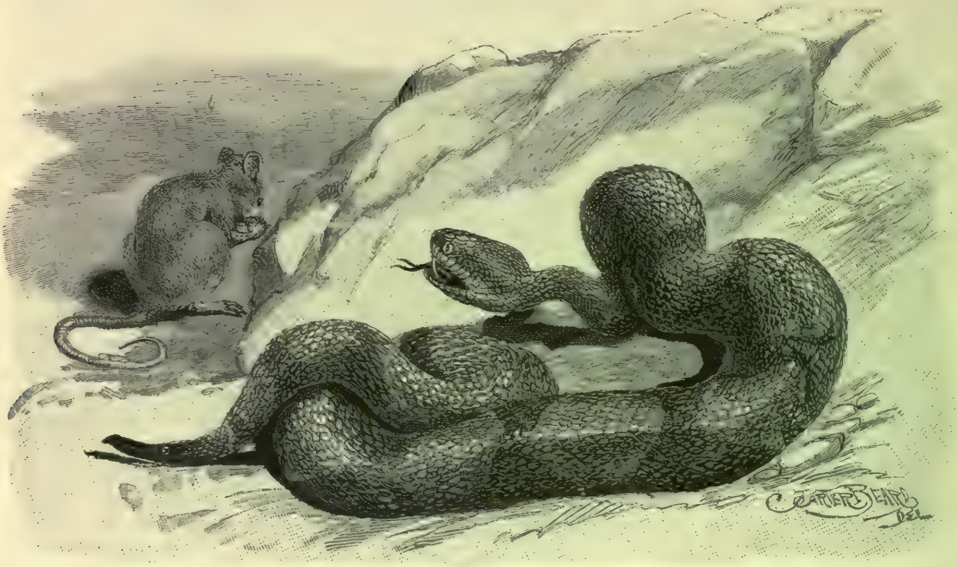


CARTER BEARD DEL.

COPPERHEAD.

But to all creatures save itself the venomous serpent is noxious in varying degrees. Certainly the cobra surpasses as a poisoner all of our American snakes. In India other serpents are more dreaded. With us the rattlesnake leads for capacity to kill, and the copperhead and the moccasin come in order after him. The popular verdict puts the copperhead above the crotalus, but it is wrong, as the above classification rests on careful comparisons of the relative poisoning power of these snakes.

The popular notion of the immunity of some animals has little foundation. Cold-blooded creatures die slowly from snake bite, and the hog escapes only because he does not get seriously bitten. His bristles, tough skin, and clever mode of attack save him. Little pigs are often bitten and die like other creatures. We have never been able to poison plants with snake venom.

Practically speaking, there is something more to be said as to the question of relative toxicity. The size of the serpent, the time which has elapsed since it has bitten, determine also the extent of the damage it can do. A snake which has lately bitten two or three times is ill provided with poison, but captive snakes long undisturbed are apt to inflict fatal wounds.

The serpents used in our recent research were brought chiefly from Florida by the potent aid of the Smithsonian Institution, and the dried venom of the cobra was procured from India through the assistance of her Majesty's Indian Government, and more largely by the private aid of Vincent Richards, Esq. The living snakes reached us in coffee-bags secured by strings, the sacks having been placed in a perforated box. When they came we opened the case, undid the strings and tumbled the poisoners into a box some five feet deep. There they lived very well if provided with water; and coiled in corners, or piled in numbers one on another, they lay sluggish and inert until danger threatened. There were half a dozen of these snake cages in our laboratory and at times they contained a hundred snakes, each genus or species having its own box. If disturbed, the rattlers were apt to start a chorus which was somewhat appalling to strangers.

When we desire to collect venom, we use the snake loop. With it a serpent is caught by the neck and lifted up to the top of the box. The lip of a saucer is then slipped into the snake's mouth. Angry at this liberty, it lifts its fangs, which catch on the inner edge of the saucer, against which the serpent bites furiously again and again. As it does so a thin yellow fluid squirts out of the perforation near to the needle-like end of the fangs. We slacken the loop, let the snake fall into a box cage, and seize a second, and a third, until we have all the venom we desire. It is innocent-looking enough. In water a drop of it sinks, whitening as it falls. It has no smell and no taste. A boiling heat clots it as it does white of egg, for, like that body, it is albuminous in its nature. If we dry it with care there is the same resemblance to egg albumen in its shining, yellow scales. Once desiccated it keeps well, as it does also in glycerine or in alcohol.

When I first studied this strange poison I thought of it as a single albuminous body. As such it had always been regarded since it had been proved by Prince Bonaparte to belong to the albumens. When once I chanced to think that venom might be a complex fluid, holding in solution more than one poison, reasons for such a belief multiplied, and so excited my interest that, in 1882, with Professor Reichert's aid, I began to put my theory to the sharp test of experiment.

To prove in the outside laboratory what the inside mental laboratory has comfortably settled is not always easy, and many months of careful research were required before the answer came to us. I will try to make clear our methods and results. When a little of the venom is placed in sufficient water it dissolves readily. If now we heat the solution a coagulation takes place, just such as happens when white of egg hardens on boiling. If by means of a filter we separate this substance clotted by heat, it is found to be innocuous. The clear fluid which passes through the filter is, however, poisonous, but does not cause much *local* effect. As a whole the poison has been damaged by heat, presumably because one or more of its ingredients had been injured by heat. The next step is to learn if the substance made solid and inert by boiling cannot be separated in some other way and in such a form as will leave it also poisonous.

All soluble substances are divisible into two classes, one of which will pass through an animal membrane into a current of pure water and one of which will not. Those which can so pass are said to be dialysable, and the filter is known as a dialyser, and the process is called dialysis. We dissolve some of the poison in water and put it in an inverted funnel, the wide mouth of which, being covered with a thin animal membrane, is placed in distilled water. Under these circumstances the water goes through the membrane and dilutes the fluid above it and certain substances pass out to the water.

The matter which thus finds its way out to the water is said to be dialysable. When examined it proves to be poisonous — to be uncoagulable by heat, and to be the same as the matter left unaltered when we boil the diluted poison for a few moments. This substance resembles the albuminous matter which is formed when gastric juice digests white of egg; and as the material so obtained is called peptone, we named our product which passed through the dialyser to water *venom peptone*.

As the thinner water enters the dialyser and the peptone goes out, within the vessel there falls down a white substance, which is easily redissolved if we add a little common salt. It falls out of solution because the salts belonging to venom and which keep the white matter dissolved are, like all saline substances, dialysable and pass out along with the peptone. This white precipitate has certain likenesses to the albuminous bodies known as globulin, and of which there are several kinds in our bodies. That which thus falls out of the solution of venom we named *venom globulin*. It was to be had also in a simpler way. When we add plenty of pure water to clear fresh venom the water added makes the whole fluid relatively less salt and a white matter falls down. When this is separated and examined it proves to be the same as that left within the dialyser. Other matters of like nature but less important are found in some snake venoms, but essentially all examined by us contained at least two albuminous matters.

Mix these two in pure water with a little common salt and you practically reconstruct

WATER MOCCASIN.

a venom—the other ingredients are of less moment.

If we put *venom peptone* under the skin of a living animal it behaves much as boiled venom does. The local injury it causes is at first slight. Little or no blood oozes forth, but, if the animal survive, in an hour or two a watery swelling is seen, the tissues soften as if they were melted or dissolved, a horribly swift putrefaction occurs, and the tissues near and far swarm with the little rod-like bodies known as bacteria, which are the essential accompaniment and cause of putrefaction. Meanwhile the breath-sustaining centers become weak, and cease to respond by rhythmical effluxes of energy to the various excitations which stimulate the muscles so as to cause them to move the chest. The animal dies from failure to breathe. Internal bleeding is rare and slight, nor are the changes in the blood at all remarkable.

Venom peptone is present in cobra poison, and in that of the rattlesnake. In the Indian serpent it constitutes, however, nearly the whole of the toxic albumen present, there being but two per cent. of the other element in question. The *venom peptone* of the cobra is also a far more active agent than the substance which corresponds to it in the venom of our crotalus, although chemically we can see but little difference between the two; since *venom peptone* passes with ease through membranes, and hence is rapidly absorbed, cobra poison may not always be swallowed with impunity, whereas it is possible to feed a pigeon on crotalus venom day after day and see it live unhurt.

While rattlesnake venom owes a part of its activity to *venom peptone*, its peculiar virulence and destructiveness belong chiefly to *venom globulin*, of which it has relatively nearly twenty-five per cent.—fifteen times as much as in cobra. *Venom globulin*, like the peptone poison, at first and briefly enfeebles the heart, but next attacks the respiratory centers, and finally paralyzes the spinal ganglia. When separated and redissolved in a weak and saline solution with water it is a most potent poison; and besides its influence on the centers which sustain life, it has, soon or late, distinctive effects on almost all the tissues which somewhat resemble the changes seen in certain maladies, such as yellow fever; yet that which in them exacts days is brought about from globulin poisoning within an hour or less. At the spot where we inject globulin the vessels give way and pour out blood which cannot clot, and this change by and by occurs here and there throughout any or every organ of the body, so that at last the blood becomes what physicians call diffluent, and may remain until it decays, free from the clots usually seen in the healthy fluids when drawn and allowed to stand.

Thus it is that, because the cobra has little *venom globulin* and the rattlesnake much, the local appearances of the bite in either are readily recognizable. Then, also, as the Indian snake has much *venom peptone* and our serpent little, the former kills more surely and sooner, and does not cause the blood to stay fluid, so that in most cases the general phenomena would also enable us to say which snake had bitten. Certain other Indian snakes give us symptoms like those caused by the bite of our crotalidæ, and probably will be found to resemble them in the composition of their venoms. While we can thus separate and analyze the influence of the two poisons found so far in all venoms examined by us, neither alone occasions the tremendous and perfect effects seen when both are combined by mischievous nature in a suitable solution. Nor, indeed, is the poison ever quite so effective after it has been once dried and redissolved for experimental use.

There are vegetable poisons which possess power to destroy life by enfeebling the respiratory nerve centers; but we know of no poison save snake venom which has the ability to ruin in a few minutes the capacity of the lesser vessels to keep the moving blood within their guarding walls. Our every function — nay, life itself — depends on the blood being so restrained. If by accident a drop or two of normal blood escape from a small vessel, instantly the blood clots and tends to cork up the tiny tear through which it came. Venom not only seems to rot the vessels, but it also makes the blood fluid, and so facilitates the hemorrhages of which it is the primary cause. To study this singular process of destruction closely a small animal was so completely etherized as to cease to feel pain, and a loop of its intestinal cover called the peritoneum was examined with the microscope. The spectacle of the blood globules driven swiftly through transparent capillaries, the smallest of vessels, is a constant source of wonder to him who sees it. *Venom peptone* in solution disturbs this local flood stream but little. *Venom globulin* exhibits its effects with difficulty, and solutions of dry venom cause but slight and tardy results. If, however, we touch the thin membrane with *fresh* rattlesnake poison, in a few minutes the delicate little cells, which are like a thatch on the inside of the capillary vessels, seem to be roughened, and become less transparent. Then, abruptly, here and there a drop of blood oozes out. Presently the fanlike expansion of the minute vessels we are watching begins to look like a bunch of red grapes, as these tiny blood points increase in size and number, until at last the whole field of view is covered with escaped blood. It is then a question of time as to how long it will be before the same disintegration of vessels, and the same loss of power in the blood to clot, occur in hundreds of places remote from the spot first poisoned.

If after poisoning an animal we examine the blood cells at intervals, we find that they very early lose their usual flat, disklike aspect, and become smaller and round. They also acquire for a time a singular stickiness and elasticity, so that they adhere in masses, and when compressed spindle out, and then run together anew when we cease to subject them to pressure.

The power of venoms to hasten and favor putrescence must have something to do with the symptoms which occur when death takes place after a long interval, as a day or two, or when slow recovery occurs. This tendency is an indirect effect. If we sterilize venom,—that is, subject it to dry heat until all germs are destroyed,— and leave it then in contact with sterilized soup guarded from the germs afloat in the air, no putrefaction ensues; but if to this sterilized broth we add venom not so deprived of bacterial germs, putrefaction is hastened at a rate never seen under other circumstances.

Now, as bacteria are always present in fresh venom, enough enter a wound to account for the fact that animals envenomed swarm within an hour or two with the organisms which cause putrefaction. Their rate of increase is inconceivably great, and seems to be favored by the poison, which provides them with some mysterious conditions of growth. Thus it is that the blood, the nervous centers, the vessels, are all in turn attacked by these fearfully destructive poisons, and that at last putrescent changes may be added to the causes of a multiform group of perplexing phenomena.

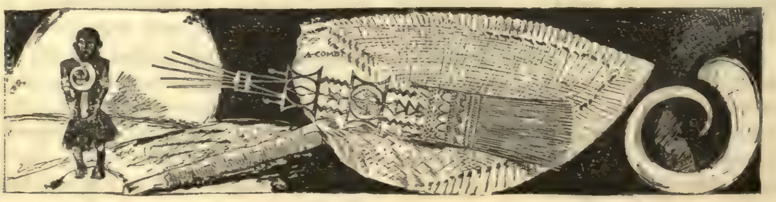
The general reader will ask what good has come out of these clearer views as to the mechanism of this poisoning. Our own labors and the brilliant work of Fayrer, Lauder-Brunton, Wall, and Vincent Richards have certainly brought us somewhat more plainly to understand that which happens. What gain is there for man? As yet there is little, except that, while a few years ago we were merely groping for remedies, to-day we are in a position to know with some definiteness what we want and what we do not want.

Let us see what the actual present gain is. If we mix any venom with a strong enough solution of potassa or soda we destroy its power to kill. A solution of iodine or perchloride of iron has a like, but a lesser capacity, and so also has bromohydric acid; but by far the best of all, as was first shown by Lacerda, is permanganate of potash. If this agent be injected at once or soon through a hollow needle into the fang wound, wherever it touches the venom it destroys it. It also acts in like destructive fashion on the tissues; but, relatively speaking, this is a small matter. If at once we can cut off the circulation by a ligature and thus delay absorption and then use permanganate freely, we certainly lessen the chances of death; yet, as the bites occur usually when men are far from such help, it is but too often a futile aid, although it has certainly saved many lives. The first effect of venom is to lessen suddenly the pressure under which the blood is kept while in the vessels. Death from this cause must be rare, as it is active for so short a time. Any alcoholic stimulus would at this period be useful; but, despite the popular creed, it is now pretty sure that many men have been killed by the alcohol given to relieve them from the effects of snake bite, and it is a matter of record that men dead drunk with whisky and then bitten have died of the bite. For the consequences to the blood and to the nerve centers which follow an injection of venom there is, so far as I am aware, no antidote; but as to this I do not at all despair, and see clearly that our way to find relief is not by stupid trials of this sort and that, but by competently learning what we have to do. Moreover, we are in a position at present to say what not to do, and there is a large measure of gain in being able to dismiss to the limbo of the useless a host of so-called antidotes.

Venom is an albuminous complex substance, and although in its effects so unlike the albumens which make our tissues and circulate in the blood, it is yet so like these in composition that whatever alters it destructively is pretty sure to affect them in like fashion. Hence the agents which do good locally at some cost to the tissues are worse than valueless when sent after the venom into the circulating blood. Yet, possibly, we may hope to find remedies which will stimulate and excite the vital organs which venom enfeebles. In this direction lie our hopes of further help. Anything which delays the fatal effect of the poison is also a vast advantage in treatment, because there are agencies at work which seem to be active in renewing the blood and repairing the damage done to the tissues, so that recoveries are sometimes remarkably abrupt. It is possible that free bleeding followed by transfusion of healthy blood may prove efficient.

I am often asked what I would do if bitten while far from help. If the wound be at the tip of a finger, I should like to get rid of the part by some such prompt auto-surgical means as a knife or a possible hot iron affords. Failing these, or while seeking help, it is wise to quarantine the poison by two ligatures drawn tight enough to stop all circulation. The heart weakness is made worse by emotion, and at this time a man may need stimulus to enable him to walk home. As soon as possible some one should thoroughly infiltrate the seat of the bite with permanganate or other of the agents above mentioned. By working and kneading the tissues the venom and the antidote may be made to come into contact, and the former be so far destroyed. At this time it becomes needful to relax the ligatures to escape gangrene. This relaxation of course lets some venom into the blood-round, but in a few moments it is possible again to tighten the ligatures, and again to inject the local antidote. If the dose of venom be large and the distance from help great, except the knife or cautery little is to be done that is of value. But it is well to bear in mind that in this country a bite in the extremities rarely causes death. I have known of nine dogs having been bitten by as many snakes and of these dogs but two died. In India there would have been probably nine dead dogs.

S. Weir Mitchell.



THE BIBLE IN TENNYSON.

IT is safe to say that there is no other book which has had so great an influence upon the literature of the world as the Bible. And it is almost as safe — at least with no greater danger than that of starting an instructive discussion — to say that there is no other literature which has felt this influence so deeply or shown it so clearly as the English.

The cause of this latter fact is not far to seek. It may be, as a discontented French critic suggests, that it is partly due to the inborn and incorrigible tendency of the Anglo-Saxon mind to drag religion and morality into everything. But certainly this tendency would never have taken such a distinctly biblical form had it not been for the beauty and vigor of our common English version of the Scriptures. These qualities were felt by the people even before they were praised by the critics. Apart from all religious prepossessions, men and women and children were fascinated by the native power and grace of the book. The English Bible was popular, in the broadest sense, long before it was recognized as one of our noblest classics. It has colored the talk of the household and the street, as well as molded the language of scholars. It has been something more than "a well of English undefiled"; it has become a part of the spiritual atmosphere. We hear the echoes of its speech everywhere, and the music of its familiar phrases haunts all the fields and groves of our fine literature.

It is not only to the theologians and the sermon makers that we look for biblical allusions and quotations. We often find the very best and most vivid of them in writers professedly secular. Poets like Shakspere, Milton, and Wordsworth; novelists like Scott, and romancers like Hawthorne; essayists like Bacon, Steele, and Addison; critics of life, unsystematic philosophers, like Carlyle and Ruskin — all draw upon the Bible as a treasury of illustrations, and use it as a book equally familiar to themselves and to their readers. It is impossible to put too high a value upon such a universal volume, even as a purely literary possession. It forms a bond of sympathy between the most cultivated and the simplest of the people. The same book lies upon the desk of the scholar and in the cupboard of the peasant. If you touch upon one of its narratives, every one knows what you mean. If you allude to one of its characters or scenes, your readers' memory supplies an instant picture to illuminate your point. And so long as its words are studied by little children at their mother's knees and recognized by high critics as the model of pure English, we may be sure that neither the jargon of science nor the slang of ignorance will be able to create a shibboleth to divide the people of our common race. There will be a medium of communication in the language and imagery of the English Bible.

This much, by way of introduction, I have felt it necessary to say, in order to mark the spirit and purpose of this essay. For the poet whose works we are to study is at once one of the most scholarly and one of the most widely popular of English writers. At least one cause of his popularity is that there is so much of the Bible in Tennyson. How much, few even of his most ardent lovers begin to understand.

I do not know that the attempt has ever been made before to collect and collate all the scriptural allusions and quotations in his works, and to trace the golden threads which he has woven from that source into the woof of his poetry. The delight of "fresh woods and pastures new" — so rare in this over-explored age — has thus been mine. But I do not mean to let this delight misguide me into the error of trying to crowd all my gathered treasures into a single article. There are nearly three hundred direct references to the Bible in the poems of Tennyson; and simply to give a list of them might tax the patience of the gentlest magazine reader so heavily that it would vanish clean out of existence. It will be more prudent merely to offer, first, a few examples of scriptural quotation, and then a few specimens of scriptural illustration, and then to trace a few of the lines of thought and feeling in which Tennyson shows most clearly the influence of the Bible.

I.

ON the table at which I am writing lies the first publication which bears the name of Alfred Tennyson — a thin pamphlet in faded gray paper, containing the "Prolusiones Academicæ," recited at the University of Cambridge in 1829. Among them is one with the title, "Timbuctoo: A Poem which obtained the Chancellor's Medal, etc. By A. Tennyson, of Trinity College."

On the eleventh page, in a passage describing the spirit of poetry which fills the branches of the "great vine of Fable," we find these lines:

> There is no mightier Spirit than I to sway
> The heart of man; and teach him to attain
> By shadowing forth the Unattainable;
> And step by step to scale that mighty stair
> Whose landing-place is wrapt about with clouds
> Of glory of heaven.

And at the bottom of the page stands this footnote: "Be ye perfect, even as your Father in heaven is perfect."

This is the earliest biblical allusion which we can identify in the writings of Tennyson. Even the most superficial glance will detect its beauty and power. There are few who have not felt the lofty attraction of the teachings of Christ, in which the ideal of holiness shines so far above our reach, while we are continually impelled to climb towards it. Especially these very words about perfection, which he spoke in the Sermon on the Mount (Matt. v. 48), have often lifted us upward just because they point our aspirations to a goal so high that it seems inaccessible. The young poet who sets a jewel like this in his earliest work shows not only that he has understood the moral sublimity of the doctrine of Christ, but also that he has rightly conceived the mission of noble poetry—to idealize and elevate human life. Once and again in his later writings we see the same picture of the soul rising step by step

> To higher things,

and catch a glimpse of those vast altar-stairs

> That slope through darkness up to God.

In the poem entitled "Isabel"—one of the best in the slender volume of 1830—there is a line which reminds us that Tennyson must have known his New Testament in the original language. He says that all the fairest forms of nature are types of the noble woman whom he is describing—

> And thou of God in thy great charity.

No one who was not familiar with the Greek of St. Paul and St. John would have been bold enough to speak of the "charity of God." It is a phrase which throws a golden light upon the thirteenth chapter of the first epistle to the Corinthians and brings the human love into harmony and unison with the divine.

"The May Queen" is a poem which has sung itself into the hearts of the people everywhere. The tenderness of its sentiment and the exquisite cadence of its music have made it beloved in spite of its many faults. Yet I suppose that the majority of readers have read it again and again without recognizing that one of its most melodious verses is a nearly direct quotation from the third chapter of Job:

> And the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary
> are at rest.

This is one of the instances—by no means rare—in which the translators of our English Bible have fallen unconsciously into the rhythm of the most perfect poetry; and it is perhaps the best illustration of Tennyson's felicitous use of the words of the Scriptures.

But there are others, hardly less perfect, in the wonderful sermon which the rector in "Aylmer's Field" delivers after the death of Edith and Leolin. It is a mosaic of Bible language, most curiously wrought, and fused into one living whole by the heat of an intense sorrow. How like a heavy, dull refrain of prophetic grief and indignation recurs that dreadful text:

> Your house is left unto you desolate!

The solemn associations of the words lend the force of a superhuman and unimpassioned wrath to the preacher's language, and the passage stands as a monumental denunciation of

> The social wants that sin against the strength of youth.

Enoch Arden's parting words to his wife contain some beautiful fragments of Scripture embedded in the verse:

> Cast all your cares on God; that anchor holds.[1]
> Is he not yonder in those uttermost
> Parts of the morning? If I flee to these[2]
> Can I go from him? and the sea is his,
> The sea is his: he made it.[3]

The "Idylls of the King" are full of delicate and suggestive allusions to the Bible. Take, for instance, the lines from "The Holy Grail":

> For when the Lord of all things made himself
> Naked of glory for his mortal change.

Here is a commentary, most illuminative, on the sixth and seventh verses of the second chapter of Philippians. Or again, in the same Idyll, where the hermit says to Sir Percivale, after his unsuccessful quest,

> Thou hast not lost thyself to save thyself,

we are reminded of the words of Christ telling us the secret of all victory in spiritual things: "He that loseth his life . . . . shall find it."

In "The Coming of Arthur," while the trumpet blows and the city seems on fire with sunlight dazzling on cloth of gold, the long procession of knights passes before the king, singing its great song of allegiance. The Idyll is full of warrior's pride and delight of battle, clanging battle-ax and flashing brand — a true song for the heavy fighters of the days of chivalry. But it has also a higher touch, a strain of spiritual grandeur, which, although it may have no justification in an historical picture of the Round Table, yet serves to lift these knights of the poet's imagination into an ideal realm and set them marching as ghostly heroes of faith and loyalty through all ages.

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[1] 1 Peter, v. 7; Heb. vi. 19.
[2] Psalm cxxxix. 9.
[3] Psalm xcv. 5.

The king will follow Christ, and we the king.

Compare this line with the words of St. Paul: "Be ye followers of me, even as I also am of Christ." They teach us that the lasting devotion of men is rendered not to the human, but to the divine, in their heroes. He who would lead others must first learn to follow One who is higher than himself. Without faith it is not only impossible to please God, but also impossible to rule men. King Arthur is the ideal of one who has heard a secret word of promise and seen a vision of more than earthly glory, by virtue of which he becomes the leader and master of his knights, able to inspire their hopes and unite their aspirations and bind their service to himself.

And now turn to one of the last poems which Tennyson has given us — "Locksley Hall Sixty Years After." Sad enough is its lament for broken dreams, dark with the gloom of declining years, when the grasshopper has become a burden, and desire has failed, and the weary heart has grown afraid of that which is high; but at the close the old man rises again to the sacred strain:

Follow you the Star that lights a desert pathway, yours or mine.
Forward, till you see the highest Human Nature is divine.

Follow Light, and do the Right — for man can half-control his doom —
Till you find the deathless Angel seated in the vacant tomb.

II.

When we come to speak of the biblical scenes and characters to which Tennyson refers, we find so many that the difficulty is to choose. He has recognized the fact that an allusion wins half its power from its connection with the reader's memory and previous thought. In order to be forcible and effective it must be at least so familiar as to awaken a train of associations. An allusion to something which is entirely strange and unknown may make an author appear more learned, but it does not make him seem more delightful. Curiosity may be a good atmosphere for the man of science to speak in, but the poet requires a sympathetic medium. He should endeavor to touch the first notes of well-known airs, and then memory will supply the accompaniment to enrich his music. This is what Tennyson has done, with the instinct of genius, in his references to the stories and personages of the Bible.

His favorite allusion is to Eden and the mystical story of Adam and Eve. This occurs again and again, in "The Day Dream," "Maud," "In Memoriam," "The Gardener's Daughter," "The Princess," "Milton," "Geraint and Enid," and "Lady Clara Vere de Vere." The last instance is perhaps the most interesting, on account of a double change which has been made in the form of the allusion. In the edition of 1832, the first in which the poem appeared, the self-assertive peasant who refuses to become a lover says to the lady of high degree:

Trust me, Clara Vere de Vere,
From yon blue heavens above us bent
The gardener Adam and his wife
Smile at the claims of long descent.

In later editions this was altered to "The grand old gardener and his wife." But in this form the reference was open to misunderstanding. I remember a charming young woman who once told me that she had always thought the lines referred to some particularly pious old man who had formerly taken care of Lady Clara's flower-beds, and who now smiled from heaven at the foolish pride of his mistress. So perhaps it is just as well that Tennyson restored the line, in 1873, to its original form, and gave us "the gardener Adam" again, to remind us of the quaint distich —

When Adam dolve and Eve span,
Who was then the gentleman?

The story of Jephtha's daughter is another of the Old Testament narratives for which the poet seems to have a predilection. It is told with great beauty and freedom in "A Dream of Fair Women"; "Aylmer's Field" touches upon it; and it recurs again in "The Flight."

In "The Princess" we find the Queen of Sheba, Vashti, Miriam, Jael, Lot's wife, Jonah's gourd, and the Tower of Babel. And, if your copy of the Bible has the Apocrypha in it, you may add the story of Judith and Holofernes.

Esther appears in "Geraint and Enid," and Rahab in "Queen Mary." In "Godiva" we read of the Earl's heart

As rough as Esau's hand;

and in "Locksley Hall" we see the picture of the earth standing

At gaze like Joshua's moon in Ajalon.

The sonnet to "Bonaparte" recalls to our memory

Those whom Gideon schooled with briers.

In "The Palace of Art" we behold the handwriting on the wall at Belshazzar's Feast.

It would be impossible even to enumerate Tennyson's allusions to the life of Christ, from the visit of the Magi, which appears in "Morte d'Arthur" and "The Holy Grail," down to the lines in "Balin and Balan" which tell of

That same spear
Wherewith the Roman pierced the side of Christ.

But to my mind the most beautiful of all the references to the New Testament is the passage in "In Memoriam" which describes the reunion of Mary and Lazarus after his return from the grave. With what a human interest does the poet clothe the familiar story! How reverently and yet with what natural and simple pathos does he touch upon the more intimate relations of the three persons who are the chief actors. The question which has come a thousand times to every one who has lost a dear friend,—the question whether love survives in the other world, whether those who have gone before miss those who are left behind and have any knowledge of their grief,—this is the suggestion which brings the story home to us and makes it seem real and living.

When Lazarus left his charnel-cave,
And home to Mary's house returned,
Was this demanded—if he yearned
To hear her weeping by his grave?

"Where wert thou, brother, those four days?"
There lives no record of reply,
Which telling what it is to die
Had surely added praise to praise.

From every house the neighbors met,
The streets were filled with joyful sound,
A solemn gladness even crowned
The purple brows of Olivet.

Behold a man raised up by Christ!
The rest remaineth unrevealed;
He told it not; or something sealed
The lips of that Evangelist.

Then follows that marvelous description of Mary—a passage which has always seemed to me to prove the superiority of poetry, as an art, over painting and sculpture. For surely neither marble nor canvas has ever contained such a beautiful figure of devotion as that which breathes in these verses:

Her eyes are homes of silent prayer,
Nor other thought her mind admits
But, he was dead, and there he sits,
And He that brought him back is there.

Then one deep love doth supersede
All other, when her ardent gaze
Roves from the living brother's face
And rests upon the Life indeed.

All subtle thought, all curious fears,
Borne down by gladness so complete,
She bows, she bathes the Saviour's feet
With costly spikenard and with tears.

Thrice blest whose lives are faithful prayers,
Whose loves in higher love endure;
What souls possess themselves so pure,
Or is there blessedness like theirs?

It does not seem possible that the changing fashions of poetic art should ever make verses like these seem less exquisite, or that time should ever outwear the sweet and simple power of this conception of religion. There is no passage in literature which expresses more grandly the mystery of death, or shows more attractively the happiness of an unquestioning personal faith in Him who, alone of men, has solved it and knows the answer. I cannot bear to add anything to it by way of comment, except perhaps these words of Emerson: "Of immortality, the soul, when well employed, is incurious. It is so well, that it is sure it will be well. It asks no questions of the Supreme Being."

The poem of "Rizpah," which was first published in the volume of "Ballads," in 1880, is an illustration of dramatic paraphrase from the Bible (2 Sam. xxi. 8–10). The story of the Hebrew mother watching beside the dead bodies of her sons whom the Gibeonites had hanged upon the hill, and defending them night and day for six months from the wild beasts and birds of prey, is transformed into the story of an English mother, whose son has been executed for robbery and hung in chains upon the gibbet. She is driven wild by her grief; hears her boy's voice wailing through the wind, "O mother, come out to me"; creeps through the rain and the darkness to the place where the chains are creaking and groaning with their burden; gropes and gathers all that is left of what was once her child, and carries him home to bury him beside the churchyard wall. And then for her theft she breaks out in a passion of defense. It is a mother's love justifying itself against a cruel law. Those poor fragments which the wind and the rain had spared were hers by a right divine,—bone of her bone; she had nursed and cradled her baby, and all that was left belonged to her; justice had no claim which could stand against hers.

Theirs? O no! they are mine—not theirs—*they had moved in my side.*

A famous writer has said of this passage: "Nothing more piteous, more passionate, more adorable for intensity of beauty, was ever before this wrought by human cunning into the likeness of such words as words are powerless to praise."

III.

In trying to estimate the general influence of the Bible upon the thought and feeling of Tennyson we have a more delicate and difficult task. For the teachings of Christianity have become a part of the moral atmosphere of the age; and it is hard for us to tell just what any man would have been without them, or just how far they have made him what he is, while we are looking at him through the very same medium in which we ourselves are breathing. If we could get out of ourselves, if we could divest ourselves of all those views of God and duty and human life which we have learned so early that they seem to us natural and inevitable, we might perhaps be able to arrive at a more exact discrimination. But this would be to sacrifice a position of vital sympathy for one of critical judgment. The loss would be greater than the gain. It is just as well for the critic to recognize that he is hardly able to

> Sit as God holding no form of creed,
> But contemplating all.

Tennyson himself has described the mental paralysis, the spiritual distress, which follow that attempt. A critic ought to be free from prejudices, but surely not even for sake of liberty should he make himself naked of convictions. To float on wings above the earth will give one a bird's-eye view; but for a man's-eye view we must have a standing-place on the earth. And after all the latter may be quite as true, even though it is not absolutely colorless.

The effect of Christianity upon the poetry of Tennyson may be felt, first of all, in its general moral quality. By this it is not meant that he is always or often preaching, or drawing pictures

> To point a moral, or adorn a tale.

Didactic art sometimes misses its own end by being too instructive. We find in Tennyson's poems many narratives of action and descriptions of character which are simply left to speak for themselves and teach their own lessons. In this they are like the histories in the Book of Judges or the Books of the Kings. The writer takes it for granted that the reader has a heart and a conscience. Compare in this respect the perfect simplicity of the domestic idyl of "Dora" with the Book of Ruth.

But at the same time the poet can hardly help revealing, more by tone and accent than by definite words, his moral sympathies. Tennyson always speaks from the side of virtue, and not of that new and strange virtue which some of our later poets have exalted, and which, when it is stripped of its fine garments, turns out to be nothing else than the unrestrained indulgence of every natural impulse, but rather of that old-fashioned virtue whose laws are

> Self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control,

and which finds its highest embodiment in the morality of the New Testament. Read, for example, his poems which deal directly with the subject of marriage: "The Miller's Daughter," "Isabel," "Lady Clare," "The Lord of Burleigh," "Locksley Hall," "Love and Duty," "The Wreck," "Aylmer's Field," "Enoch Arden," the latter part of "The Princess," and many different passages of the "Idylls." From whatever side he approaches the subject, whether he is painting with delicate, felicitous touches the happiness of truly wedded hearts, or denouncing the sins of avarice and pride which corrupt the modern marriage-mart of society, or tracing the secret evil which poisoned the court of Arthur and shamed the golden head of Guinevere, his ideal is always the perfect union of two lives in one, "which is commended of St. Paul to be honorable among all men." To him woman seems loveliest when she has

> The laws of marriage charactered in gold
> Upon the blanched tablets of her heart;

and man noblest when he devotes his strength to some high and generous end, following it with absolute loyalty, and recognizing that

> Man's word is God in man.

The theology of Tennyson has been accused in some quarters of a pantheistic tendency; and it cannot be denied that there are expressions in his poems which seem to look in that direction, or at least to look decidedly away from the conception of the universe as a vast machine and its Maker as a supernatural machinist who has constructed the big watch and left it to run on by itself until it wears out. But surely this latter view, which fairly puts God out of the world, is not the view of the Bible. The New Testament teaches us, undoubtedly, to distinguish between him and his works, but it also teaches that he is in his works, or rather that all his works are in him. "In him," says St. Paul, "we live, and move, and have our being." Light is his garment. Life is his breath.

> God is law, say the wise; O Soul, and let us rejoice,
> For if He thunder by law the thunder is yet His
> voice.

But if I wished to prove, against those who doubted, Tennyson's belief in a living, spiritual God, immanent in the universe, yet not confused with it, I should turn to his doctrine of prayer. There are many places in his poems where prayer is not explained, but simply justified, as the highest activity of the human soul and a real bond between God and man. In these very lines on "The Higher Pantheism," from which I have just quoted, there is a verse which can be interpreted only as the description of a personal intercourse between the divine and the human:

> Speak to Him thou for He hears, and Spirit with Spirit can meet —
> Closer is He than breathing, and nearer than hands and feet.

Of Enoch Arden, in the dreadful loneliness of that rich island where he was cast away, it is said that

> Had not his poor heart
> Spoken with That, which being everywhere
> Lets none, who speaks with Him, seem all alone,
> Surely the man had died of solitude.

When he comes back, after the weary years of absence, to find his wife wedded to another and his home no longer his, it is by prayer that he obtains strength to keep his generous resolve to be silent and to bear the burden of his secret to the lonely end.

Edith, in the drama of "Harold," when her last hope breaks and the shadow of gloom begins to darken over her, cries:

> No help but prayer,
> A breath that fleets beyond this iron world,
> And touches Him that made it.

King Arthur, bidding farewell to the last of his faithful knights, says to him:

> Pray for my soul. More things are wrought by prayer
> Than this world dreams of. Wherefore, let thy voice
> Rise like a fountain for me night and day.
> For what are men better than sheep or goats
> That nourish a blind life within the brain,
> If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer
> Both for themselves and those who call them friend?
> For so the whole round earth is every way
> Bound by gold chains about the feet of God.

But lest any one should say that these passages are merely dramatic, and that they do not express the personal faith of the poet, turn to the solemn invocation in which he has struck the keynote of his greatest and most personal poem:

> Strong Son of God, immortal Love.

It is the poet's own prayer. No man could have written it save one who believed that God is Love, and that Love is incarnate in the person of Jesus Christ.

Next to the question of the reality of God comes the problem of human life and destiny. And this has a twofold aspect. First, in regard to the present world, is man moving upward or downward; is good stronger than evil, or evil stronger than good; is life worth living, or is it a cheat and a failure? Secondly, in regard to the future, is there any hope of personal continuance beyond death? To both of these inquiries Tennyson gives an answer which is in harmony with the teachings of the Bible.

He finds the same difficulties in the continual conflict between good and evil which are expressed in Job and Ecclesiastes. Indeed, so high an authority as Professor E. H. Plumptre has said that "the most suggestive of all commentaries" on the latter book are Tennyson's poems "The Vision of Sin," "The Palace of Art," and "The Two Voices." In the last of these he draws out in the form of a dialogue the strife between hope and despair in the breast of a man who has grown weary of life and yet is not ready to embrace death. For, after all, the sum of the reasons which the first voice urges in favor of suicide is that nothing is worth very much, no man is of any real value to the world, *il n'y a pas d'homme necessaire*, no effort produces any lasting result, all things are moving round and round in a tedious circle, — vanity of vanities,— if you are tired why not depart from the play? The tempted man — tempted to yield to the devil's own philosophy of pessimism — uses all arguments to combat the enemy, but in vain, or at least with only half-success, until at last the night is worn away; he flings open his window and looks out upon the Sabbath morn.

> The sweet church bells began to peal.
>
> On to God's house the people prest:
> Passing the place where each must rest,
> Each entered like a welcome guest.
>
> One walked between his wife and child,
> With measured footfall firm and mild,
> And now and then he gravely smiled.
>
> The prudent partner of his blood
> Leaned on him, faithful, gentle, good,
> Wearing the rose of womanhood.
>
> And in their double love secure,
> The little maiden walked demure,
> Pacing with downward eyelids pure.
>
> These three made unity so sweet
> My frozen heart began to beat,
> Remembering its ancient heat.
>
> I blest them, and they wandered on:
> I spoke, but answer came there none:
> The dull and bitter voice was gone.

And then comes another voice whispering of a secret hope, and bidding the soul "Rejoice! rejoice!" If we hear in the first part of the poem the echo of the saddest book of the Old Testament, do we not hear also in the last part the tones of Him who said: "Let not your heart be troubled: . . . . in my Father's house are many mansions: if it were not so, I would have told you"?

There are many places in the poems of Tennyson where he speaks with bitterness of the falsehood and evil that are in the world, the corruptions of society, the downward tendencies in human nature. He is in no sense a rose-water optimist. But he is in the truest sense a meliorist. He doubts not that

> Through the ages one increasing purpose runs,
> And the thoughts of men are widened with the process of the suns.

He believes that good

> Will be the final goal of ill.

He rests his faith upon the uplifting power of Christianity:

> But I count the gray barbarian lower than the Christian child.

He hears the bells at midnight tolling the death of the old year, and he calls them to

> Ring in the valiant man and free,
> The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
> Ring out the darkness of the land,
> Ring in the Christ that is to be.

In regard to the life beyond the grave, he asserts with new force and beauty the old faith in a personal immortality. The dim conception of an unconscious survival through the influence of our thoughts and deeds, which George Eliot has expressed in her poem of "The Choir Invisible," Tennyson finds

> Is faith as vague as all unsweet:
> Eternal form shall still divide
> The eternal soul from all beside;
> And I shall know him when we meet.

The Christian doctrine of a personal recognition of friends in the other world has never been more distinctly uttered than in these words. It is not, indeed, supported by any metaphysical arguments; nor are we concerned thus to justify it. Our only purpose now is to show—and after these verses who can doubt it?—that the poet has kept the faith which he learned in his father's house and at his mother's side.

On many other points I fain would touch, but must forbear. There is one more, however, on which the orthodoxy of the poet has been questioned, and by some critics positively denied. It is said that he has accepted the teachings of Universalism. A phrase from "In Memoriam,"—

> The larger hope,—

has been made a watch-word by those who defend the doctrine of a second probation, and a sign to be spoken against by those who reject it. Into this controversy I have no desire to enter. Nor is it necessary; for, whatever the poet's expectation may be, there is not a line in all his works that contradicts or questions the teachings of Christ, nor even a line that runs beyond the limit of human thought into the mysteries of the unknown and the unknowable. The wages of sin is death; the wages of virtue is to go on and not to die. This is the truth which he teaches on higher authority than his own. "The rest," as Hamlet says, "is silence." But what is the universal end of all these conflicts, these struggles, these probations? What the final result of this strife between sin and virtue? What the consummation of oppugnancies and interworkings? The poet looks onward through the mists and sees only God—

> That God, which ever lives and loves,
> One God, one law, one element,
> And one far-off divine event,
> To which the whole creation moves.

And if any one shall ask what this far-off divine event will be, we may answer in the words of St. Paul:

"For he must reign, till he hath put all his enemies under his feet. The last enemy that shall be abolished is death. For, He put all things in subjection under his feet. But when he saith, All things are put in subjection, it is evident that he is excepted who did subject all things unto him. And when all things have been subjected unto him, then shall the Son also himself be subjected to him that did subject all things unto him, *that God may be all in all.*"

And now, as we bring to a close this brief study of a subject which I trust has proved larger than it promised at first to those who had never looked into it, what are our conclusions? Or, if this word seem too exact and formal, what are our impressions in regard to the relations between Tennyson and the Bible?

It seems to me that we cannot help seeing that the poet owes a large debt to the Christian Scriptures, not only for their formative influence upon his mind and for the purely literary material in the way of illustrations and allusions which they have given him, but also, and more particularly, for the creation of a moral atmosphere, a medium of thought and feeling, in which he can speak freely and with assurance of sympathy to a very wide circle of readers. He does not need to be always explaining and defining. There is much that is taken for granted, much that goes without saying. What a world of unspoken convictions lies behind such poems as "Dora," and "Enoch Arden." Their beauty is not in themselves alone, but in the air that breathes around them, in the light that falls upon them from the faith of centuries. Christianity is something more than a system of doctrines; it is a life, a tone, a spirit, a great current of memories, beliefs, and hopes flowing through millions of hearts. And he who launches his words upon this current finds that they are carried with a strength beyond his own, and freighted oftentimes with a meaning which he himself has not fully understood as it flashed through him.

But, on the other hand, we cannot help seeing that the Bible gains a wider influence and a new power over men as it flows through the poet's mind upon the world. Its narratives and its teachings clothe themselves in modern forms of speech and find entrance into many places which otherwise were closed against them. I do not mean by this that poetry is better than the Bible, but only that poetry lends wings to Christian truth. People who would not read a sermon will read a poem. And though its moral and religious teachings may be indirect, though they may proceed by silent assumption rather than by formal assertion, they exercise an influence which is perhaps the more powerful because it is unconscious. The Bible is in continual danger of being desiccated by an exhaustive — and exhausting — scientific treatment. When it comes to be regarded chiefly as a compendium of exact statements of metaphysical doctrine, the day of its life will be over, and it will be ready for a place in the museum of antiquities. It must be a power in literature if it is to be a force in society. For literature, as a wise critic has defined it, is just "the best that has been thought and said in the world." And if this is true, literature is certain, not only to direct culture, but also to mold conduct.

Is it possible then for wise and earnest men to look with indifference upon the course of what is often called, with a slighting accent, mere *belles lettres?* We might as well be careless about the air we breathe or the water we drink. Malaria is no less fatal than pestilence. The chief peril which threatens the permanence of Christian faith and morals is none other than the malaria of modern letters — an atmosphere of dull, heavy, faithless materialism. Into this narcotic air the poetry of Tennyson blows like a pure wind from a loftier and serener height.

Henry van Dyke.

STATE CRIMINALS AT THE KARA MINES.

ON the morning after my first visit to the political convicts of the free command I called again at the little cabin of the Armfeldts, taking Mr. Frost with me. Major Potulof (Po'-too-loff) was expected back from Ust Kara (Oost Kah-rah') that night, and I knew his return would put a stop to my operations. It was important, therefore, that I should make the best possible use of the twelve or fourteen hours of freedom that still remained to me. I did not expect to be able to conceal from the authorities, for any great length of time, my intercourse with the political convicts. I was well aware that it must, sooner or later, be discovered, and all that I hoped to do was to get as much information as possible before the inevitable interference should come. There was some risk, of course, in visiting the houses of the free command openly by daylight; but we could not afford to waste any time in inaction, and I had promised Miss Armfeldt that I would return early that forenoon if not prevented by some unforeseen complication or embarrassment.

A brisk walk of fifteen or twenty minutes brought us to our destination, and we were admitted to the house by Miss Armfeldt herself. In the searching light of a clear, cold, winter morning, the little cabin, with its whitewashed log walls, plank floor, and curtainless windows, looked even more bare and cheerless than it had seemed to me when I first saw it. Its poverty-stricken appearance, moreover, was emphasized, rather than relieved, by the presence, in the middle of the room, of a large, rudely fashioned easel, upon which stood an unframed oil painting. There seemed to me something strangely incongruous in this association of art with penal servitude, this blending of luxury with extreme destitution, and as I returned Miss Armfeldt's greeting I could not help looking inquiringly at the picture and then at her, as if to ask, "How did you ever happen to bring an oil painting to the mines of Kara?" She understood my unspoken query, and, turning the easel half around so that I could see the picture, said: "I have been trying to make a portrait of my mother. She thinks that she must go back to Russia this year on account of her other children. Of course I shall never see her again,— she is too old and feeble to make another journey to

Eastern Siberia,—and I want something to recall her face to me when she has gone out of my life. I know that it is a bad portrait, and I am almost ashamed to show it to you; but I wish to ask your help. I have only a few colors, I cannot get any more, and perhaps Mr. Frost may be able to suggest some way of using my scanty materials to better advantage."

I looked at the wretched, almost ghastly, portrait in silence, but with a heart full of the deepest sympathy and pity. It bore a recognizable resemblance to the original, and showed some signs of artistic talent and training; but the canvas was of the coarsest and most unsuitable quality; the colors were raw and crude; and it was apparent, at a glance, that the artist had vainly struggled with insuperable difficulties growing out of a scanty and defective equipment. With the few tubes of raw color at her command she had found it impossible to imitate the delicate tints of living flesh, and the result of her loving labor was a portrait that Mr. Frost evidently regarded with despair, and that seemed to me to be little more than a ghastly caricature. It was pitiful to see how hard the daughter had tried, with wholly inadequate means of execution, to make for herself a likeness of the mother whom she was so soon to lose, and it was even more pitiful to think that before the close of another year the daughter would be left alone at the mines with this coarse, staring, deathlike portrait as her only consolation. I looked at the picture for a moment in silence, unable to think of any comment that would not seem cold or unsympathetic. Its defects were glaring, but I could not bring myself to criticize a work of love executed under such circumstances and in the face of such disheartening difficulties. Leaving Mr. Frost to examine Miss Armfeldt's scanty stock of brushes and colors, I turned to Mrs. Armfeldt and asked her how she had summoned up resolution enough, at her age, to undertake such a tremendous journey as that from St. Petersburg to the mines of Kara.

"I could not help coming," she said simply. "God knows what they were doing to people here. Nathalie was beaten by soldiers with the butt-ends of guns. Others were starving themselves to death. I could get only vague and alarming reports in St. Petersburg, and so I came here to see for myself. I could not bear to think of Nathalie living alone in the midst of such horrors."

"When did these things happen?" I inquired.

"In 1882 and 1883," she replied. "In May, 1882, eight prisoners made their escape, and after that the life of all the political convicts was made so hard that they finally declared a hunger strike and starved themselves thirteen days."

While Mrs. Armfeldt and I were talking Victor Castiurin (Kass-tyoo′rin), Madame Kolenkina (Ko-len′kin-ah), and two or three other political convicts entered the room, Miss Armfeldt brought out the samovar and gave us all tea, and the conversation became general. I should be glad, if I had the requisite space, to give the readers of THE CENTURY the same vivid and detailed account of life in the Kara prisons that was given me at Miss Armfeldt's house that day; but six or eight hours' conversation cannot be put into a single magazine article, and I must content myself, for the present, with a brief narrative of my personal experience, and a short outline sketch of the life of political convicts at the mines of Kara between the years 1880 and 1885.

I made my last call at the house of the Armfeldts on the afternoon of November 7, just twenty-four hours after I first entered it. I was well aware that the return of Major Potulof that night would put a stop to my visits, and that, in all probability, I should never see these unfortunate people again; while they, knowing that this was their last opportunity to talk with one who was going back to the civilized world and would meet their relatives and friends, clung to me with an eagerness that was almost pathetic. I promised the Armfeldts that I would call upon Count Leo Tolstoi and describe to him their life and circumstances,[1] left my address with them so that they might communicate with me should they ever have an opportunity to write, and took letters from them to their relatives in European Russia. It may perhaps seem to the reader that in carrying letters to and from political convicts in Siberia I ran an unnecessary and unjustifiable risk, inasmuch as the act was a penal offense, and if discovered would probably have led to our arrest, to the confiscation of all our papers, and, at the very least, to our immediate expulsion from the Empire under guard. I fully appreciated the danger, but, nevertheless, I could not refuse to take such letters. If you were a political convict at the mines, and had a wife or a mother in European Russia to whom you had not been allowed to write for years, and if I, an American traveler, should come to you and ask you to put yourself in my power and run the risk of recommittal to prison and leg-fetters by telling me all that I wanted to know, and if I should then refuse to carry a letter to your mother or your wife, you would think that I must be either very cowardly or very hard-hearted. I could not refuse to do it. If they were willing to run the risk of writing such letters, I was willing to run the risk of carrying them. I always consented, and sometimes volunteered to take them, although I was perfectly well aware that they would cause me many anxious hours.

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[1] I kept this promise, and told Count Tolstoi all that he seemed to care to hear with regard to the Armfeldts' situation. He manifested, however, a disinclination to listen to accounts of suffering among the political convicts in Eastern Siberia; would not read manuscripts that I brought expressly to show him; and said distinctly that while he felt sorry for many of the politicals, he could not help them, and was not at all in sympathy with their methods. They had resorted, he said, to violence, and they must expect to suffer from violence. I was told in Moscow that when Madame Uspenskaya (Oo-spen′ska-ya), wife of one of the political convicts at Kara, went to Count Tolstoi to solicit a contribution of money to be used in ameliorating, as far as possible, the condition of politicals at the mines, she met with a decided refusal. The Count was not willing, apparently, to show even a benevolent and charitable sympathy with men and women whose actions he wholly disapproved.

Just before dark I bade the Armfeldts and the other members of the free command good-bye, telling them that I should try to see them once more, but that I feared it would be impossible. Major Potulof did not return until midnight, and I did not see him until the next morning. We met for the first time at breakfast. He greeted me courteously, but formally, omitting the customary handshake, and I felt at once a change in the social atmosphere. After bidding me good-morning, he sat for ten or fifteen minutes looking moodily into his tea-cup without speaking a word. I had anticipated this situation and had decided upon a course of action. I felt sincere regard for Major Potulof, he had treated us very kindly, I understood perfectly that I had placed him in an awkward and unpleasant position, and I intended to deal with him frankly and honestly. I therefore broke the silence by saying that, during his absence, I had made the acquaintance of the political convicts of the free command.

"Yes," he said, without raising his eyes from his tea-cup, "I heard so; and," he continued, after a moment's pause, "it is my duty to say to you that you have acted very rashly."

"Why?" I inquired.

"Because," he replied, "the Government looks with great suspicion upon foreigners who secretly make the acquaintance of the political convicts. It is not allowed, and you will get yourself into serious trouble."

"But," I said, "no one has ever told me that it was not allowed. I can hardly be supposed, as a foreigner, to know that I have no right to speak to people who are practically at liberty, and whom I am liable to meet any day in the village street. The members of the free command are not in prison; they are walking about the settlement in freedom. Everybody else can talk to them; why cannot I?"

"I received a telegram," he said gravely, "from Governor Barabásh" (the governor of the territory of the Trans-Baikal in which the mines of Kara are situated), "saying that you were not to be allowed to see the political prison, and, of course, it was the governor's intention that you should not see the political convicts."

"You did not tell me so," I replied. "If you had told me that you had received such a telegram from the governor, it would have had great weight with me. I cannot remember that you ever intimated to me that I could not visit the members of the free command."

"I did not know that you were thinking of such a thing," he rejoined. "You said nothing about it. However," he continued, after a moment's pause, "it is Captain Nikolin's affair; he has the politicals in charge. All that I have to do is to warn you that you are acting imprudently and running a great risk."

I then explained to Major Potulof frankly why I had said nothing to him about my intentions, and why I had taken advantage of his absence to carry them into effect. If I had said to him beforehand that I wished or intended to see the political convicts, he would have been obliged either to approve or to disapprove. If he had disapproved, I, as his guest, should have been in honor bound to respect his wishes and authority; while, if he had approved, he would have incurred a responsibility for my illegal action that I did not wish to throw upon him. I admitted knowledge of the fact that my intercourse with the politicals would not have been permitted if it had been foreseen, and told him that my only reasons for making their acquaintance secretly in the way I had were first, to avoid interference, and secondly, to relieve him as far as possible from any suspicion of complicity. "Nobody now," I said, "can accuse you of having had anything to do with it. You were not here, and it is perfectly evident that I waited for the opportunity that your absence gave me." My explanation seemed to mollify him a little, and his old cordial manner gradually returned; but he warned me again that secret intercourse with political convicts, if I continued it, would almost certainly get me into trouble.

An hour or two after breakfast I was surprised and a little startled by the sudden reappearance of Captain Nikolin, the gendarme commandant of the political prison. He desired to see Major Potulof on business, and they were closeted together for half or three-quarters of an hour in the major's writing-room. I was, at the time, in another part of the house trying to write up my notes; but Mr. Frost was at work upon a crayon portrait of the major's children in the drawing-room, off which the writing-room opened. At the first opportunity after Captain Nikolin's departure Mr. Frost came to me in some anxiety and whispered to me that he had accidentally overheard a part of the conversation between Captain Nikolin and Major Potulof in the writing-room and that it indicated trouble. It related to my intercourse with the political convicts, and turned upon the question of searching our baggage and examining my papers and note-books. As Mr. Frost understood it, Captain Nikolin insisted that such an investigation was proper and necessary, while Major Potulof defended us, deprecated the proposed search, and tried to convince the gendarme officer that it would be injudicious to create such a scandal as an examination of our baggage would cause. The discussion closed with the significant remark from Nikolin that if the search were not made in Kara it certainly would be made somewhere else. Mr. Frost seemed to be much alarmed, and I was not a little troubled myself. I did not so much fear a search,— at least while we remained in Major Potulof's house,— but what I did fear was being put upon my word of honor by Major Potulof himself as to the question whether I had any letters from the political convicts. I thought it extremely probable that he would come to me at the first opportunity and say to me good-humoredly, "George Ivanovich, Captain Nikolin has discovered your relations with the political convicts; he knows that you spent with them the greater part of one night, and he thinks that you may have letters from them. He came here this morning with a proposition to search your baggage. Of course, as you are my guests, I defended you and succeeded in putting him off; but I think under the circumstances it is only fair you should assure me, on your word of honor, that you have no such letters."

In such an exigency as that I should have to do one of two things — either lie outright, upon my word of honor, to the man in whose house I was a guest, or else betray people who had trusted me, and for whom I had already come to feel sincere sympathy and affection. Either alternative was intolerable — unthinkable — and yet I must decide upon some course of action at once. The danger was imminent, and I could not bring myself to face either of the alternatives upon which I should be forced if put upon my word of honor. I might perhaps have had courage enough to run the risk, so far as my own papers were concerned, but I knew that the letters in my possession, if discovered, would send Miss Armfeldt and all the other writers back into prison; would leave poor, feeble Mrs. Armfeldt alone in a penal settlement with a new sorrow; and would lead to a careful examination of all my papers, and thus bring misfortune upon scores of exiles and officers in other parts of Siberia who had furnished me with documentary materials. All the rest of that day I was in a fever of anxiety and irresolution. I kept, so far as possible, out of Major Potulof's way; gave him no opportunity to speak to me alone; went to bed early on plea of a headache; and spent a wretched and sleepless night trying to decide upon a course of action. I thought of about a dozen different methods of concealing the letters, but concealment would not meet the emergency. If put upon my word of honor I should have to admit that I had them, or else lie in the most cowardly and treacherous way. I did not dare to mail them, since all the mail matter from the house passed through Major Potulof's hands, and by giving them to him I might precipitate the very inquiries I wished to avoid. At last, just before daybreak, I decided to destroy them. I had no opportunity, of course, to consult the writers, but I felt sure that they would approve my action if they could know all the circumstances. It was very hard to destroy letters upon which those unfortunate people had hung so many hopes,— letters that I knew would have such priceless value to fathers, mothers, sisters, and brothers in Russia,— but there was nothing else to be done. The risk of keeping them had become too great to be justifiable.

As soon as I had come to a decision, I was confronted by the question, "How are the letters to be destroyed?" Since the discovery of my secret relations with the political convicts I had been more closely watched than ever. My room had no door that could be closed, but was separated from the hall, and from Major Potulof's sitting-room, merely by a light portière. Its large curtainless window was almost on a level with the ground, and an armed sentry, who stood night and day at the front entrance of the house, could see through it. If I tore the letters into small bits, they might be found and pieced together. If I burned them, the odor of the burning paper would be at once diffused through the house; and, besides that, I was likely to be caught in the act, either by the sentry, or by Major Potulof himself, who, on one pretext or another, was constantly coming into my room without knock or announcement. There happened to be in the room a large brick oven, and about half an hour after I got up that morning a soldier came in to make a fire in it. The thought at once occurred to me that by watching for a favorable opportunity, when Major Potulof was talking with Mr. Frost in the sitting-room and the sentry was out of sight, I could throw the letters unobserved into this fire. As I walked out into the hall to see that the coast was clear there, I noiselessly unlatched the iron door of the oven and threw it ajar. Then returning and assuring myself that the sentry was not in a position to look through the window, I tossed the letters quickly into the oven upon a mass of glowing coals. Five minutes later there was not a trace of them left. I then erased or put into cipher many of the names of persons in my note-books and prepared myself, as well as I could, for a search.

There were two things in my personal experience at the mines of Kara that I now particularly regret, and one of them is the burning of these letters. I did not see the political convicts again, I had no opportunity to explain to them the circumstances under which I acted; and explanations, even if I could make them, are now, in many cases, too late. Miss Nathalie Armfeldt died of prison consumption at the mines in less than a year after I bade her good-bye, and the letters from her that I destroyed were perhaps the last that she had an opportunity to write. I was not put upon my word of honor, I was not searched, and I might have carried those letters safely to their destination, as I afterward carried many others.

The other unfortunate thing in my Kara experience was my failure to see Dr. Edward Veimar, one of the most distinguished political convicts in the free command, who at the time of our visit was dying of prison consumption. He was a surgeon, about thirty-five years of age, and resided, before his exile, in a large house on the Nevski Prospekt near the Admiralty Place in St. Petersburg. He was a man of wealth and high social position, and was at one time a personal friend of Her Majesty, the present Tsaritsa. He was in charge of her field hospital throughout the Russo-Turkish war of 1877–78; was made a cavalier of the order of St. Anne for distinguished services in that campaign; received three or four crosses of honor for gallantry on the field of battle; and was greatly beloved by General Gourko, with whom he made the passage of the Balkans. He was condemned as a revolutionist upon the flimsiest possible circumstantial evidence, and, after a year's imprisonment in one of the casemates of the Petropavlovski[1] fortress, was sent to the mines of Kara. At the time of his trial, the London "Times," in a column editorial upon his case, said:

> Our correspondent at St. Petersburg, in a dispatch we publish this morning, telegraphs the sentences passed yesterday on the prisoners charged with participation in the Nihilist conspiracy. Western observers can see in these state trials at St. Petersburg nothing but a shameful travesty of justice. The whole of these proceedings are an example of the way in which any one can govern by the aid of a state of siege. Military justice has had, as a rule, the merit of being sharp and sudden, but the military justice of the Russian courts has been as cruel in its dilatoriness as grossly illogical in its method and terribly severe in its sentences. . . . Among the accused who were condemned yesterday, Dr. Weimar was in every way a man of whom his country seemed to have reason to be proud. He is in personal bearing a gallant gentleman. As a physician he has devoted his time and skill to the service of his suffering countrymen. He is (or was till yesterday, for to-day he is a drudge in the deadly mines) decorated with Russian and Roumanian orders, and with the medal for the Turkish war. He was with the troops who crossed the Balkans under Gourko — a splendid feat of arms. The charges against this gentleman, the way in which the case was got up and pressed, would seem exaggerated in the wildest burlesque. The humors of injustice were never carried so far, if we may trust the reports of the trial, by Bunyan's *Mr. Justice Hategood* or Rabelais's *Grippeminaud*. . . . Witnesses were brought forward to speak to the character of Dr. Weimar. Their testimony was a shower of praises, both as to his moral character and his bravery in war. This was inconvenient for the prosecution. Supposing the charges against Dr. Weimar true, it would appear that an exemplary citizen so despaired of the condition of his country that he conspired with miscreants like Solovioff and aided other dastardly assassins. It might have been surmised that the prosecution would bring evidence to damage the character of the accused, or at least to show that the praise heaped on him was undeserved. Nothing of the sort. The prosecutor said, "Gentlemen, I could have produced a series of witnesses whose testimony would have been quite the reverse. Unfortunately, all of them are absent." A military court could hardly avoid taking the word of the presiding general, but the whole proceeding, the whole conception of testimony and justice, are only to be paralleled in the burlesque trial witnessed by Alice in Mr. Carroll's fairy tale. . . . No case could bear more direct evidence to the terrible condition of Russian society and Russian justice. Either a man who seems to have been an exemplary citizen in other respects was driven by despotism into secret and dastardly treason, or Dr. Weimar is falsely condemned and unjustly punished. In either alternative, if the reports of his trial are correct, that trial was a scandal even to military law.

The Crown Princess Dagmar (now the Empress), whose hospital Dr. Veimar had managed during the Russo-Turkish war, took a deep personal interest in him, and was a firm believer in his innocence; but even she could not save him. When she came to the throne, however, as Empress, in 1881, she sent Colonel Nord to the mines of Kara to see Dr. Veimar and offer him his freedom upon condition that he give his word of honor not to engage in any activity hostile to the Government. Dr. Veimar replied that he would not so bind himself while he was in ignorance of the state of affairs under the new Tsar (Alexander III.). If the Government would allow him to return to St. Petersburg, on parole or under guard, and see what the condition of Russia then was, he would give them a definite answer to their proposition; that is, he would accept freedom upon the terms offered, or he would go back to the mines. He would not, however, bind himself to anything until he had had an opportunity to ascertain how Russia was then being governed. Colonel Nord had a number of interviews with him, and tried in every way to shake his resolution, but without avail.

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[1] Used as an adjective, the word has the *i*. The Russians use the word thus, "Petropavlovski fortress," "fortress of Petropavlovsk"— in one case with the *i*, and in the other without.

When Mr. Frost and I reached the mines of Kara, Dr. Veimar had been released from prison on a ticket of leave, but was dying of consumption brought on by the intolerable conditions of Siberian prison life. The political convicts wished and proposed to take me to see him the night that I was at Miss Armfeldt's house, but they represented him as very weak, hardly able to speak aloud, and likely at any moment to die; and after I saw the effect that my sudden appearance produced upon Miss Armfeldt and the other politicals who were comparatively well, I shrunk from inflicting upon a dying man, at midnight, such a shock of surprise and excitement. I had occasion afterward bitterly to regret my lack of resolution. Dr. Veimar died before I had another opportunity to see him, and six months afterward, when I returned to St. Petersburg on my way home from Siberia, I received a call from a cultivated and attractive young woman to whom, at the time of his banishment, he was engaged. She had heard that I was in Kara when her betrothed died, and she had come to me hoping that I had brought her a letter, or at least some farewell message from him. She was making preparations, in November of the previous year, to undertake a journey of four thousand miles alone, in order to join him at the mines and marry him, when she received a telegram from Captain Nikolin briefly announcing his death. Although more than six months had elapsed since that time, she had heard nothing else. Neither Dr. Veimar before his death, nor his convict friends after his death, had been permitted to write to her, and upon me she had hung her last hopes. How hard it was for me to tell her that I *might* have seen him — that I *might* have brought her, from his death-bed, one last assurance of love and remembrance, but that I had not done so, the reader can perhaps imagine. I have had some sad things to do in my life, but I think this was the saddest duty that ever was laid upon me.

I afterward spent a whole evening with her at her house. She related to me the story of Dr. Veimar's heroic and self-sacrificing life, read me letters that he had written to her from battlefields in Bulgaria, and finally, with a face streaming with tears, brought out and showed to me the most sacred and precious relic of him that she had — a piece of needlework that he had made in his cell at the mines, and had succeeded in smuggling through to her as a present and token of remembrance and love. It was a strip of coarse cloth, such as that used for convict shirts, about three inches wide and nearly fifty feet in length, embroidered from end to end in tasteful geometrical patterns with the coarsest and cheapest kind of colored linen thread.

"Mr. Kennan," she said to me, trying in vain to choke down her sobs, "imagine the thoughts that have been sewn into that piece of embroidery!"

We remained at the mines of Kara four or five days after our last visit to the house of the Armfeldts, but as we were constantly under close surveillance, we could accomplish nothing. All that there is left for me to do, therefore, is to throw into systematic form the information that I obtained there, and to give, in this and the following paper, a few chapters from the long and terrible history of the Kara penal establishment.[1]

The Russian Government began sending state criminals to the mines of Kara in small numbers as early as 1873, but it did not make a regular practice of so doing until 1879. Most of the politicals condemned to penal servitude before the latter date were held either in the "convict section" of the Petropavlovski fortress at St. Petersburg, or in the solitary-confinement cells of the Central Convict Prison at Kharkoff. As the revolutionary movement, however, grew more and more serious and widespread, and the prisons of European Russia became more and more crowded with political offenders, the Minister of the Interior began to transfer the worst class of hard-labor state criminals to the mines of Kara, where they were imprisoned in buildings intended originally for common felons.[1] In December, 1880, there were about fifty political convicts in the Kara prisons, while nine men who had finished their term of probation were living outside the prison walls in little huts and cabins of their own. Most of the male prisoners were forced to go with the common felons to the gold placers; but as the hours of labor were not unreasonably long, they regarded it as a pleasure and a privilege, rather than a hardship, to get out of the foul atmosphere of their prison cells and work six or eight hours a day in the sunshine and the open air.

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[1] Nearly all the statements made in the following pages have been carefully verified, and most of them rest upon unimpeachable official testimony. There may be trifling errors in some of the details, but, in the main, the story of which this is one chapter can be proved, even in a Russian court of justice. The facts with regard to Colonel Kononovich (Kon-on-o′vitch) and his connection with the Kara prisons and mines were obtained partly from political convicts and partly from officials in Kara, Chita (Chee′tah), Irkutsk, and St. Petersburg. The letter in which Kononovitch resigned his position as governor of the Kara penal establishment is still on file in the Ministry of the Interior, and all the circumstances of his retirement are known, not only to the political convicts, but to many of the officials with whom I have talked. I regret that I am restrained by prudential and other considerations from citing my authorities. I could greatly strengthen my case by showing — as I might show — that I obtained my information from persons fully competent to furnish it, and persons whose positions were a sufficient guarantee of impartiality.

The officer in command of the Kara penal establishment at that time was Colonel Kononovich, a highly educated, humane, and sympathetic man, who is still remembered by many a state criminal in Eastern Siberia with gratitude and respect. He was not a revolutionist, nor was he in sympathy with revolution; but he recognized the fact that many of the political convicts were refined and cultivated men and women, who had been exasperated and frenzied by injustice and oppression, and that although their methods might be ill-judged and mistaken, their motives, at least, were disinterested and patriotic. He treated them, therefore, with kindness and consideration, and lightened so far as possible for every one of them the heavy burden of life. There were in the Kara prisons at that time several state criminals who, by order of the gendarmerie and as a disciplinary punishment, had been chained to wheelbarrows.[2] Colonel Kononovich could not bear to see men of high character and education subjected to so degrading and humiliating a punishment; and although he could not free them from it without authority from St. Petersburg, he gave directions that they should be released from their wheelbarrows whenever he made a visit of inspection to the prison, so that at least he should not be compelled to see them in that situation. The humane disposition and sensitiveness to human suffering of which this is an illustration characterized all the dealings of Colonel Kononovich with the political convicts; and so long as he was permitted to treat them with reasonable kindness and consideration he did so treat them, because he recognized the fact that their life was hard enough at best. Late in the year 1880, however, the Minister of the Interior began to issue a series of orders intended, apparently, to restrict the privileges of the state criminals and render their punishment more severe. They were forbidden, in the first place, to have any written communication whatever with their relatives. To such of them as had wives, children, fathers, or mothers in European Russia this of itself was a terrible as well as an unjustifiable privation. Then they were forbidden to work in the gold placers, and were thus deprived of the only opportunity they had to see the outside world, to breathe pure, fresh air, and to strengthen and invigorate their bodies with exercise. Finally, about the middle of December, 1880, the governor received an order to abolish the free command, send all its members back into prison, half shave their heads, and put them again into chains and leg-fetters.[3] Colonel Kononovich regarded this order as unneces-

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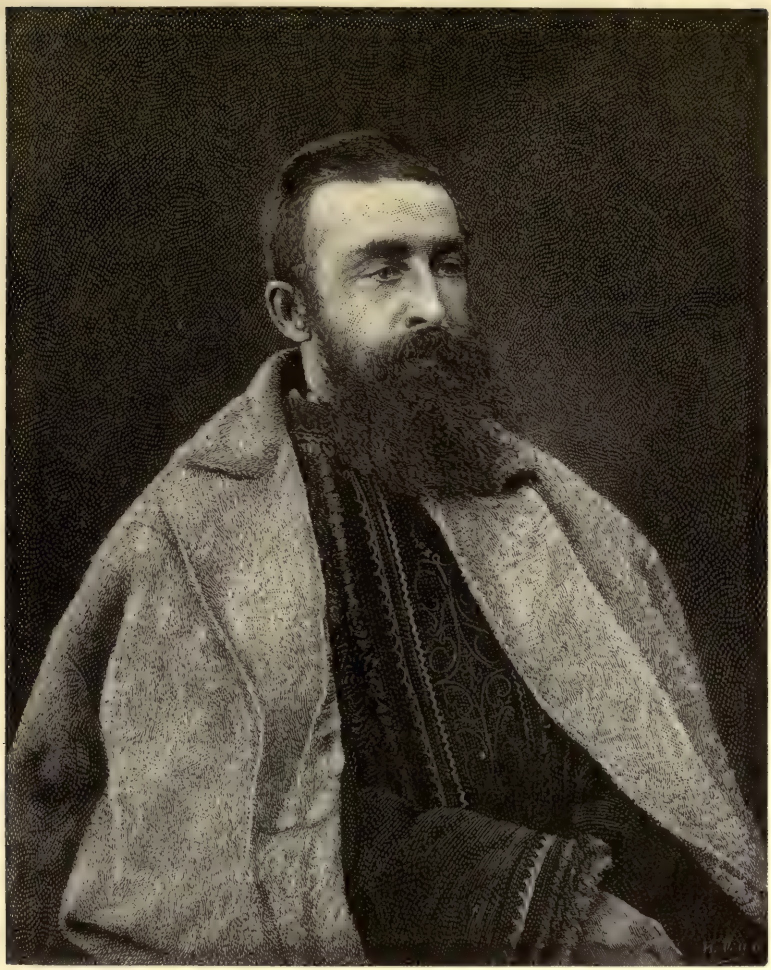
[1] The political prison was not in existence at that time, and the state criminals were distributed among the common-criminal prisons, where they occupied what were called the "secret" or solitary-confinement cells. At a somewhat later period an old detached building in Middle Kara was set apart for their accommodation, and most of them lived together there in a single large kamera. They were treated in general like common convicts, were required to work every day in the gold placers, and at the expiration of their term of probation were released from confinement and enrolled in the free command.

[2] This is a punishment still authorized by law, and one still inflicted upon convicts who are serving out life sentences. The prisoner is fastened to a small miner's wheelbarrow by a chain, attached generally to the middle link of his leg-fetter. This chain is long enough to give him some freedom of movement, but he cannot walk for exercise, nor cross his cell, without trundling his wheelbarrow before him. Even when he lies down to sleep, the wheelbarrow remains attached to his feet. Four politicals have been chained to wheelbarrows at Kara, namely: Popeko, Berezniuk, Fomichef, and Shchedrin. The last of them was not released until 1884. Whether or not any have been thus punished since that time I do not know.

[3] All of these orders were issued while the liberal Loris Melikof was Minister of the Interior, and I have never been able to get any explanation of the inconsistency between his general policy towards the Liberal party and his treatment of condemned state criminals. Some of the officials whom I questioned in Siberia said without hesitation it was the minister's intention to make the life of the political convicts harder; while others thought that he acted without full information and upon the assumption that modern politicals were no more deserving of sympathy than were the Decembrists of 1825. The Decembrist conspirators — although high nobles — were harshly treated, therefore Nihilists should be harshly treated. Many of the political exiles whom I met in Siberia regarded Melikof's professions of sympathy with the liberal and reforming party as insincere and hypocritical; but my own impression is that he acted in this case upon somebody's advice, without giving the matter much thought or consideration.



DR. VEIMAR.

sarily and even brutally severe, and tried in every way to have it rescinded or modified. His efforts, however, were unavailing, and on the 28th of December he called the members of the free command together, read the order to them, told them that he had failed to obtain any modification of it, and said that he would, on his own personal responsibility, allow them three days more of freedom in which to settle up their domestic affairs. On the morning of January 1, 1881, they must report at the prison. To all the members of the free command this order was a terrible blow. For two years they had been living in comparative freedom in their own little cabins, many of them with their wives and children, who had made a journey of five thousand miles across Siberia in order to join them. At three days' warning they were to be separated from their families, sent back into prison, and put again into chains and leg-fetters. Some of them were leaving their wives and children alone and unprotected in a penal settlement, some of them were broken in health and could not expect to live long in the close confinement of a prison kamera, and all of them looked forward with dread to the chains, leg-fetters, foul air, vermin, and miseries innumerable of prison life.

In the free command was living at this time a young lawyer, thirty-three years of age, named Eugene Semyonofski (Sem-yon′of-skee). He was the son of a well-known surgeon in Kiev, and had been condemned to penal servitude for having been connected in some way with the "underground" revolutionary journal "Onward." He was a man of high character and unusual ability, had had a university training, and at the time of his arrest was practicing law in St. Petersburg. After four or five years of penal servitude at the mines his health gave way, and in 1879 he was released from prison and enrolled in the free command. At the last meeting of the political convicts and their wives, on New Year's Eve, it was noticed that Semyonofski seemed to be greatly depressed, and that when they parted he bade his comrades good-bye with unusual manifestations of emotion and affection. About 2 o'clock that morning Mr. Charushin (Charoo'shin), a political convict in whose little cabin Semyonofski was living, was awakened by the report of a pistol, and rushing into the room of Semyonofski found that the latter had shot himself through the head. He was still living, but he did not recover consciousness, and died in about an hour. On the table lay a letter addressed to his father, with a note to Charushin asking him to forward it, if possible, to its destination. The letter was as follows:

MINES OF KARA,
Night of December 31, January 1, 1880–1.

MY DEAR FATHER: I write you just after my return from watching the old year out and the new year in with all my comrades. We met, this new year, under melancholy and disheartening circumstances. You have probably received a letter from the wife of one of my comrades, whom I requested to inform you that we had been forbidden thenceforth to write letters to any one—even our parents. Senseless and inhuman as that prohibition was, there awaited us something much worse—something that I knew nothing about when that letter was written. Ten days or so after we received notice of the order forbidding us to write letters, we were informed that we were all to be returned to prison and confined in chains and leg-fetters. There are nine men of us, namely: Shishko, Charushin, Kviatkovski, Uspenski, Soyuzof, Bogdanof, Terentief, Tevtul, and I; and we have all been living about two years in comparative freedom outside the prison. We expected something of this kind from the very day that we heard of the order of Loris Melikof prohibiting our correspondence; because there was in that order a paragraph which led us to fear that we should not be left in peace. To-morrow we are to go back to prison. But for the faith that Colonel Kononovich has in us we should have been arrested and imprisoned as soon as the order was received; but he trusted us and gave us a few days in which to settle up our affairs. We have availed ourselves of this respite to meet together, for the last time in freedom, to watch the old year out and the new year in. I shall avail myself of it for yet another purpose. I do not know whether the carrying out of that purpose will, or will not, be a betrayal of the confidence that Colonel Kononovich has reposed in us; but even if I knew that it would be such a betrayal I should still carry out my purpose.

It may be that some one who reads the words "they are going back to prison" will compare us to sheep, submissively presenting their throats to the knife of the butcher; but such a comparison would be a grievously mistaken one. The only means of escape from such a situation as ours is in flight—and how and whither could we fly, in a temperature of thirty-five degrees below zero, and without any previous preparation for such an undertaking? The reason why no preparations have been made you know, if you received the letter that I wrote you last August.

My own personal determination was to attempt an escape if the order for our return to prison should come in the spring, when it would be possible to escape, and to do it, not on the spur of the moment, but after serious preparation. It has not, however, happened so. In the mean time I feel that my physical strength is failing day by day. I know that my weakness must soon have its effect upon my mental powers, and that I am threatened with the danger of becoming a complete imbecile—and all this while I am living outside the prison. The question arises, what would become of me *in* prison? My whole life rests on the hope of returning some time to Russia and serving, with all my soul, the cause of right and justice to which I long ago devoted myself; but how can that cause be served by a man who is mentally and physically wrecked? When the hope of rendering such service is taken away from me, what is there left? Personal self-justification? But before the moment comes for anything like complete satisfaction of that desire, they can put me ten times to the torture. I have, therefore, come to the conclusion that there is no longer anything to live for—that I have earned the right, at last, to put an end to sufferings that have become aimless and useless. I have long been tired—deathly tired—of life; and only the thought of home has restrained me, hitherto, from self-destruction. I know that I am about to cause terrible grief, Sasha,[1] to you, and to all who love me; but is not your love great enough to forgive the suicide of a man tortured to the last extremity? Understand that, for God's sake! I have been literally tortured to death during these last years. For the sake of all that you hold dear, I beseech you to forgive me! You must know that my last thoughts are of you—that if I had a little more strength I would live out my life, if only to save you from further suffering; but my strength is exhausted. There is nothing left for me to do but to go insane or die; and the latter alternative is, after all, better than the former.

Good-bye forever, my dear, kind, well-remembered father and friend! Good-bye, Sasha, and you my younger brother, whom I know so little. Remember that it is better to die, even as I die, than to live without being able to feel one's self a man of principle and honor.

Once more, good-bye! Do not think ill of your unhappy son and brother, who, even in his unhappiness, finds consolation.

EUGENE.

All that was mortal of Eugene Semyonofskï now lies in the political convicts' burying-ground on a lonely hill known as "The Convict's Head" in Eastern Siberia. The unpainted wooden cross that marks his grave will soon decay, and then nothing will remain to show where lie the ashes of a man whose brilliant talents, high standards of duty, and intense moral earnestness might have made him an

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[1] "Sasha" was Semyonofski's brother Alexander.

MME. KAVALÉFSKAYA.

honor to his country and an invaluable worker in the cause of freedom and humanity.

Of course Colonel Kononovich was greatly shocked by Semyonofski's suicide, but this was only the beginning of the series of tragedies that resulted from an enforcement of the Government's orders concerning the treatment of the political convicts.

Very soon after Semyonofski's suicide, Mr. Rodin, another political convict, poisoned himself to death by drinking water in which he had soaked the heads of matches; Mr. Uspenski (Oo-spen′skee) hanged himself in the bath-house; and Madame Kavaléfskaya, sister of one of the best known political economists in Russia,[1] went insane, shrieked constantly, broke the windows of her cell, and was so violent that it became necessary to confine her in a strait-jacket.

Colonel Kononovich was too warm-hearted and sympathetic a man not to be profoundly moved by such terrible evidences of human misery. He determined to resign his position as governor of the Kara penal establishment, whatever might be the consequences; and in pursuance of this determination he wrote to the Governor-General of Eastern Siberia and to the Minister of the Interior a very frank and bold letter, in which he said that he regarded the late instructions of the Government concerning the treatment of the political convicts as not only impolitic but cruel. If they wanted an officer who would treat the politicals in

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[1] Mr. V. Vorontsof (Vor-on-tsof′), author of "The Destiny of Capital in Russia" and of a large number of articles upon political economy in the Russian magazines "European Messenger," "Annals of the Fatherland," and "Russian Thought."

OLD MILL NEAR KARA.

accordance with the spirit of such instructions, they had best send a hangman there. He, himself, was not a hangman; he could not enforce such orders without doing violence to all his feelings, and he must therefore ask to be relieved of his command. The resignation was accepted, and in the summer of 1881 Colonel Kononovich left the mines of Kara, and some time afterwards returned to St. Petersburg. As he passed through Irkutsk he had an interview with Governor-General Anuchin (An-noo′chin), in the course of which the latter said to him, rather coldly and contemptuously, "Of course, Colonel Kononovich, a man holding such views as you do could not be expected to act as governor of the Kara prisons and mines, and I doubt whether such a man can hold any position whatever in the Government service."

"Very well," replied Kononovich, "then I will get out of it."

Soon after his arrival in St. Petersburg, Colonel Kononovich had an interview with Mr. Durnovo (Door′no-vo), Assistant Minister of the Interior, in the course of which he said to the latter, "I did not relax any necessary discipline at Kara, nor did I violate or neglect to enforce any law. If you want to have good order among the political convicts at the mines, and to have your Government respected, you will have to send there men with convictions like mine. That I had no selfish aims in view you can understand from the fact that the course I pursued was dangerous to me. You have probably received not a few accusations made against me by other officers. I am not afraid of accusations, nor of opposition, but I do fear my own conscience, and I am not willing to do anything that would lose me its approval. The Government, by its orders, made it impossible for me to serve as governor of the Kara prisons and at the same time keep an approving conscience, and I therefore asked to be relieved. If I should be ordered there again I would act in precisely the same way."

The subsequent history of the Kara penal establishment, which I shall give in a later article, must have made Mr. Durnovo think many times of these brave, frank words.

I have not been able to speak favorably of many Siberian prisons, nor to praise many Siberian officials; but it affords me pleasure to say that of Colonel Kononovich I heard little that was not good. Political convicts, honest officers, and good citizens everywhere united in declaring that he was a humane, sympathetic, and warm-hearted man, as well as a fearless, intelligent, and absolutely incorruptible official. Nearly all the improvement that has been made in the Kara penal establishment within the past quarter of a century was made during Colonel Kononovich's term of service as governor. In view of these facts I regret to have to say that he was virtually driven out of Siberia by the worst and most corrupt class of Russian bureaucratic officials. He was called "weak" and "sentimental"; he was accused of being a "socialist"; he was said to be in sympathy with the views of the political convicts; and the ispravnik of Nerchinsk openly boasted, in the official club of that city, that he would yet "send Colonel Kononovich to the province of Yakutsk with a yellow diamond on his back." How ready even high officers of the Siberian administration were to entertain the most trivial charges against him may be inferred from the following anecdote. During the last year of his service at Kara there came to the mines a political convict, hardly out of his teens, named Bibikof (Bee′bee-koff). As a consequence of long-continued suffering and ill-treatment on the road, this young man was as wild, suspicious, and savage as a trapped wolf. He seemed to regard all the world as his enemies, and glared at every officer as if he expected a blow, was half afraid of it, but was prepared to die fighting. Colonel Kononovich received him courteously and kindly; sent the wife of one of the political exiles to him with clean fresh underclothing; attended generally to his physical needs, and finally said to him, "Remember that nobody here will insult you or ill-treat you." The young convict was greatly surprised by such a reception, and in a letter that he subsequently wrote to a friend in European Russia he said, "I am glad to know, from the little acquaintance I have had with Kononovich, that a Russian colonel is not necessarily a beast." This letter fell into the hands of the police in European Russia, was forwarded through the Ministry of the Interior to General Ilyashevich (Ill-yah-shay′vitch), the governor of the Trans-Baikal, and was sent by that officer to Colonel Kononovich with a request for an "explanation." It seemed to be regarded as documentary evidence that the governor of the Kara prisons was on suspiciously friendly terms with the political convicts. Kononovich paid no attention to the communication. Some months later he happened to visit Chita on business, and Gov-

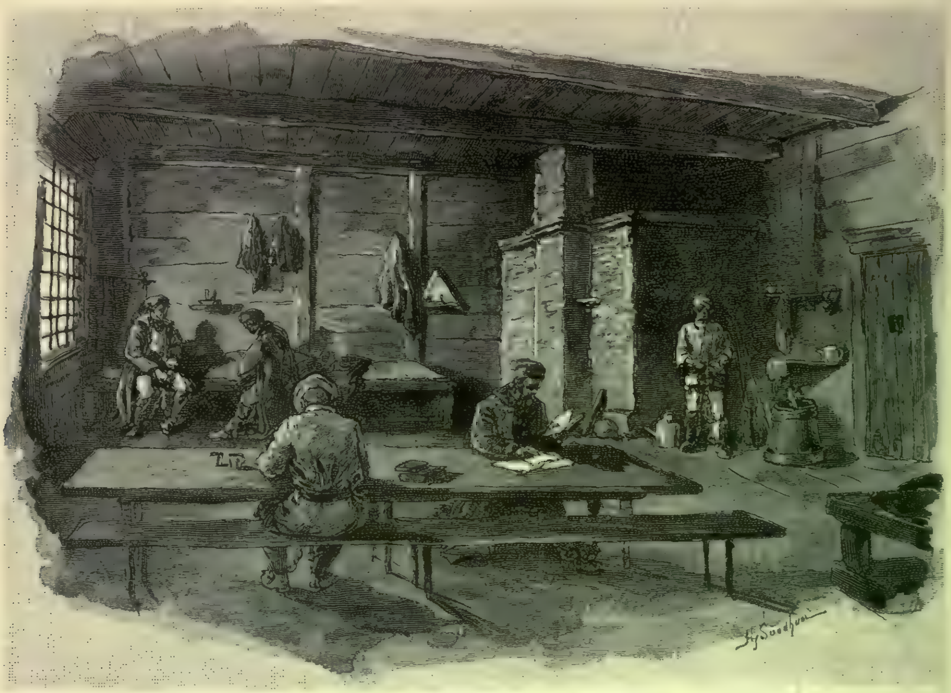
THE POLITICAL PRISON AND CAPTAIN NIKOLIN'S HOUSE. (A SKETCH FROM MEMORY.)

ernor Ilyashevich, in the course of a conversation about other matters, said to him, " By the way, Colonel Kononovich, you have never answered a letter that I wrote you asking for an explanation of something said about you in a letter from one of the political convicts in your command. Did you receive it?"

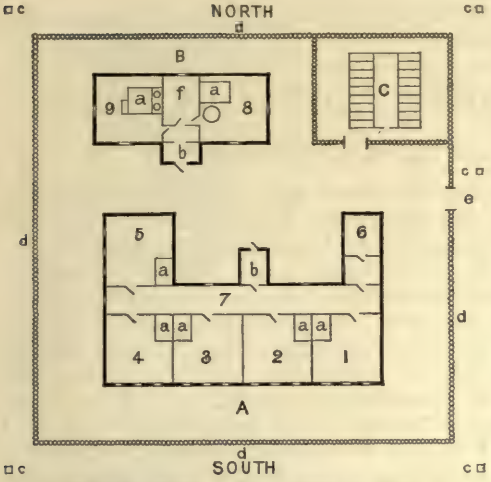
"Yes," replied Kononovich, "I received it; but what kind of answer did you look for? What explanation could I give? Did you expect me to excuse myself because somebody regarded me as a human being and not a beast? Was I to say that the writer of the letter was mistaken in supposing me to be a human being — that in reality I was a beast, and that I had never given him or anybody else reason to suppose that a Russian colonel could be a human being?"

This presentation of the case rather confused the governor, who said that the demand for an explanation had been written by his assistant, that it had been stupidly expressed, and that after all the matter was not of much consequence. He then dropped the subject.

After resigning his position at the mines of Kara, Colonel Kononovich, who was a Cossack officer, went to Nerchinsk, where he took command of the Cossack forces of the Trans-Baikal. He soon discovered that a small knot of officers, including the ispravnik, were engaged in selling immunity from conscription — or, in other words, releasing, for two or three hundred rubles *per capita*, young men who had been legally drawn as conscripts and who should render military service. He undertook to bring the corrupt officials to justice; but they had strong and highly placed friends in Irkutsk, they trumped up a set of counter charges, packed the investigating commission with their own associates, and came very near sending Colonel Kononovich to the province of Yakutsk " with a yellow diamond on his back," in fulfillment of the ispravnik's boast. Fortunately Kononovich had influential friends in St. Petersburg. He telegraphed to them and to the Minister of the Interior, and finally succeeded in securing the appointment of another commission, in having the ispravnik and some of his confederates thrown into prison, and in obtaining documentary evidence of their guilt. The conspirators then caused his house to be set on fire in the middle of a cold winter night, and nearly burned him alive with all his family. He escaped in his night-clothing, and, as soon as he had gotten his wife and children out, rushed back to try to save the papers in the pending case against the ispravnik, but it was too late. He was driven out by smoke and flames, and most of the proofs were destroyed. Colonel Kononovich then "shook his hand" against Siberia — to use a Russian expression — and went to St. Petersburg. He did not



INTERIOR OF A KAMERA IN THE POLITICAL PRISON.



POLITICAL PRISON AT THE MINES OF KARA.

A, Main Prison Building; B, Kitchen and Bath-house; C, Small Solitary-confinement cells, not now used; 1, 2, 3, 4, Large Kamera or cells designated respectively by the prisoners as "Academia," "Dvorianka," "Yakutka," and "Kharchofka"; 5, Kamera used as a prison hospital, or lazaret; 6, Water-closet; 7, Main Corridor; 8, Bath-room; 9, Kitchen; a, Ovens; b, Entry-ways; c, Sentry-boxes; d, Stockade around prison buildings; e, Gate to prison yard; f, Bath-house dressing-room.

want to live any longer, he said, in a country where an honest man could not do his duty without running the risk of being burned alive. In St. Petersburg he was given another position, as representative on the general staff of the Cossack forces of the Trans-Baikal, and he lived there quietly until the summer of 1888, when he was promoted to the rank of general and appointed to command the largest and most important penal establishment in Siberia; namely, that on the island of Saghalien (Sagh-a-leen′). This appointment is in the highest degree creditable to the Russian Government, and, taken in connection with the erection of the new prison in Verkhni Udinsk, it furnishes a gratifying proof that the Tsar is not wholly indifferent to the sufferings of Siberian exiles and convicts. As long as General Kononovich remains in command of the Saghalien prisons and mines there is every reason to believe that they will be intelligently, honestly, and humanely managed.

Almost the last work that Kononovich accomplished at the mines of Kara was the erection of the new political prison near the Lower Diggings. Captain Nikolin would not allow me to inspect this building, nor would he allow Mr. Frost to photograph it; but from convicts who had been confined in it I obtained the plan on this page and the picture on page 534, and from memory Mr. Frost drew the sketch on page 533. In general type it differs little from the common-criminal prisons, but it is larger, better lighted, and more spacious than the latter, and is, in all respects, a more comfortable place of abode. It contains four kameras, exclusive of the hospital, or lazaret, and in each of them there are three windows, a large table, a brick oven, and sleeping-platform accommodations for about twenty-five men. There are no beds, except in the lazaret, and all the bed-clothing that the prisoners have was purchased with their own money. Originally the palisade did not entirely inclose the building, and the prisoners could look out of their front windows across the Kara valley; but Governor-General Anuchin, on the occasion of one of his rare visits to the mines, disapproved of this arrangement, remarked cynically that "A prison is not a palace," and ordered that the stockade of high, closely set logs be so extended as to cut off the view from the windows, and completely shut in the building. It is hard to see in this order anything but a deliberate intention on the part of a cruel official to make the life of the political convicts as miserable and intolerable as possible. Every common-criminal prison in Kara, without exception, has windows that overlook the settlement or the valley; and every burglar and murderer in the whole penal establishment can see from his cell something of the outside world. The political convicts, however, in the opinion of the Governor-General, had no right to live in a "palace" from which they could see the green trees, the glimmer of the sunshine on the water, and the tender purple of the distant hills at sunset or at dawn. They must be shut up in a tight box; the fresh invigorating breeze from the mountains must be prevented from entering their grated windows; and the sight of a human being not clothed in a turnkey's uniform must never gladden their weary, homesick eyes. I have wished many times that his Excellency Governor-General Anuchin might be shut up for one year in the political prison at the mines of Kara; that he might look out for 365 days upon the weather-beaten logs of a high stockade; that he might lie for 365 nights on a bare sleeping-platform infested with vermin; and that he might breathe, night and day, for 52 consecutive weeks, the air of a close kamera, saturated with the poisonous stench of an uncovered excrement-bucket. *Then* he might say to himself, with a more vivid realization of its meaning, "A prison is not a palace."

George Kennan.

ARTIST WANDERINGS AMONG THE CHEYENNES.

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY FREDERIC REMINGTON.

A CHEYENNE.

AFTER a hard pull we came to a beautiful creek heavily timbered with post-oak, black-jack, and pecan trees. Taking our well-worn ponies from the pole we fed and curried them, hoping that by careful nursing they might be gotten through to Fort Reno. I wasted some anxiety on myself as I discovered that my cowboy driver unrolled from a greasy newspaper the provisions which he had assured me before starting was a matter which had been attended to. It was "poor picking" enough, and I did not enjoy my after-dinner smoke when I realized that the situation was complicated by the fact that we had eaten everything for dinner and were then miles from Reno, with a pair of played-out ponies.

THE SIGN LANGUAGE.

Hooking up again, we started on. On a little hill one jaded beast "set back in the breeching" and we dismounted to push the wagon and coax him along. The road was heavy with sand and we lost a parallel trail made by the passage of the Eighth Cavalry some weeks before. We hoped to discover the "breaks"[1] of the South Canadian River before darkness set in; but the land rose steadily away in front, and we realized that something must be done. At last coming suddenly upon a group of miserable pole cabins, we saw two Caddoes reclining on a framework of poles. I conceived the idea of hiring one of these to guide us through in the darkness. The wretches refused to understand us, talk English, sign language, or what we would. But after a hard bargain one saddled his pony and consented to lead the way through the darkness. On we traveled, our valuable guide riding so far ahead that we could not see him, and at last we came suddenly in sight of the bright surface of the South Canadian. The sun was fast sinking, and by the time we had crossed the wide sand-bars and the shallow water of the river bottom a great red gleam was all that remained on the western horizon. About a mile to the left flickered the camp-fires about a group of lodges

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[1] The lowering of the land, cut by streams tending towards the basin of a large river.

AN ARAPAHO SCOUT.

of Arapahoes. We fed our team and then ourselves crunched kernels of "horse-trough corn" which were extracted from the feed box. Our Caddo sat on his horse while we lay stretched on the grassy bank above the sand flats. A dark-skinned old Arapaho rode up, and our Caddo saluted him. They began to converse in the sign language as they sat on their ponies, and we watched them with great interest. With graceful gestures they made the signs and seemed immediately and fully to comprehend each other. As the old Arapaho's face cut dark against the sunset I thought it the finest Indian profile I had ever seen. He was arrayed in the full wild Indian costume of these latter days, with leggings, beaded moccasins, and a sheet wrapped about his waist and thighs. The Caddo, on the contrary, was a progressive man. His hair was cropped in Cossack style; he wore a hat, boots, and a great "slicker," or cowboy's oil-skin coat. For the space of half an hour they thus interested each other. We speculated on the meaning of the signs, and could often follow them; but they abbreviated so much and did it all so fast that we missed the full meaning of their conversation. Among other things the Caddo told the Arapaho who we were, and also made arrangements to meet him at the same place at about 10 o'clock on the following day.

Darkness now set in, and as we plunged into the timber after the disappearing form of our guide I could not see my companions on the seat beside me. I think horses can make out things better than men can under circumstances like these; and as the land lay flat before us, I had none of the fears which one who journeys in the mountains often feels.

The patter of horses' hoofs in the darkness behind us was followed by a hailing cry in the guttural tone of an Indian. I could just make out a mounted man with a led horse beside the wagon, and we exchanged inquiries in English and found him to be an acquaintance of the morning, in the person of a young Cheyenne scout from Fort Reno who had been down to buy a horse of a Caddo. He had lived at the Carlisle school, and although he had been back in the tribe long enough to let his hair grow, he had not yet forgotten all his English. As he was going through to the post, we dismissed our Caddo and followed him.

Far ahead in the gloom could be seen two of the post lights, and we were encouraged. The little ponies traveled faster and with more spirit in the night, as indeed do all horses. The lights did not come nearer, but kept at the indefinite distance peculiar to lights on a dark night. We plunged into holes, and the old wagon pitched and tipped in a style which insured keeping its sleepy occupants awake. But there is an end to all things, and our tedious trail brought us into Fort Reno at last. A sleepy boy with a lamp came to the door of the post-trader's and wanted to know if I was trying to break the house down, which was a natural conclusion on his part, as sundry dents in a certain door of the place will bear witness to this day.

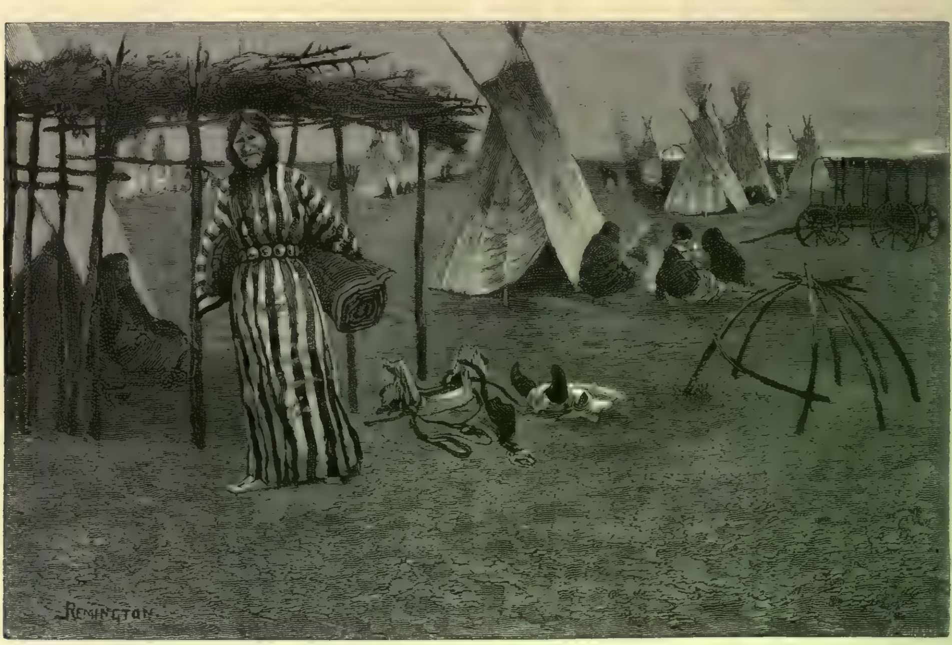
On the following morning I appeared at the headquarters office, credentials in hand. A smart, well-gotten up "non-com." gave me a chair and discreetly kept an eye on the articles of value in the room, for the hard usage of my recent travels had so worn and soiled my clothing that I was more picturesque than assuring in appearance. The colonel came soon, and he too eyed me with suspicious glances until he made out that I was not a Texas horse thief nor an Oklahoma boomer. After finding that I desired to see his protégés of the prairie, he sent for the interpreter, Mr. Ben. Clark, and said, "Seek no farther; here is the best Cheyenne in the country."

Mr. Clark I found to be all that the colonel had recommended, except that he did not look like a Cheyenne, being a perfect type of the frontier scout, only lacking the long hair, which to his

BEN. CLARK, INTERPRETER.

practical mind a white man did not seem to require. A pair of mules and a buckboard were provided at the quartermaster's corral, and Mr. Clark and I started on a tour of observation.

We met many Cheyennes riding to some place or another. They were almost invariably tall men with fine Indian features. They wore the hair caught by braids very low on the shoulders, making a black mass about the ears, which at a distance is not unlike the aspect of an Apache. All the Indians now use light "cow-saddles," and ride with the long stirrups peculiar to Western Americans, instead of "trees" of their own construction with the short stirrup of the old days. In summer, instead of a blanket, a white sheet is generally worn, which becomes dirty and assumes a very mellow tone of color. Under the saddle the bright blue or red Government cloth blanket is worn, and the sheet is caught around the waist, giving the appearance of Zouave trousers. The variety of shapes which an Indian can produce with a blanket, the great difference in wearing it, and the grace and naturalism of its adjustment, are subjects one never tires of watching. The only criticism of the riding of modern Indians one can make is the incessant thumping of the horse's ribs, as though using a spur. Outside of the far South-west, I have never seen Indians use spurs. With the awkward old "trees" formerly made by the Indians, and with the abnormally short stirrup, an Indian was anything but graceful on horseback, although I have never heard any one with enough temerity to question his ability. I always like to dwell on this subject of riding, and I have an admiration for a really good rider which is altogether beyond his deserts in the light of philosophy. In the Eastern States the European riding-master has proselyted to such an extent that it is rather a fashionable fad to question the utility of the Western method. When we consider that for generations these races of men who ride on the plains and in the Rocky Mountains have been literally bred on a horse's back, it seems reasonable to suppose they ought to be riders; and when one sees an Indian or a cowboy riding up precipices where no horses ought to be made to go, or assuming on horseback some of the grotesque positions they at times affect, one needs no assurance that they do ride splendidly.



A CHEYENNE CAMP.

As we rattled along in the buckboard, Mr. Clark proved very interesting. For thirty odd years he has been in contact with the Cheyennes. He speaks the language fluently, and has discovered in a trip to the far North that the Crees use almost identically the same tongue. Originally the Cheyennes came from the far North, and they are Algonquin in origin. Though their legend of the famous "medicine arrow" is not a recent discovery, I cannot forbear to give it here.

A long time ago, perhaps about the year 1640, the Cheyennes were fighting a race of men who had guns. The fighting was in the vicinity of the Devil's Lake country, and the Cheyennes had been repeatedly worsted in combat and were in dire distress. A young Horatius of the tribe determined to sacrifice himself for the common weal, and so wandered away. After a time he met an old man, a mythical personage, who took pity on him. Together they entered a great cave, and the old man gave him various articles of "medicine" to choose from, and the young man selected the "medicine arrows." After the old man had performed the proper incantations, the hero went forth with his potent fetish and rejoined the tribe. The people regained courage, and in the fight which soon followed they conquered and obtained guns for the first time. Ever since the tribe has kept the medicine arrows, and they are now in the Indian Territory in the possession of the southern Cheyennes. Years ago the Pawnees captured the arrows and in ransom got vast numbers of ponies, although they never gave back all of the arrows, and the Cheyennes attribute all their hard experiences of later days to this loss. Once a year, and oftener should a situation demand it, the ceremony of the arrows takes place. No one has ever witnessed it except the initiated priests.

The tribal traditions are not known thoroughly by all, and of late years only a very few old men can tell perfectly the tribal stories. Why this is so no one seems to know, unless the Indians have seen and heard so much through the white men that their faith is shaken.

Our buckboard drew gradually nearer the camp of the Cheyennes. A great level prairie of waving green was dotted with the brown toned white canvas lodges, and standing near them were brush "ramadas," or sheds, and also wagons. For about ten years they have owned wagons, and now seldom use the *travaux*. In little groups all over the plain were scattered pony herds, and about the camp could be seen forms wearing bright blankets or wrapped in ghostlike cotton sheets. Little columns of blue smoke rose here and there, and gathered in front of one lodge was squatted a group of men. A young squaw dressed in a bright calico gown stood near a ramada and bandied words with the interpreter while I sketched. Presently she was informed that I had made her picture, when she ran off, laughing at what she considered an unbecoming trick on the part of her entertainer. The women of this tribe are the only squaws I have ever met, except in some of the tribes of the northern plains, who have any claim to be considered good looking. Indeed, some of them are quite as I imagine Pocahontas, Minnehaha, and the rest of the heroines of the race appeared. The female names are conventional, and have been borne by the women ever since the oldest man can remember. Some of them have the pleasant sound which we occasionally find in the Indian tongues: "Mut-say-yo," "Wau-hi-yo," "Moka-is," "Jok-ko-ko-me-yo," for instance, are examples; and with the soft guttural of their Indian pronunciation I found them charming. As we entered the camp all the elements which make that sort of scene interesting were about. A medicine-man was at work over a sick fellow. We watched him through the opening of a lodge and our sympathies were not aroused, as the patient was a young buck who seemed in no need of them. A group of young men were preparing for a clan dance. Two young fellows lay stretched on the grass in graceful attitudes. They were what we call "chums." Children were playing with dogs; women were beading moccasins; a group of men lay under a wagon playing monte; a very old man, who was quite naked, tottered up to our vehicle and talked with Mr. Clark. His name was Bull Bear, and he was a strange object with his many wrinkles, gray hair, and toothless jaws.

From a passing horseman I procured an old "buck saddle" made of elk horn. They are now very rare. Indian saddlery is interesting, as all the tribes had a different model, and the women used one differing from that of the men.

We dismounted at the lodge of Whirlwind, a fine old type who now enjoys the prestige of head chief. He was dignified and reserved, and greeted us cordially as he invited us to a seat under the ramada. He refused a cigar, as will nearly all Indians, and produced his own cigarettes.

Through the interpreter we were enabled to converse freely. I have a suspicion that the old man had an impression that I was in some way connected with the Government. All Indians somehow divide the white race into three parts. One is either a soldier, a Texas cowboy, or a "big chief from Washington," which latter distinction I enjoyed. I explained that I was not a "big chief," but an artist, the significance of which he did not grasp. He was requested to put on his plumage, and I then proceeded to make a drawing of him. He looked it over in a coldly critical way, grunted several times, and seemed more mystified than ever; but I do not think I diminished in his estimation. In his younger days Whirlwind had been a war chief; but he traveled to Washington and there saw the power and numbers of the white man. He advised for peace after that, and did not take the war-path in the last great outbreak. His people were defeated, as he said they would be, and confidence in his judgment was restored. I asked him all sorts of questions to draw on his reminiscences of the old Indian life before the conquest, all of which were answered gravely and without boasting. It was on his statesmanlike mind, however, to make clear to me the condition of his people, and I heard him through. Though not versed in the science of government, I was interested in the old man's talk. He had just returned from a conference of the tribes which had been held in the Cherokee country, and was full of the importance of the conclusions there evolved. The Indians all fear that they will lose their land, and the council advised all Indians to do nothing which would interfere with their tenure of the land now held by them. He told with pride of the speech he made while there and of the admiration with which he was regarded as he stood, dressed in the garb of the wild Indian, with his tomahawk in hand. However, he is a very progressive man, and explained that while he was too old to give up the methods of life which he had always observed, yet his son would be as the civilized Cherokees are. The son was squatted near, and I believed his statement, as the boy was large of stature and bright of mind, having enjoyed some three years' schooling at a place which I have now forgotten. He wore white men's clothes and had just been discharged from the corps of scouts at Reno. When I asked the boy why he did not plow and sow and reap, he simply shrugged his shoulders at my ignorance, which, in justice to myself, I must explain was only a leading question, for I know that corn cannot be raised on this reservation with sufficient regularity to warrant the attempt. The rainfall is not enough; and where white men despair, I, for one, do not expect wild Indians to continue. They have tried it and have failed, and are now very properly discouraged. Stock-raising is the natural industry of the country, and that is the proper pursuit of these people. They are only now recovering by natural increase from the reverses which they suffered in their last outbreak. It is hard for them to start cattle herds, as their ration is insufficient, and one scarcely can expect a hungry man to herd cattle when he needs the beef to appease his hunger. Nevertheless, some men have respectable herds and can afford to kill an animal occasionally without taking the stock cattle. In this particular they display wonderful forbearance, and were they properly rationed for a time and given stock cattle, there is not a doubt but in time they would become self-supporting. The present scheme of taking a few boys and girls away from the camps to put them in school where they are taught English, morals, and trades has nothing reprehensible about it, except that it is absolutely of no consequence so far as solving the Indian problem is concerned. The few boys return to the camps with their English, their school clothes, and their short hair. They know a trade also, but have no opportunity to be employed in it. They loaf about the forts for a time with nothing to do, and the white men talk pigeon English to them and the wild Indians sneer at them. Their virtues are unappreciated, and, as a natural consequence, the thousands of years of barbarism which is bred in their nature overcome the three little seasons of school training. They go to the camps, go back to the blanket, let their hair grow, and forget their English. In a year one cannot tell a school-boy from any other little savage, and in the whole proceeding I see nothing at all strange.

CHEYENNE AGENCY.

The camp will not rise to the school-boy, and so Mahomet goes to the mountain. If it comes to pass that the white race desires to aid these Indians to become a part of our social system instead of slowly crushing them out of it, there is only one way to do it. The so-called Indian problem is no problem at all in reality, only that it has been made one by a long succession of acts which were masterly in their imbecility and were fostered by political avarice. The sentiment of this nation is in favor of no longer regarding the aborigines of this country as a conquered race; and except

AN AGENCY POLICEMAN.

that the great body of our citizens are apathetic of things so remote as these wards of the Government, the people who have the administration of their destinies would be called to account. No one not directly interested ever questioned that the Indian Department should have been attached to the War Department; but that is too patent a fact to discuss. Now the Indian affairs are in so hopeless a state of dry-rot that practical men, in political or in military circles, hesitate to attempt the rôle of reformers. The views which I have on the subject are not original, but are very old and very well understood by all men who live in the Indian countries. They are current among army officers who have spent their whole lives on the Indian frontier of the far West, but are not often spoken, because all men realize the impotency of any attempt to overcome the active work of certain political circles backed by public apathy and a lot of theoretical Indian regenerators. If anything is done to relieve the condition of the Indian tribes it must be a scheme which begins at the bottom and takes the "whole outfit," as a Western man would say, in its scope. If these measures of relief are at all tardy, before we realize it the wild Indian tribes will be, as some writer has said, "loafers and outcasts, contending with the dogs for kitchen scraps in Western villages." They have all raised stock successfully when not interfered with or not forced by insufficient rations to eat up their stock cattle to appease their hunger, and I have never heard that Indians were not made of soldier stuff. A great many Western garrisons have their corps of Indian scouts. In every case they prove efficient. They are naturally the finest irregular cavalry on the face of this globe, and with an organization similar to the Russian Cossacks they would do the United States great good and become themselves gradually civilized. An irregular cavalry is every year a more and more important branch of the service. Any good cavalry officer, I believe, could take a command of Indians and ride around the world without having a piece of bacon, or a cartridge, or a horse issued by his Government. So far as effective police work in the West is concerned, the corps of Indian scouts do nearly all of that

THE BRANDING CHUTE AT THE BEEF ISSUE.

service now. They all like to be enlisted in the service, universally obey orders, and are never disloyal. But nothing will be done; so why continue this?

For hours we sat in the ramada of the old chief and conversed, and when we started to go I was much impressed by the discovery that the old Indian knew more about Indians, Indian policy, and the tendencies and impulses of the white men concerning his race than any other person I had ever met.

The glories of the reign of an Indian chieftain are past. As his people become more and more dependent on the Government his prestige wanes. For instance, at the time of our visit to this camp the people were at loggerheads regarding the locality where the great annual Sun Dance, or, more literally, "The Big Medicine," should be held. The men of the camp that I visited wanted it at one place, and those of the "upper camp" wanted it at another. The chief could not arrange the matter, and so the solution of the difficulty was placed in the hands of the agent.

The Cheyenne agency buildings are situated about a mile and a half from Fort Sill. The great brick building is imposing. A group of stores and little white dwelling-houses surround it, giving much the effect of a New England village. Wagons, saddled ponies, and Indians are generally disposed about the vicinity and give life to the scene. Fifteen native policemen in the employ of the agency do the work and take care of the place. They are uniformed in cadet gray, and with their beaded white moccasins and their revolvers are neat and soldierly looking. A son of old Bent, the famous frontiersman, and an educated Indian do the clerical work, so that the agent is about the only white man in the place. The goods which are issued to the Indians have changed greatly in character as their needs have become more civilized. The hatchets and similar articles of the old traders are not given out, on the ground that they are barbarous. Gay colored clothes still seem to suit the esthetic sense of the people, and the general effect of a body of modern Indians is exceeding brilliant. Arabs could not surpass them in this respect.

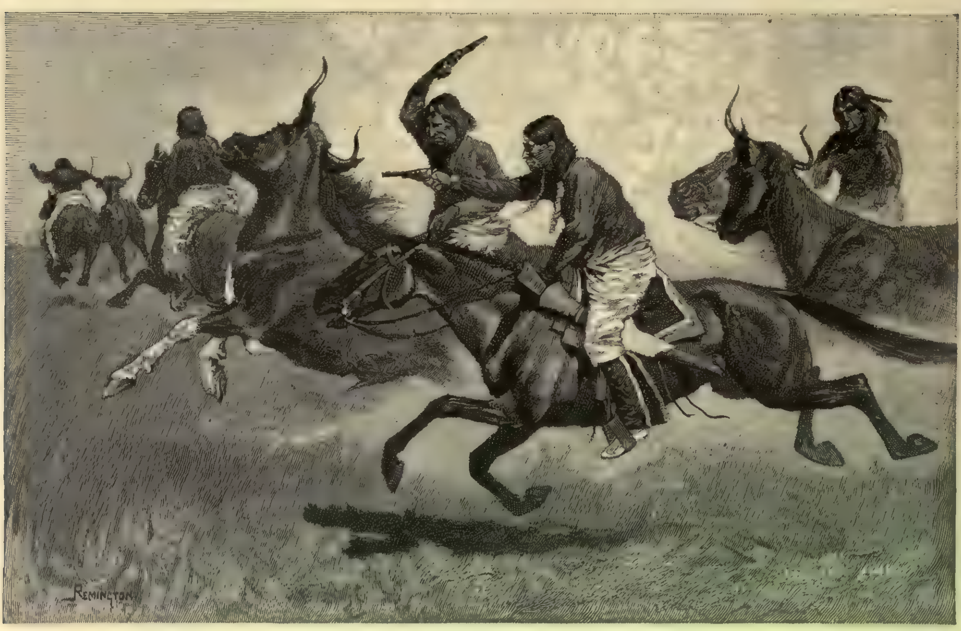
They receive flour, sugar, and coffee at the great agency building, but the beef is issued from a corral situated out on the plain at some distance away. The distribution is a very thrilling sight, and I made arrangements to see it by procuring a cavalry horse from Colonel Wade at the fort and by following the ambulance containing an army officer who was detailed as inspector. We left the post in the early morning, and the driver "poured his lash into the mules" until they scurried along at a speed which kept the old troop-horse at a neat pace.

The heavy dew was on the grass, and clouds lay in great rolls across the sky, obscuring the sun. From the direction of the target range the "stump" of the Springfields came to our ears, showing that the soldiers were hard at their devotions. In twos, and threes, and groups, and crowds, came Indians, converging on the beef corral. The corral is a great ragged fence made of an assortment of boards, poles, scantling, planks, old wagons, and attached to this is a little house near which the weighing scales are placed. The crowd collected in a great mass near the gate and branding-chute. A fire was burning, and the cattle contractors (cowboys) were heating their branding-irons to mark the "I. D." on the cattle distributed, so that any Indian having subsequently a hide in his possession would be enabled to satisfy roving cattle inspectors that they were not to be suspected of killing stock.

WAITING FOR THE BEEF ISSUE.

The agent came to the corral and together with the army officer inspected the cattle to be given out. With loud cries the cowboys in the corral forced the steers into the chute, and crowding and clashing they came through into the scales. The gate of the scales was opened and a half-dozen frightened steers crowded down the chute and packed themselves in an unyielding mass at the other end. A tall Arapaho policeman seized a branding-iron, and mounting the platform of the chute poised his iron and with a quick motion forced it on the back of the living beast. With a wild but useless plunge and a loud bellow of pain the steer shrunk from the hot contact; but it was all over, and a long black "I. D." disfigured the surface of the skin.

Opposite the branding-chute were drawn up thirty young bucks on their ponies, with their rifles and revolvers in hand. The agent shouted the Indian names from his book, and a very engaging lot of cognomens they were. A policeman on the platform designated a particular steer which was to be the property of each man as his name was called. The Indian came forward and marked his steer by reaching over the fence and cutting off an ear with a sharp knife, by severing the tail, or by tying some old rag to some part of the animal. The cold-blooded mutilation was perfectly shocking, and I turned away in sickened disgust. After all



STEER-HUNTING.

had been marked, the terrified brutes found the gate at the end of the chute suddenly opened by the police guard; but before this had been done a frantic steer had put his head half through the gate, and in order to force him back a red-hot branding-iron was pushed into his face, burning it horribly. The worst was over; the gates flew wide, and the maddened brutes poured forth, charging swiftly away in a wild impulse to escape the vicinity of the crowd of humanity. The young bucks in the group broke away, and each one, singling out his steer, followed at top speed, with rifle or six-shooter in hand. I desired to see the whole proceeding, and mounting my cavalry horse followed two young savages who seemed to have a steer possessed of unusual speed. The lieutenant had previously told me that the shooting at the steers was often wild and reckless, and advised me to look sharp or I might have to "pack a bullet." Puffs of smoke and the "pop! pop!" of the guns came from all over the plain. Now a steer would drop, stricken by some lucky shot. It was buffalo-hunting over again, and was evidently greatly enjoyed by the young men. My two fellows headed their steer up the hill on the right, and when they had gotten him far enough away they "turned loose," as we say. My old cavalry horse began to exhibit a lively interest in the smell of gunpowder, and plunged away until he had me up and in front of the steer and the Indians, who rode on each side. They blazed away at the steer's head, and I could hear a misdirected bullet "sing" by uncomfortably near. Seeing me in front, the steer dodged off to one side, and the young fellow who was in his way, by a very clever piece of horsemanship, avoided being run over. The whole affair demonstrated to me that the Indian boys could not handle the revolver well, for they shot a dozen rounds before they killed the poor beast. Under their philosophic outward calm I thought I could see that they were not proud of the exhibition they had made. After the killing, the squaws followed the wagons and proceeded to cut up the meat. After it had been divided among themselves, by some arrangement which they seemed to understand, they cut it into very thin pieces and started back to their camps.

Peace and contentment reign while the beef holds out, which is not long, as the ration is insufficient. This is purposely so, as it is expected that the Indians will seek to increase a scant food supply by raising corn. It does not have that effect, however. By selling ponies, which they have in great numbers, they manage to get money; but the financial future of the Cheyennes is not flattering.

Enlistment in the scouting corps at Reno is a method of obtaining employment much sought after by the young men. The camp is on a hill opposite the post, where the white tepees are arranged in a long line. A wall tent at the end is occupied by two soldiers who do the clerical work. The scouts wear the uniform of the United States army, and some of them are strikingly handsome in the garb. They are lithe and naturally "well set up," as the soldiers phrase it. They perform all the duties of soldiers; but at some of the irksome tasks, like standing sentry, they do not come out strong. They are not often used for that purpose, however, it being found that Indians do not appreciate military forms and ceremonies.

Having seen all that I desired, I procured passage in the stage to a station on the Santa Fe Railroad. In the far distance the train came rushing up the track, and as it stopped I boarded it. As I settled back in the soft cushions of the sleeping-car I looked at my dirty clothes and did not blame the negro porter for regarding me with the haughty spirit of his class.

Frederic Remington.

SOMETHING WRONG.

OLD, old Earth! what have *you* to do
With a June in your heart ever fresh and new?
The poets sing, as of very truth,
That June dwells alone in the heart of youth,
And here you are in your eons, Earth,
With as sweet a June as you had at birth.

And God! He is ages and ages older!
And the love of age is paler, colder —
The poets sing, as of very truth —
Than the love that springs in the heart of youth;
So he cannot love, if the songs run true,
As he did when he shaped and fashioned you,
Yet here you are, with your June as fair
As the first that gladdened our parent pair!

Ah! there 's something wrong with the poets' song,
Or the hearts that to God and his earth belong.

Julia G. Skinner.

ACROSS THE FIELDS TO ANNE.

From Stratford-on-Avon a lane runs westward through the fields a mile to the little village of Shottery, in which is the cottage of Anne Hathaway, Shakspere's sweetheart and wife.

HOW often in the summer-tide,
His graver business set aside,
Has stripling Will, the thoughtful-eyed,
As to the pipe of Pan
Stepped blithesomely with lover's pride
Across the fields to Anne!

It must have been a merry mile,
This summer stroll by hedge and stile,
With sweet foreknowledge all the while
How sure the pathway ran
To dear delights of kiss and smile,
Across the fields to Anne.

The silly sheep that graze to-day,
I wot, they let him go his way,
Nor once looked up, as who should say:
" It is a seemly man."
For many lads went wooing aye
Across the fields to Anne.

The oaks, they have a wiser look;
Mayhap they whispered to the brook:
" The world by him shall yet be shook,
It is in nature's plan;
Though now he fleets like any rook
Across the fields to Anne."

And I am sure, that on some hour
Coquetting soft 'twixt sun and shower,
He stooped and broke a daisy-flower
With heart of tiny span,
And bore it as a lover's dower
Across the fields to Anne.

While from her cottage garden-bed
She plucked a jasmine's goodlihede,
To scent his jerkin's brown instead;
Now since that love began,
What luckier swain than he who sped
Across the fields to Anne?

The winding path whereon I pace,
The hedgerows green, the summer's grace,
Are still before me face to face;
Methinks I almost can
Turn poet and join the singing race
Across the fields to Anne!

Richard E. Burton.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN: A HISTORY.[1]

THE CHICAGO SURRENDER—CONSPIRACIES IN THE NORTH—LINCOLN AND THE CHURCHES.

BY JOHN G. NICOLAY AND JOHN HAY, PRIVATE SECRETARIES TO THE PRESIDENT.

THE CHICAGO SURRENDER.

THE Democratic managers had called the National Convention of their party to meet on the Fourth of July, 1864, but after the nomination of Frémont at Cleveland and of Lincoln at Baltimore it was thought prudent to postpone it to a later date, in the hope that something in the chapter of accidents might arise to the advantage of the opposition. It appeared for awhile as if this manœuvre were to be successful. As a vessel shows its finest sailing qualities against a head wind, so the best political work is always done in the face of severe opposition; and as the Republican party had as yet no enemy before it, the canvass, during its first months, seemed stricken with languor and apathy. The military situation was far from satisfactory. The terrible fighting in the Wilderness, succeeded by Grant's flank movement to the left, and the culmination of the campaign in the horrible slaughter at Cold Harbor, had profoundly shocked and depressed the country. The movement upon Petersburg, so far without decisive results, had contributed little of hope or encouragement; the campaign of Sherman in Georgia gave as yet no positive assurance of the brilliant result it afterwards attained; the Confederate raid into Maryland and Pennsylvania, in July, was the cause of great annoyance and exasperation.

This untoward state of things in the field of military operations found its exact counterpart in the political campaign. Several circumstances contributed to divide and discourage the Administration party. The resignation of Mr. Chase, on the last day of June, had seemed, to not a few leading Republicans at the North, as a presage of disintegration in the Government; Mr. Greeley's mission to Niagara Falls, in spite of the wise and resolute attitude taken by the President in relation to peace negotiations, had unsettled and troubled the minds of many. The Democratic party, not having as yet appointed a candidate nor formulated a platform, were free to devote all their leisure to attacks upon the Administration; and the political fusillade continued with great energy through the summer months. The Republicans were everywhere on the defensive, having no objective point of attack in the opposite lines. The rebel emissaries in Canada, being in thorough concert with the leading peace men of the North, redoubled their efforts to disturb the public tranquillity, and not without success. Mr. Davis says of this period:

> Political developments at the North favored the adoption of some action that might influence popular sentiment in the hostile section. The aspect of the peace party was quite encouraging, and it seemed that the real issue to be decided in the Presidential election in that year was the continuance or cessation of the war.[2]

There is a remarkable concurrence between this view of Mr. Davis and that of Mr. Lincoln in a letter to a friend which we have quoted in another place. Referring to the emissaries at Niagara Falls and their interest in the Chicago convention, and also to the expressions used by the Confederate authorities in their conversation with Jaquess, Mr. Lincoln said, "The Presidential contest is between a Union and a Disunion candidate, disunion certainly following the success of the latter!"[3]

Mr. Thompson, in his report of the operations of the rebel commission in Canada, claims that the results of the Niagara Falls conference were the source of such encouragement to the peace party as to lead them to give up their half-formed project of insurrection in the North-west in the hope of defeating Lincoln at the polls. In the midst of these discouraging circumstances the manifesto of Wade and Davis came to add its depressing influence to the general gloom. It seemed for a time as if this action of two of the most prominent Republicans in either house of Congress would result in a serious defection from the Republican party, though in the end the effect of the demonstration proved inconsiderable.

General McClellan had before this time become the acknowledged leader of the Democratic party in the North. It is true he was

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[2] Davis, "Rise and Fall of the Confederate States," Vol. II., p. 611.

[3] Lincoln to Wakeman, July 25, 1864. Unpublished MS.

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not the favorite candidate of the Democracy in most of the Western States, but in the powerful States of the seaboard, and especially in the large cities, he was the only person indicated by popular consent among the opposition as the antagonist of Lincoln in the Presidential canvass. His attitude was therefore a matter of grave preoccupation, not only to most of the leading Republicans, but even to the President himself. There have been, in the last twenty years, many conflicting stories in regard to the overtures made to him during this summer; but, so far as can be ascertained, they were all the voluntary acts of over-anxious friends of the President, and made without his knowledge or consent. As early as the month of June, 1863, Mr. Thurlow Weed conceived the idea that it would be of great advantage to the Union cause if General McClellan would take a prominent part in a great war meeting to be held in New York. With the knowledge and approval of the President he approached the general with this purpose; he even suggested to him that the result might be the organization of a movement to make him the Union candidate for the Presidency. We learn from Mr. Weed that General McClellan at first gave a favorable hearing to the proposition, but at the last moment withdrew his consent to preside at the meeting in a letter in which he said: "I am clear in the conviction that the policy governing the conduct of the war should be one looking not only to military success, but also to ultimate reunion, and that it should consequently be such as to preserve the rights of all Union-loving citizens, wherever they may be, as far as compatible with military necessity."[1] The chance of identifying himself with the Union party thus passed away; later in the season he came out in favor of the candidates of the peace faction in Pennsylvania.

An attempt made in July, 1864, by Mr. Francis P. Blair, the elder, to induce McClellan to withdraw from the canvass caused a great deal of gossip at the time, and led to such misstatements and exaggerations that Mr. Blair afterwards published a full and detailed account of his action.[2] This venerable gentleman, sharing in the apprehension entertained by many as to the divisions and consequent weakness of the Union party, went to New York in the latter part of July "to make an effort at conciliation." "I went on this errand," said Mr. Blair, "without consulting the President, without giving him, directly or indirectly, the slightest intimation of my object, and, of course, without his authority. I apprised no one but my son." He first called upon the leading editors of the city. Mr. Bryant, though discontented with the Administration, considered Mr. Lincoln, with all his abatements, the only man who could be relied upon for the defense of the Union. Mr. Greeley assured Mr. Blair that "his best efforts would not be wanting to secure the peace of the country through the reëlection of the President"; Mr. Bennett of the "Herald" gave his ultimatum in a "raucle Scotch accent"—"Tell him to restore McClellan to the army and he will carry the election by default." Through Mr. S. L. M. Barlow, Mr. Blair had a long and intimate conversation with General McClellan. He began by stating distinctly to him that he had not come from Mr. Lincoln; that he had no authority or even consent from him to make representations or overtures of any sort. He then urged him, with the privilege of age and long friendship, to have nothing to do with the Chicago convention, saying that if he accepted their nomination he would be defeated. He pictured to him the dismal fate that awaits defeated candidates; he urged him to make himself the inspiring center and representative of the loyal Democrats of the North by writing a letter to Lincoln asking to be restored to service in the army, declaring at the same time that he did not seek it with a view to recommend himself to the Presidential nomination. "In case the President should refuse this request," said Mr. Blair, "he would then be responsible for the consequences." General McClellan received this well-meant advice in his customary manner. It is altogether probable that he did not believe a word of Mr. Blair's opening statement that this overture was without the approval or privity of the President. It no doubt seemed to him a political trick to induce him to decline the nomination of which he was already certain. He listened with his habitual courtesy and answered with his habitual indecision. He disclaimed any desire for the Presidential candidacy; he thanked Mr. Blair for his friendly suggestions; he said he would give them deep consideration; that he was called to the country to see a sick child and regretted that he could not talk with him again. Mr. Blair came back from his useless mission and repeated to Mr. Lincoln what he had done, adding that he thought it probable that General McClellan would write to him. The President "neither expressed approval nor disapprobation," says Mr. Blair in his letter, "but his manner was as courteous and kind as General McClellan's had been."

The political situation grew darker throughout the summer. At last, towards the end of August, the general gloom and depression enveloped the President himself. The Democrats had not yet selected their candidate nor opened their campaign. As in the field of theology there is no militant virtue unless there is an active evil to oppose, so in that of politics a party without an organized opposition appears to drop to pieces by its own weight. To use Mr. Lincoln's words: "At this period we had no adversary and seemed to have no friends." For a moment he despaired of the success of the Union party in the coming election. He was not alone in this impression. It was shared by his leading friends and counselors. So experienced and astute a politician as Mr. Thurlow Weed wrote on the 22d of August:

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[1] T. W. Barnes, "The Life of Thurlow Weed," Vol. II., p. 429.

[2] Letter of F. P. Blair, dated Oct. 5, 1864, in the "National Intelligencer."

> When, ten days since, I told Mr. Lincoln that his reëlection was an impossibility, I also told him that the information would soon come to him through other channels. It has doubtless ere this reached him. At any rate nobody here doubts it, nor do I see anybody from other States who authorizes the slightest hope of success. Mr. Raymond, who has just left me, says that unless some prompt and bold step be taken all is lost. The people are wild for peace. They are told that the President will only listen to terms of peace on condition that slavery be abandoned. . . . Mr. Raymond thinks that commissioners should be immediately sent to Richmond offering to treat for peace on the basis of Union. That something should be done and promptly done to give the Administration a chance for its life is certain.[1]

Mr. Lincoln's action in this conjuncture was most original and characteristic. Feeling that the campaign was going against him, he made up his mind deliberately as to the course he should pursue, and unwilling to leave his resolution to the chances of the changed mood which might follow in the natural exasperation of defeat, he resolved to lay down for himself the course of action demanded by his present conviction of duty. He wrote on the 23d of August the following memorandum:

> This morning, as for several days past, it seems exceedingly probable that this Administration will not be reëlected. Then it will be my duty to so coöperate with the President-elect as to save the Union between the election and the inauguration; as he will have secured his election on such ground that he cannot possibly save it afterwards.[2]

He then folded and pasted the sheet in such manner that its contents could not be read, and as the Cabinet came together he handed this paper to each member successively, requesting them to write their names across the back of it. In this peculiar fashion he pledged himself and the Administration to accept loyally the anticipated verdict of the people against him, and to do the utmost to save the Union in the brief remainder of his term of office. He gave no intimation to any member of the Cabinet of the nature of the paper they had signed until after his triumphant reëlection.[3]

The Democratic convention was finally called to meet in Chicago on the 29th of August. Much was expected from the strength and the audacity which the peace party in the North-west had recently displayed, and the day of the meeting of the convention was actually chosen by rebel emissaries in Canada and their agents in the Western States for an outbreak which should effect that revolution in the North-west which was the vague and chimerical dream that had been so long cherished and caressed in Richmond and Toronto.

About the time of the adjournment of Congress the Democratic members of that body issued an address to their party, which, when read after twenty-five years, shows how blinded by partisan passion these intelligent and well-meaning gentlemen, neither better nor worse in most respects than the rest of their fellow-citizens, had become. They charged in effect that there were only two classes of people supporting the Government—those who were making money out of the war, and the Radical abolitionists; and they called upon the indefinite abstraction which they named "the country" to throw out of office the administration of a Government under favor of which these two classes of men "nestle in power and gratify their unholy greed and their detestable passions." The party of the Union — that is to say, the majority of the people of the country — is called in this address "a nightmare of corruption and fanaticism which is pressing out its very existence." The most remarkable feature of this singular document is its assumption that the people who were trying to save the Union and to reëstablish its authority were influenced only by sentimental doctrines and the wild passions of fury and vengeance. "We do not decry theory," these congressmen gravely said; "but we assert that statesmanship is concerned mainly in the domain of the practical, and that in the present imperfect condition of human affairs it is obliged to modify general ideas and adapt them to existing conditions." They called upon the country to sustain this calm and philosophic view of the functions of statesmanship, "to bring the sound elements of society to the surface," to "purge the body politic of its unhealthy elements," and to substitute in places of public trust "just and broad-minded, pure and liberal men, in the place of radicals and corruptionists." This being done, they promised the millennium.

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[1] Weed to Seward, August 22. MS.

[2] Copied from the MS.

[3] We copy from the MS. diary of one of the President's secretaries under date of November 11, 1864, the following passage relating to this incident: "At the meeting of the Cabinet to-day the President took out a paper from his desk and said: 'Gentlemen, do you remember last summer I asked you all to sign your names to the back of a paper of which I did not show you the inside? This is it. Now, Mr. Hay, see if you can open this without tearing it.' He had pasted it up in so singular a style that it required some cutting to get it open. He then read this memorandum [given in the text above]. The President said: 'You will remember that this was written at the time, six days before the Chicago nominating convention, when as yet we had no adversary and seemed to have no friends. I then solemnly resolved on the course of action indicated in this paper. I resolved in case of the election of General McClellan, being certain that he would be the candidate, that I would see him and talk matters over with him. I would say, "General, the election has demonstrated that you are stronger, have more influence with the American people, than I. Now let us together, you with your influence and I with all the executive power of the Government, try to save the country. You raise as many troops as you possibly can for this final trial, and I will devote all my energies to assist and finish the war."'

"Seward said, 'And the general would have answered you, "Yes, yes"; and the next day when you saw him again and pressed these views upon him he would have said, "Yes, yes," and so on forever, and would have done nothing at all.'

"'At least,' said Lincoln, 'I should have done my duty and have stood clear before my own conscience.'"

The Democratic National Convention came together at the time appointed, but it is by no means sure that any real and permanent advantage had been gained by the delay. The scheme of the American Knights to inaugurate on that day their counter-revolution had, by the usual treachery of some of its members, been discovered and guarded against by a strong show of force in the city of Chicago, and its execution was postponed until the day of the November election. No great approach to harmony, on the subject of peace or war, had been made in the two months of observation and skirmishing which the managers had allowed themselves. The only manner in which the peace men and the war Democrats could arrive at an agreement was by mutual deception. The war Democrats, led by the delegation from New York, were working for a military candidate; and the peace Democrats, under the redoubtable leadership of Mr. Vallandigham, who had returned from Canada and was allowed to remain at large by the half-contemptuous and half-calculated lenity of the Government he defied, bent all their energies to a clear statement of their principles in the platform.

Mr. August Belmont, a German by birth and the representative of the Rothschilds' banking-house, called the delegates to order, informing them that the future of the Republic rested in their hands. "Four years of misrule," he said, "by a sectional, fanatical, and corrupt party have brought our country to the very verge of ruin." He gravely stated, expecting it to be believed, and apparently believing it himself, that the "results of such a calamity as the reëlection of Mr. Lincoln must be the utter disintegration of our whole political and social system amidst bloodshed and anarchy." This German banker promised the convention that the American people would rush to the support of their candidate and platform, "provided you will offer to their suffrage a tried patriot." This vague reference to McClellan was greeted with applause from the Eastern delegates. Mr. Belmont said: "We are here, not as war Democrats nor as peace Democrats, but as citizens of the great Republic"; and he named as temporary chairman Mr. William Bigler, formerly governor of Pennsylvania. Mr. Bigler made a brief speech charging upon the Republicans all the woes of the country, and saying that "the men now in authority, because of the feud which they have so long maintained with violent and unwise men of the South, and because of a blind fanaticism about an institution of some of the States in relation to which they have no duties to perform and no responsibilities to bear, are rendered incapable of adopting the proper means to rescue our country from its present lamentable condition."

The usual committees were appointed, and Mr. Vallandigham was presented by his State delegation as a member of the committee on platform. Several resolutions were offered in open convention—one by Washington Hunt of New York suggesting a convention of the States; one by Mr. Price of Missouri for a demonstration in favor of the freedom and purity of the elective franchise; and one by Mr. Long of Ohio, a furious advocate of peace, who had attained the honor of censure by the Congress of the United States, suggested that a committee proceed forthwith to Washington to demand of Mr. Lincoln the suspension of the draft until after the election.

Governor Seymour of New York was chosen permanent chairman of the convention. He made a long and eloquent speech full of abstract devotion to the Union and of denunciation of all the measures that had hitherto been taken to save it. "This Administration," he said, "cannot save this Union if it would. It has, by its proclamations, by vindictive legislation, by displays of hate and passion, placed obstacles in its own pathway which it cannot overcome, and has hampered its own freedom of action by unconstitutional acts." But Mr. Seymour did not mourn as one without hope. He continued: "If the Administration cannot save this Union, we can. Mr. Lincoln values many things above the Union; we put it first of all. He thinks a proclamation worth more than peace; we think the blood of our people more precious than the edicts of the President. . . . We demand no conditions for the restoration of our Union. We are shackled with no hates, no prejudices, no passions." And so,— as he imagined,— without prejudices, without hatred, and without passion, he went on denouncing his Government and the majority of his fellow-citizens with eloquent fury to the end of his speech. His address was greeted at its close with loud applause, not unmingled with calls on the part of the peace men for Vallandigham. He did not respond at that moment, but the most weighty utterance of the convention was his, nevertheless — the second resolution of the platform, reported by the chairman, Mr. Guthrie of Kentucky. There had been on the organization of the committee a contest between Guthrie and Vallandigham for the chairmanship. "Through the artifices of Cassidy, Tilden, and other New York politicians,"[1] Mr. Guthrie of Kentucky received twelve votes to eight for Vallandigham; but whatever managers may accomplish, the strongest man with the strongest force behind him generally has his way, and when the committee got to work Vallandigham carried too many guns for Guthrie. He wrote, to use his own words,

> the material resolution of the Chicago platform, and carried it through the sub-committee and the general committee in spite of the most desperate and persistent opposition on the part of Cassidy and his friends, Mr. Cassidy himself in an adjoining room laboring to defeat it.

This Vallandigham resolution is the only one in the platform worth quoting. All the rest was a string of mere commonplaces declaring devotion to the Union, denouncing interference of the military in elections, enumerating the illegal and arbitrary acts of the Government, expressing the sympathy of the convention with soldiers and sailors and prisoners of war. But the resolution written by Mr. Vallandigham and by him forced upon his party —

> *Resolved*, That this convention does explicitly declare, as the sense of the American people, that after four years of failure to restore the Union by the experiment of war, during which, under the pretense of a military necessity, or war power higher than the Constitution, the Constitution itself has been disregarded in every part, and public liberty and private right alike trodden down and the material prosperity of the country essentially impaired, justice, humanity, liberty, and the public welfare demand that immediate efforts be made for a cessation of hostilities, with a view to an ultimate convention of the States, or other peaceable means, to the end that at the earliest practicable moment peace may be restored on the basis of the Federal Union of the States.

It is altogether probable that this distinct proposition of surrender to the Confederates might have been modified or defeated in full convention if the war Democrats had had the courage of their convictions; but they were so intent upon the nomination of McClellan that they considered the question of platform as of secondary importance, and these fatal resolutions were therefore adopted without debate, and the convention passed to the nomination of candidates. General McClellan was nominated by Mr. Stockton of New Jersey, followed by S. S. Cox of Ohio; Mr. Saulsbury of Delaware nominated Mr. Powell of Kentucky, who with compliments declined; Mr. Stuart, in behalf of the peace faction from Ohio, nominated Mr. Seymour of Connecticut; and Mr. Wickliffe of Kentucky raised the specter of the old-fashioned Democracy in the convention by nominating ex-President Pierce in a speech more amusing than effective. McClellan received 174 votes, but before the result was declared the vote was raised upon revision to 202; Seymour received a little more than one-tenth of that number. Mr. Vallandigham, who had taken possession of the convention through his platform, now adopted the candidate also, and put the seal of his sinister approval upon General McClellan by moving that his nomination be made unanimous, which was done with great cheering. Mr. Wickliffe, the comic old man of the convention, then offered a resolution that General McClellan, immediately after his inauguration in March next, should "open Abraham Lincoln's prison doors and let the captives free." Mr. Guthrie and Mr. Pendleton were the principal names mentioned in the first ballot for Vice-President, but on the second New York changed from Guthrie to Pendleton, and, all the other candidates being withdrawn, he was nominated, unanimously. Pendleton came to the stand and briefly addressed the convention, accepting the nomination and promising to continue "faithful to those principles which lay at the very bottom of the organization of the Democratic party." The convention did not adjourn as usual *sine die*. On the motion of Mr. Wickliffe, who said that "the delegates from the West were of the opinion that circumstances might occur between now and the 4th of March next which would make it proper for the Democracy of the country to meet in convention again," the convention resolved to "remain as organized, subject to be called at any time and place that the Executive National Committee shall designate." The motives of this action were not avowed. It was taken as a significant warning that the leaders of the Democratic party held themselves ready for any extraordinary measures which the exigencies of the time might provoke or invite.

The New Yorkers had, however, the last

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[1] Letter of Vallandigham to the New York "News," Oct. 22, 1864.

word. Mr. Seymour, as Chairman of the Convention, was chairman of the committee to inform McClellan of his nomination, and before he wrote the letter Atlanta had fallen, the tide had turned, and the winds of popular opinion, which had seemed stagnant throughout the midsummer, now began to blow favorably to the national cause. The committee, in their letter dated a week after the convention adjourned, said:

> Be assured that those for whom we speak were animated with the most earnest, devoted, prayerful desire for the salvation of the American Union, and preservation of the Constitution of the United States, and that the accomplishment of these objects was the guiding and impelling motive in every mind; and we may be permitted to add that their purpose to maintain the Union is manifested in their selection, as their candidate, of one whose life has been devoted to its cause, while it is their earnest hope and confident belief that your election will restore to our country Union, Peace, and Constitutional Liberty.

The general answered on the same date.[1] He also felt with the New York politicians that the poison of death was in the platform of the convention; that if he accepted it pure and simple the campaign was hopeless; his only possible chance for success was in his war record; his position as a candidate on a platform of dishonorable peace was no less desperate than ridiculous. He, therefore, in his letter of acceptance renewed his assurances of devotion to the Union, the Constitution, the laws, and the flag of his country.

> The reëstablishment of the Union [he said] in all its integrity is, and must continue to be, the indispensable condition in any settlement. So soon as it is clear, or even probable, that our present adversaries are ready for peace, upon the basis of the Union, we should exhaust all the resources of statesmanship practiced by civilized nations and taught by the traditions of the American people, consistent with the honor and interests of the country, to secure such peace, reëstablish the Union, and guarantee for the future the constitutional rights of every State. The Union is the one condition of peace. We ask no more. Let me add, what I doubt not was, although unexpressed, the sentiment of the convention, as it is of the people they represent, that when any one State is willing to return to the Union it should be received at once, with a full guarantee of all its constitutional rights. . . . But the Union must be preserved at all hazards. I could not look in the face of my gallant comrades of the army and navy, who have survived so many bloody battles, and tell them that their labors and the sacrifice of so many of our slain and wounded brethren had been in vain, that we had abandoned that Union for which we have so often periled our lives. A vast majority of our people, whether in the army and navy or at home, would, as I would, hail with unbounded joy the permanent restoration of peace, on the basis of the Union under the Constitution without the effusion of another drop of blood. But no peace can be permanent without union.

Having thus absolutely repudiated the platform upon which he was nominated, he coolly concluded, "Believing that the views here expressed are those of the convention and the people you represent, I accept the nomination."

Upon this contradictory body of doctrine McClellan began his campaign. The platform of the convention was the law, his letter was the gospel, and the orators of the party might reconcile the two according to their sympathies or their ingenuity. The Ohio wing had no hesitation in taking its stand. "The Chicago platform," said Mr. Vallandigham, speaking from the same platform with Mr. Pendleton on the 17th of September, "enunciated its policy and principles by authority and was binding upon every Democrat, and by them the Democratic Administration must and should be governed. It was the only authorized exposition of the Democratic creed, and he repudiated all others." And a week afterwards[2] he went still further and specifically contradicted General McClellan.

> The two principal points in his letter of acceptance to which I object were brought before the committee. The one containing the threat of future war was unanimously rejected. The other, to the effect that until the States and people of the South had returned to the Union we would not exhaust these arts of statesmanship, as they are called, received but three votes in that committee, though presented almost in the very words of the letter itself.

CONSPIRACIES IN THE NORTH.

OPPOSITION to the Government by constitutional means was not enough to gratify the vehement and resentful feelings of those Democrats in the North whose zeal for slavery seemed completely to have destroyed in their hearts every impulse of patriotism. They were ready to do the work of the Southern Confederacy in the North, and were alone prevented by their fear of the law. To evade the restraints of justice and the sharp measures of the military administration, they formed throughout the country secret associations for the purpose of resisting the laws, of embarrassing in every way the action of the Government, of communicating information to the rebels in arms, and in many cases of inflicting serious damage on the lives and property of the Unionists. They adopted various names in different parts of the country, but the designation adopted by the society having the largest number of lodges in the different States was the "Knights of the Golden Circle." As fast as one name was discovered and published it was cast aside and another adopted, and the same organization with the same membership appeared successively under the name we have mentioned and that of "The Order of American Knights," "The Order of the Star," and the "Sons of Liberty." These secret organizations possessed a singular charm to uneducated men, independent of their political sympathies; and this attraction, combined with the fact that they could not in plain daylight inflict any injury upon the Government, drove many thousands of the lower class of Democrats into these furtive lodges. It is impossible to ascertain, with any degree of exactness, the numbers of those who became affiliated with the orders. The numbers claimed by the adepts vary widely. A million was not infrequently the membership of which they boasted. Mr. Vallandigham asserted, in a public speech, that the organized body numbered half a million. Judge Holt, in his official report, accepted this aggregate as being something near the truth. The heaviest force was in Illinois and in Indiana; in Ohio they were also very numerous, and in the border States of Kentucky and Missouri. Their organization was entirely military; the State lodges were commanded by major-generals, the congressional districts by brigadiers, the counties by colonels, and the townships by captains. They drilled as much as was possible under the limitations of secrecy; they made large purchases of arms. General Carrington estimated that 30,000 guns and revolvers were brought into Indiana alone, and the adherents of the order in the State of Illinois were also fully armed. In the month of March, 1864, it was estimated that the entire armed force of the order capable of being mobilized for active service was 340,000 men.[1] It is altogether probable that this estimate was greatly exaggerated; and even if so large a number had been initiated into the order, their lack of drill, discipline, and moral character rendered them incapable at any time of acting as an army. The order was large enough at least to offer the fullest hospitality to detectives and to Union men who volunteered to join with the purpose of reporting what they could to the authorities; so that the Government was speedily put in possession of the entire scheme of organization, with the names of the prominent officers of the order and written copies of their constitutions, oaths, and books of ritual. The constitutions of secret societies are generally valuable only as illustrations of human stupidity, and these were no exception to the rule. Their declaration of principles begins with this lucid proposition: "All men are endowed by the Creator with certain rights; equal as far as there is equality in the capacity for the appreciation, enjoyment, and exercise of those rights." The institution of slavery receives the approval of this band of midnight traitors in the following muddled and brutal sentences:

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[1] Sept. 8, 1864.

[2] At Sidney, Ohio, Sept. 24.

> In the divine economy no individual of the human race must be permitted to encumber the earth, to mar its aspects of transcendent beauty, nor to impede the progress of the physical or intellectual man, neither in himself nor in the race to which he belongs. Hence a people . . . whom neither the divinity within them nor the inspirations of divine and beautiful nature around them can impel to virtuous action and progress onward and upward, should be subjected to a just and humane servitude and tutelage to the superior race until they shall be able to appreciate the benefits and advantages of civilization.

They also declare in favor of something they imagine to be the theory of State rights, and also the duty of the people to expel their rulers from the Government by force of arms when they see good reason. "This is not revolution," they say, "but solely the assertion of State rights." Had they been content to meet in their lodges at stated times and bewilder themselves by such rhetoric as this there would have been no harm done; but there is plenty of evidence that the measures they adopted to bring what they called their principles into action were of positive injury to the national welfare. One of their chief objects was the exciting of discontent in the army and the encouraging of desertion; members of the order enlisted with the express purpose of inciting soldiers to desert with them; money and citizens' clothing were furnished them for this purpose; lawyers were hired to advise soldiers on leave not to go back and to promise them the requisite defense in the courts if they got into trouble by desertion. The adjutant-general of Indiana, in his report for 1863, says that the number of deserters and absentees returned to the army through the post of Indianapolis alone, during the last month of 1862, was about 2600. The squads of soldiers sent to arrest deserters were frequently attacked in rural districts by these organized bodies; the most violent resistance was made to the enrollment and the draft. Several enrolling officers were shot in Indiana and in Illinois; about sixty persons were tried and convicted in Indiana for conspiracy to resist the draft.[2] A constant system of communication with the rebels in arms was kept up across the border; arms, ammunition, and, in some instances, recruits, were sent to aid the Confederates; secret murders and assassinations were not unknown; the plan of establishing a North-western Confederacy in hostility to the East and in alliance with the Southern Confederacy was the favorite dream of the malignant and narrow minds controlling the order. The Government wisely took little notice of the proceedings of this organization. It was constantly informed of its general plans and purposes; the Grand Secretary of the order in Missouri made a full confession of his connection with it. In August a large number of copies of the ritual of the order of American Knights were seized in the office of D. W. Voorhees, a prominent Democratic member of Congress at Terre Haute.[1] A private soldier in the Union army, named Stidger, had himself initiated into the order, and with infinite skill and success rose to a high position in it, becoming Grand Secretary for the State of Kentucky. Thus thoroughly informed of the composition and the purposes of the society, the Government was constantly able to guard against any serious disturbances of the public peace; and whenever the arrest of any of the ringleaders was determined upon, the evidence for their conviction was always overwhelming.

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[1] Report of Judge-Advocate General Holt.

[2] Ibid.

The fullest light was thrown upon the organization and plans of these treasonable orders by the trials of certain conspirators in Indiana in the autumn of 1864. We will make no reference to the testimony of Government detectives who joined the conspiracy with the purpose of revealing its secrets. It is sufficient to quote the unwilling and unquestionably truthful statements of members of the order, brought into court by subpœna. William Clayton,[2] a farmer of Warren County, Illinois, testified that he was initiated a member of the order of American Knights "at a congregation formed in the timber"; he took a long and bombastic oath, the only significant part of which was the pledge to take up arms if required, in the cause of the oppressed against usurpers waging war against a people endeavoring to establish a government for themselves in accordance with the eternal principles of truth; this, he testified, bound him to assist the South in its struggle for independence. He said he understood the purpose of the order was primarily to beat the Republicans at the polls, and that force of arms was to be resorted to in case of necessity; that they contemplated a rebel invasion in support of these objects; that the understanding was that in case the rebels came into Illinois, they and the brethren of this organization were to shake hands and be friends; that they were to give aid and assistance to the invaders; that death was the penalty for divulging the secrets of the order. Other members testified that they took an oath providing that in case of treachery they were to be drawn and quartered, their mangled remains to be cast out at the four gates. When these dwellers in prairie villages were asked what they meant by "the four gates," they said they did not know. Clayton further said their objects were "to resist the conscription or anything else that pushed them too hard."[3] Another farmer said he joined "because he had been a Democrat all his life"; another, that he "went in out of curiosity"—and this was doubtless a motive with many. In communities where there is little to interest an idle mind these secret mummeries possess a singular attraction. The grips, the passwords, the emblems, formed a great part of whatever temptation the order offered to the rural conspirators. Their favorite cognizance was the oak; not on account of any civic association, but because the word was formed of the initials of the name, "Order of American Knights." Their grand hailing cry of distress was "Oak-houn," the last syllable taken from the name of the South Carolina statesman whose principles they imagined they were putting in operation.

By far the most important witness for the Government was Horace Heffren, a lawyer of Salem, Indiana, a man high in the councils of the order. He was indicted for treasonable practices, and concluded to make a clean breast of it.[4] He gave an apparently truthful account; detailed the scheme for forming a North-western Confederacy, or, if that failed, for joining the Southern army; the State Government of Indiana was to be seized, Governor Morton was to be held for a hostage or killed. He confirmed the story of the general uprising which was to have taken place on the 16th of August in conjunction with a rebel raid from Cumberland Gap, the great feature of which was the liberation of the Confederate prisoners in Illinois, Ohio, and Indiana. But when the time came the rebels did not, and the conspirators lacked heart for the fight. Vallandigham, the supreme head of the order, was too far away for intelligent and efficient direction. The whole conspiracy was shabby and puerile, although it included many editors and politicians of local standing. They were not all cravens; some of them stood up stoutly before the military commission and defended the cause of the South. "I assert," said one, "that the South has been fighting for their rights as defined in the Dred Scott decision."[5] But there was very little display of heroism when the time of trial arrived. There was much that was ignoble and sordid; a scramble for the salaried places, a rush to handle the money provided for arms; one man intriguing for a place on the staff "because he had a sore leg"; a cloud of small politicians, who hardly knew whether they were members or not; "they had heard a ritual read, but paid little attention to it"; they were anxious to be members if the scheme succeeded, and to avoid the law if it failed.

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[1] Report of Judge-Advocate General.

[2] Treason trials at Indianapolis, p. 39.

[3] Ibid., p. 45. [4] Ibid., p. 125. [5] Ibid., p. 174.

The President's attitude in regard to this organization was one of good-humored contempt rather than anything else. Most of the officers commanding departments, however, regarded the machinations of these dark-lantern knights as a matter of the deepest import. Governor Morton was greatly disquieted by their work in his State, and sent a telegram to the President in January, 1863,[1] expressing his fear that the legislature, when it met, would pass a joint resolution to acknowledge the Southern Confederacy and urge the North-west to dissolve all constitutional relation with the New England States. But when the legislature came together, although it evinced a hearty good-will in giving the governor all the worry and annoyance possible, it took no such overt step of treason as he feared.

Their action was, indeed, sufficiently violent and contumacious. The House of Representatives insolently returned his message to him and passed a resolution accepting in its stead that of the Democratic governor of New York. Measures were introduced to take the military power of the State away from the governor and to confer it upon the Democratic State officers. To defeat these unconstitutional proceedings the Republicans adopted the equally irregular course of abandoning the legislature and leaving it without a quorum; in consequence of which no appropriation bills were passed, and the governor had to appeal to the people of the State for means to carry on the government. These were furnished in part by the voluntary offerings of banks, private corporations, and individuals; but needing a quarter of a million dollars for an emergency, he came to Washington and obtained it from the General Government, by virtue of a statute of July 31, 1861, which set aside two millions for the purchase of munitions of war to be used in States in rebellion or "in which rebellion is or may be threatened." In view of the revolutionary attitude of the legislature, and the known treasonable organization and purposes of the Sons of Liberty, the Secretary of War decided that Indiana was so "threatened," and made Governor Morton a disbursing officer to the amount of 250,000 dollars. It is related that Morton remarked, as he took the warrant, "If the cause failed, they would be called heavily to account for this"; to which Stanton replied, "If the cause fails, I do not wish to live."[2]

General Rosecrans, commanding in Missouri, was thrown into something like panic by the doings of the Knights, and Governor Yates of Illinois shared fully in his trepidation. In June, 1864, the governor and the general joined in an earnest demand that the President should order Colonel Sanderson, of Rosecrans's staff, to Washington for a personal interview upon matters of overwhelming importance. The President was unwilling that either Rosecrans or his subordinate should come to Washington upon this errand, under the temptation to magnify his office by alarming reports. He therefore concluded to send one of his own private secretaries to St. Louis to see precisely what were the facts which had thrown the general commanding into such a state of consternation. Rosecrans then repeated the entire story of the organization of the order of American Knights and the Golden Circle, facts which were already well known to the President and the Secretary of War; but the immediate cause of his excitement was the expected return of Vallandigham, which, he said, was in accordance with the resolution adopted by the order at the convocation held in Windsor, Canada. General Rosecrans thought that his return would be the signal for the rising of the Knights throughout the North-west, and for serious public disorders.

The President, on receiving his secretary's report, declined to order Sanderson to Washington; and in reference to Rosecrans's strict injunctions of secrecy he said that a secret confided on the one side to half a million Democrats, and on the other to five governors and their staffs, was hardly worth keeping. He said the Northern section of the conspiracy merited no special attention, being about an equal mixture of puerility and malice.

General Rosecrans, after he was convinced that the President would not overrule the Secretary of War by ordering Colonel Sanderson to Washington, concluded at last to send his voluminous report in manuscript, accompanying it with the following letter, which we copy as giving in few words the results of his researches:[3]

> Since Major Hay's departure, bearing my letter about the secret conspiracy we have been tracing out, we have added much information of its Southern connexions, operations, uses, and intentions.
>
> We have also found a new element in its workings under the name of McClellan minute men.
>
> The evident extent and anti-national purposes of this great conspiracy compel me to urge the consideration of what ought to be done to anticipate its workings and prevent the mischief it is capable of producing again upon your attention.
>
> Therefore, I have sent the report of Colonel Sanderson with the details of evidence covering a thousand pages of foolscap, by himself, to be carried or forwarded to you by safe hands.

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[1] Morton to Stanton, Jan. 3, 1863.

[2] Henry Wilson. Article E. M. Stanton, "Atlantic Monthly," February, 1870.

[3] Rosecrans to Lincoln, June 22, 1864. MS.

That report and its accompanying papers show,

1. That there exists an oath-bound secret society, under various names but forming one brotherhood both in the rebel and loyal States, the objects of which are the overthrow of the existing national Government and the dismemberment of this nation.

2. That the secret oaths bind these conspirators to revolution and all its consequences of murder, arson, pillage, and an untold train of crimes, including assassination and perjury, under the penalty of death to the disobedient or recusant.

3. That they intend to operate in conjunction with rebel movements this summer to revolutionize the loyal States, if they can.

4. That Vallandigham is the Supreme Commander of the Northern wing of this society, and General Price, of the rebel army, the Supreme Commander of the Southern wing of the organization. And that Vallandigham's return was a part of the programme well understood both North and South, by which the revolution they propose was to be inaugurated.

5. That this association is now and has been the principal agency by which spying and supplying rebels with means of war are carried on, between the loyal and rebel States, and that even some of our officers are engaged in it.

6. That they claim to have 25,000 members in Missouri, 140,000 in Illinois, 100,000 in Indiana, 80,000 in Ohio, 70,000 in Kentucky, and that they are extending through New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, and Maryland.

Besides which prominent and general facts, the names of members, mode of operating, and other details appear fully, showing what a formidable power and what agencies for mischief we have to deal with.

With this synopsis of the report it is respectfully submitted with the single remark — that whatever orders you may deem best to give, it must be obvious to your Excellency that leading conspirators like Chas. L. Hunt and Dr. Shore of St. Louis, arrested for being implicated in the association, cannot be released without serious hazard to the public welfare and safety.

From first to last these organizations were singularly lacking in energy and initiative. The only substantial harm they did was in encouraging desertions and embarrassing and resisting the officers concerned in the enrollment and the draft. The toleration with which the President regarded them, and the immunity which he allowed them in their passive treason, arose from the fact that he never could be made to believe that there was as much crime as folly in their acts and purposes. Senator McDonald reports that the President once said to him when he was asking the pardon of some of these conspirators condemned by military commission, "Nothing can make me believe that one hundred thousand Indiana Democrats are disloyal." They were sufficiently disloyal to take all manner of oaths against the Government; to be ready in their secret councils to declare they were ready to shed the last drop of their blood to abolish it; to express their ardent sympathy with its enemies and their detestation of its officers and supporters. But this was the limit of their criminal courage. Shedding the last drop of one's blood is a comparatively easy sacrifice — it is shedding the first drop that costs; and these rural Catalines were never quite ready to risk their skins for their so-called principles. All the attempts against the public peace in the free States and on the Northern border proceeded not from the resident conspirators, but from desperate Southern emissaries and their aiders and abettors in the British provinces, and even these rarely rose above the level of ordinary arson and highway robbery.

The case of the *Chesapeake* was one of the most noteworthy of these incidents. Two Canadians named Braine and Parr resolved, in the latter part of 1863, to start on a privateering enterprise on their own account. Parr, though born in Canada, had lived for several years in Tennessee; and Braine, who had been arrested and confined in Fort Warren, had been released from that prison on his claim, presented by the British minister, that he was a British subject. Their sole pretension to Confederate nationality was the possession of commissions in the Confederate navy prepared *ad hoc*. They enlisted a dozen men, all British subjects, and purchased in New York the arms and equipment they required for their enterprise, and took passage on board the United States merchant steamer *Chesapeake*, which left New York on the 5th of December, bound for Portland, Maine. On the morning of the 8th they assaulted the officers and crew of the *Chesapeake*, capturing her after a struggle of only a few minutes' duration, killing one and wounding two of her officers.[1] They took the *Chesapeake* into the Bay of Fundy and there delivered her into the hands of a man calling himself Captain Parker of the Confederate navy, who afterwards turned out to be an Englishman whose name was Vernon Locke, and who had come out in a pilot boat to meet her. Feeling now secure in the possession of her new nationality, she went to Sambro Harbor, Nova Scotia, to receive the fuel and supplies necessary to enable her to prosecute her voyage to the Confederate States. While she lay there, the United States gun-boat *Ella and Annie* entered the harbor; and, says Mr. Benjamin, whose righteous indignation was evidently aroused by the proceedings, "with that habitual contempt of the territorial sovereignty of Great Britain and of her neutral rights which characterizes our enemies," recaptured the prize and left the British port with the purpose of taking the *Chesapeake* to the United States; but meeting on the way a superior officer of the United States navy, the captain of the *Ella and Annie* was ordered by him to return to Halifax to restore the *Chesapeake* to the jurisdiction of Great Britain. This was done, and the few pirates who had been captured in the *Chesapeake* were delivered up. The case was taken at once into the courts and was promptly and properly decided, so far as the vessel was concerned, by her delivery to her rightful owners; but before this decision was made known at Richmond, the Confederate Government, seeing in the case a possibility of profit to their cause, dispatched to Halifax Professor J. P. Holcombe, said to be the most accomplished international lawyer in the Confederacy, to take charge of the case. During the professor's transit, however, by way of Wilmington and Bermuda, the case had come to its natural close, and on arriving at Halifax he found his occupation gone. He was compelled to report to the department that every man concerned in the capture of the *Chesapeake*, with the single exception of the Canadian-Tennesseean just mentioned, was a British subject.[1] He also found that the captors had been guilty of stealing and peddling the cargo and pocketing the proceeds, and that the antecedents of the so-called Confederate officers involved were most disreputable. He seemed greatly disappointed to find that this gang of murderers and thieves were not high-minded and honorable gentlemen, and therefore concluded to make no demand upon the British authorities for the restitution of the stolen ship. He remained for some time in Halifax enjoying the hospitality of the colonial sympathizers with the South, and then proceeded to join the other secession emissaries in Canada who were engaged in equally congenial enterprises.

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[1] Benjamin to Holcombe, Feb. 15, 1864. MS. Confederate Archives.

The principal agent of the Confederates in Canada was Jacob Thompson, late Secretary of the Interior in the administration of Buchanan, whose dishonorable administration of that important office has already been mentioned. He had sunk into appropriate insignificance, even among his own associates, after the war began; had been captured by General Grant on the Mississippi River in a ridiculous attempt at playing the spy under a flag of truce,[2] and, after being released with contemptuous forbearance, had gone to Canada, under instructions from the rebel Government, to do what damage he could in connection with the refugees and escaped prisoners who fringed the Northern frontier during the last two years of the war. He immediately placed himself in communication with the disloyal Democrats of the Northern States, and through them and a band of refugees who at once gathered about him in Canada for employment began a series of operations which, for their folly no less than their malignity, would be incredible if they were not recorded in the report which Thompson himself, with amazing moral obtuseness, wrote of his mission on the 3d of December, 1864.[3] He states that immediately on his arrival in Canada he put himself in communication with the leading spirits of the Sons of Liberty. He was received among them with cordiality, and the greatest confidence was extended to him. They became convinced, during the summer of 1864, that their efforts to defeat the election of Mr. Lincoln were hopeless. "Lincoln had the power," he said, "and would certainly reëlect himself," and there was no hope but in force. The belief was entertained and freely expressed that by a bold, vigorous, and concerted movement the three great North-western States of Illinois, Indiana, and Ohio could be seized and held. This would naturally involve the accession of Missouri and Kentucky to the Confederacy, and this, in sixty days, would end the war. It was resolved to hold a series of peace meetings in Illinois for the purpose of preparing the public mind for such a revolt. The first of these meetings was to be held at Peoria, and "to make it a success," says Thompson, "I agreed that so much money as was necessary would be furnished by me." It was held, and was decidedly successful. But he pretends that the Niagara Falls conference and Lincoln's letter, "To whom it may concern," shook the country to such an extent that the leading politicians conceived the idea that Lincoln might be beaten at the ballot box on such an issue. "The nerves of the leaders," he says, "thereupon began to relax." The seizure of arms at Indianapolis, the arrests of leading supporters at Louisville, the unsympathetic attitude of Mr. McDonald, the Democratic candidate for governor of Indiana, all tended to discourage the ringleaders; and the day fixed for the revolt, which was to have been the 16th of August, passed by with no demonstration. "The necessity of pandering to the military feeling which resulted in the nomination of McClellan totally demoralized," says Thompson, "the Sons of Liberty."

Convinced that there was nothing to be expected from the coöperation of Northern Democrats, Thompson fell back once more upon his gang of escaped prisoners and other loose fish in Canada. The next scheme adopted by him was ingenious and audacious and not without possibilities of success. He determined to capture the war steamer *Michigan*, plying on Lake Erie, and with her to liberate the rebel prisoners on Johnson's Island; the prisoners were then to march upon Cleveland, attacking that town by land and by water, and thence march through Ohio to gain Virginia. A man named Cole, formerly one of Forrest's troopers, was sent round the lakes as a deck passenger to inform himself thoroughly of the approaches to the harbors, the depositories of coal, the stations and habits of the *Michigan*. He performed his duty with energy and efficiency and with great satisfaction and amusement to himself. He invented an oil corporation of which he was president and board of directors, opened an office in Buffalo, and used a good deal of Thompson's money in making the acquaintance of the officers of the *Michigan*. The 19th of September was the day fixed for the attempt upon the *Michigan*, Cole having contrived to have himself invited to dine with the officers of the vessel on that day. A Virginian named John Yates Beall was assigned the more difficult and dangerous part of the enterprise. He, with twenty-five Confederates, took passage from Sandwich, in Canada, on board the *Philo Parsons*, an unarmed merchant vessel plying between Detroit and Sandusky; they were all armed with revolvers, and had no trouble in taking possession of the steamer and robbing the clerk of what money he had. They soon afterwards fell in with another unarmed steamer, the *Island Queen*, scuttled her, and then steered for Sandusky Bay to join Cole and the boats he had prepared in an attack upon the *Michigan*. But the plan miscarried. The military, aware of Cole's intentions, had captured him; and Beall, missing the signals which had been agreed upon, did not dare to proceed in the enterprise alone. He therefore returned to Sandwich, and his crew scattered through Canada. Beall was not content with the failure of this enterprise, and later in the season, in the middle of December, he was caught in the State of New York near the Suspension Bridge in an attempt to throw a passenger train from the West off the railroad track for the purpose of robbing the express company.[1] This was the third attempt which he had made to accomplish this purpose. He was in citizen's dress, engaged in an act of simple murder and robbery, yet he imagined that the fact that he had a Confederate commission in his pocket would secure him against punishment in case of capture. He was tried by court martial and sentenced to death. Mr. Jefferson Davis took the same view of the talismanic character of the Confederate commission upon which Beall had relied, and issued a manifesto assuming the responsibility of the act and declaring that it was done by his authority. There was great clamor in regard to the case, and many people of all parties pleaded with Mr. Lincoln to commute the sentence of Beall. A petition in this cause was signed by most of the Democratic members of the House of Representatives and by many Republicans. But the Judge-Advocate General reported that "Beall, convicted upon indubitable proof as a spy, guerrillero, outlaw, and would-be murderer of hundreds of innocent persons traveling in supposed security upon one of our great thoroughfares, fully deserved to die a felon's death, and the summary enforcement of that penalty was a duty which government owed to society."

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[1] Holcombe to Benjamin, April 1, 1864.

[2] "Personal Memoirs of U. S. Grant," I., p. 462.

[3] Thompson to Benjamin, Dec. 3, 1864. MS. Confederate Archives.

Loath as Mr. Lincoln was at all times to approve a capital sentence, he felt that in this case he could not permit himself to yield to the promptings of his kindly heart. He sent a private message to General Dix, saying he would be glad if he would allow Beall a respite of a few days to prepare himself for death, but positively declined to interfere with the sentence, and Beall was hung in the latter part of February. The Virginia Senate made his case their own, and recommended, by resolutions of the 3d of March, the adoption of such steps as might be necessary in retaliation for the offense committed by the authorities of the United States.

Under Thompson's orders the large prison camps in the North had been thoroughly examined with a view of effecting the release of the Confederate prisoners confined in them. But the attempts at different places were given up for one reason or another, and it was resolved to concentrate all the efforts of the conspirators upon Camp Douglas at Chicago. A large number of rebels and their sympathizers were gathered together in that city, and the plan for taking the prison camp with its ten thousand Confederate prisoners was matured, and was to have been put into execution on the night of election day, taking advantage of the excitement and the crowds of people in the streets to surprise the camp, release and arm the prisoners of war, cut the telegraph wires, burn the railway stations, and seize the banks and stores containing arms and ammunition. It was hoped that this would excite a simultaneous rising of the Sons of Liberty throughout the State, and result in the release of the Confederate prisoners in other camps. But the plot, as usual, was betrayed by repentant rebels who were in the most secret councils of the conspirators. Shortly after midnight on the 7th of November, Colonel Sweet, commanding Camp Douglas, trapped in their various hiding-places and took prisoners all the leaders of the contemplated attack, among them Morgan's adjutant-general, St. Leger Grenfell, Colonel Marmaduke, a brother of the rebel general, the commanding officer of the Sons of Liberty in the State, and several other officers of the rebel army who were escaped prisoners. In one house they found two cartloads of revolvers loaded and capped, two hundred stands of muskets loaded, and a large amount of ammunition.[1]

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[1] General Orders No. 17, Feb. 21, 1865. Case of J. Y. Beall.

Mr. Thompson hesitated at nothing which he thought might injure the people of the United States. Any villain who approached him with a project of murder and arson was sure of a kindly reception. "Soon after I reached Canada," he says, "a Mr. Minor Major visited me and represented himself as an accredited agent from the Confederate States to destroy steamboats on the Mississippi River, and that his operations were suspended for want of means. I advanced to him $2000 in Federal currency, and soon afterwards several boats were burned at St. Louis, involving an immense loss of property to the enemy. . . . Money has been advanced to a Mr. Churchill of Cincinnati to organize a corps for the purpose of incendiarism in that city. I consider him a true man; and although as yet he has effected but little, I am in constant expectation of hearing of effective work in that quarter." Another miscreant of the same type, named Colonel Martin, who brought an unsigned letter from Jefferson Davis to Thompson, expressed a wish to organize a corps to burn New York City. "He was allowed to do so," says Mr. Thompson, "and a most daring attempt has been made to fire that city, but their reliance on the Greek fire has proved a misfortune. It cannot be depended on as an agent in such work. I have no faith whatever in it, and no attempt shall hereafter be made under my general directions with any such material." A party of eight persons, mostly escaped prisoners, were sent to New York to destroy that city by fire. One of them named Kennedy was captured, tried, and hung. Before his execution he confessed that he had set fire to four places: Barnum's Museum, Lovejoy's Hotel, Tammany Hotel, and the New England House; "the others," he said, with a certain sense of wrong, "only started fires where each was lodging, and then ran off. Had they all done as I did, we would have had thirty-two fires and played a huge joke on the fire department." This stupid tool of baser men escaped to Canada; but relying, as Beall did, on his commission as a captain in the Confederate army, he started once more for the Confederacy by way of Detroit, and was arrested by detectives in the railway station. He had taken on a new name and a new character; and in his trial, among the evidence he brought forward which he thought would insure his immunity, was a pledge given to the transportation agent in Canada to return with all due diligence to the Confederacy. Even after his sentence he had no realization of the crime he had committed. He wrote to the President arguing, as a matter of law, that death was too severe a penalty for arson, and suggesting that there was no need of punishing him as an example, since the execution of Beall had already served that purpose.

If Mr. Thompson is to be believed it would appear that his adherents in Canada were not altogether under discipline, and that they sometimes took the opportunity to indulge in occasional burglaries and murders on their own account. He said in his official report that he knew nothing of the St. Albans affair until after it was over. This was a crime of unusual atrocity, and bade fair, for the moment, to involve the most serious consequences. A party of Confederate thieves, some twenty or thirty strong, came over the border from Canada on the 19th of October, and entering the village of St. Albans in Vermont, they robbed the banks of some fifty thousand dollars, accompanying this crime with entirely uncalled for cruelty, firing upon the unarmed citizens, killing one man and wounding three; they also burned one of the hotels in the place. The *razzia* was over in less than an hour, and the band, who had stolen horses enough in the vicinity to mount them all, immediately returned to Canada. It seemed at first as if the Canadian authorities intended to arrest the criminals and hold them for punishment, and Mr. Seward, two days afterwards, expressed his gratification to the British legation at Washington for this prompt and apparently satisfactory proceeding. As it turned out, however, he spoke too quickly, for Judge Coursol discharged the criminals from custody and restored to them the money they had stolen. As soon as this intelligence reached New York, General Dix, outraged beyond endurance by the iniquity of the act, without consultation with the Government issued an order directing all military commanders on the frontier in case of further acts of depredation and murder to shoot down the murderers, or the persons acting under commissions from the rebel authorities at Richmond; and further instructing them that if it should be necessary, with a view to their capture, to cross the border between the United States and Canada, to pursue them wherever they might take refuge, and on no account to surrender them to the local authorities, but to send them to the headquarters of the Department of the East for trial and punishment by martial law. The

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[1] Colonel Sweet's report to General Cook, Nov. 7, 1864.

President, who felt no less keenly than General Dix the wrong and outrage committed by these rebel murderers and the Canadian authorities who seemed to be protecting them, nevertheless declined to allow any subordinate to embroil the country with a foreign nation in this way;[1] and in spite of General Dix's vehement defense of what he called "the right of hot pursuit," the President required him to revoke the instructions quoted. The British Government directed Lord Monck, the Governor-General of Canada, to be guided by the decision of the proper legal authorities in the provinces whether persons in custody ought or ought not to be delivered up under the treaty of extradition, saying that in case the decision should have been that they ought to be delivered, the Government would approve Lord Monck's acting on this decision; and in case of the contrary decision, the Government suggested that they should be put upon trial on the charge of misprision and violation of the royal prerogative by levying war from her Majesty's dominions against a friendly power. The criminals whom Judge Coursol had released were again captured; the Canadian Parliament reproved the action of Coursol and suspended him from office. The prisoners having been again arrested, the matter was heard before Mr. Justice Smith of Montreal, who again discharged them, on the ground that Young, the ringleader of the party, bore a commission in the Confederate army;[2] that Mr. Clement C. Clay, an associate of Thompson's as Confederate commissioner, was aware of Young's purpose and gave him a check for four hundred dollars for his expenses. "The attack on St. Albans," he said, "must therefore be regarded as a hostile expedition, undertaken and carried out under the authority of the so-called Confederate States by one of the officers of their army." The prisoners, he held, had not acquired any domicile in Canada nor lost their national character by their residence there. The Government of Canada was not satisfied with this pettifogging plea and again arrested the prisoners; but the war having now come to an end, the case was languidly prosecuted and the criminals received no punishment. The Canadian authorities, however, desiring to maintain amicable relations with the United States and to do substantial justice in the case in spite of the courts, refunded the fifty thousand dollars stolen by the raiders, and an attempt was made in the provincial legislature to pass a law which should prevent the setting on foot of such unlawful expeditions from Canadian soil in the future.

LINCOLN AND THE CHURCHES.

In a conflict which was founded upon the quickened moral sense of the people it was not strange that the Government received the most earnest support from the churches. From one end of the loyal States to the other all the religious organizations, with few exceptions, moved by the double forces of patriotism and religion, ranged themselves upon the side of the Government against the rebellion. A large number of pulpits in the North had already taken their places as tribunes for the defense of popular freedom, and it was from them that, at the menace of war, the first cry of danger and of defiance rang out. Those ministers who had for years been denouncing the encroachments of slavery did not wait for any organized action on the part of their colleagues, but proclaimed at once in a thousand varying tones that peace was "a blessing worth fighting for." The more conservative churches were but little in the rear of the more advanced. Those who had counseled moderation and patience with the South on account of the divided responsibility for slavery which rested on both halves of the nation speedily felt the sense of release from the obligations of brotherhood when the South had repudiated and renounced them, and rallied to the support of the insulted flag with an earnestness not less ardent, and more steadily trustworthy, than that of the original antislavery clergy. As the war went on, and as every stage of it gave a clearer presage of the coming destruction of slavery, the deliverances of the churches became every day more and more decided in favor of the national cause and the downfall of human bondage. To detail the thousand ways in which the churches testified their support of the national cause, to give even an abstract of the countless expressions of loyalty which came from the different religious bodies of the country, would occupy many volumes; we can only refer briefly to a few of the more important utterances of some of the great religious societies.

In all the church conventions which met after the President's preliminary proclamation of the 22d of September, 1862, that act of liberation was greeted with the heartiest expressions of approval and support. The Baptist Convention of New York declared that "While we see with the profoundest sorrow thousands of husbands, fathers, brothers, and sons falling on the battlefield, considering the interests to be preserved and transmitted to future generations we cannot regard the sacrifice of treasure and of life too much for the object to be secured." They denounced "human slavery as the procuring cause of the rebellion now raging among us"; they declared that "the spirit of the age, the safety of the country, and the laws of God require its entire removal." The American Baptist Missionary Union had, in the spring of 1862, adopted with unanimity resolutions characterizing "the war now waged by the National Government to put down the unprovoked and wicked rebellion that has risen against us, and to establish anew the reign of order and of law, as a most righteous and holy one, sanctioned alike by God and all right-thinking men"; expressing their opinion that "the principal cause and origin of this attempt to destroy the Government has been the institution of slavery," and that a safe, solid, and lasting peace could not be expected short of its complete overthrow. The next year they declared that the developments of the past year had only tended to deepen their conviction of these truths, which they solemnly reiterated and affirmed. They referred to the "fatal and suicidal blows" inflicted upon slavery by the slaveholders' rebellion, and said that "for thus overruling what appeared at first to be a terrible national calamity, to the production of results so unexpected and glorious, their gratitude and adoration are due to that wonder-working God who still maketh the wrath of men to praise him, while the remainder of wrath he restrains." They approved the President's proclamation and the acts of Congress abolishing slavery in the District of Columbia and the Territories, and hailed the dawn of that glorious day when "liberty shall be proclaimed throughout all the land unto all the inhabitants thereof." In severe and dignified language they expressed their gratitude for whatever measure of sympathy they had received from abroad, but at the same time declared that the United States asked no assistance from other nations, and would brook no intervention or interference. In October, 1864, at a meeting of the American Board of Foreign Missions, in Worcester, Massachusetts, the venerable Albert Barnes was granted leave to introduce, without reference to a committee, a series of resolutions expressing the hearty sympathy of the Board in the efforts to suppress the rebellion; hoping for the deliverance of the world from the oppression of slavery; and gratefully acknowledging "the divine interposition in the success which has attended the arms of the nation as an indication that we shall again be one people, united under one glorious Constitution, united in our efforts to spread the Gospel around the world." These resolutions were adopted unanimously with great enthusiasm, the audience rising to their feet and singing the national anthem.

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[1] This order of General Dix gave great satisfaction at Richmond. An official of the Confederate War Department entered in his diary December 19: "General Dix orders his military subordinates to pursue any rebel raiders even into Canada and bring them over. So light may come from that quarter. A war with England would be our peace."

[2] There is an entry in "A Rebel War Clerk's Diary," December 15, which would indicate that Young's commission was spurious or prepared after the fact: "A letter from G. N. Sanders . . . asks copies of orders, to be certified by Secretary of War, commanding the raid into Vermont, the burning, pillaging, etc., *to save Lieutenant Young's life.* I doubt if such written orders are in existence—but no matter."

The State conferences of the Congregational churches passed similar resolutions from time to time. As a specimen of all we give an abstract of the resolutions of the Conference of Massachusetts in 1864. "The chief hope of rebellion is in the sympathy and distraction of a divided North, and the surest and shortest way to peace is not to recall our armies and to relax our grasp upon the enemy, but to present a united and loyal front and an unconquerable determination to prosecute the war till the power of the Government meets no longer armed resistance." They disclaim any feeling of despondency or of impatience, "believing that God is on our side," and interpret hopefully the divine delays which have "led to more and more radical and precious resolutions and deliverances," and assert roundly and with undaunted courage that "there can be no effectual reëstablishment of the national authority by any negotiation which confesses the inability of the Government to subdue rebellion by force of arms and proposes terms of peace to rebels still flying the flag of defiance."

It was not only in New England that the Congregational churches maintained this stern and patriotic attitude. The General Association of New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania came boldly forward in the autumn of 1864, and, discarding all pretenses of non-partisanship or neutrality, declared for the reëlection of Mr. Lincoln in these unqualified words:

> As the momentous issues of this long and deadly contest are approaching their solution in a combined struggle in the field and at the polls, we will sustain with our votes the brave and noble men who are defending our liberties with their lives, and will animate our fellow-citizens by every consideration of religious hope and duty, of devotion to country and to liberty, to make the decision of the people on the 8th of November final and fatal to the hopes of traitors in arms and conspirators in political councils. Our hopes for the preservation of our liberties as a nation, and for the complete emancipation of the African race in the South, depend, under God, upon sustaining the Government in upholding the integrity of the Union throughout all the trials and doubts of the war, and in that policy which looks to the abandonment of slavery as the condition of permanent union and peace.

The German Reformed Synod passed earnest resolutions urging upon their clergy and laity to continue to labor and pray for the success of the Government in its efforts to suppress the rebellion, and to restore peace and union. These resolutions were reiterated from year to year in every State where this church had an organization in existence. The Lutheran General Synod which met at York in 1864 passed resolutions denouncing slavery, setting forth "the necessity of its forcible suppression, the righteousness of the war which is waged by the Government of the United States for the maintenance of the national life, and the duty of every Christian to support it by the whole weight of his influence, his prayers, and his efforts." The Moravian Synod also denounced slavery and considered an earnest support of the Constitution and the laws a religious duty, and expressed its willingness "to render all the aid in its power to subdue unrighteous rebellion, and extend the rightful authority of the Government over every portion of our country."

One of the most weighty utterances of any religious organization during the war was that of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church of the United States, which met at Columbus, Ohio, in the spring of 1862. Important as was this deliverance from the sanction which it carried, as the utterance of one of the most considerable religious organizations in the country, it was no less significant as the work of the Rev. R. J. Breckinridge of Kentucky, who held a position second to none in the border States in character, in political influence, and in social connections. This remarkable paper began with the praise of peace, but, in striking contrast to the many craven pleas based upon this theme during the war, it threw the blame of the violation of peace upon the disloyal and traitorous attempt to overthrow the National Government by military force.

> This whole treason [the report continues], rebellion, anarchy, fraud, and violence, is utterly contrary to the dictates of natural religion and morality, and is plainly condemned by the revealed will of God. It is the clear and solemn duty of the National Government to preserve, at whatever cost, the National Union and Constitution, to maintain the laws in their supremacy, to crush force by force, and to restore the reign of public order and peace to the entire nation by whatever lawful means are necessary thereunto. And it is the bounden duty of the people who compose this great nation, each one in his several place and degree, to uphold the Federal Government and every State Government and all persons in authority, whether civil or military, in all their lawful and proper acts, unto the end hereinbefore set forth.

The report denounces treason, rebellion, and anarchy as sinful, and gravely deprecates the conduct of the Southern synods in encouraging them. The concluding section says:

> We record our gratitude to God for the prevailing unity of sentiment and general internal peace which have characterized the Church in the States that have not revolted, embracing a great majority of ministers, congregations, and people under our care. It may still be called with emphasis a loyal, orthodox, and pious church, and all its acts and works indicate its right to a title so noble. Let a spirit of quietness, of mutual forbearance, and of ready obedience to authority, both civil and ecclesiastical, illustrate the loyalty, the orthodoxy, and the piety of the Church. . . . In the name and by the authority of the Lord Jesus we earnestly exhort all who love God or fear his wrath to turn a deaf ear to all counsels and suggestions that lead toward a reaction favorable to disloyalty, schism, or disturbance, either in the Church or in the country. In all these respects we must give account to God in that great day, and it is in view of our own dread responsibility to the Judge of quick and dead that we now make this deliverance.

This austere and unqualified declaration of loyalty, this denunciation of a treason which was at that hour lifting a defiant and almost triumphant head through a great part of the Union, was adopted by a majority which, under the circumstances, is surprising. Two hundred and six ministers and ruling elders voted for it; only twenty voted against it; less than one in ten failed to rise to that height of moral and political duty. The keynote thus early set governed this powerful Church throughout the war. Its General Assembly, meeting at Newark, New Jersey, in 1864, adopted a long and most energetic report, declaring that

> the time has at length come, in the providence of God, when it is his will that every vestige of human slavery among us should be effaced, and that every Christian man should address himself with industry and earnestness to his appropriate part in the performance of this great duty. . . . Under the influence of the most incomprehensible infatuation of wickedness, those who are most deeply interested in the perpetuation of slavery have taken away every motive for its further toleration.

An attempt was made at the meeting of the Synod of New York to censure this action of the General Assembly of the Church, but it was voted down by a majority of six to one. The General Assembly of the United Presbyterian Church passed equally strong and uncompromising resolutions:

> Believing it to be a duty especially incumbent on the Church to let her light shine, we trust that all the preachers of the Gospel, of every denomination, will hear and obey God's voice, now calling upon them louder than ever before to open their mouth in behalf of the dumb.

The Reformed Presbyterian Church, commonly called the "Scotch Covenanters," addressed the President by committee in 1862, beginning with the proud boast that "this Church, true to its high lineage and ancient spirit, does not hold within its pale a single secessionist or sympathizer with rebellion in these United States." They congratulated him upon the antislavery measures of the Government and urged him,

> by every consideration drawn from the Word of God and the present condition of our bleeding country, not to be moved from the path of duty on which he has so auspiciously entered, either by the threats or blandishments of the enemies of human progress, nor the fears of timid friends.

Two years later they met and declared that—

> It is the duty of the Church of Christ to encourage and sustain the Government of the country in all that they do for the honor of God, the freedom of the enslaved, the mitigation of the inevitable evils of war, and the preservation, at all hazards, of the national life, integrity, and power.

The New School Presbyterians also lifted their voice with equal energy and clearness against the rebellion and in favor of the Government. At their General Assembly each year during the war they adopted resolutions of the most uncompromising loyalty, and on several occasions addressed the President personally with messages full of ardent devotion and high encouragement. They said:

> Since the day of your inauguration, the thousands of our membership have followed you with unceasing prayer, besieging the throne of grace in your behalf. . . . When we look at the history of your administration hitherto, and at the wonderful way in which the people have been led under your guidance, we glorify God in you.[1]

A year later[2] they embodied their sentiments of loyalty to the Union and opposition to slavery in a forcible series of resolutions, which were brought to Washington and presented to the President by a committee of which Mr. John A. Foote, a brother of the admiral, was chairman. The President replied:

> It has been my happiness to receive testimonies of a similar nature from, I believe, all denominations of Christians. . . . This to me is most gratifying, because from the beginning I saw that the issues of our great struggle depended on the divine interposition and favor. . . . As a pilot, I have used my best exertions to keep afloat our Ship of State, and shall be glad to resign my trust at the appointed time to another pilot more skillful and successful than I may prove. In every case and at all hazards, the Government must be perpetuated. Relying as I do upon the Almighty Power, and encouraged as I am by these resolutions which you have just read, with the support which I receive from Christian men, I shall not hesitate to use all the means at my control to secure the termination of this rebellion, and will hope for success.

Of the firm and loyal attitude of the Protestant Episcopal Church this resolution of the Convention of the Diocese of Pennsylvania may serve as an example:

> We hereby declare our unfaltering allegiance to the Government of the United States, and we pledge it our willing devotion and service; and as a body of Christians we will pray that, in God's own time and way, this rebellion may be put down; that oppression and slavery in all its forms may be done away; that freedom of body and mind, political and religious, may everywhere prevail; that the emancipated negroes, whom God in his providence is committing to our care, may be the objects of our liberal and Christian regard and instruction; that war may soon cease throughout all our borders, and that our now lacerated country may again be so united that from the lakes on the North to the gulf on the South, and from the Atlantic to the Pacific, there shall be one Union, one Government, one flag, one Constitution, the whole culminating in that higher glory which shall make this nation Emmanuel's land—a mountain of holiness and a dwelling-place of righteousness.

No church was more ready or powerful in its support of the Government than the widespread Methodist Episcopal Church. From the beginning it took ground firmly and unanimously for the national cause; the Western armies especially were filled with the young and vigorous fighting men of that connection. To a committee of the General Conference of 1864, the President said:

> Nobly sustained as the Government has been by all the churches, I would utter nothing which might in the least appear invidious against any. Yet, without this, it may fairly be said that the Methodist Episcopal Church, not less devoted than the best, is, by its greatest numbers, the most important of all. It is no fault in others that the Methodist Church sends more soldiers to the field, more nurses to the hospitals, and more prayers to heaven than any other. God bless the Methodist Church. Bless all the churches, and blessed be God, who in this our great trial giveth us the churches.[3]

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[1] Cincinnati, May 22, 1862. McPherson, "History of the Rebellion," p. 469.

[2] Philadelphia, May 27, 1863.

[3] In an address delivered by Dr. J. P. Newman in New Orleans, March 23, 1864, he makes this well-founded claim: "The Methodist Church has been unanimous and zealous in the defense of the Union. Her bishops, her ministers, and her laity have nobly responded to the call of their country in this hour of her peril. The voice of Simpson has been heard pleading eloquently for the union of the country. Ames, as patriotic as wise, has not hesitated to lend his aid to our unfortunate prisoners in Richmond and to give his sons to the army. Janes has found no narrow field for his philanthropic heart in the labors of the Christian Commission. All our church papers and periodicals have given an uncompromising, zealous, persistent support to the Government, and have thrown the whole weight of their influence, intelligent as it was potent, on the side of the Union."

These energetic expressions of loyalty were not confined to the Protestant churches alone. Archbishop Hughes in New York gave his great personal and ecclesiastical influence to the support of the Government, and Archbishop Purcell of Cincinnati took occasion, in recommending the observance of Thanksgiving Day, 1864, to his people, to urge upon them the cause of the country.

> We confess [he says] that it has greatly pained us to hear that certain rash, irreverent, and thoughtless men of our communion have denounced and abused the Government, the Administration, and their abettors. Now God commands us to bless, and curse not. And when bad men cursed the supporters of the Government, did they not reflect that they cursed the more than hundreds of thousands of Catholic voters and Catholic soldiers of our army who defend that Government in the field? Did they not reflect that its downfall would be hailed with acclamation by our own hereditary oppressors across the ocean? Did they reflect that if political salvation is ever to reach a far-distant and beloved island, it must come to it from these United States which they would sever?

"The Administration did not commence this war," the archbishop said, and went on in his address to contrast the conduct of the National Government with that of the rebellion.

> It is time [he said, in conclusion] that all should rally around the powers which the Apostle commanded us to obey, and thus, presenting an undivided front to the enemy, reëstablish the Union, without which there can be no panacea, present or prospective, for the ills we suffer.

The Society of Friends occupied a peculiar relation to the war. By the two leading tenets of their religion they were drawn in different ways; they were intensely opposed both to slavery and to war. While, therefore, they were ready to favor every act of Mr. Lincoln's administration which promised to abridge the power and shorten the duration of slavery, they were placed in a cruel dilemma when called upon to take part in the only measures by which the country could be preserved, and the predominance of a government based upon slavery prevented. The result was as might readily be imagined. Human nature asserted itself in the midst of that serious and tranquil communion as everywhere else, and the Friends acted each according to his individual bent. In the words of the address of the Yearly Meeting of 1864:

> Many of our young men, overcome by the spirit of war, rushed into the conflict where some of them found an early death, some purchased their release from the draft by the payment of money; others remained steadfast to their faith in the hour of trial, thereby subjecting themselves to the penalty for desertion.

Those who entered the army illustrated in their plain speech and quiet courage the virtues of their lineage no less than those who, refusing to bear arms, bore uncomplainingly all that the law could inflict upon them by way of punishment for their contumacy. But the Society, as a body, remained outwardly true to both articles of its creed and protested constantly against both slavery and the war which it caused. The Yearly Meeting of 1862 greeted with hearty approval the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia, while praying that the effusion of blood might be stayed; and that of 1864, while "appreciating the difficulties that surround those upon whom rests the responsibility of guiding the nation through the awful perils of civil war," and declining to "enter into judgment with those who differed" from them, still persisted in their dignified petition to the President and to Congress that they might not be compelled to offend their own consciences by complying with the law requiring military service.

Mr. Lincoln's attitude in relation to this question was especially delicate. Himself of Quaker ancestry, he felt a peculiar sympathy with their scruples, and yet he could not legally relieve them from their liabilities, and he clearly perceived the impolicy of recommending to Congress any specific measure of relief. He heard and answered their addresses with the greatest patience and respect, and intervened with his prerogative on occasions of peculiar hardship. We owe to these complications two or three letters, which strikingly exhibit his quick sympathies, his keen sense of justice, and his profound religious feeling. To the Quakers of Iowa, who had sent him an address through Senator Harlan, he wrote:

> It is most cheering and encouraging for me to know that in the efforts which I have made, and am making, for the restoration of a righteous peace to our country, I am upheld and sustained by the good wishes and prayers of God's people. No one is more deeply than myself aware that without his favor our highest wisdom is but as foolishness, and that our most strenuous efforts would avail nothing in the shadow of his displeasure. It seems to me that if there be one subject upon which all good men may entirely agree, it is in imploring the gracious favor of the God of nations upon the struggle our people are making for the preservation of their precious birthright of civil and religious liberty.[1]

To the Quakers of Rhode Island, in answer to a letter, he said:

> Engaged as I am, in a great war, I fear it will be difficult for the world to understand how fully I appreciate the principles of peace inculcated in this letter and everywhere by the Society of Friends.[2]

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[1] Lincoln to Iowa Quakers, Jan. 5, 1862. Unpub. MS.

[2] Letter to Dr. S. B. Toby, March 19, 1862. Lincoln, Unpublished MS.

But one of the most significant of the President's letters, in which he expresses with less than his usual reserve his idea of the moral and religious bearings of the great conflict, was written to Mrs. Gurney, the wife of the eminent English preacher of the Society of Friends, in the autumn of 1864. It shows in a singularly touching and instructive way how the ancestral faith of the Quaker survived in this son of a pioneer, commander-in-chief of a million of men engaged in one of the most destructive wars of modern times:

> MY ESTEEMED FRIEND: I have not forgotten — probably never shall forget — the very impressive occasion when yourself and friends visited me on a Sabbath forenoon, two years ago; nor has your kind letter, written nearly a year later, ever been forgotten. In all, it has been your purpose to strengthen my reliance on God. I am much indebted to the good Christian people of this country for their constant prayers and consolations, and to no one of them more than to yourself. The purposes of the Almighty are perfect, and must prevail, though we erring mortals may fail to accurately perceive them in advance. We hoped for a happy termination of this terrible war long before this; but God knows best, and has ruled otherwise. We shall yet acknowledge his wisdom, and our own error therein. Meanwhile we must work earnestly in the best lights he gives us, trusting that so working still conduces to the great ends he ordains. Surely he intends some great good to follow this mighty convulsion, which no mortal could make, and no mortal could stay. Your people, the Friends, have had, and are having, a very great trial. On principle and faith, opposed to both war and oppression, they can only practically oppose oppression by war. In this hard dilemma, some have chosen one horn, and some the other. For those appealing to me on conscientious grounds, I have done, and shall do, the best I could and can, in my own conscience, under my oath to the law. That you believe this I doubt not, and believing it I shall still receive for our country and myself your earnest prayers to our Father in heaven. Your sincere friend,
>
> A. LINCOLN.

The most important agencies through which the mingled patriotism and religion of the country lent their assistance to the armies of the Union were the Sanitary Commissions and the Christian Commission. The former collected and disbursed not less than $5,000,000 in cash and $9,000,000 in supplies for the benefit of the armies in the field and the sick and wounded in the hospitals, while the Christian Commission raised some $4,500,000, not only for this purpose, but also to extend to the soldiers the benefits and consolations of religion in cases where the overworked army chaplains found the complete fulfillment of these offices beyond their powers. The Sanitary Fairs throughout the country were remarkable exhibitions of the patriotism and philanthropy of the people. They were carried on to a great extent by the women of the country, and the quickening of the national spirit by these concerted efforts was of more importance to the Union cause than even the vast sums of money which were produced; though these were unprecedented in the annals of charity. The fair at New York realized $1,300,000, nearly all of which was clear profit. On every great battlefield of the war, even before the thunder of the artillery was silenced, the trains of these great organizations were upon the field and their members were engaged caring for the wounded, bearing away the sick, praying with the dying, and receiving their last messages; while in every village of the North gentle and patriotic women were constantly employed making ready the stores of luxuries and delicacies dispensed by charitable agents at the front.

In the work of these beneficent agencies the President took a profound interest. He frequently consulted with Dr. Bellows and Mr. Stuart as to the best means of carrying on their work. Being requested to preside at a meeting of the Christian Commission held in Washington on the 22d of February, 1863, he wrote:

> While for reasons that I deem sufficient I must decline to preside, I cannot withhold my approval of the meeting and its worthy objects. Whatever shall be, sincerely and in God's name, devised for the good of the soldiers and seamen in their hard spheres of duty can hardly fail to be blessed. And whatever shall tend to turn our thoughts from the unreasoning and uncharitable passions, prejudices, and jealousies incident to a great national trouble such as ours, and to fix them on the vast and long-enduring consequences, for weal or for woe, which are to result from the struggle, and especially to strengthen our reliance on the Supreme Being for the final triumph of the right, cannot but be well for us all. The birthday of Washington and the Christian Sabbath coinciding this year, and suggesting together the highest interests of this life and of that to come, is most propitious for the meeting proposed.

The cause of the rebellion was adopted and carried on by the churches in the South, if not with more zeal and determination, at least with greater vehemence at the beginning than was shown by the religious organizations of the North. Even before the war began the State Convention of Baptists in Alabama[1] made haste to rush into secession, saying that "the Union had failed in important particulars to answer the purpose for which it was created," and that they held themselves "subject to the call of proper authority in defense of the sovereignty of Alabama, and of her right as a sovereignty to withdraw from the Union." Several of the Presbyterian Synods of the South went headlong into the rebellion before the close of the year 1860, and others followed their example in the autumn meeting of 1861. They formed their General Assembly of the Southern Confederacy on the 4th of December of that year. Even before the inauguration of Mr. Lincoln the Protestant Episcopal Convention of several States formally withdrew from the Union, and that fiery soldier-priest Leonidas Polk, Bishop of Louisiana, commanded the clergy to shift their public prayers from the President of the United States to that of the Confederate States, and announced in a pastoral letter that "Our separation from our brethren of the Protestant Episcopal Church of the United States has been effected because we must follow our nationality. . . . Our relations to each other hereafter will be the relations we now both hold to the men of our mother church in England." Unable to restrain his ardor within the limits of the church militant, he exchanged his crozier for a sword and died by a cannon shot on the Georgia hills.

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[1] November, 1860.

At the session of the first General Council of the Protestant Episcopal Church at Augusta an address was adopted congratulating the Church in the Confederate States upon the unity which existed in its councils, upon its promise of growth and expansion, and upon the fact that the leading minds of the new republic were of their own communion; they called upon the Church to make strenuous efforts in behalf of the slaves of the South, and gently advocated such an arrangement of their peculiar institution as not to violate the right of marriage among the blacks. "Hitherto," they say, "we have been hindered by the pressure of Abolitionists; now that we have thrown off from us that hateful and infidel pestilence, we should prove to the world that we are faithful to our trust, and the Church should lead the hosts of the Lord in this work of justice and mercy." Feeble efforts in this direction were made by churches in other communions in the South, but strong opposition was at once developed. In the Transylvania Presbytery it was argued that "Though the matter presented was one of undoubted grievance, involving a sin which ought to be purged away, yet, to prevent agitation in the Church at such a time of intense political strife, there must be no intermeddling," and a resolution in favor of the solemnization of matrimony among slaves was laid upon the table, nearly every member of the Presbytery voting against it.[1]

The Methodist Church in the South had separated from their brethren in the North fifteen years before the war on the question of slavery, and a portion of their clergy and laity when the war broke out naturally engaged in it with their accustomed zeal; but they were by no means unanimous, even within the seceding States, and the organization was virtually wrecked by the war.[2]

As the national authority began to be reëstablished throughout the States in rebellion, not the least embarrassing of the questions which generals in command were called upon to decide was that of the treatment of churches whose pastors were openly or covertly disloyal to the Union. There was no general plan adopted by the Government for such cases; in fact, it was impossible to formulate a policy which should meet so vast a variety of circumstances as presented themselves in the different regions of the South. The Board of Missions of the Methodist Church sent down some of their ablest ministers, with general authority to take charge of abandoned churches, and to establish in them their interrupted worship. The mission boards of other denominations took similar action, and the Secretary of War[3] gave general orders to the officers commanding the different departments to permit ministers of the gospel bearing the commission of these mission boards to exercise the functions of their office and to give them all the aid, countenance, and support which might be practicable. But before and after these orders there was much clashing between the military and the ecclesiastical authorities, which had its rise generally in the individual temperaments of the respective generals and priests. There was an instance in one place where a young officer rose in his pew and requested an Episcopal minister to read the prayer for the President of the United States, which he had omitted. Upon the minister's refusal the soldier advanced to the pulpit and led the preacher, loudly protesting, to the door, and then quietly returning to the altar himself read the prayer— not much, it is to be feared, to the edification of the congregation. General Butler arrested a clergyman in Norfolk, and placed him at hard labor on the public works for disloyalty in belief and action; but the President reversed this sentence and changed it to one of exclusion from the Union lines.[1] The Catholic Bishop of Natchez having refused to read the prescribed form of prayer for the President, and having protested in an able and temperate paper against the orders of the commanding general in this regard, the latter ordered him to be expelled from the Union lines, although the order was almost immediately rescinded. General Rosecrans issued an order[2] in Missouri requiring the members of religious convocations to give satisfactory evidence of their loyalty to the Government of the United States as a condition precedent to their assemblage and protection. In answer to the protestations which naturally resulted from this mandate he replied that it was given at the request of many loyal church members, both lay and clerical; that if he should permit all bodies claiming to be religious to meet without question, a convocation of Price's army, under the garb of religion, might assemble with impunity and plot treason. He claimed that there was no hardship in compelling the members of such assemblages to establish their loyalty by oath and certificate, and insisted that his order, while providing against public danger, really protected the purity and the freedom of religion.

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[1] McPherson, "History of the Rebellion," p. 548.

[2] At a convention of loyal ministers and laymen of the Methodist Episcopal Church held at Knoxville, August, 1864, it was resolved that the loyal members of the conference have a just claim to all the church property; that they really constitute the Southern Methodist Episcopal Church, within the bounds of the Holston Conference; that they propose, at the earliest day practicable, to transfer the same to the Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States; and that the ministers be instructed to propose to their congregations to unite *en masse* with that church. Their report states "that there are in the bounds of the Holston Conference 120 preachers known to be loyal, and 40 others supposed to be true to the Union; and it is thought, therefore, that the work of reconstruction will be easily accomplished." [McPherson, "History of the Rebellion," p. 546.]

[3] March 10, 1864. McPherson, "History of the Rebellion," p. 522.

In the course of these controversies between secessionist ministers and commanding generals an incident occurred which deserves a moment's notice, as it led to a clear and vigorous statement from Mr. Lincoln of his attitude in regard to these matters. During the year 1862 a somewhat bitter discussion arose between the Rev. Dr. McPheeters of the Vine Street Church in St. Louis and some of his congregation in regard to his supposed sympathies with the rebellion. Looking back upon the controversy from this distance of time it seems that rather hard measure was dealt to the parson; for although, from all the circumstances of the case, there appears little doubt that his feelings were strongly enlisted in the cause of the rebellion, he behaved with so much discretion that the principal offenses charged against him by his zealous parishioners were that he once baptized a small rebel by the name of Sterling Price, and that he would not declare himself in favor of the Union. The difference in his church grew continually more flagrant and was entertained by interminable letters and statements on both sides, until at last the provost-marshal intervened, ordering the arrest of Dr. McPheeters, excluding him from his pulpit, and taking the control of his church out of the hands of its trustees. This action gave rise to extended comment, not only in Missouri, but throughout the Union. The President, being informed of it, wrote[3] to General Curtis disapproving the act of the provost-marshal, saying, in a terse and vigorous phrase, which immediately obtained wide currency, "The United States Government must not, as by this order, undertake to run the churches. When an individual in a church, or out of it, becomes dangerous to the public interest he must be checked; but let the churches, as such, take care of themselves." But even this peremptory and unmistakable command did not put an end to the discussion. Taking the hands of the government away from the preacher did not quench the dissensions in the church, nor restore the pastor to the position which he occupied before the war; and almost a year later some of the friends of Dr. McPheeters considered it necessary and proper to ask the intervention of the President to restore to him all his ecclesiastical privileges in addition to the civil rights which they admitted he already enjoyed. This the President, in a letter[4] of equal clearness and vigor, refused to do. "I have never interfered," he said, "nor thought of interfering, as to who shall, or shall not, preach in any church; nor have I knowingly or believingly tolerated any one else to so interfere by my authority"; but he continues, "If, after all, what is now sought is to have me put Dr. McPheeters back over the heads of a majority of his own congregation, that too will be declined. I will not have control of any church on any side." The case finally ended by the exclusion of Dr. McPheeters from his pulpit by the order of the presbytery having ecclesiastical authority in the case.

In this wise and salutary abstention from any interference with the churches, which was dictated by his own convictions as well as enjoined by the Constitution, the President did not always have the support of his subordinates. He had not only, as we have seen, to administer occasional rebukes to his over-zealous generals, but even in his own Cabinet he was sometimes compelled to overrule a disposition to abuse of authority in things spiritual. Several weeks after he had so clearly expressed himself in the McPheeters case, he found, to his amazement, that the Secretary of War had been giving orders virtually placing the army in certain places at the disposition of a Methodist bishop for the enforcement of his ecclesiastical decrees. He addressed to Mr. Stanton a note of measured censure,[5] which was followed by an order from the War Department explaining and modifying the more objectionable features of the former document. The Secretary explained that his action had no other intention than to furnish "a means of rallying the Methodist people in favor of the Union, in localities where the rebellion had disorganized and scattered them."[1] This explanation was not entirely satisfactory to the President, but he thought best to make no further public reference to the matter. Scarcely was this affair disposed of when a complaint was received from Memphis of some interference by the military with a church edifice there. Mr. Lincoln made upon the paper this peremptory indorsement: "If the military have military need of the church building, let them keep it; otherwise, let them get out of it, and leave it and its owners alone, except for the causes that justify the arrest of any one."[2] Two months later the President, hearing of further complications in the case, made still another order, which even at the risk of wearying the reader we will give, from his own manuscript, as illustrating not only his conscientious desire that justice should be done, but also the exasperating obstacles he was continually compelled to surmount, in those troubled times, to accomplish, with all the vast powers at his disposition, this reasonable desire.

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[1] Report of Judge-Advocate General, April 30, 1864.
[2] March 7, 1864. [3] Jan. 2, 1863. [4] Dec. 22, 1863.

[5] "After having made these declarations in good faith and in writing, you can conceive of my embar-

> I am now told that the military were not in possession of the building; and yet that in pretended execution of the above they, the military, put one set of men out of and another set into the building. This, if true, is most extraordinary. I say again, if there be no military need for the building, leave it alone, neither putting any one in or out of it, except on finding some one preaching or practicing treason, in which case lay hands upon him, just as if he were doing the same thing in any other building, or in the streets or highways.[3]

He at last made himself understood and his orders respected; yet so widespread was the tendency of generals to meddle with matters beyond their jurisdiction, that it took three years of such vehement injunctions as these to teach them to keep their hands away from the clergy and the churches.

Lincoln had a profound respect for every form of sincere religious belief. He steadily refused to show favor to any particular denomination of Christians; and when General Grant issued an unjust and injurious order against the Jews, expelling them from his department, the President ordered it to be revoked the moment it was brought to his notice.[4]

He was a man of profound and intense religious feeling. We have no purpose of attempting to formulate his creed; we question if he himself ever did so. There have been swift witnesses who, judging from expressions uttered in his callow youth, have called him an atheist, and others who, with the most laudable intentions, have remembered improbable conversations which they bring forward to prove at once his orthodoxy and their own intimacy with him. But leaving aside these apocryphal evidences, we have only to look at his authentic public and private utterances to see how deep and strong in all the latter part of his life was the current of his religious thought and emotion. He continually invited and appreciated, at their highest value, the prayers of good people. The pressure of the tremendous problems by which he was surrounded; the awful moral significance of the conflict in which he was the chief combatant; the overwhelming sense of personal responsibility, which never left him for an hour—all contributed to produce, in a temperament naturally serious and predisposed to a spiritual view of life and conduct, a sense of reverent acceptance of the guidance of a Superior Power. From that morning when, standing amid the falling snowflakes on the railway car at Springfield, he asked the prayers of his neighbors in those touching phrases whose echo rose that night in invocations from thousands of family altars, to that memorable hour when on the steps of the Capitol he humbled himself before his Creator in the sublime words of the second inaugural, there is not an expression known to have come from his lips or his pen but proves that he held himself answerable in every act of his career to a more august tribunal than any on earth. The fact that he was not a communicant of any church, and that he was singularly reserved in regard to his personal religious life, gives only the greater force to these striking proofs of his profound reverence and faith.

In final substantiation of this assertion, we subjoin two papers from the hand of the President, one official and the other private, which bear within themselves the imprint of a sincere devotion and a steadfast reliance upon the power and benignity of an overruling Providence. The first is an order which he issued on the 16th of November, 1864, on the observance of Sunday:

> The President, Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy, desires and enjoins the orderly observ-

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rassment at now having brought to me what purported to be a formal order of the War Department, bearing date November 30, 1863, giving Bishop Ames control and possession of all the Methodist churches in certain Southern military departments whose pastors have not been appointed by a loyal bishop or bishops, and ordering the military to aid him against any resistance which may be made to his taking such possession and control. What is to be done about it?" [Lincoln to Stanton, MS., Feb. 11, 1864.]

[1] Lincoln to Hogan, Feb. 13, 1864.

[2] Lincoln MS., March 4, 1864.

[3] Lincoln MS., May 13, 1864.

[4] War Records, Vol. XVII., pp. 424, 530.

ance of the Sabbath by the officers and men in the military and naval service. The importance for man and beast of the prescribed weekly rest, the sacred rights of Christian soldiers and sailors, a becoming deference to the best sentiment of Christian people, and a due regard for the Divine will, demand that Sunday labor in the Army and Navy be reduced to the measure of strict necessity. The discipline and character of the national forces should not suffer, nor the cause they defend be imperiled, by the profanation of the day or name of the Most High. "At this time of public distress [adopting the words of Washington in 1776] men may find enough to do in the service of their God and their country without abandoning themselves to vice and immorality." The first General Order issued by the Father of his Country after the Declaration of Independence indicated the spirit in which our institutions were founded and should ever be defended. "The General hopes and trusts that every officer and man will endeavor to live and act as becomes a Christian soldier, defending the dearest rights and liberties of his country."[1]

The date of this remarkable order leaves no possibility for the insinuation that it sprung from any political purpose or intention. Mr. Lincoln had just been reëlected by an overwhelming majority; his party was everywhere triumphant; his own personal popularity was unbounded; there was no temptation to hypocrisy or deceit. There is no explanation of the order except that it was the offspring of sincere conviction. But if it may be said that this was, after all, an exoteric utterance, springing from those relations of religion and good government which the wisest rulers have always recognized in their intercourse with the people, we will give one other document, of which nothing of the sort can be said. It is a paper which Mr. Lincoln wrote in September, 1862, while his mind was burdened with the weightiest question of his life, the weightiest with which this century has had to grapple. Wearied with all the considerations of law and of expediency with which he had been struggling for two years, he retired within himself and tried to bring some order into his thoughts by rising above the wrangling of men and of parties, and pondering the relations of human government to the Divine. In this frame of mind, absolutely detached from any earthly considerations, he wrote this meditation. It has never been published. It was not written to be seen of men. It was penned in the awful sincerity of a perfectly honest soul trying to bring itself into closer communion with its Maker.

> The will of God prevails. In great contests each party claims to act in accordance with the will of God. Both *may* be and one *must* be wrong. God cannot be *for* and *against* the same thing at the same time. In the present civil war it is quite possible that God's purpose is something different from the purpose of either party; and yet the human instrumentalities, working just as they do, are of the best adaptation to effect his purpose. I am almost ready to say that this is probably true; that God wills this contest, and wills that it shall not end yet. By his mere great power on the minds of the now contestants, he could have either *saved* or *destroyed* the Union without a human contest. Yet the contest began. And having begun, he could give the final victory to either side any day. Yet the contest proceeds.

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[1] General McDowell used to tell a story which illustrates Mr. Lincoln's Sabbatarian feeling. The President had ordered a movement which required dispatch, and in his anxiety rode to McDowell's headquarters to inquire how soon he could start. "On Monday morning," said McDowell; "or, by pushing things, perhaps Sunday afternoon." Lincoln, after a moment's thought, said, "McDowell, get a good ready and start Monday." [Herman Haupt, MS. Memoirs.]

TO A PAINTER. (J. A. B.)

Poet, whose golden songs in silence sung
  Thrill from the canvas to the hearts of men,—
Sweet harmonies that speak without a tongue,
  Melodious numbers writ without a pen,—
The great gods gifted thee and hold thee dear;
  Placed in thy hand the torch which genius lit,
Touched thee with genial sunshine, and good cheer,
  And swift heat lightnings of a charming wit
Whose shafts are ever harmless, though so bright;
  Gave thee of all life's blessings this, the best,—
The true love of thy kind,—for thy delight.
  So be thou happy, poet-painter blest,
Whose gentle eyes look out, all unaware,
Beneath the brow of Keats, soft-crowned with shadowy hair.

Celia Thaxter.

WOOD-ENGRAVERS IN CAMP

WITH ENGRAVINGS BY THE AUTHOR.

FROM a friend and fellow-craftsman, who was the owner and inventor of a camping-car, a small company of wood-engravers had received invitations to a novel camping-out excursion. Hungering for the woods and fields we hurried away, each by himself, as opportunity offered, to seek the unknown regions of Hockanum, near Northampton, Massachusetts.

Night had come before I reached Northampton, and as no one met me at the station, I went no farther that night. But I took the road again at an early hour the next morning, and rode through a mysterious land where the fog hid all but the gray roadway under the feet of our horse, whose head and ears, almost lost in the fog, stretched outward in the distance in an alarming manner.

For fully two miles we sped on across a level sandy road without seeing a solitary object, animate or inanimate, until we came at last to a clump of trees close to the narrow roadway, and then, with a sudden dip down a sandy bank, I found myself on the shore of the Connecticut River. Before me was a rickety-looking gangplank reaching from the sand to a flat-bottomed and open scow. This was Hockanum ferry. By the roadside and in reach from the carriage was a tin horn, or trumpet, hanging upon a stake, like an extinguisher upon a candle, and a blast upon this instrument is regarded as a peremptory summons by the ferryman.

The ferryman and his assistant soon appeared, and we pushed out upon the mysterious waste. I could see nothing beyond the gray and steaming water, and was glad when we grounded upon the sand. From the ferry it was but a short walk up to the tavern.

Standing for a moment hesitatingly upon the piazza, after repeated knocking at the open doorway, which brought no response, and straining my eyes at the fog beyond, I saw coming out of the dimness the outline of a barn and, taking shape gradually, the ponderous and portly form of a man, who was engaged in greasing the axles of a wagon. The fog so narrowed and circumscribed the visible world that what remained was of immense importance to me, and the presence of mine host, whom I found this man to be, was hailed with pleasure. He explained that my friends were in camp upon the mountain right above us, and he pointed over his shoulder up towards the omnipresent screen of the fog, shutting out mountain and the blue heavens beyond. But he said he was going to the camp soon, and we made our way to the house, where I found a surprisingly good breakfast awaiting me.

After our pleasant repast Edwards was ready to go to the camp, and we went to the doorway. Walking out upon the piazza, another and an entirely different world was before me. I could hardly believe my eyes. Such a revelation — light, brilliancy, sweetness, everywhere. Out of a moving, vapory atmosphere rushed swiftly as a swallow's flight bits of blue sky and fragments of mountain.

The cozy old hotel, sitting calmly and peacefully by the highway, with its well-worn drive to the hospitable entrance; the heavy and comfortable arm-chairs upon the piazza; the curious watering-trough under an apple tree on the opposite side of the road; the fields stretching away up the slope; and, finally, off towards the East, the thin gray silhouette of Mount Holyoke — all made a beautiful picture. The sun was still behind Holyoke, and its rays reached only a portion of the mountain and the foothills. A point where the sun touched into life every treetop, and the still fleeing remnants of vapor gave motion, grace, and beauty to every object over which their trembling shadows passed, was a group of trees which came down or projected below the main line of the forest. Silvered by the light in which they were bathed, they seemed to rush joyously out from the dimness of the mist, if not with hand-clapping and laughter, yet with rustle of leaves and song of bird.

THE LILY POND.

Then I thought of Kingsley somewhere up there in his car. I knew he could tell me all about the mysteries of those woods, and I sprung with eagerness into the wagon beside my portly landlord and we were away.

For a few hundred yards we kept the main road through the dewy and fragrant meadow, which stretched away in soft undulations of verdure, flicked and bespangled with myriads of white daisies, to the calm blue river beyond. In gorgeous raiment, the beautiful orange field-lily gracefully raised its golden chalice, opening to catch the early sunbeams.

Nearer the wheelway and upon the outer edges of the public road, where the plowshare never disputes their right to the soil, grew a perfect tangle of wild-flowers, a "ribbon border" which no landscape gardener could match in beauty with all the choice plants which the floriculturists can supply. There rose the beautiful milkweed, with great balls of pink bloom, overgrown and fantastically wreathed about with the tendrils of the wild morning-glory, whose pinkish white flowers modestly greeted the light, and there Johns-wort, meadow rue, and, queen of all, the purple Eupatorium, blessed the wayfarer with a smile; and woven among this mazy tangle in countless and astonishing numbers were the delicate and fragile spider-webs, later in the day invisible, but now, when countless drops of dew were strung like pearls upon their silken threads, adding to this charming wealth of beauty the last touch of delicacy and refinement. Countless bees were busy among the blossoms, and dainty humming-birds fearlessly thrust their long and slender tongues into the honeyed depths of the yellow lily as we passed. Turning sharply into a well-worn byway or lane we left the meadow-land and began the ascent of the foothills.

At the angle of the roads I saw supported upon the top of a post a small oblong box with an odd-shaped opening upon the perpendicular side to admit the hand. From its shape, when seen at a distance, it suggested a shrine. In answer to my queries, Mr. Edwards told me that it was a letter-box. There is no post-office in Hockanum, and similar boxes are posted at different points about the place. Whenever the inhabitants go to Hadley or Northampton they consider it their duty to get the Hockanum mail, and on their way home to sort and distribute it to these wayside post-offices. From this point the delivery of the mail becomes very complex and hazardous. Every one who happens along stops to examine the mail and takes along anything "going up his way."

"There it is," said my guide at last, with a sweeping and ponderous gesture; and, sure enough, just up there in the edge of the wood was what seemed a veritable gipsy camp. We continued our way through many wrenchings and twistings of the buggy, over stones and unevennesses which threatened momentarily to upset us. At last we were at the camp. The picturesque car was drawn up amid huge fragments of trap-rock overarched by lordly chestnut trees, interspersed with dark and somber pines.

Here we found Kingsley,— hospitable, cordial, enthusiastic Kingsley,— who had slept the sleep of the just all through that early morning entirely unconscious of wood nymphs or fog.

There stretching out before us lay the beautiful Connecticut, winding its calm and peaceful way towards the sea, with its border of farm-lots distinctly marked in different shades of green and yellow. At the south was Mount Tom, at the north were Sugar-Loaf and Toby, with a ridge of blue hills beyond Northampton binding them together. Old Hadley, Hatfield, and Northampton, with their white painted spires pointing heavenward, lay below us. There was no longer any mystery about the valley, for the sun had sought out every nook and corner, and its hidden secrets stood revealed.

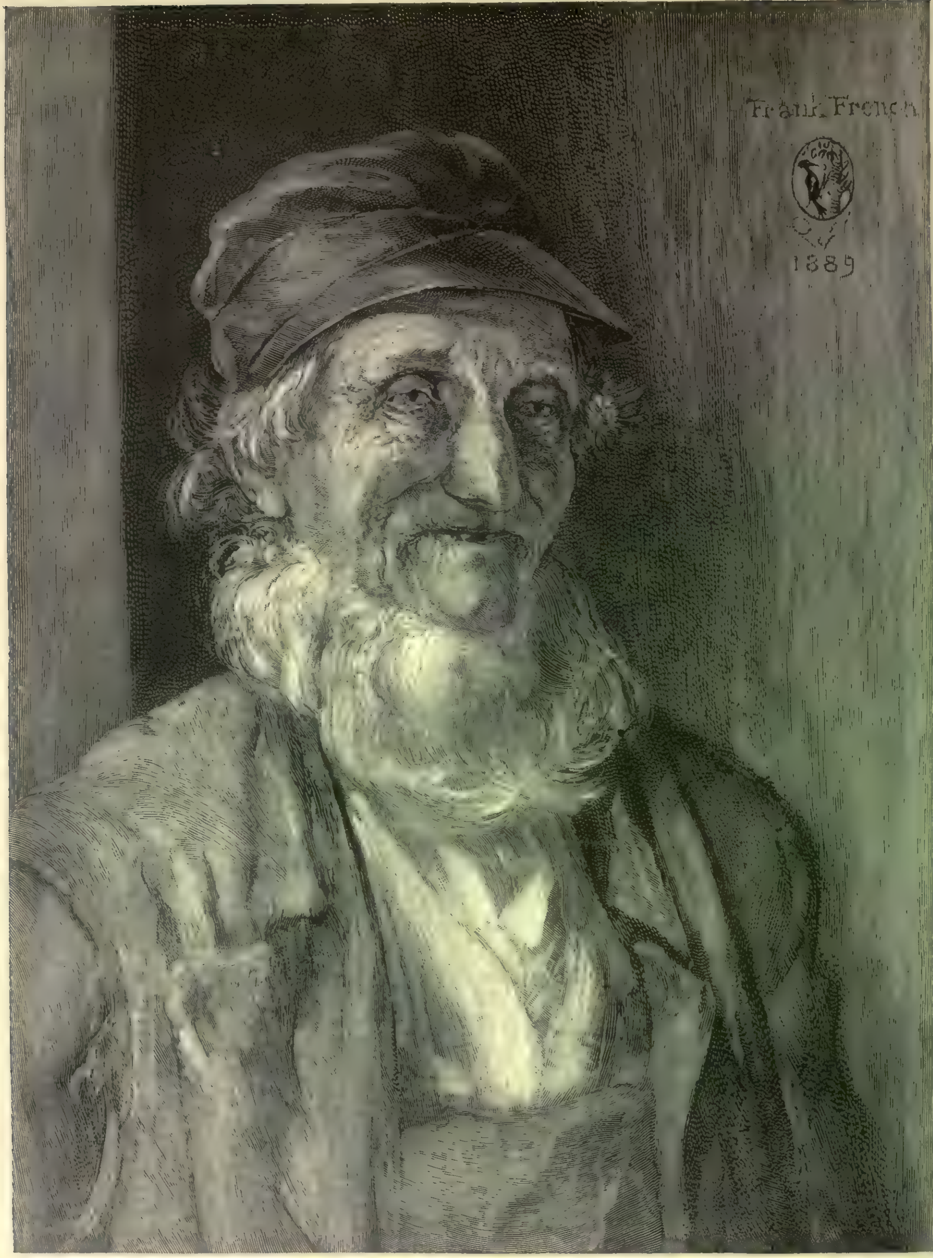
The car was a wonder to me at first, with its snug and well-contrived accommodations for painting or for engraving on wood, and its careful provision for the exigencies of life in camp.

I shall always remember the experience of those happy days, which brought me much nearer to the heart of nature than I had ever been before, and gave a new and sharper edge to my desire to convey to others — not as a mere interpreter, but at first hand, through the medium of my craft — some of the impressions which it was my pleasure to receive from the environments of that place. When the company was fully gathered about our camp-fire at night there was everything that could be desired for good-fellowship and friendly and healthful criticism.

A HOCKANUM WILD-FLOWER.

At that hour we always related the experiences of the day. Sometimes one of our number would read to us, and while the stars looked down upon our company, and the lights in the farmhouses shone out here and there in the valley below, and the sheen lay upon the river, we welcomed Fra Lippo Lippi, and involuntarily made room for him upon the chestnut log beside us.

One day my wandering footsteps led me to a black, unpainted house standing upon a hillside apart from the highway and somewhat hidden by a gnarly and unkept orchard growth, its own somber hue tending to make it invisible against the dark gray of the mountain beyond. There was a small barn a few paces in the rear, with bare earth about the doorway, a few chickens and a garden patch, and a somewhat uncared-for and forlorn-looking cow grazing in the lot. This was the habitation of the "old residenter." In front of the door stood a wheelbarrow loaded with fresh-cut grass from the roadside, with which the cow's poor picking in the meager home lot was to be eked out; and by it, with bent back and his hands upon his hips in attitude of rheumatic repose, stood the old residenter. He was friendly and courteous enough, but there was a dullness in his manner which I think I understood, for I knew that he had been ambitious in his younger days — had staked all his little wealth in a scheme for making money, and had failed, and was now poor as well as old. It is a simple story and the amount of money involved was comparatively small, but it had been raked together and saved up with much care and hardship and was his all.



THE OLD RESIDENTER.

I tried to draw him out, but he seemed not inclined to talk much except in answer to my questions. He told me that he could remember when wild turkeys were plenty about the mountain, and spoke of the building-bee when the neighbors assembled to aid in the first house-building venture. I asked him if there were many of them there that day, and he replied, "Quite a bunch on 'em."

Upon the wall in his little lonesome cottage was a rude pine shingle with a drawing upon it in red chalk. The old man was proud of the notice I took of this rude picture, and with great pride he told me that a little grandson did it, and related how "the little fellah sat down and took the chalk and drawed it right out of his head." To his mind this was ample evidence of genius, and he was convinced that the lad's father had made a mistake in making a farmer of the boy, as "he ought to have made *picters* for a livin'."

I had some difficulty in persuading the old man to wear his cap while posing for me. He thought his "best hat" would be "more scrumptious," and he shuffled off to bring it, in spite of my explanation that I wanted him in his every-day attire. He brought in a very ancient black derby hat with a high crown and flat rim, and about three sizes too small for him. It perched upon the top of his head in a comical fashion, and to me this attempt to look dressed up in his picture was really pathetic.

I have also the pleasure of introducing Aunt Drusilla, a charming old lady of Hockanum, who has seen the snows of more than eighty winters come and go and has had in her life much of hardship and care. She has always lived in this farming community, limited in this world's comforts and knowing nothing of its luxuries—rearing children and ending in widowhood, and yet carrying this weight of years in calmness and peace. Gentle, refined, and ladylike in her manner; tender-hearted, with a ready tear of sympathy; and yet with light-heartedness, always ready to laugh when laughter is in order—a serene old age. There is one odd thing about Aunt Drusilla: she is very, very deaf, and yet she can hear music, while harsher and more discordant sounds are inaudible.

IN THE GRAVEYARD AT HATFIELD.

One morning there came toiling slowly up the steep ascent, with bent back and with one hand upon his hip and the other grasping a stout stick, the form of an old man. He accosted us with much civility and examined our sketches with intelligent interest. He was decidedly garrulous. He had seen something of the world — had been to the war in the capacity of a hospital nurse, and in the same capacity had served in the Northampton lunatic asylum, and on account of his superior trustworthiness had been the custodian of the key to Dr. ——'s wine cellar.

He laid claim to a considerable knowledge of medicine, and said he could cure paralysis. His own life for the last score of years was the best proof of his skill in the treatment of heart disease and various other ailments, for Dr. ——had told him just twenty years before that he could not live the year out, as his heart, his spine, his liver, and his kidneys were affected, not to mention his spleen.

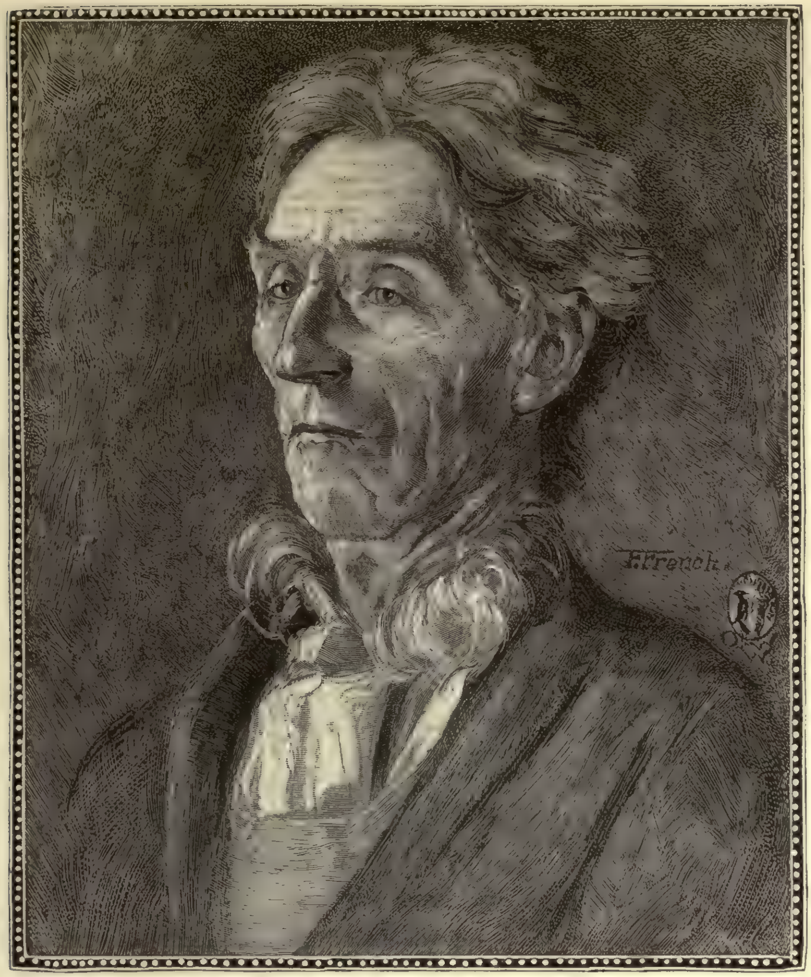
He was a good deal of a moralist; but, judging from some of his reminiscences, he had taken up the cause of morality rather late in life. He was a great temperance reformer and lost no opportunity to drop a good temperance lesson, and we freely overlooked his occasional visits to the hotel for a glass of "tonic bitters" which the precarious state of his health rendered necessary, and which his strong temperance views forbade others to indulge in. The tobacco habit was his one acknowledged weakness. But he wished he had never touched it; it had been a curse to that valley; for as soon as the farmers began to raise it they had grown extravagant and reckless with their money, and the weed had sapped the life out of the soil. He discoursed upon the sharp and pithy letters which he was wont to write to such of the local papers as did not find his caustic utterances of truth too strong food for them. When I asked him to pose for me he declined, saying he had no money; but when told that I would pay him instead of asking pay he consented, and while he sat and smoked the despised tobacco he entertained me with bits of savory gossip, each incident related pointing a moral. He quoted with great fluency, in support of his theories of religion, politics, morality, and temperance, such great authorities as Theodore Parker, Henry Ward Beecher, and Wendell Phillips, and drew upon Holy Writ with great volubility. In spite of his vagaries I enjoyed the Professor, as they call him, and I hope he will successfully cope with his physical disabilities for many years to come.

One day, as I sat in the old cemetery at Hatfield sketching the gravestones, an old man with a long white beard came and mowed the scanty and coarse grass which grew among the graves. He was a silent and picturesque figure swinging his scythe, reminding me of the dread Reaper "reaping among the wheat." I desired him to pose for me, but he said he was "too busy." Later in the day he came with Uncle Moses to gather the harvest which "God's acre" had yielded, Uncle Moses furnishing a horse and a hay-rack for the purpose. The headstones, some of which were very old, were scattered at irregular intervals about the ground, sometimes very near together and sometimes quite widely separated, and it was interesting to watch these two old men as they calculated the space through which to drive and the possibility of turning around in order to get out again. The mower went ahead and reported the prospect, but always in a guarded manner, as if not wishing to take the responsibility. Uncle Moses, of course, was on the hay in the cart, and used his head independently as to turning this way or that, and with many soothing words to Dolly.

AUNT DRUSILLA.

The cart was successfully worked around among the headstones, but the most difficult feat was to come, for in getting out of the yard it was necessary to plunge down a bank and turn abruptly to the right into the road. My heart stood still as Uncle Moses, from his elevated perch on top of the load, chirruped to his horse and went with a rush over the bank. The wagon swayed and gave a dangerous lurch as it turned into the highway, and for a second two of the wheels left the ground, the loose hay at the sides and on the top of the load bounded upwards, and so did Uncle Moses for a second; but they came down in the right place, and I drew a long breath of relief when Uncle Moses was once more safely outside that cemetery.

As a result of the happy days passed in the engravers' camp, and under the helpful influence of mutual sympathy and aims, we decided to form ourselves into a little clique, or guild, with a device or sign manual to mark our original work; and it seemed a happy thought when Kingsley proposed the woodpecker. The woodpecker was over our heads in a chestnut tree engraving upon the wood his own designs, and his presence in camp was looked upon as a good omen. It was decided hereafter to place his likeness with the initials O. W. W. ("Original Workers on Wood") on our original cuts, and it is hoped that our work in this



UNCLE MOSES.

direction shall represent the precious qualities which *ought* to flow from the direct and untrammeled expression of one's own chosen and best-loved themes.

For my own part I have tried to introduce, to such as may care to know them, some of the old and fast-disappearing types of a sturdy race who have lived untrammeled by the mandates of fashion, and who have preserved their independent and original character, both in its inward being and its outward expression. I have done this work without one moment of careless or flippant thoughtlessness; and while I am deeply conscious of the faults of technique, I hope I have atoned for them in some measure by the earnest purpose which has actuated me in the delineation of these faces. The unaffected beauty of the young girl, whose beaming face I can liken only to the daisies and wild-flowers of her native soil, reminds me of little country maids with whom I used to trudge merrily to school in summer and winter — those glorious New Hampshire winters, when with the snow waist-deep upon the ground, and hiding out of sight the old stone walls, I used to draw the little sleds uphill, and think them never so light as when their fair owners were seated upon them. Not one wrinkle upon the faces of these time-worn veterans has been traced by me without increasing my respect for my rude New England forefathers, for I see in them that which reminds me of dear old friends and neighbors of my boyhood days; and if in these faulty attempts at delineation of character I can awaken in others a corresponding respect for "Old Hayseed," as we sometimes hear him thoughtlessly called, this work will not have been done in vain.

Frank French.

ORIGINALITY IN WOOD-ENGRAVING.

WITH ENGRAVINGS BY THE AUTHOR.

THE revival of interest in American wood-engraving during the last twenty years has brought about much discussion in regard to its position among the graphic arts. We are told, upon the best authority, what qualities are inherent in the wood, what is suitable in subject and drawing, and what is legitimate and illegitimate in technique. We are also gravely assured that a neglect of these well-defined lines of expression leads to a decadence of all that is truly beautiful in the art. There is an assumption that what has been best in the past must be the authority for the future, no matter what conditions arise to revolutionize and widen the sphere of its usefulness. We are also instructed that the province of wood-engraving should be confined to reproduction, or the interpreting of artistic thought at second hand, and any departure from the beaten track should be regarded as a temerity punishable with stripes rather than encouraged with approval. All of the traditions and habits inherent in the profession are reverently promulgated, and all of the textures necessary for the printing of fifty years ago are tenaciously insisted upon. All this in spite of the fact that modern machinery has made a new era in the printing of illustrations, as complete of its kind as that incident to the conditions of present warfare in contrast with the old methods of the past — in spite of the fact that in the best of Turkey boxwood we have a material capable of the most exquisite finish, and responsive to any texture or instrument known to the engraver. It is capable of holding its sharpness and delicacy, down to the finest touch, through a limited edition on a hand-press, just the same as an etching or a steel plate. And yet such is the power of habit and tradition that it would be exceedingly difficult to have publicly acknowledged what would be freely admitted in private — that the fine Japan proof is fully equal in quality to that of a high-class etching. Seemingly the first proofs from the wood-engraving should settle its position among the graphic arts, just as the best prints settle the rank of the etching or the steel-engraving. On the contrary, the enormous edition from an electro-plate of the engraving fixes its position and relegates it to the realm of the commonplace.

To illustrate more fully how the purpose or aim of a given work dominates the result, we have only to consider and put in sharp contrast two methods of treatment — the one for the etcher and the other for the engraver.

The etcher is encouraged in every possible way to put his personality into the handling of his subject, whether it be an original or a reproduction from another artist. Every inducement is made to have him assume the position of an artist; at least in the sense of being master of the color scheme of his black and white reproduction. Fullness of modeling or exactness of detail is not expected; but only the suggested abbreviation, dashed with a personality that distinguishes his work from that of another man. Even the dominating of the printer, while inking his plate so that each impression shall be unlike another, is regarded a merit and paid for accordingly.

This artistic atmosphere and treatment is supposed to bring something unique and rare, and undoubtedly does bring to each representative impression the best impulse of the moment. It would seem that such methods would destroy all faithfulness in reproductive work; yet, on the contrary, if the artist loves his copy, it is the only way to reproduce its quality. The personal friends of an etcher and his market combine to make him a law unto himself in his method of producing a result.

Without claiming for the wood-engraver such entire consideration, there is much in the plan which recommends itself if we are to have artistic results. There is an assumption in the beginning that we are dealing with a highly imaginative organization, capable of being attracted in some special direction of art, and able to reproduce it through training already established. In the past, and to a great extent in the present, a contrary environment is the lot of a wood-engraver. It is assumed in the beginning that he has not the feeling and imagination of an artist, although he may habitually produce better quality than his copies call for. He is hedged in by mechanical influences that sap the enthusiasm and deaden the ambition; he is harassed till, like a fox chased by the hounds, he would fain give up the merit of his own production and escape to a burrow of peaceful oblivion. And all this because the result must stand the strain of thousands of impressions and because the end is purely commercial, no matter how highly artistic the beginning. These conditions can be changed only when the public recognize and value the engraver's first proofs and the putting of his position on a par with that

OLD MAPLE TREE AT WHATELY GLEN.

of the etcher — this view of the case to be taken upon the supposition that the engraver has the will power to dominate his own plate, using his copy as an inspiration. If, on the contrary, mechanical exactness is the purpose, then all departments concerned in the matter can fall into line with the precision of parade, and a result may be counted upon with ease and certainty. Many artists are looking for such a millennium, when the engraver shall become an electric machine controlled by a button, and themselves produced as in a mirror — forgetting that they themselves would not make an exact copy of their own work, even the same size as the original.

Through such influences art departments are obliged to constitute themselves into halls of judgment, with the elusive and ever-changing standards of the artist on the one hand and the needs of the printer and the pockets of the publisher on the other. It is small credit to those most interested if the whole matter does not take refuge in a process that shall grind with delightful monotony and uniformity all coming to its mill, and with a great saving of conscience and responsibility. If the pages of the great publications should sparkle with the variety and change of such a system, a like machine might be used with profit on the paintings and etchings gathered at exhibitions. It would only be necessary to decide upon a standard, and then bring all work to its measure of perfection.

Many artists may justly feel that they are better reproduced by mechanical means than by engraving. This may be true if they can make the textures necessary entirely themselves; if not, they are dependent on a monotonous texture that is entirely mechanical, thus antagonizing one of the most important principles of their daily teaching and practice — that is, that "nature does not repeat herself, and no one given surface of a picture should be like another." Thus, how can a harmony, made up of many notes, be best produced by a machine having only one note or texture? The result can only be a shadow of the original — a mere lifeless corpse.

This cannot be entirely true of the engraver's work, no matter how poor, because his personality is bound to show itself in some shape, giving change and variety in contrast with that of another. He cannot get rid of his method any more than of his handwriting. It is a part of himself, and in it is the very element needed for the vitality of an engraving. Indeed, the feelings and ambitions of prominent engravers for personal expression should be exactly the same as those which govern painters and workers in all departments of creative art. And also, each important engraver is pretty sure to become a specialist, strong in certain directions while weak in others, just the same as his brethren of the brush and pencil.

Much confusion arises in the inquiring mind concerning this matter, because of the disagreements of professional criticism. The narrowest comments come from where we have the right to expect the broadest and most helpful judgments, so that, unconsciously, and with entire honesty, the engraver's own technique and manner become the yardstick with which to measure everybody else. The only true position for the outsider to take is to regard every prominent engraver as a specialist and judge him upon his own ground. Even then, comparatively speaking, every man's life is made up largely of failures. Only a very few examples reach the high-water mark that gives character to an artist's reputation.

Of course a large share of illustrations used in connection with relief printing have only a matter-of-fact purpose. Many artists also lean to the scientific phase of their art, requiring, with perfect reason, a more colorless medium than the specialist engraver can give. Here mechanical exactness is the better expression. If, however, the demand is in the direction of color, textures, and values, or in the line of tone harmonies, where no part is an exact repetition of another, then the mechanical rendition will destroy the whole sentiment of the picture. It may be scientifically exact and yet have nothing in common with the original. Artists of such subjects cannot possibly find infallibility in reproduction, even if they controlled every stage of the work themselves, because it is not a matter of reason and formula, but of feeling and impulse. Some of the most important work of this kind assumes many phases while in the hands of the engraver. The copy may be a painting that undergoes many changes while the engraving is progressing. When finished, the two results are sure to be unlike in the scientific sense of the term, and yet so near together in quality that the artist may feel himself better rendered than were possible by any other means. It is a species of legerdemain in which present results are only stepping-stones to higher excellence. There is no accepting of standards at a given time, either in exactness of form or in harmony of color. If the engraver is to accomplish anything here he must work in the same spirit as the artist, or not at all. He must mount the steed of his own technique, unfettered by leash or rein, and chase a leader, perhaps mighty in creative force, yet as fickle as the wind. There is no exact classification of the results till long after the actors are dead — either for the artist or for the engraver. Never-

MORNING FROM THE SHADOW OF MOUNT HOLYOKE.

theless, here is the germ of originality for wood-engraving; and if the engraver loves his subject, he will put life and vitality into his production, no matter what may be his method of producing it.

The foregoing naturally leads to the consideration of the engraver as an original worker on wood, both as to the conception of his subject and its execution. Here again the habits and training of his profession and the custom of his patrons tend to force him to continue in the safe routine of copying an established artistic reputation. It requires some daring for an engraver of small means to produce an engraving that he can call entirely his own, because of the uncertainty of its market. He knows very well that its success is more a question of reputation than of merit, and the matter is discussed and settled by his patrons long before his work begins, leading naturally to the conclusion that copying is the only field for wood-engraving.

It is true the old method of drawing upon the wood has become somewhat obsolete, and photography has brought almost every kind of artistic expression to the proper size of the wood block, which convenience the engraver can use for his own work as well as for that of another. Yet habit and want of time often turn the best of conveniences into a snare. Many paintings are reproduced upon the false values of the photograph, without a careful study of the original at all, and of course an engraver can bring a poor result from exactly the same causes. Every inducement seems to come forward for the earliest and simplest way of reaching a result, and the temper of the American people reaches out for the best art by buying it outright, or inventing a method of producing it quickly and cheaply; anything rather than the plodding industry that builds a life work upon character and experience; anything rather than allow the human element to grow and ripen, to settle its own destiny when life is done. Artist friends criticize and say, "Why do you so?" to the efforts of the original engraver, and then commit the same faults in their own work with impunity. If an engraver succeeds in producing a result equal to the ordinary engraving by the professional artist and his engraver, immediately his work is a challenge and his standard is moved up. He must draw like a Meissonier as well as be a great colorist. Of course if reputation and method are forgotten the result can be judged upon its merits, relegating the whole question to ordinary art standards.

This opens the controversy upon what is good and what is worthless in art, a matter which has never been settled, and never will be while the world stands.

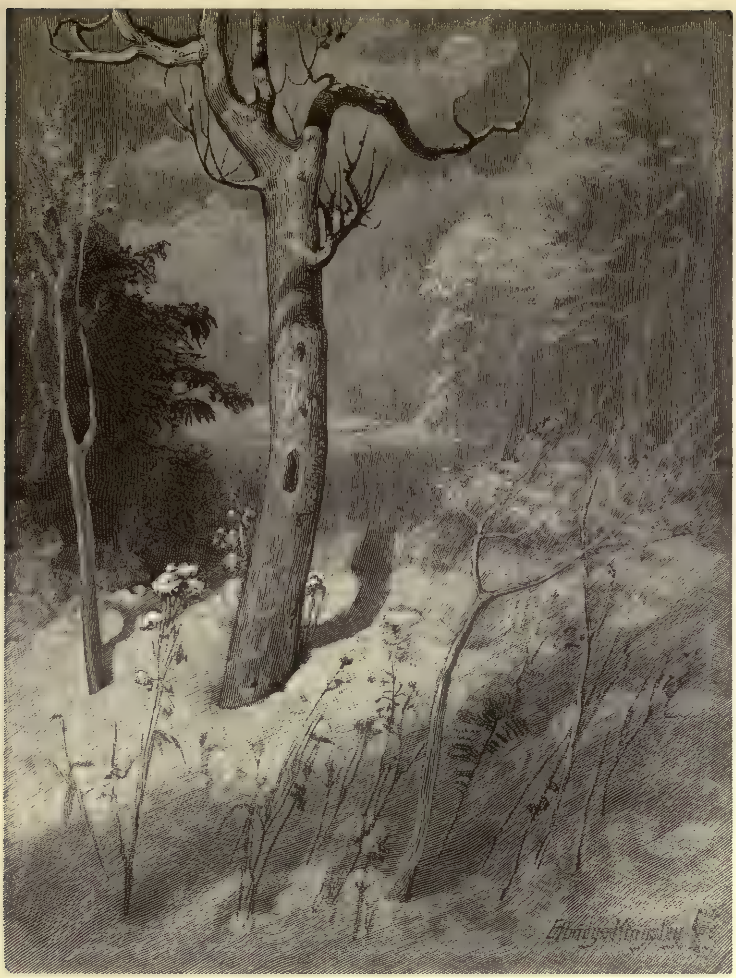
There can be found only a few salient points for the artist or the engraver to settle upon. There is no question but that a perfect engraving should combine perfect drawing, harmonious color, and the best of technique with the graver. Yet this can never be, except in theory, while human nature remains what it is; and, indeed, there is no sensible reason why it should be expected. When the greatest reputations in the world of art are analyzed we find that perfection in all directions is but a popular fancy. True, a great mind will seize the essentials and express itself so as to be understood and remembered; while it is equally true that a small mind will spend its whole force over the grammar of its language, and after all have nothing worthy of expression. To illustrate this idea we have but to call to mind a few names of totally different characteristics in the long line of great reputations in the world of art.

In spite of volumes of eulogy, Turner did not draw in the sense that Meissonier would attach to the term; neither did the great Barbizon school of French painters paint to satisfy the technical standards of their own schools of art. They simply had the power to select from nature the qualities they loved best, the technical power to express themselves in harmony with their own feelings, and to express themselves so that future listeners should make no mistake as to the message sent or the personality of the expression. The greatest reputations have been born independent of existing schools of training and thought; nay, to a large extent they have arisen in spite of them.

Perhaps it is not necessary that the engraver follow the painter in all his methods of drawing, sketching, and painting, yet it may be the best way. Many spend as much time with the brush as with the graver. The essential point is to be at home with what one has to say, either by painting or by engraving upon the spot. It is perfectly feasible to engrave under the shadow of the trees in pleasant summer weather, but it does not follow that a winter scene must be produced while the artist is freezing to death in a snow bank.

The writer of this article has found it necessary to leave the city and spend a part of his time in his childhood home for rest and inspiration, and this time has mainly been spent in painting for use in engraving afterward.

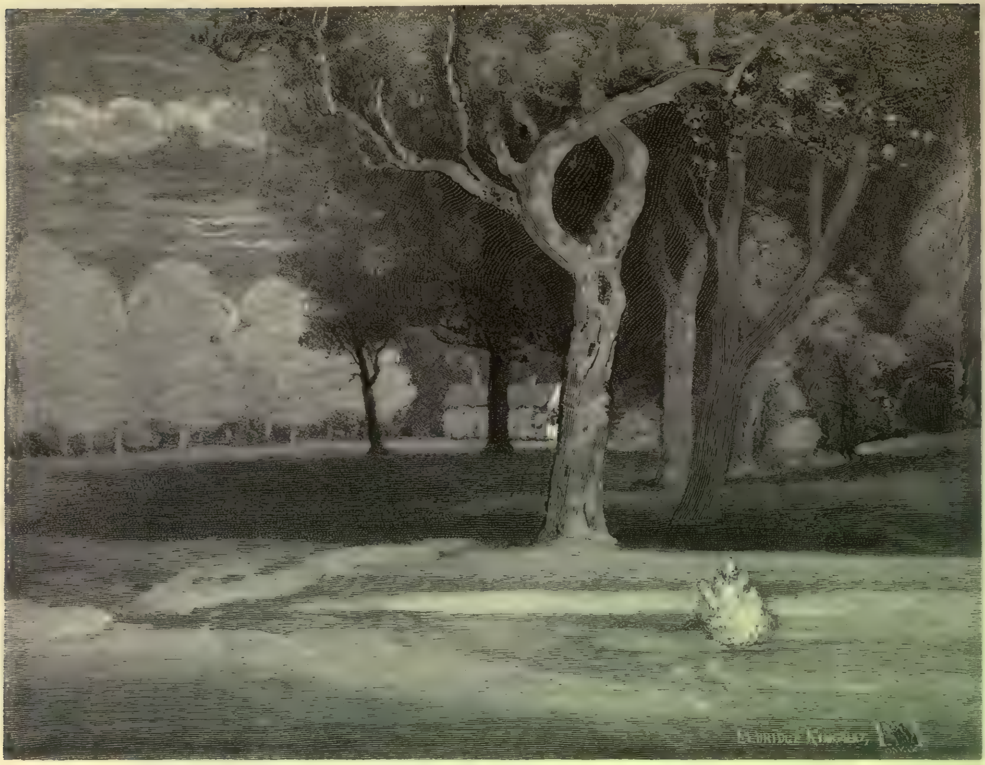
Away up the Connecticut Valley, beyond Mount Tom and Mount Holyoke, in a little basin surrounded by hills, nestles the quiet village of Old Hadley—old in the sense of having a history in the beginning of the nation, and connecting directly with the mother country through a Puritan ancestry; and old in the sense of preserving intact much of the tradition



A WINTER IDYL.

and appearance of two hundred years ago. Here are the same houses where the regicides found a refuge, and in sight are the same forest-covered hills where the Indians lurked in ambush, and to this day in going up and down the broad streets can be seen traces of the quaint manners of the Puritan forefathers.

At this moment from a front window can be seen one of the fairest scenes upon which the sun ever shone. It is midwinter, and the ground and trees are covered with freshly fallen snow. A wide street lined with scattered cottages and trees makes up the foreground. In the middle distance the meadows stretch away level as a floor across the Connecticut River to the foothills of Mount Holyoke. The long, cold, blue mountain range rises like a walled precipice sheer from the valley, its rocky sides partly clothed with somber evergreen forests. In the streets of the town the graceful elm is found at its best, drooping under its burden of clinging white. Each sidewalk shows a double column, rearing their magnificent plumes to the sky. The air is soft, and a faint haze is stealing along the surface of the snow. For an hour not a human being appears; only now and then a faint bit of curling smoke rises above a roof to show that life is within. Over all the setting sun is sending its yellow light, making exact counterparts of the trees in long blue shadows across the street. The eastern sky at the horizon is heavy with purple clouds, and just above is a clear sky of a most delicate green, deepening to a blue-black at the zenith. In the midst of the clear space rides the full moon, faintly emerging and touching the green with a silver rim. She is only waiting for the golden sunlight to weaken in order to show her power. Every house, tree-trunk, and hillock in front gleams like gold, while on the shadow side the roofs and treetops are flooded with silver light. Each luminary is



OLD HADLEY STREET.

throwing out side by side color harmonies of indescribable beauty.

Almost in a moment the scene changes. The sun drops its light, a cloud drifts across the moon, the wind rises and shakes the whiteness from the trees, and sends the drifts scurrying against the window panes. All is darkness and gloom. This is New England in winter.

In the warmer season the picture changes. The spring loosens the ice-bound rivulets, and they flood the valleys with water till the lowlands are a vast lake. Then the buds begin to swell, and by the time the waters have abated, the long meadows are tremulous in the most delicate greens and olives. Billow upon billow arises to meet the eye till lost in the distant blue of the hills. All nature is dancing in the glad sunshine and bowing to the gentle breezes. The song birds are filling the air with music, and the meadow carpets are strewn with brilliant colored flowers.

But it is an autumn picture from the shadow of Mount Holyoke that enchains the imagination, and the experience is held in fond remembrance for many a long year afterward. From early dawn till nearly noon the northern slope of the mountain is in deep shadow, while the valley below is bathed in sunshine. The ground may be white with frost, the air chilly, and the climb up the jagged rocks toilsome, but when a comfortable outlook is reached the discomfort is forgotten as the gorgeous panorama unfolds itself. A long serpentine wreath of fog may be rising from the bosom of the Connecticut, hiding the distant towns and villages. Puffs of steam and smoke are shooting up through the vapor, showing the beginning of day at the mills. Perhaps a breeze, like an invisible tongue, will thrust aside the fog for a moment and disclose a portion of the cold, steel-like surface of the river, or it may uncover the brow of Mount Tom and let the sunlight in. All up and down the ragged eastern slope the golden light plays, unable to loosen the cold grip of the fog at the base. So we have a mountain hanging in mid-air like a jewel. Soon the all-powerful sun asserts himself, and in faintly rosy tints the spires and roofs of Northampton begin to flash out from the mists against a background of purple hills, with a crown of fleecy clouds overhead. Presently the sun and wind together drive the flying mists down the valley, and far away we can discern the shadow line of the mountain upon which we stand creeping nearer and nearer. Within its limit at our feet the frost rests upon the landscape like a shroud; beyond the line in the warmth and sunshine the most gorgeous coloring is springing into life. Far away the river is merrily coming down the valley, flashing like a silver thread, and by its side are trooping serried armies of brilliant trees. Gold and crimson maples spring into life one after another out of the shadows, till the foot-hills are reached, when the more somber forest trees take their places.

But the impression on the mind, as the eye sweeps away to the north for twenty miles, is as if all the armies of the earth were out in the splendor of holiday parade. Only it is so very peaceful — so peaceful that hours pass unnoticed by the unconscious observer. The sun wheels on its course, the mountain reverses its shadow, a path of streaming light dips into the river below,— is gone,— twinkling stars come out, and the dream is over.

The relation of such impressions to engraving on wood may not appear at first, but one engraver, at least, thinks he cannot engrave well without such experiences. And if other engravers become of like mind and love the Connecticut Valley, it is no assumption for them to find expression through the channel of their own profession. Each one will find material to build according to his liking, and the public in choosing from the results will, in the main, deal with it upon the same principle.

Elbridge Kingsley.

PAINTER-ENGRAVING.

WITH ENGRAVINGS BY THE AUTHOR.

ALL the arts are but the means for expressing thought, and that art is most valuable which interposes fewest obstacles between the thought and its ultimate expression, and receives most readily and retains longest the impress of individuality.

In the more fundamental arts, sculpture, music, and painting of fixed pictures, these attributes do not change greatly; but in the multiplying arts, where the final result is influenced by intermediate operations, their possibilities may be vastly augmented and their value greatly increased by refinements in those operations, so that an art which under certain conditions could not be made available for the ready fixing of refined thought may, when those conditions are improved, become very valuable for such use.

Among the graphic arts none has so long held its position or has had so wide an influence as relief engraving, remaining the same in principle since the first line was cut, nearly two thousand years ago. The development of its possibilities has been coincident with improvements in printing, but the direction of its use has been largely influenced by its adaptability to definite representation in small size, and the consequent convenience in the distribution of its results. During this century it has gained steadily in public estimation and extended use, until, at the present day, it is called upon in supplement to descriptive writing not only to represent the landscapes, architecture, costumes, and customs of every country, but to give a comprehensive idea of the world's work in science, applied arts, and industries, invention, manufacture, transportation, and communication: this it does so successfully that there seems little in the natural or economic life of the universe that cannot be clearly pictured on the page which may be held in the hand of the fireside reader. Its value as a means of distributing information is well known and appreciated, but its artistic possibilities have not been so carefully studied and are not so well understood.

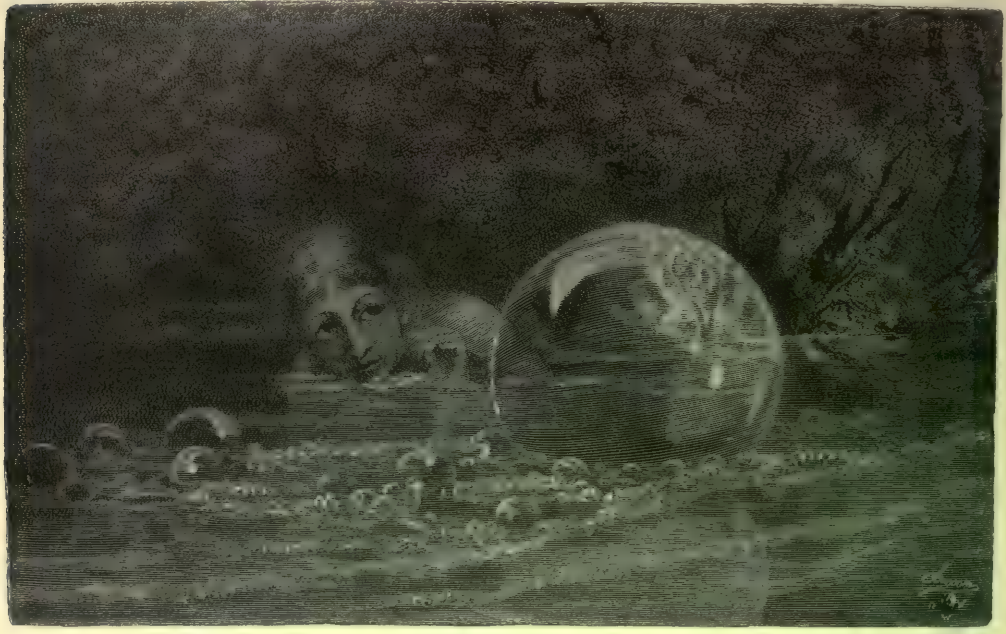
An art which has done so much and has done it so well may reasonably be looked to to do much more; because what it has accomplished in representing numberless forms, textures, and qualities in the widely varying subjects of descriptive illustration indicates its susceptibility to mental control; and if this susceptibility is sufficiently delicate, and it does not oppose too serious obstacles in manipulation, it is valuable as a means of artistic expression.

The reason that it has not been heretofore made use of for this purpose, except in isolated instances, may be found in the fact that the influencing adjuncts of paper-making and printing had not been sufficiently perfected and brought into harmony to make such work possible; and for the want of these favorable conditions neither the public nor the workers in the art have recognized its possibilities.

After the improvements in paper-making and printing referred to, the chief of these has been the reproductive engraving of paintings. In this work the attempt has been made —

and in many instances very successfully—not only to represent the composition, tones, and values of a picture, but to give also an unmistakable impression of the painter's individuality.

Such work is a much subtler test of the possibilities of an art than any of the tasks of descriptive illustration, and the success of relief engraving in it indicates its adaptability to still better uses, or that it would be equally and perhaps more readily responsive under the more direct influence of thought in the doing of work at first hand.



THE WATER NYMPH.

The best, or ideal, results in reproductive engraving can be achieved only when the painter and the engraver are thoroughly in sympathy. As no one engraver can be thus in sympathy with many artists, differing greatly as they do in character and temperament, it follows that the best reproductive work of any one engraver must be very limited in quantity unless he can by cultivation and some degree of self-abrogation establish such a bond. Cultivation may bring just appreciation and respect for work, but such reproductive work requires the engraver to feel more than this: he must bend his own likings to those of the painter, endeavor to see from his point of view, and feel his enthusiasms; and just in proportion as he is able to do this cordially and completely, and also to adapt his own technique to his assumed character, will be his success or his lack of it. Some can do this more readily than others, but in any case where real sympathy is lacking, the operation of trying to establish it can never be a pleasant one: the artistic temperament rebels at it; and to turn from it towards original work which occupies other faculties, and has the delight of personal discovery, is only a natural result, and is in line with the best development of the art.

But such a turning, in these days of high standards of execution in specialties, requires some courage, because of the possibility of a loss in execution through lack of concentration. Concentration of effort within narrow limits surely favors the greatest accomplishment of work in quantity and in quality so far as workmanship in technique goes, but breadth of cultivation just as surely favors the best accomplishment in all things where vigorous mental comprehension and delicate apprehension in the use of means influence most the expression of thought.

As it is more difficult always to know what treatment will most adequately express thought than it is to acquire skill in workmanship, it follows that to acquire a knowledge of more than one method of work and to make use of it is not always a scattering of energies; inasmuch as what is lost in mere skill of workmanship is gained through a broadening of the mental horizon and the acquiring of a more refined insight. Nor does it follow that there is necessarily a real loss in technique in the use of one means by acquiring another, for the manipulation of mediums incident to one method of work always furnishes suggestions for management in another, which makes technique in either the readier servant of thought, and consequently more valuable than if it had gained in finish of workmanship.

This truth should not be lost sight of in estimating the true value of technique in painter-engraving, because an exhibition of the engraver's skill as a workman may rightly be subordinated to his desires as an artist, whenever, by so doing, a gain may be made of directness in expressing his thought. It is by reason of a gain in directness, which is the desideratum in all the arts, that painter-engravers find ground to stand on.

Engraving, in common with all branches of the art of picture-making, interposes so many obstacles between the thought and its ultimate expression that at best the thought itself is more or less warped, changed, and made to conform to the means of expression. But in original work the influence is as direct as it can ever be. The hand is controlled by the brain which originates the thought, and makes every touch under its influence; and such touches are more vital and have more value than any others can have.

Men who wish the encouragement of example in doing original work will find it in the careers of the few who have placed their names highest on the list of engravers during the past three centuries, for they were original workers, or painter-engravers. And while the circumstances which controlled them are very different from those which control engravers of the present day, it is worth while to study the men and their work, and, if possible, understand why it is better than that of other men; for it goes without saying, or ought to, that an artist has but one point to consider — always how to make his work better; because if it can only be good enough, all other problems solve themselves.

In the study of the abler painter-engravers it is very difficult to analyze and differentiate their work justly; that is, to know what portion of credit should be given to them as artists and what as engravers. To take an example: Dürer and Rembrandt — if, for the sake of study, Rembrandt may be classed with the engravers in his graphic work — represent very widely different extremes in mental habits and technical methods. Much credit is given Dürer as an engraver which should be given him as an artist. To do his engraving would be not at all a difficult task to a modern engraver, while no engraver of the present day, and perhaps no artist, could equal his sturdy drawing.

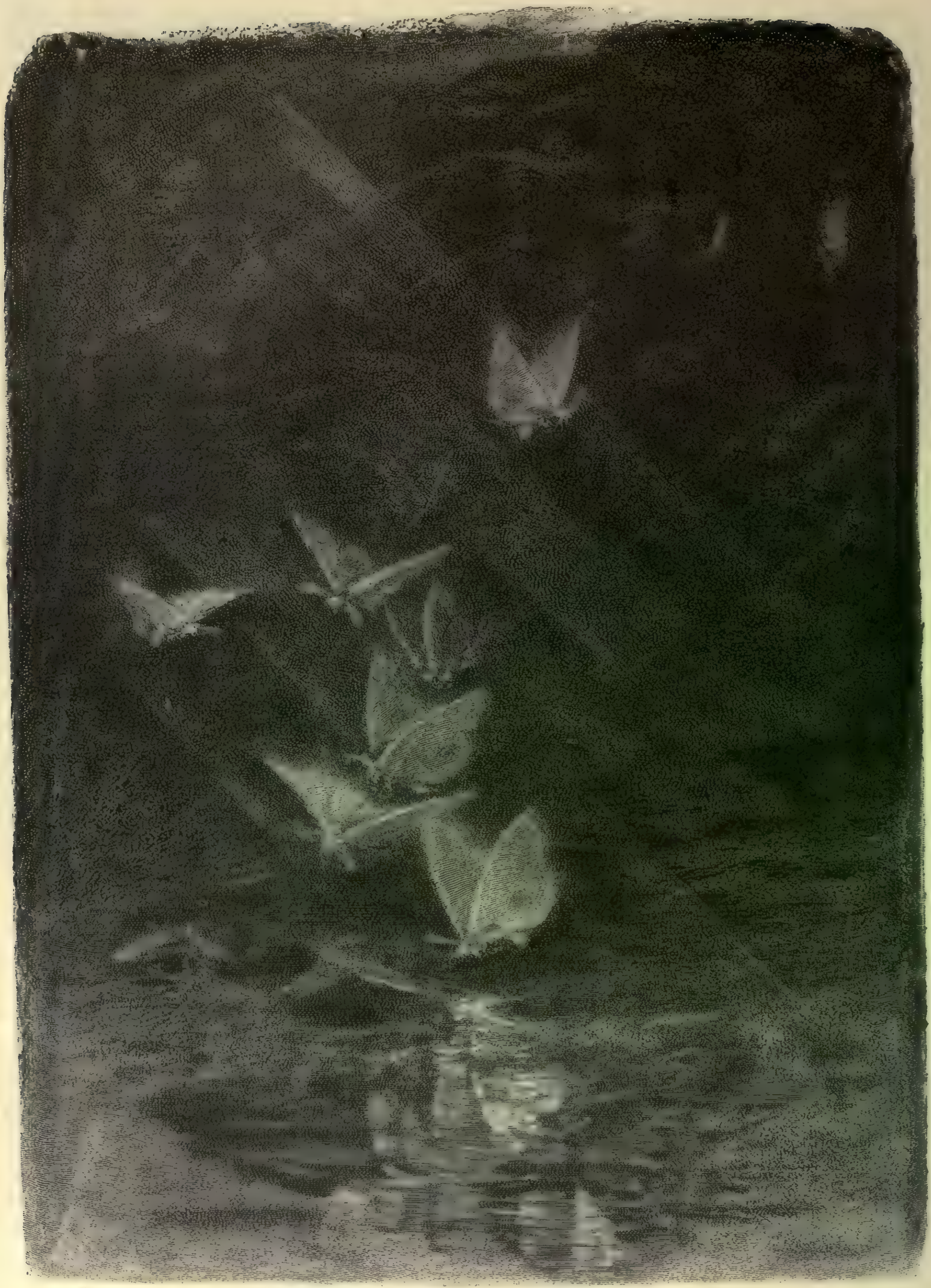
On the other hand, Rembrandt was inimitable in his touch and management of line as an engraver. His mastery of treatment was so great, that in considering his work it is impossible to separate the skill of the touch itself from the thought which inspired the picture, or to imagine what his work would be if divorced from the extreme mental control and skill of hand which enabled him to express his ideas so charmingly. No photographic, mechanical, or other reproductive work whatsoever could have reproduced his paintings and given them the same value, or anything like it, which his own graphic work has; and if Rembrandt is to be shown in graphic work at all, nothing could induce one to give up what Rembrandt did in it himself.

In their use of the graphic arts probably Rembrandt and Dürer were alike influenced by a desire to distribute their work more widely than they could do by painting; but their choice of methods of work was fixed by their mental characteristics and by the different possibilities in etching and relief engraving at that time.

Dürer understood the vigorous qualities of the wood or relief engraving, but had not compassed its possibilities of refinement; nor could they have been compassed until improvements in printing had made it possible to show slight differences of tone and texture. Rembrandt delighted in atmosphere and in strong light and shade, or full chiaroscuro, and could secure those qualities with the needle and plate, but the limitations of printing made it impossible to secure these in relief engraving in his day — if, indeed, it had been thought of. The method of printing from the etched plate remains much the same as in Rembrandt's time, but in the printing from the relief plate and in the consequent development and refinement in its engraving, there has been a vast change since his time or the time of Dürer. It is now quite possible to print relief engravings done in full chiaroscuro, to represent almost any conceivable texture, and with any degree of refinement reasonable for a picture in black and white.

If the possibilities of the art at the present day, or in the very near future, could have been developed in Rembrandt's time, they would have delighted him, and made engraving as available for his purposes as it was for Dürer's. These developments place relief engraving among the arts which can be used as a means of artistic expression by men of very varied temperaments, and opens for it, owing to its peculiar characteristics, a wide field not occupied by any other art.

In considering relief engraving as a means of artistic expression the science of the art becomes of great importance: wherein it differs from other methods of picture-making in this can, perhaps, best be ascertained by comparison.



NIGHT MOTHS.

The painter uses infinitesimal particles of color, which, for convenience, are manipulated in water or oil as a vehicle. These particles, which are too minute to be distinguished individually by the eye, can with the brush be agglomerated in masses, or spread in films of any thinness. The painter has no thought for each particle of color, but only for the effect on the eye of multitudes of them combined, or in juxtaposition. In practice it is possible to modify effects by glazing, or superimposing films of color over previous painting, to mass painting over painting, or to scrape away first paintings and repaint entirely, so that, with these possibilities of change in mind, the painter in oil works freely and without trepidation.

In the graphic arts there is no method which makes use of granulations so minute as to be indistinguishable to the eye, excepting photogravure. The similarity in size of the particles of color and the granules of ink would make it seem possible that photogravure is akin to painting, but for this reason it is not: multitudes of particles of varied and harmonious color have a charm for the eye which multitudes of granules of ink of one color have not; and where only one color is to be used some charm of treatment must be substituted for the lacking charm of color, if an equal degree of interest is maintained.

In relief engraving there are but two values to work with, absolute black and absolute white. A white touch remains always a white touch without modification, and all effects, textures, tones, and values are secured by shaping and arranging those white touches or lines and the black spaces between them. Every touch retains its shape as first made and its relation to every other touch with the utmost obstinacy, so that the engraver has but one shot; he must either by acquired knowledge or by intuition know what relation each touch made will bear to all of its fellows and what influence it will have on them, and secure his tones, values, and textures the first time, for no radical change can be made.

The engraver therefore works under much greater nervous strain than the painter, and it would at first seem that an art compelling such precision could never respond readily to artistic impulses. Analogy will perhaps serve to show how it may. In music, where every note is an arbitrary quantity, it is possible so to combine and arrange them with regard to their relations and the influence of one note upon another as to delight the senses by endless variety and gradation of impression; just so it is possible to combine and arrange touches in white and black, understanding their relations and influences upon one another, as to represent all textures and gradations, and secure harmony and that variety in treatment which gives the charm of endless suggestion.

Owing to the long-continued use of relief engraving for the purposes of cheaper illustration, with all the concomitant unhappy influences of poor printing and of paper ill suited to the requirements of the plates, the public have fixed for it a standing lower than etching or than some of the other graphic arts. Even engravers themselves have been slow to take advantage of all possibilities of hand printing and to study the adaptability of various kinds of papers for proofs of different subjects, as is done in the printing of etchings; but already this is changing. The importation of the peculiar and very beautiful Japanese papers which can be used in hand printing, made by hand from the fiber of the mulberry tree, gives the opportunity for new and very charming effects in proofs from relief plates. The value of these is beginning to be recognized, and the art dealers already have in their portfolios proofs from a few plates, done by American and French engravers. The qualities of these proofs are being studied by connoisseurs; and when the possibilities of the art are recognized by the engravers and by the public, relief engraving will take its rightful place as one of the most comprehensive, vital, and interesting of the graphic arts.

W. B. Closson.

THE NEW SCHOOL OF ENGRAVING.

WITH AN ENGRAVING BY THE AUTHOR.

KINGSLEY'S car, the center of so much that is promising in the future of wood-engraving in this country, is in Whately Glen, near the old mill, Kingsley and I having lingered on into October to catch some of the autumn glory.

It is inclement and cold. The wind has as much to do, perhaps, with our selection of subjects as good taste has. Yet, when the sun breaks through the clouds and warms awhile the steep hillside, there is a shrillness added to the whistle of the wind very like the "frying" of the cicada — a very small fry, proportioned to the supply of heat; and, near by, three times to-day have I heard the tree-toad croak, blue-birds in abundance, and the goldfinch with her young "Che-dink, che-dink," all day long.

It is some compensation that we have acquired a sensuous liking for wetness and the feeling of cold. Then the S——s, who own the place, mother and sons, do what they can to make our lot endurable, and at the week's end the daughter of the house rides up from

Hadley, bringing news of the world and an evening of pure delight to us car-dwellers.

This evening, while we have talked liberally of all masters, we have read Emerson's essay "Art," and "Wood Notes," and, from Browning, "Saul."

AUTUMN HILLSIDE.

We cannot sleep now for winged thoughts which pervade our narrow dwelling-place. We talk, in our little way, on lofty themes, and grow warm with the sense of nature's close and personal relationship to us. We open the door and look out into the night. The hoarfrost sparkles like diamonds on the tangle of brown weeds and the interlacing boughs, refracting the rays of the great, round moon we do not see. Far across the lake-like pond, the crystal clearness of whose waters we know, the maples burn in orange and crimson flame, and Indian Hill rounds his great bare bosom up against the sky. We nature-lovers of the block and burin resent the charge of being mere poachers in the domain of poetry and art.

It is nearly forty years since, with hopeful elation, I left scenes similar to these to go to the far-off town to learn the art of wood-engraving. I found, 't is true, little to encourage lofty aspirations in the work then given me to do. But there was a beacon star in the school of the great English engravers, John Thompson, Williams, Orrin Smith, John Jackson, and last but greatest, W. J. Linton.

I had learned very little of engraving before I learned that this last great name had an especial cult which embraced nearly all the engravers in America. His "Infant Hercules" (I believe), after Reynolds, and his "Virgin and Child," after a cartoon by Raphael, and later "The Haunted House," hung in every engraving office in the land. Linton was the center and soul of whatever was progressive in wood-engraving then. He meant art to us, and the lines he cut were, in lieu of nature, our wonder and our study. Each newly landed English engraver was pestered with questions concerning the tools he used and his manner of working. According as rumor fixed either, we changed our own implements or methods.

But little was ascertained, however, until one of our own artists, who stood very high among the craft, visited England. On his return we were told many things of artists whose names were household words with us, but nothing so delightful and surprising as of Linton, who, he said, had been very courteous to him, and had shown him many helpful things about his drawing.

It cannot be realized now what an effect that candid admission, by one of the "superior beings" himself, had upon an engraver. The idea came naturally then that Linton's distinctive merit was not a matter of tools, but of art culture.

Soon after the great man himself came and made his home among us. We have seen his "Lake Country," the illustrations to Bryant's "Flood of Years," and his paintings at the Academy,—of which institution he was made a member,—and we know he was an artist. He worked with his graver, using just the same kind of intelligence that he used when working with his brush. His bitterest opponent in the so-called "new school of engravers" most heartily would desire, I know, that he were now a young man leading in the present advance of the art he has done so much to establish.

Those who have learned his lesson know that the study of drawing, painting, modeling, or whatever brings skill to the hand and quickness to the perception, is the best way to study engraving. Let art be your master. Then live by flowery banks of rivers, in the bowers of the wood-god, in the starry realm of poesy, or in this wheeled temple sacred to the woodpecker, and be sure even the engraver's work will show the world something of these blest abodes.

John P. Davis.

THE PETER-BIRD.

WHEN summer's birds are bringing
Their clear, concerted singing,
Singing gladder, gladder, gladder in their glees;
When finches and the thrushes
Make vocal all the bushes,
And the lark his note of morning welcome frees—
I hear no meter sweeter
Than "Peter-Peter-Peter,"
That the Peter-bird is singing in my trees.

How good to lie and listen,
Where brooks in summer glisten,
As they ripple, ripple, ripple to the seas;
Where faintly in the pebbles
They play their pretty trebles
In the plaintive, sad and tender minor keys;
But they can play no meter
Like "Peter-Peter-Peter,"
That the Peter-bird is singing in my trees.

When softly at the nooning
I hear the clover crooning,
Of its nectar, nectar, nectar, and the bees;
When corn a-field is drying,
And fading blades are flying
With a floating pennon-rustle in the breeze,
Oh sweet it is, but sweeter
Is "Peter-Peter-Peter,"
That the Peter-bird is singing in my trees.

When summer's joy is over
And bees have robbed the clover,
Leaving odor, only odor, to appease;
When red autumnal juices
Make music in their sluices
As the fruity currents gurgle from their lees;
The wine-tide sings not sweeter
Than "Peter-Peter-Peter,"
That the Peter-bird is singing in my trees.

Henry Thompson Stanton.

BROOK SONG.

BROOK, would thou couldst flow
With a music all thine own—
Thy babble of music alone—
Not a word of the Long Ago
In thy brawling down below,
Not a sigh of the wind by thee—
The wind in the willow tree!

Or, Brook, if thou couldst go,
As once, in the prime of May,
For a whole long holiday,
When the cowslips down below—
And the violets—watched thy flow,
With the babble of two by thee,
And the wind in the willow tree!

O Brook, if thou couldst so
Make a living music and sing
Of a faded, bygone Spring,
And down by the violets flow
With that babble of Long Ago,
I would listen forever to thee
And the wind in the willow tree.

James Herbert Morse.

THE "HAUNTED HOUSE" IN ROYAL STREET.

BY GEORGE W. CABLE,

Author of "The Grandissimes," "Bonaventure," etc.

I.

AS IT STANDS NOW.

WHEN you and —— make that much-talked-of visit to New Orleans, by all means see early whatever evidences of progress and aggrandizement her hospitable citizens wish to show you; New Orleans belongs to the living present, and has serious practical relations with these United States and this great living world and age. And yet I want the first morning walk that you two take together and alone to be in the old French Quarter. Go down Royal street.

You shall not have taken many steps in it when, far down on the right-hand side, where the narrow street almost shuts its converging lines together in the distance, there will begin to rise above the extravagant confusion of intervening roofs and to stand out against the dazzling sky a square, latticed remnant of a belvedere. You can see that the house it surmounts is a large, solid, rectangular pile, and that it stands directly on the street at what residents call the "upper, river corner," though the river is several squares away on the right. There are fifty people in this old rue Royale who can tell you their wild versions of this house's strange true story against any one who can do this present writer the honor to point out the former residence of 'Sieur George, Madame Délicieuse, or Dr. Mossy, or the unrecognizably restored dwelling of Madame Delphine.

I fancy you already there. The neighborhood is very still. The streets are almost empty of life, and the cleanness of their stone pavements is largely the cleanness of disuse. The house you are looking at is of brick, covered with stucco, which somebody may be lime-washing white, or painting yellow or brown, while I am saying it is gray. An uncovered balcony as wide as the sidewalk makes a deep arcade around its two street sides. The last time I saw it, it was for rent, and looked as if it had been so for a long time; but that proves nothing. Every one of its big window-shutters was closed, and by the very intensity of their rusty silence spoke a hostile impenetrability. Just now it is occupied.

They say that Louis Philippe, afterwards king of the French, once slept in one of its chambers. That would have been in 1798; but in 1798 they were not building such tall buildings as this in New Orleans — did not believe the soil would uphold them. As late as 1806, when 'Sieur George's house, upon the St. Peter street corner, was begun, people shook their heads; and this house is taller than 'Sieur George's. I should like to know if the rumor is true. Lafayette, too, they say, occupied the same room. Maybe so. That would have been in 1824–25. But we know he had elegant apartments, fitted up for him at the city's charge, in the old Cabildo. Still —

It was, they say, in those, its bright, early days, the property of the Pontalbas, a noble Franco-Spanish family; and I have mentioned these points, which have no close bearing upon our present story, mainly to clear the field of all mere they-says, and leave the ground for what we know to be authenticated fact, however strange.

The entrance, under the balcony, is in Royal street. Within a deep, white portal, the walls and ceiling of which are covered with ornamentations, two or three steps, shut off from the sidewalk by a pair of great gates of open, ornamental iron-work with gilded tops, rise to the white door. This also is loaded with a raised work of urns and flowers, birds and fonts, and Phœbus in his chariot. Inside, from a marble floor, an iron-railed, winding stair ("said the spider to the fly") leads to the drawing-rooms on the floor even with the balcony. These are very large. The various doors that let into them, and the folding door between them, have carved panels. A deep frieze covered with raised work — white angels with palm branches and folded wings, stars, and wreaths — runs all around, interrupted only by high, wide windows that let out between fluted Corinthian pilasters upon the broad open balcony. The lofty ceilings, too, are beautiful with raised garlandry.

Measure one of the windows — eight feet across. Each of its shutters is four feet wide.

Look at those old crystal chandeliers. And already here is something uncanny — at the bottom of one of these rooms, a little door in the wall. It is barely a woman's height, yet big hinges jut out from the jamb, and when you open it and look in you see only a small dark place without steps or anything to let you down to its floor below, a leap of several feet. It is hardly noteworthy; only neither you nor —— can make out what it ever was for.

The house is very still. As you stand a moment in the middle of the drawing-room looking at each other you hear the walls and floors saying those soft nothings to one another that they so often say when left to themselves. While you are looking straight at one of the large doors that lead into the hall its lock gives a whispered click and the door slowly swings open. No cat, no draft, you and —— exchange a silent smile and rather like the mystery; but do you know? That is an old trick of those doors, and has made many an emotional girl smile less instead of more; although I doubt not any carpenter could explain it.

I assume, you see, that you visit the house when it is vacant. It is only at such times that you are likely to get in. A friend wrote me lately: "Miss —— and I tried to get permission to see the interior. Madame said the landlord had requested her not to allow visitors; that over three hundred had called last winter, and had been refused for that reason. I thought of the three thousand who would call if they knew its story." Another writes: "The landlord's orders are positive that no photographer of any kind shall come into his house."

The house has three stories and an attic. The windows farthest from the street are masked by long, green latticed balconies or "galleries," one to each story, which communicate with one another by staircases behind the lattices and partly overhang a small, damp, paved court which is quite hidden from outer view save from one or two neighboring windows. On your right as you look down into this court a long, narrow wing stands out at right angles from the main house, four stories high, with the latticed galleries continuing along the entire length of each floor. It bounds this court on the southern side. Each story is a row of small square rooms, and each room has a single high window in the southern wall and a single door on the hither side opening upon the latticed gallery of that floor. Wings of that sort were once very common in New Orleans in the residences of the rich; they were the house's slave quarters. But certainly some of the features you see here never were common — locks seven inches across; several windows without sashes, but with sturdy iron gratings and solid iron shutters. On the fourth floor the doorway communicating with the main house is entirely closed twice over, by *two pairs* of batten shutters held in on the side of the main house by iron hooks eighteen inches long, two to each shutter. And yet it was through this doorway that the ghosts — figuratively speaking, of course, for we are dealing with plain fact and history — got into this house.

Will you go to the belvedere? I went there once. Unless the cramped stair that reaches it has been repaired you will find it something rickety. The newspapers, writing fifty-five years ago in the heat and haste of the moment, must have erred as to heavy pieces of furniture being carried up this last cramped flight of steps to be cast out of the windows into the street far below. Besides, the third-story windows are high enough for the most thorough smashing of anything dropped from them for that purpose.

The attic is cut up into little closets. Lying in one of them close up under the roof maybe you will still find, as I did, all the big iron keys of those big iron locks down-stairs. The day I stepped up into this belvedere it was shaking visibly in a squall of wind. An electric storm was coming out of the north and west. Yet overhead the sun still shone vehemently through the rolling white clouds. It was grand to watch these. They were sailing majestically hither and thither southward across the blue, leaning now this way and now that like a fleet of great ships of the line manœuvering for position against the dark northern enemy's already flashing and thundering onset. I was much above any neighboring roof. Far to the south and south-west the newer New Orleans spread away over the flat land. North-eastward, but near at hand, were the masts of ships and steamers, with glimpses here and there of the water, and farther away the open breadth of the great yellow river sweeping around Slaughterhouse Point under an air heavy with the falling black smoke and white steam of hurrying tugs. Closer by, there was a strange confusion of roofs, trees, walls, vines, tiled roofs, brown and pink, and stuccoed walls, pink, white, yellow, red, and every sort of gray. The old convent of the Ursulines stood in the midst, and against it the old chapel of St. Mary with a great sycamore on one side and a willow on the other. Almost under me I noticed some of the semicircular arches of rotten red brick that were once a part of the Spanish barracks. In the north the "Old Third" (third city district) lay, as though I looked down upon it from a cliff — a tempestuous gray sea of slate roofs dotted with tossing green tree-tops. Beyond it, not far away, the deep green, ragged line of cypress swamp half encircled it and gleamed weirdly under a sky packed with dark clouds that flashed and growled and boomed and growled again. You could see rain falling from one cloud over Lake Pontchartrain; the strong gale brought the sweet smell of it. Westward, yonder, you may still descry the old calaboose just peeping over the tops of some lofty trees; and that bunch a little at the left is Congo Square; but the *old* old calaboose — the one to which this house was once strangely related — is hiding behind the cathedral here on the south. The street that crosses Royal here and makes the corner on which the house stands is Hospital street; and yonder, westward, where it bends a little to the right and runs away so bright, clean, and empty between two long lines of groves and flower gardens, it is the old Bayou Road to the lake. It was down that road that the mistress of this house fled in her carriage from its door with the howling mob at her heels. Before you descend from the belvedere turn and note how the roof drops away in eight different slopes; and think — from whichever one of these slopes it was — of the little fluttering, befrocked lump of terrified childhood that leaped from there and fell clean to the paved yard below. A last word while we are still here: there are other reasons — one, at least, besides tragedy and crime — that make people believe this place is haunted. This particular spot is hardly one where a person would prefer to see a ghost, even if one knew it was but an optical illusion; but one evening, some years ago, when a bright moon was mounting high and swinging well around to the south, a young girl who lived near by and who had a proper skepticism for the marvels of the gossips passed this house. She was approaching it from an opposite sidewalk, when, glancing up at this belvedere outlined so loftily on the night sky, she saw with startling clearness, although pale and misty in the deep shadow of the cupola,— "It made me shudder," she says, "until I reasoned the matter out,"— a single, silent, motionless object; the figure of a woman leaning against its lattice. By careful scrutiny she made it out to be only a sorcery of moonbeams that fell aslant from the farther side through the skylight of the belvedere's roof and sifted through the lattice. Would that there were no more reality to the story before us.

II.

MADAME LALAURIE.

On the 30th of August, 1831, before Octave de Armas, notary, one E. Soniat Dufossat sold this property to a Madame Lalaurie. She may have dwelt in the house earlier than this, but here is where its tragic history begins. Madame Lalaurie was still a beautiful and most attractive lady, although bearing the name of a third husband. Her surname had been first McCarty,— a genuine Spanish-Creole name, although of Irish origin, of course,— then Lopez, or maybe first Lopez and then McCarty, and then Blanque. She had two daughters, the elder, at least, the issue of her first marriage.

The house is known to this day as Madame Blanque's house,— which, you notice, it never was,— so distinctly was she the notable figure in the household. Her husband was younger than she. There is strong sign of his lesser importance in the fact that he was sometimes, and only sometimes, called doctor — Dr. Louis Lalaurie. The graces and graciousness of their accomplished and entertaining mother quite outshone his step-daughters as well as him. To the frequent and numerous guests at her sumptuous board these young girls seemed comparatively unanimated, if not actually unhappy. Not so with their mother. To do her full share in the upper circles of good society, to dispense the pleasures of drawing-room and dining-room with generous frequency and captivating amiability, was the eager pursuit of a lady who nevertheless kept the management of her money affairs, real estate, and slaves mainly in her own hands. Of slaves she had ten, and housed most of them in the tall narrow wing that we have already noticed.

We need not recount again the state of society about her at that time. The description of it given by the young German duke whom we quoted without date in the story of "Salome Müller" belongs exactly to this period. Grymes stood at the top and front of things. John Slidell was already shining beside him. They were co-members of the Elkin Club, then in its glory. It was trying energetically to see what incredible quantities of Madeira it could drink. Judge Mazereau was "avocat-général" and was being lampooned by the imbecile wit of the singers and dancers of the calinda in Congo Square. The tree-planted levee was still populous on summer evenings with promenaders and loungers. The quadroon caste was in its dying splendor, still threatening the moral destruction of private society, and hated — as only woman can hate enemies of the hearthstone — by the proud, fair ladies of the Creole pure-blood, among whom Madame Lalaurie shone brilliantly. Her elegant house, filled with "furniture of the most costly description,"— says the "New Orleans Bee" of a date which we shall come to,— stood central in the swirl of "downtown" gaiety, public and private. From Royal into Hospital street, across Circus street — rue de la Cirque — that was a good way to get into Bayou Road, white, almost as snow, with its smooth, silent pavement of powdered shells. This road followed the slow, clear meanderings of Bayou St. Jean, from red-roofed and embowered suburb St. Jean to the lake, the swamp of giant, grizzly bearded cypresses hugging it all the way, and the whole five miles teeming with gay, swift carriages, some filled with smokers, others with ladies and children, the finest equipage of all being, as you may recollect, that of John Fitz Miller. He was at that very time master of Salome Müller, the pure white slave, and of "several others fairer than Salome." He belongs in the present story only here in this landscape, and here not as a typical, but only as an easily possible, slaveholder. For that matter, Madame Lalaurie, let it be plainly understood, was only another possibility, not a type. The moral of the two stories — if you care to consider it — is the same: a public practice is answerable for whatever can happen easier with it than without it, no matter whether it must, or only may, happen. However, morals can wait: a regular feature of that bright afternoon throng was Madame Lalaurie's coach with the ever-so-pleasant Madame Lalaurie inside and her sleek black coachman on the box.

"Think," some friend would say, as he returned her courteous bow — "think of casting upon that woman the suspicion of starving and maltreating her own house-servants! Look at that driver; his skin shines with good keeping. The truth is those jealous Americans" —

There was intense jealousy between the Americans and the Creoles. The Americans were just beginning in public matters to hold the odds. In private society the Creoles still held power, but it was slipping from them even there. Madame Lalaurie was a Creole. Whether Louisiana or St. Domingo born was no matter; she should not be criticized by American envy! Nor would the Creoles themselves go nosing into the secretest privacy of her house.

"Why, look you, it is her common practice, even before her guests, to leave some wine in her glass and hand it, with some word of kindness, to the slave waiting at her back. Thin and hollow-chested — the slaves? Yes, to be sure; but how about your rich uncle, or my dear old mother; are they not hollow-chested? Well!"

But this kind of logic did not satisfy everybody, not even every Creole; and particularly not all her neighbors. The common populace too had unflattering beliefs.

"Do you see this splendid house? Do you see those attic windows? There are slaves up there confined in chains and darkness and kept at the point of starvation."

A Creole gentleman, M. Montreuil, who seems to have been a neighbor, made several attempts to bring the matter to light, but in vain. But rumors and suspicious indications grew so rank that at length a prominent citizen, an "American" lawyer, who had a young Creole studying law in his office, ventured to send him to the house to point out to Madame Lalaurie certain laws of the State. For instance there was Article XX. of the old Black Code: "Slaves who shall not be properly fed, clad, and provided for by their masters, may give information thereof to the attorney-general," — *no laughing in court!* — "or the Superior Council, or to all the other officers of justice of an inferior jurisdiction, and may put the written exposition of their wrongs into their hands; upon which information, and even ex officio, should the information come from another quarter, the attorney-general shall prosecute said masters," etc. But the young law student on making his visit was captivated by the sweetness of the lady whom he had been sent to warn against committing unlawful misdemeanors, and withdrew filled with indignation against any one who could suspect her of the slightest unkindness to the humblest living thing. And yet the public ear was soon to be shocked by the indisputable fact of a sudden, violent, horrible death on those premises, of which the amiable and captivating Madame Lalaurie was the direct and responsible cause.

III.

A TERRIBLE REVELATION.

THE house that joined Madame Lalaurie's premises on the eastern side had a staircase window that looked down into her little courtyard. One day all by chance the lady of that adjoining house was going up those stairs just when the keen scream of a terrified child resounded from the next yard. She sprung to the window, and, looking down, saw a little negro girl about eight years old run wildly across the yard and into the house with Madame Lalaurie, a cowhide whip in her hand, following swiftly and close upon her.

They disappeared; but by glimpses through the dark lattices and by the sound of the tumult, the lady knew that the child was flying up stairway after stairway, from gallery to gallery, hard pressed by her furious mistress. Soon she heard them rise into the belvedere and the next instant they darted out upon the roof. Down into its valleys and up over its ridges the little fugitive slid and scrambled. She reached the sheer edge, the lady at the window hid her face in her hands, there came a dull, jarring thud in the paved court beneath, and the lady, looking down, saw the child lifted from the ground and borne out of sight, limp, silent, dead.

She kept her place at the window. Hours passed, the day waned, darkness settled down.

Then she saw a torch brought, a shallow hole was dug,— as it seemed to her; but in fact a condemned well of slight depth, a mere pit, was uncovered,— and the little broken form was buried. She informed the officers of justice. From what came to light at a later season, it is hard to think that in this earlier case the investigation was more than superficial. Yet an investigation was made, and some legal action was taken against Madame Lalaurie for cruelty to her slaves. They were taken from her and — liberated? Ah! no. They were sold by the sheriff, bid in by her relatives, and by them sold back to her. Let us believe that this is what occurred, or at least was shammed; for unless we do we must accept the implication of a newspaper statement of two or three years afterwards, and the confident impression of an aged Creole gentleman and notary still living who was an eye-witness to much of this story, that all Madame Lalaurie ever suffered for this part of her hideous misdeeds was a fine. Lawyers will doubtless remind us that Madame Lalaurie was not legally chargeable with the child's death. The lady at the window was not the only witness who might have been brought. A woman still living, who after the civil war was for years a domestic in this "haunted house," says her husband, now long dead, then a lad, was passing the place when the child ran out on the roof, and he saw her scrambling about on it seeking to escape. But he did not see the catastrophe that followed. No one saw more than what the law knows as assault; and the child was a slave.

Miss Martineau, in her short account of the matter, which she heard in New Orleans and from eye-witnesses only a few years after it had occurred, conjectures that Madame Lalaurie's object in buying back these slaves was simply to renew her cruelties upon them. But a much easier, and even kinder, guess would be that they knew things about her that had not been and must not be told, if she could possibly prevent it. A high temper, let us say, had led her into a slough of misdoing to a depth beyond all her expectation, and the only way out was on the farther side.

Yet bring to bear all the generous conjecture one can, and still the fact stands that she did starve, whip, and otherwise torture these poor victims. She even mistreated her daughter for conveying to them food which she had withheld. Was she not insane? One would hope so; but we cannot hurry to believe just what is most comfortable or kindest. That would be itself a kind of "emotional insanity." If she was insane, how about her husband? For Miss Martineau, who was told that he was no party to her crimes, was misinformed; he was as deep in the same mire as passive complicity could carry him. If she was insane her insanity stopped abruptly at her plump, well-fed coachman. He was her spy against all others. And if she was insane, then why did not her frequent guests at table suspect it?

All that society knew was that she had carried her domestic discipline to excess, had paid dearly for it, and no doubt was desisting and would henceforth desist from that kind of thing. Enough allowance can hardly be made in our day for the delicacy society felt about prying into one of its own gentleman or lady member's treatment of his or her own servants. Who was going to begin such an inquiry — John Fitz Miller?

And so time passed, and the beautiful and ever sweet and charming Madame Lalaurie — whether sane or insane we leave to the doctors, except Dr. Lalaurie — continued to drive daily, yearly, on the gay Bayou Road, to manage her business affairs, and to gather bright groups around her tempting board, without their suspicion that she kept her cook in the kitchen by means of a twenty-four-foot chain fastened to her person and to the wall or floor.

And yet let this be said to the people's credit, that public suspicion and indignation steadily grew. But they were still only growing when one day, the 10th of April, 1834, the aged cook,— she was seventy,— chained as she was, purposely set the house on fire. It is only tradition that, having in a dream the night before seen the drawing-room window curtains on fire, she seized the happy thought and made the dream a reality. But it is in the printed record of the day that she confessed the deed to the mayor of the city.

The desperate stratagem succeeds. The alarm of fire spreads to the street and a hundred men rush in, while a crowd throngs the streets. "Those who rush in are of all classes and *colors*," says "The Courier" of next day; but "No, no!" says a survivor of to-day who was there and took part; "we would n't have allowed that!" But some are neighbors, some friends, some strangers. One is M. Montreuil, the gentleman who has so long been watching his chance to bring the law upon the house and its mistress. Young D——, a notary's clerk, is another. And another is Judge Canonge — Aha! And there are others of good and well-known name!

The fire has got a good start; the kitchen is in flames; the upper stories are filling with smoke. Strangers run to the place whence it all comes and fall to fighting the fire. Friends rally to the aid of Monsieur and Madame Lalaurie. The pretty lady has not lost one wit — is at her very best. Her husband is as passive as ever.

"This way," she cries; "this way! Take this — go, now, and hurry back, if you please. This way!" And in a moment they are busy carrying out, and to places of safety, plate, jewels, robes, and the lighter and costlier pieces of furniture. "This way, please, gentlemen; that is only the servants' quarters."

The servants' quarters — but where are the servants?

Madame's answers are witty but evasive. "Never mind them now — save the valuables!"

Somebody touches Judge Canonge — "Those servants are chained and locked up and liable to perish."

"Where?"

"In the garret rooms."

He hurries towards them but fails to reach them, and returns, driven back and nearly suffocated by the smoke. He looks around him — this is no sketch of the fancy; we have his deposition sworn before a magistrate next day — and sees some friends of the family. He speaks to them:

"I am told" — so and so — "can it be? Will you speak to Monsieur or to Madame?" But the friends repulse him coldly.

He turns and makes fresh inquiries of others. He notices two gentlemen near him whom he knows. One is Montreuil. "Here, Montreuil, and you, Fernandez, will you go to the garret and search? I am blind and half smothered." Another — he thinks it was Felix Lefebre — goes in another direction, most likely towards the double door between the attics of the house and wing. Montreuil and Fernandez come back saying they have searched thoroughly and found nothing. Madame Lalaurie begs them, with all her sweetness, to come other ways and consider other things. But here is Lefebre. He cries, "I have found some of them! I have broken some bars, but the doors are locked!"

Judge Canonge hastens through the smoke. They reach the spot.

"Break the doors down!" Down come the doors. The room they push into is a "den." They bring out two negresses. One has a large heavy iron collar at the neck and heavy irons on her feet. The fire is subdued now, they say, but the search goes on. Here is M. Guillotte; he has found another victim in another room. They push aside a mosquito-net and see a negro woman, aged, helpless, and with a deep wound in the head.

Some of the young men lift her and carry her out.

Judge Canonge confronts Doctor Lalaurie again:

"Are there slaves still in your garret, Monsieur?" And the doctor "replies with insulting tone that 'There are persons who would do much better by remaining at home than visiting others to dictate to them laws in the quality of officious friends.'"

The search went on. The victims were led or carried out. The sight that met the public eye made the crowd literally groan with horror and shout with indignation. "We saw," wrote the editor of the "Advertiser" next day, "one of these miserable beings. The sight was so horrible that we could scarce look upon it. The most savage heart could not have witnessed the spectacle unmoved. He had a large hole in his head; his body from head to foot was covered with scars and filled with worms! The sight inspired us with so much horror that even at the moment of writing this article we shudder from its effects. Those who have seen the others represent them to be in a similar condition." One after another, seven dark human forms were brought forth, gaunt and wild-eyed with famine and loaded with irons, having been found chained and tied in attitudes in which they had been kept so long that they were crippled for life.

It must have been in the first rush of the inside throng to follow these sufferers into the open air and sunlight that the quick-witted Madame Lalaurie clapped to the doors of her house with only herself and her daughters — possibly the coachman also — inside, and nothing but locks and bars to defend her from the rage of the populace. The streets under her windows — Royal street here, Hospital yonder — and the yard were thronged. Something by and by put some one in mind to look for buried bodies. There had been nine slaves besides the coachman; where were the other two? A little digging brought their skeletons to light — an adult's out of the soil, and the little child's out of the "condemned well"; there they lay. But the living seven — the indiscreet crowd brought them food and drink in fatal abundance, and before the day was done two more were dead. The others were tenderly carried — shall we say it? — to prison! — to the calaboose! Thither "at least two thousand people" flocked that day to see, if they might, these wretched sufferers.

A quiet fell upon the scene of the morning's fire. The household and its near friends busied themselves in getting back the jewelry, plate, furniture, and the like, the idle crowd looking on in apathy and trusting, it may be, to see arrests made. But the restoration was finished and the house remained close barred; no arrest was made. As for Dr. Lalaurie, he does not appear in this scene. Then the crowd, along in the afternoon, began to grow again; then to show anger and by and by to hoot and groan, and cry for satisfaction.

IV.

THE LADY'S FLIGHT.

THE old Bayou Road saw a strange sight that afternoon. Down at its farther end lay a little settlement of fishermen and Spanish moss gatherers, pot-hunters, and shrimpers, around a custom-house station, a lighthouse, and a little fort. There the people who drove out in carriages were in the habit of alighting and taking the cool air of the lake, and sipping lemonades, wines, and ices before they turned homeward again along the crowded way that they had come. In after years the place fell into utter neglect. The customs station was removed, the fort was dismantled, the gay carriage people drove on the "New Shell Road" and its tributaries, Bienville and Canal streets, Washington and Carrollton avenues, and sipped and smoked in the twilights and starlights of Carrollton Gardens and the "New Lake End." The older haunt, once so bright with fashionable pleasure-making, was left to the sole illumination of "St. John Light" and the mongrel life of a bunch of cabins branded Crabtown, and became, in popular superstition at least, the yearly rendezvous of the voodoos. Then all at once in latter days it bloomed out in electrical, horticultural, festal, pyrotechnical splendor as "Spanish Fort," and the carriages all came rolling back.

So, whenever you and —— visit Spanish Fort and stroll along the bayou's edge on the fort side, and watch the broad schooners glide out through the bayou's mouth and into the open water, you may say: "Somewhere just along this bank, within the few paces between here and yonder, must be where *that* schooner lay, moored and ready to sail for Mandeville the afternoon that Madame Lalaurie, fleeing from the mob," etc.

For on that afternoon, when the people surrounded the house, crying for vengeance, she never lost, it seems, her cunning. She and her sleek black coachman took counsel together, and his plan of escape was adopted. The early afternoon dinner-hour of those times came and passed and the crowd still filled the street, but as yet had done nothing. Presently, right in the midst of the throng, her carriage came to the door according to its well-known daily habit at that hour, and at the same moment the charming Madame Lalaurie, in all her pretty manners and sweetness of mien, stepped quickly across the sidewalk and entered the vehicle.

The crowd was taken all aback. When it gathered its wits the coach-door had shut and the horses were starting. Then her audacity was understood.

"She is getting away!" was the cry, and the multitude rushed upon her. "Seize the horses!" they shouted, and dashed at the bits and reins. The black driver gave the word to his beasts, and with his coach whip lashed the faces of those who sprung forward. The horses reared and plunged, the harness held, and the equipage was off. The crowd went with it.

"Turn the coach over!" they cry, and attempt it, but fail. "Drag her out!"

They try to do it, again and again, but in vain; away it rattles! Away it flashes! down Hospital street, past Bourbon, Dauphine, Burgundy, and the Rampart, with the crowd following, yelling, but fast growing thin and thinner.

"Stop her! Stop her! Stop that carriage! Stop that *carriage!*"

In vain! On it spins! Out upon the Bayou Road come the pattering hoofs and humming wheels—not wildly driven, but just at their most telling speed—into the whole whirling retinue of fashionable New Orleans out for its afternoon airing. Past this equipage; past that one; past half a dozen; a dozen; a score! Their inmates sit chatting in every sort of mood over the day's sensation, when—what is this? A rush from behind, a whirl of white dust, and —"As I live, there she goes now, on her regular drive! What scandalous speed! and —see here! they are after her!" Past fifty gigs and coaches; past a hundred; around this long bend in the road; around that one. Good-bye, pursuers! Never a chance to cut her off, the swamp forever on the right, the bayou on the left; she is getting away, getting away! the crowd is miles behind!

The lake is reached. The road ends. What next? The coach dashes up to the bayou's edge and stops. Why just here? Ah! because just here so near the bayou's mouth a schooner lies against the bank. Is Dr. Lalaurie's hand in this? The coachman parleys a moment with the schooner-master and hands him down a purse of gold. The coach-door is opened, the lady alights, and is presently on the vessel's deck. The lines are cast off, the great sails go up, the few lookers-on are there without reference to her and offer no interruption; a little pushing with poles lets the wind—just suppose there had been none!—fill the canvas, and first slowly and silently, and then swiftly and with a grateful creaking of cordage and spars, the vessel glides out past the lighthouse, through the narrow opening, and stands away towards the northern horizon, below which, some thirty miles away, lies the little watering-place of Mandeville with roads leading as far away northward as one may choose to fly. Madame Lalaurie is gone!

The brave coachman—one cannot help admiring the villain's intrepidity—turned and drove back towards the city. What his plan was is not further known. No wonder if he thought he could lash and dash through the same mob again. But he mistook. He had not reached town again when the crowd met him. This time they were more successful. They stopped the horses — killed them. What they did with the driver is not told; but one can guess. They broke the carriage into bits. Then they returned to the house.

They reached it about 8 o'clock in the evening. The two daughters had just escaped by a window. The whole house was locked and barred; "hermetically sealed," says "L'Abeille" of the next morning. The human tempest fell upon it, and "in a few minutes," says "The Courier," "the doors and windows were broken open, the crowd rushed in, and the work of destruction began." In a single hour everything movable disappeared or perished. The place was rifled of jewelry and plate; china was smashed; the very stair-balusters were pulled piece from piece; hangings, bedding, and table linen were tossed into the streets; and the elegant furniture, bedsteads, wardrobes, buffets, tables, chairs, pictures, "pianos," says the newspaper, were taken with pains to the third-story windows, hurled out and broken — "smashed into a thousand pieces"— upon the ground below. The very basements were emptied, and the floors, wainscots, and iron balconies damaged as far as at the moment they could be. The sudden southern nightfall descended, and torches danced in the streets and through the ruined house. The débris was gathered into hot bonfires, feather-beds were cut open, and the pavements covered with a thick snow of feathers. The night wore on, but the mob persisted. They mounted and battered the roof; they defaced the inner walls. Morning found them still at their senseless mischief, and they were "in the act of pulling down the walls when the sheriff and several citizens interfered and put an end to their work."

It was proposed to go at once to the houses of others long suspected of like cruelties to their slaves. But against this the highest gentility of the city alertly and diligently opposed themselves. Not at all because of sympathy with such cruelties. The single reason has its parallel in our own day. It was the fear that the negroes would be thereby encouraged to seek by violence those rights which their masters thought it not expedient to give them. The movement was suppressed, and the odious parties were merely warned that they were watched.

Madame Lalaurie, we know by notarial records, was in Mandeville ten days after, when she executed a power of attorney in favor of her New Orleans business agent, in which act she was "authorized and assisted by her husband, Louis Lalaurie." So he disappears.

His wife made her way to Mobile — some say to the North — and thence to Paris. Being recognized and confronted there, she again fled. The rest of her story is tradition, but comes very directly. A domestic in a Creole family that knew Madame Lalaurie — and slave women used to enjoy great confidence and familiarity in the Creole households at times — tells that one day a letter from France to one of the family informed them that Madame Lalaurie, while spending a season at Pau, had engaged with a party of fashionable people in a boar-hunt, and somehow meeting the boar while apart from her companions had been set upon by the infuriated beast, and too quickly for any one to come to her rescue had been torn and killed. If this occurred after 1836 or 1837 it has no disagreement with Harriet Martineau's account, that at the latter date Madame Lalaurie was supposed to be still "skulking about some French province under a false name."

The house remained untouched for at least three years, "ornamented with various writings expressive of indignation and just punishment." The volume of "L'Abeille" containing this account seems to have been abstracted from the city archives. It was in the last week of April or the first week of May, 1836, that Miss Martineau saw the house. It "stands," she wrote about a year later, "and is meant to stand, in its ruined state. It was the strange sight of its gaping windows and empty walls, in the midst of a busy street, which excited my wonder, and was the cause of my being told the story the first time. I gathered other particulars afterwards from eye-witnesses."

So the place came to be looked upon as haunted. In March, 1837, Madame Lalaurie's agent sold the house to a man who held it but a little over three months and then sold it at the same price that he had paid — only fourteen thousand dollars. The notary who made the earlier act of sale must have found it interesting. He was one of those who had helped find and carry out Madame Lalaurie's victims. It did not change hands again for twenty-five years. And then — in what state of repair I know not — it was sold at an advance equal to a yearly increase of but six-sevenths of one per cent. on the purchase price of the gaping ruin sold in 1837. There is a certain poetry in notarial records. But we will not delve for it now. Idle talk of strange sights and sounds crowded out of notice any true history the house may have had in those twenty-five years, or until war had destroyed that slavery to whose horridest possibilities the gloomy pile, even when restored and renovated, stood a ghost-ridden monument. Yet, as we shall see, its days of dark romance were by no means ended.

V.

A NEW USE.

THE era of political reconstruction came. The victorious national power decreed that they who had once been master and slave should enter into political partnership on terms of civil equality. The slaves grasped the boon; but the masters, trained for generations in the conviction that public safety and private purity were possible only by the subjection of the black race under the white, loathed civil equality as but another name for private companionship, and spurned, as dishonor and destruction in one, the restoration of their sovereignty at the price of political copartnership with the groveling race they had bought and sold and subjected easily to the leash and lash.

What followed took every one by surprise. The negro came at once into a larger share of power than it was ever intended he should or expected he would attain. His master, related to him long and only under the imagined necessities of plantation government, vowed the issue must and should be, not How shall the two races share public self-government in prosperous amity? but, Which race shall exclusively rule the other, race by race?

The necessities of national authority tipped the scale, and the powers of legislation and government and the spoils of office tumbled, all together, into the freedman's ragged lap. Thereupon there fell upon New Orleans, never well governed at the best, a volcanic shower of corruption and misrule.

And yet when history's calm summing-up and final judgment comes, there must this be pointed out, which was very hard to see through the dust and smoke of those days: that while plunder and fraud ran riot, yet no serious attempt was ever made by the freedman or his allies to establish any un-American principle of government, and for nothing else was he more fiercely, bloodily opposed than for measures approved by the world's best thought and in full harmony with the national scheme of order. We shall see now what these things have to do with our strange true story.

In New Orleans the American public school system, which recognized free public instruction as a profitable investment of the public funds for the common public safety, had already long been established. The negro adopted and enlarged it. He recognized the fact that the relation of pupils in the public schools is as distinctly a public and not a private relation as that of the sidewalk, the market, the public park, or the street-car. But recognizing also the impracticabilities of place and time, he established separate schools for whites and blacks. In one instance, however, owing mainly to smallness of numbers, it seemed more feasible to allow a common enjoyment of the civil right of public instruction without separation by race than to maintain two separate schools, one at least of which would be very feeble for lack of numbers. Now, it being so decided, of all the buildings in all New Orleans which one was chosen for this experiment but the "haunted house" in Royal Street!

I shall never forget the day—although marked by no startling incident—when I sat in its lofty drawing-rooms and heard its classes in their annual examination. It was June, and the teachers and pupils were clad in recognition of the special occasion and in the light fabrics fitted to the season. The rooms were adorned with wreaths, garlands, and bouquets. Among the scholars many faces were beautiful, and all were fresh and young. Much Gallic blood asserted itself in complexion and feature, generally of undoubted, unadulterated "Caucasian" purity, but sometimes of visible and now and then of preponderating African tincture. Only two or three, unless I have forgotten, were of pure negro blood. There, in the rooms that had once resounded with the screams of Madame Lalaurie's little slave fleeing to her death, and with the hootings and maledictions of the enraged mob, was being tried the experiment of a common enjoyment of public benefits by the daughters of two widely divergent races, without the enforcement of private social companionship.

From such enforcement the school was as free as any school is or ought to be. The daily discipline did not require any two pupils to be social, but only every one to be civil, and civil to all. These pages are written, however, to tell a strange true story, and not to plead one cause or another. Whatever the story itself pleads, let it plead. Outside the "haunted house," far and near, the whole community was divided into two fiercely hostile parties, often at actual war with each other, the one striving to maintain government upon a co-citizenship regardless of race in all public relations, the other sworn to make race the supreme, sufficient, inexorable condition of supremacy on the one part and subjection on the other. Yet for all this the school prospered.

Nevertheless, it suffered much internal unrest. Many a word was spoken that struck like a club, many a smile stung like a whip-lash, many a glance stabbed like a knife; even in the midst of recitations a wounded one would sometimes break into sobs or silent tears while the aggressor crimsoned and palpitated with the proud indignation of the master caste. The teachers met all such by-play with prompt, impartial repression and concentration upon the appointed duties of the hour.

Sometimes another thing restored order. Few indeed of the pupils, of whatever racial purity or preponderance, but held more or less in awe the ghostly traditions of the house; and at times it chanced to be just in the midst of one of these ebullitions of scorn, grief, and resentful tears that noiselessly and majestically the great doors of the reception rooms, untouched by visible hands, would slowly swing open, and the hushed girls would call to mind Madame Lalaurie.

Not all who bore the tincture of the despised race suffered alike. Some were fierce and sturdy, and played a savage tit-for-tat. Some were insensible. A few bore themselves inflexibly by dint of sheer nerve; while many, generally much more white than black, quivered and winced continually under the contumely that fell, they felt, with peculiar injustice and cruelty upon them.

Odd things happened from time to time to remind one of the house's early history. One day a deep hidden well that no one had suspected the existence of was found in the basement of the main house. Another time — But we must be brief.

So matters went on for years. But at length there was a sudden and violent change.

VI.

EVICTIONS.

THE "Radical" party in Louisiana, gorged with private spoils and loathed and hated by the all but unbroken ranks of well-to-do society, though it held a *creed* as righteous and reasonable as any political party ever held, was going to pieces by the sheer weakness of its own political corruption. It was made mainly of the poor and weak elements of the people. Had it been ever so pure it could not have made headway against the strongest ranks of society concentrating against it with revolutionary intent, when deserted by the power which had called it to responsibility and — Come! this history of a house must not run into the history of a government. It is a fact in our story, however, that in the "Conservative" party there sprung up the "White League," purposing to wrest the State government from the "Radicals" by force of arms.

On the 14th of September, 1874, the White League met and defeated the Metropolitan Police in a hot and bloody engagement of infantry and artillery on the broad steamboat landing in the very middle of New Orleans. But the Federal authority interfered. The "Radical" government resumed control. But the White League survived and grew in power. In November elections were held, and the State legislature was found to be Republican by a majority of only two.

One bright, spring-like day in December, such as a northern March might give in its best mood, the school had gathered in the "haunted house" as usual, but the hour of duty had not yet struck. Two teachers sat in an upper classroom talking over the history of the house. The older of the two had lately heard of an odd new incident connected with it, and was telling of it. A distinguished foreign visitor, she said, guest at a dinner-party in the city the previous season, turned unexpectedly to his hostess, the talk being of quaint old New Orleans houses, and asked how to find "the house where that celebrated tyrant had lived who was driven from the city by a mob for maltreating her slaves." The rest of the company sat aghast, while the hostess silenced him by the severe coldness with which she replied that she "knew nothing about it." One of Madame Lalaurie's daughters was sitting there, a guest at the table.

When the teacher's story was told her companion made no comment. She had noticed a singular sound that was increasing in volume. It was out-of-doors — seemed far away; but it was drawing nearer. She started up, for she recognized it now as a clamor of human voices, and remembered that the iron gates had not yet been locked for the day. They hurried to the window, looked down, and saw the narrow street full from wall to wall for a hundred yards with men coming towards them. The front of the crowd had already reached the place and was turning towards the iron gates.

The two women went quickly to the hall, and, looking down the spiral staircase to the marble pavement of the entrance three stories below, saw the men swarming in through the wide gateway and doorway by dozens. While they still leaned over the balustrade, Marguerite, one of their pupils, a blue-eyed blonde girl of lovely complexion, with red, voluptuous lips, and beautiful hair held by a carven shell comb, came and bent over the balustrade with them. Suddenly her comb slipped from its hold, flashed downward, and striking the marble pavement flew into pieces at the feet of the men who were about to ascend. Several of them looked quickly up.

"It was my mother's comb!" said Marguerite, turned ashy pale, and sunk down into hysterics. The two teachers carried her to a remote room, the bed-chamber of the janitress, and then obeyed an order of the principal calling her associates to the second floor. A band of men were coming up the winding stair with measured, military tread towards the landing, where the principal, with her assistants gathered around her, stood to confront them.

She was young, beautiful, and of calm temper. Her skin, says one who was present, was of dazzling clearness, her abundant hair was golden auburn, and in happy hours her eyes were as "soft as velvet." But when the leader of the band of men reached the stair-landing, threw his coat open, and showed the badge of the White League, her face had blanched and hardened to marble, and her eyes darkened to black as they glowed with indignation.

"We have come," said the White Leaguer, "to remove the colored pupils. You will call your school to order." To which the principal replied:

"You will permit me first to confer with my corps of associates." He was a trifle disconcerted.

"Oh, certainly."

The teachers gathered in the principal's private room. Some were dumb, one broke into tears, another pleaded devotion to the principal, and one was just advising that the *onus* of all action be thrown upon the intruders, when the door was pushed open and the White Leaguer said:

"Ladies, we are waiting. Assemble the school; we are going to clean it out."

The pupils, many of them trembling, weeping, and terrified, were with difficulty brought to order in the assembly room. This place had once been Madame Lalaurie's dining-hall. A frieze of angels ran round its four walls, and, oddly, for some special past occasion, a legend in crimson and gold on the western side bore the words, "The Eye of God is on us."

"Gentlemen, the school is assembled," said the principal.

"Call the roll," was the reply, "and we will challenge each name."

It was done. As each name was called its young bearer rose and confronted her inquisitors. And the inquisitors began to blunder. Accusations of the fatal taint were met with denials and withdrawn with apologies. Sometimes it was truth, and sometimes pure arrogance and falsehood, that triumphed over these champions of instinctive racial antagonism. One dark girl shot up haughtily at the call of her name—

"I am of Indian blood, and can prove it!"

"You will not be disturbed."

"Coralie ——," the principal next called. A thin girl of mixed blood and freckled face rose and said:

"My mother is white."

"Step aside!" commanded the White Leaguer.

"But by the law the color follows the mother, and so *I* am white."

"Step aside!" cried the man, in a fury. (In truth there was no such law.)

"Octavie ——."

A pretty, Oriental looking girl rises, silent, pale, but self-controlled.

"Are you colored?"

"Yes; I am colored." She moves aside.

"Marie O——."

A girl very fair, but with crinkling hair and other signs of negro extraction, stands up and says:

"I am the sister of the Hon. ——," naming a high Democratic official, "and I shall not leave this school."

"You may remain; your case will be investigated."

"Eugénie ——."

A modest girl, visibly of mixed race, rises, weeping silently.

"Step aside."

"Marcelline V——."

A bold-eyed girl of much African blood stands up and answers:

"I am not colored! We are Spanish, and *my brother will call on you and prove it.*" She is allowed to stay.

At length the roll-call is done. "Now, madam, you will dismiss these pupils that we have set aside, at once. We will go down and wait to see that they come out." The men tramped out of the room, went down-stairs, and rejoined the impatient crowd that was clamoring in the street.

Then followed a wild scene within the old house. Restraint was lost. Terror ruled. The girls who had been ordered into the street sobbed and shrieked and begged:

"Oh, save us! We cannot go out there; the mob will kill us! What shall we do?"

One girl of grand and noble air, as dark and handsome as an East Indian princess, and standing first in her class for scholarship, threw herself at her teacher's feet, crying, "Have pity on me, Miss ——!"

"My poor Léontine," replied the teacher, "what can I do? There are good 'colored' schools in the city; would it not have been wiser for your father to send you to one of them?"

But the girl rose up and answered:

"Must I go to school with my own servants to escape an unmerited disdain?" And the teacher was silent, while the confusion increased.

"The shame of it will kill me!" cried gentle Eugénie L——. And thereupon, at last, a teacher, commonly one of the sternest in discipline, exclaimed:

"If Eugénie goes, Marcelline shall go, if I have to put her out myself! Spanish, indeed! And Eugénie a pearl by the side of her!"

Just then Eugénie's father came. He had forced his way through the press in the street, and now stood bidding his child have courage and return with him the way he had come.

"Tie your veil close, Eugénie," said the teacher, "and they will not know you." And so they went, the father and the daughter. She was the first girl. They went alone. None followed. This roused the crowd to noisy anger.

"Why don't the rest come?" it howled. But the teachers tried in vain to inspire the panic-stricken girls with courage to face the mob, and were in despair, when a school official arrived, and with calm and confident authority bade the expelled girls gather in ranks and follow him through the crowd. So they went out through the iron gates, the great leaves of which closed after them with a rasping of their key and shooting of their bolts, while a teacher said:

"Come; the reporters will soon be here. Let us go and see after Marguerite."

They found her in the room of the janitress, shut in and fast asleep.

"Do you think," one asked of the janitress, "that mere fright and the loss of that comb made this strong girl ill?"

"No. I think she must have guessed those men's errand, and her eye met the eye of some one who knew her."

"But what of that?"

"She is 'colored.'"

"Impossible!"

"I tell you, yes!"

"Why, I thought her as pure German as her name."

"No, the mixture is there; though the only trace of it is on her lips. Her mother — she is dead now — was a beautiful quadroon. A German sea-captain loved her. The law stood between them. He opened a vein in his arm, forced in some of her blood, went to court, swore he had African blood, got his license, and married her. Marguerite is engaged to be married to a white man, a gentleman who does not know this. It was like life and death, so to speak, for her not to let those men turn her out of here."

The teacher turned away, pondering.

The eviction did not, at that time, hold good. The political struggle went on, fierce and bitter. The "Radical" government was doomed, but not dead. A few weeks after the scene just described the evicted girls were reinstated. A long term of suspense followed. The new year became the old and went out. Twice this happened. In 1877 there were two governors and two governments in Louisiana. In sight from the belvedere of the "haunted house," eight squares away up Royal street, in the State House, the *de facto* government was shut up under close military siege by the *de jure* government, and the Girls' High School in Madame Lalaurie's old house, continuing faithfully their daily sessions, knew with as little certainty to which of the two they belonged as though New Orleans had been some Italian city of the fifteenth century. But to guess the White League, was not far from right, and in April the Radical government expired.

A Democratic school-board came in. June brought Commencement day, and some of the same girls who had been evicted in 1874 were graduated by the new Board in 1877. During the summer the schools and school-laws were overhauled, and in September or October the high school was removed to another place, where each pupil suspected of mixed blood was examined officially behind closed doors and only those who could prove white or *Indian* ancestry were allowed to stay. A "colored" high school was opened in Madame Lalaurie's house with a few pupils. It lasted one session, maybe two, and then perished.

In 1882 the "haunted house" had become a Conservatory of Music. Chamber concerts were frequent in Madame Lalaurie's old dining-hall. On a certain sweet evening in the spring of that year there sat among those who had gathered to hear the haunted place filled with a deluge of sweet sounds one who had been a teacher there when the house had been, as some one — Conservative or Radical, who can tell which? — said on the spot, "for the second time purged of its iniquities." The scene was "much changed," says the auditor; but the ghosts were all there, walking on the waves of harmony. And thickest and fastest they trooped in and out when a passionate song thrilled the air with the promise that

Some day — some day
Eyes clearer grown the truth may see.

G. W. Cable.

HOW MAN'S MESSENGER OUTRAN THE MOON.

IT came about on this wise—rather complexly.

Sun and moon, types and wires,— astronomy, journalism, and telegraphy, — all were concerned in the contest.

But first, how can any one be certain that the moon really moves at all? We see her in the nocturnal sky, apparently at rest relatively to the stars about her, all seeming to drift together towards the west. After watching for an hour or two, it becomes evident that she has moved easterly among these stars; but the motion cannot be seen in the sky — only the result of it is evidenced in a change of her place.

A few rough observations suffice to show that the moon moves over her own breadth in about sixty minutes; and, as we know that her diameter is about one-quarter that of the earth, it follows that the moon's actual motion in her circumterrestrial path is in the neighborhood of two thousand miles in each hour of time. This velocity is somewhat greater than that of projectiles from the best rifled guns; but these can often be seen throughout their whole flight. Evidently the moon's motion, also, is not too great to be seen. And it can be seen if all conditions favor the observer.

Averaging a period of some decades, there are in three years two opportunities when this spectacle may be seen: they occur only at such times as the moon passes between the earth and the sun and causes a total solar eclipse. But even then it is not strictly correct to say that the moon can be seen traveling through space.

At the time of such an eclipse, however, the moon's dark shadow sweeps over the earth with nearly the same velocity as the moon herself travels; and it is this swiftly flying shadow which the alert observer may see.[1]

This imposing spectacle has frequently been beheld, but rarely unless from an elevation commanding a vast extent. Often, however, expert observers fail to see the almost tangible shadow, even when specially on the lookout for it.

Not strange is it, therefore, that different eyes report so impressive a phenomenon differently. To some the shadow seen in the distance resembled a dark storm upon the horizon. Some saw the shadow "visible in the air"; one speaks of its "gliding swiftly up over the heavens"; while another likens its passage to the "lifting of a dark curtain."

Those who have taken pains to note its color do not generally call it black, but deep violet, or dark brown. One describes it as a "wall of fog," another as a "vaporous shadow," a third says it was "like neither shadow nor vapor," while no less careful observers than Winnecke and Lady Airy speak of the shadow as "appearing like smoke."

From their stations high above the valley of the Ebro, over which it swept, members of the Himalaya Expedition of 1860 had exceptional opportunities for watching the approach and recession of the shadow. Many observers saw it. "When the critical moment was at hand," says one, "the darkness, sweeping over a landscape twenty or thirty miles in extent and advancing right at me, was in the highest degree sublime and imposing." Then and on other occasions it was very distinctly seen.

So much for the appearance of the shadow; but more interesting here is its speed.

While observers generally remark the "frightful velocity" with which it travels, President Hill of Harvard, in Illinois in 1869, found the transit of the shadow much slower, and more majestic and beautiful than he had been led to expect. "A sweeping upward and eastward of a dense violet shadow," are his words.

General Abbot, ascending Mount Ætna in 1870, wrote: "At an elevation of 7500 feet I was overtaken by the shadow, which swept with great rapidity over us, darkening the gloom to an awe-inspiring degree."

One of the best opportunities in more recent years for witnessing this spectacle fell to the lot of a small party of observers who clambered to the summit of Mount Santa Lucia in California in 1880. The track of the eclipse that year was similar to that of last January, only lying farther to the south; and the shadow swept in from the Pacific Ocean, trailing over this mountain, which is nearly 6000 feet high and only a few miles from the coast. The skies were clear, and there could be no mistake. Among the astronomers were Professor Frisby of Washington and Professor Davidson of San Francisco. From this elevated spot all the observers saw the shadow advancing over the ocean as a dark brown area on its surface. However, it had not, says Professor Davidson, "the density and impressiveness of the shadow I saw in Alaska in 1869, coming down the valley of the Chilkaht, when it was visible on the flanks of the mountains and against the snow gorges."

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[1] While the shadow is sweeping easterly across the globe, the earth itself by turning on its axis carries along the observer in the same direction; so that at the equator the velocity of the shadow relative to the observer may be reduced a half.

Can man's fleet messenger, the telegraph, outstrip this rushing shadow? And will any advantage result if it can?

Evidently the odds are largely in favor of the electric messenger, as the actual speed is many thousand-fold greater than the motion of the moon. But while the moon moves steadily onward, telegraphic dispatches are often subject to sundry and irregular detentions; so that there may well be doubt as to which may outstrip the other when both are matched together on the racecourse of space, as it were. If the telegraph can win the race, many possible benefits appear on slight consideration.

These trails of the lunar shadow across the terrestrial landscape are usually more than a hundred miles broad, and their length often exceeds five thousand miles.

It is apparent that the eclipse cannot be total at the same time everywhere along this track; as the moon journeys eastward, its shadow following it, the eclipse may be total near the west end of the trail more than two hours (world time) before it becomes total near the eastern extremity.

If the astronomers near both ends of the shadow-track are in telegraphic communication, these may become moments of supreme significance.

An important observation, a discovery possibly, may be made by an observer whom the shadow first meets; it may be months, perhaps years, before another eclipse will happen with all conditions favorable for the verification of that discovery. But if the telegraph is called in as an adjunct, new light may be available at once, and without waiting for another eclipse. By telegraphing the nature of the observation eastward to a fellow-observer, the discovery may be confirmed forthwith, or the observation, if doubtful, may be rejected.

More than a decade has elapsed since I first brought this novel project to the notice of astronomers. This was during the eclipse of 1878, when the moon's shadow swept southeasterly across Wyoming and Texas. Professor Newcomb observed the eclipse in the former Territory, and my own station was in the latter State. Intra-Mercurian planets were then favorite search-objects, and we had concluded an arrangement with the telegraph company to forward any message from the northern station to the southern one with all possible dispatch. But no opportunity appeared for the practical test on this occasion.

Four years later a case not wholly suppositious arose. The astronomers who went to Egypt in 1882, to observe the total eclipse in May of that year, took a photograph of the region surrounding the sun. To their great surprise, on developing the negative, a faint comet made its appearance alongside the corona. This object had never been seen before, nor has it ever been seen since; consequently nothing is known of the size and figure of its orbit, or of its position, or whether the comet will ever return to the sun again or not.

But it is easy to see how the telegraph may render important service on a similar occasion in the future. By telegraphing eastward to an astronomer where to find it, an observation of the comet two or three hours later may readily furnish data sufficient to indicate where to look for the stranger as it recedes from the sun. Subsequent observations thus may enable the astronomer to determine all the elements of its orbit with precision.

Any one acquainted with the conditions of this duplex problem of astronomy and telegraphy will at once recognize the practicability of the project of telegraphing ahead of the moon; and this was demonstrated upon occasion of the total eclipse on New Year's Day.

The engraving gives a glimpse of celestial perspective, so conventionalized as to come within page limits. Here are the sun and its corona, the moon and the earth. On the latter the artist has rolled back the cloud curtain to give all observers a clear view of the eclipse.

The track of total eclipse is shown as a darkened area crossing the Pacific Ocean, and curving northward from California to Manitoba.

To lessen the artist's difficulties, and to heighten the pictorial effect, our engraving shows sun and moon standing nearly over that region of the earth where the eclipse was visible. Had it been possible to represent these bodies correctly, the line joining the centers of the sun and moon would have been a tangent to the earth's surface at that point in the British Possessions where the eclipse-trail ends. This line thus becomes less and less inclined to totality-path as the end of it is approached;

consequently the apparent velocity of the shadow is all the time increasing until it leaves the earth. Over the plains of Manitoba its speed was no less than five times that of a rifle-shot.

The curvature of the eclipse-track is partly due to the curved surface on which it is projected, and partly to the earth's axial turning as the lunar shadow sweeps over it.

As shown in the engraving, the total eclipse was visible in the eastern part of California, the shadow having just passed over the point occupied by the Harvard University Observatory party. This point was Willows, California, and the artist has represented it in direct telegraphic connection with New York.

Here was located the most complete collection of photographic apparatus ever brought to bear upon a solar eclipse: cameras for photographing the corona on every scale, from the largest to the smallest, spectroscopes for a thorough analysis of the coronal light, photometers for measuring its intensity, a large telescope for photographing all the stars in the neighborhood of the sun, so as to detect the suspected Intra-Mercurian planet, together with a great variety of accessory apparatus.

The immediate reporting of the eclipse observations at Willows and elsewhere was a matter of great scientific interest to astronomers in both hemispheres. It could not, however, be successfully accomplished without very careful pre-arrangement with the observers themselves; and the enterprise of the "New York Herald" was accordingly invoked in executing the plans which I had elaborated.

First, a complete list of the instruments of every observer, and the work he purposed to do with them, must be prepared. Weather probabilities were everywhere very unsatisfactory, there was a possibility of all degrees of success or failure. Accordingly the problem was to arrange for each station a cipher code, which should include, as minutely as possible, all the likely combinations of instruments, weather, and results on eclipse-day.

About one hundred words were found sufficient to embrace the complete cipher. A part of the code for Willows is given here:

Africa.	Perfectly clear throughout the whole eclipse.
Alaska.	Perfectly clear during totality.
Belgium.	Clear sky for the partial phases, but cloudy for totality.
Bolivia.	Entirely cloudy throughout the whole eclipse.
Brazil.	Observed all the contacts.
Bremen.	Observed three of the contacts.
Ceylon.	Made observations on the shadow-bands.
Chili.	Observed lines of the reversing layer visually.
China.	The corona showed great detail.
Cork.	Obtained 40-50 negatives during totality.
Corsica.	Obtained 50-60 negatives during totality.
Crimea.	Obtained 60-70 negatives during totality.
Cuba.	Observed a comet.

And so on through a great variety of detail, not the least of which was the capability of the cipher to indicate with sufficient accuracy the position of any Intra-Mercurian planet which the photographs might disclose.

Between twenty and thirty codes had been prepared on a like plan for as many stations, and the observers were instructed to report the results of their work in cipher at the earliest available moment, employing the ordinary telegraphic facilities.

In rehearsing the programme it occurred to me that in receiving so many cipher dispatches great delays were at least possible; and that through no fault of the telegraph company. In only a single way could the arrangements be improved: were a special wire available in direct circuit from New York to the eclipse-stations in turn, our chances of success would surely be bettered, not only in gathering the eclipse reports, but also in proving the practicability of telegraphing ahead of the moon.

I outlined my plans to the Western Union Telegraph Company, and asked for the use of a special wire to the more important eclipse-stations, for the purpose of immediate and rapid communication of the observations. To this request the general manager of the company acceded very heartily.

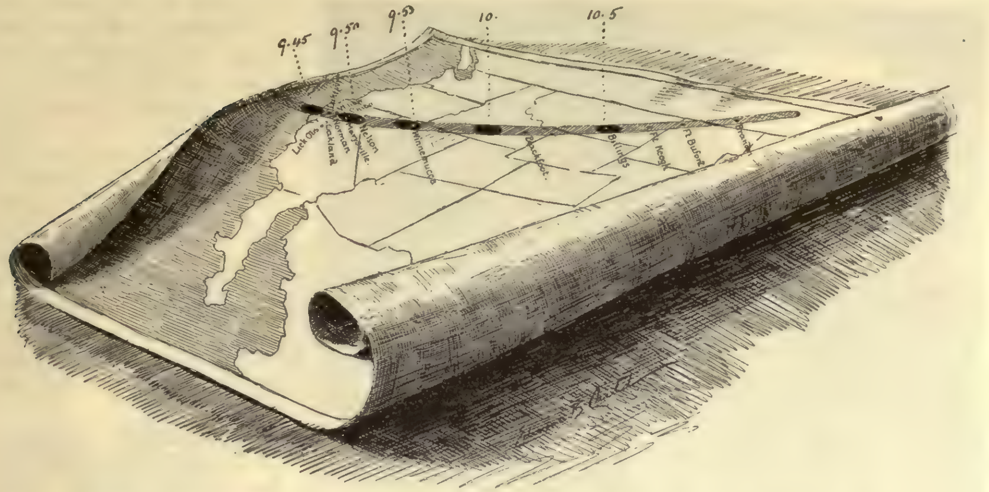
A New York-San Francisco wire was placed at my disposal, and a loop, as the telegrapher calls it, or branch wire, was let across Broadway from the Western Union building to the editorial rooms of the "Herald."

From San Francisco every California station was within easy telegraphic reach, and our wire thus extended by direct circuit to each eclipse-station in turn. From the editorial rooms of the "Herald" I was in immediate communication with the observers at any eclipse-station which I chose to call.

As previously intimated, I had arranged with the Harvard astronomers at Willows to receive their message first and with the utmost dispatch, purposing to test the practicability of outstripping the moon in its motion through space.

Shortly before five o'clock in the afternoon the dispatches began to come in. Of course we have to allow for a slight delay in reporting, owing to the fact that the observers at the various stations were some rods distant from the local telegraph office, and that it would take a few minutes after the eclipse was over to prepare the suitable message from the cipher code.

On the astronomer's table were a large map and a chronometer. The latter indicated exact



THE TRACK OF THE ECLIPSE JANUARY 1, 1889. SHADED ELLIPSES SHOW POSITION OF SHADOW CONE AT INTERVALS OF FIVE MINUTES, GREENWICH TIME.

Greenwich time, and the former showed the correct position of the moon's shadow at the beginning of every minute by the chronometer. In this way it was possible for me to follow readily the precise phase of the eclipse at every station. About the rooms and accessible for immediate use were arranged the cipher codes pertaining to the several stations, and other papers necessary in preparing the reports for the press.

In a sketch here reproduced from the map is shown the eclipse-track, with the position of the moon's shadow at intervals of five minutes of Greenwich time. Also the same map shows the location of many of the observers who had been requested to send their reports for publication in the "Herald."

The eclipse was to become total at Willows at 9h. 48m. Greenwich time.[1] Our direct wire had been fully tested an hour before.

At about 9h. 30m. the operator there was called up and asked the state of the weather. He replied that it was already getting quite dark, that the sky was perfectly clear towards the south-west, and that there was no cloud anywhere near the sun. We therefore (in New York, 3000 miles away) knew what capital opportunities awaited the Harvard astronomers, even before they had themselves made the observations.

The moon's shadow then lay out on the Pacific Ocean. Rapidly it rushed along, the total phase came on at Willows, the sun's corona flashed out for nearly two minutes and then disappeared. Totality was over at 9h. 50m. and the shadow swept swiftly eastward, affording other astronomers a brief glimpse of the sun's surroundings.

After a short interval, Mr. Pickering, the chief of the Harvard party, had come to the telegraph office at Willows and had begun to send a dispatch announcing the general success of the entire expedition. The first three words of the cipher dispatch—*Alaska*, *China*, *Corsica*—came hurriedly over the line, then the circuit of our wire was lost!

Meanwhile the moon was getting a long way the start in the race—the eclipse was already total in Idaho.

The break in our long line was soon located somewhere between Utah and California, but more than half an hour elapsed before the circuit was reëstablished and the remainder of the dispatch could be received.

The lunar shadow had meantime advanced over Montana and Dakota and had left the earth entirely, sweeping off again into space. But I was still hopeful that the telegraph might win the race. Had New York been located in the eclipse-path as well as Willows, and both stations symmetrically placed, the total eclipse would have become visible at New York about an hour and a quarter after the shadow had left California.[2]

Thus there was time to spare. Having recovered our wire, Mr. Pickering's message was completed at 10h. 36m., and the stenographer's notes were written out and dispatched to the composing-room six minutes later.

The "copy" was quickly put in type, a proof was pulled, and at 10h. 50m. it was placed in my hands, exactly an hour after the observations had been made at a station nearly 3000 miles away.

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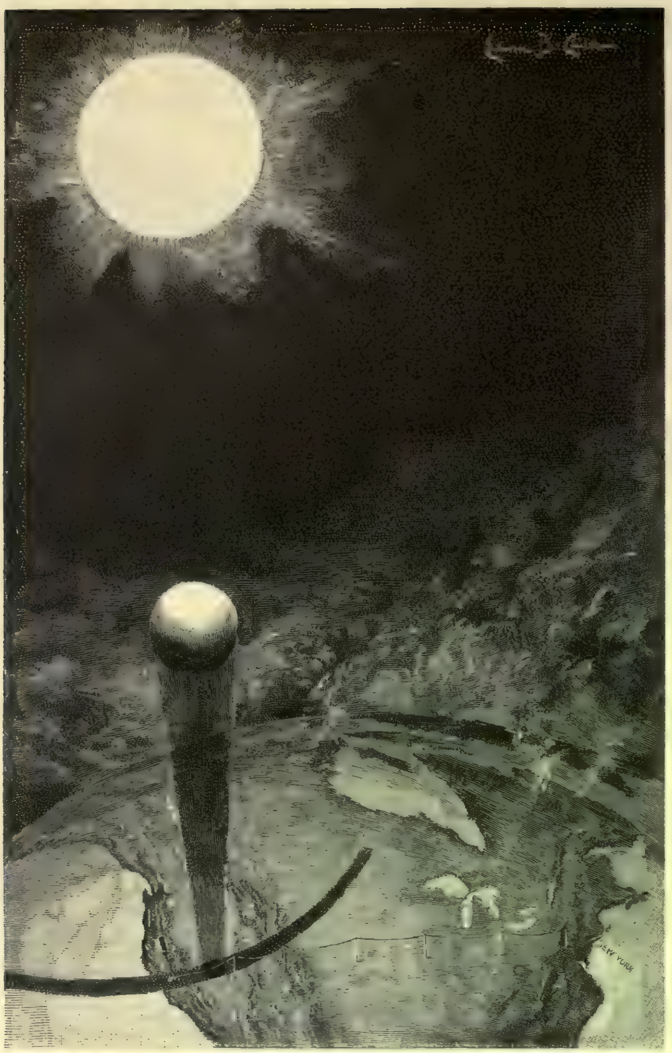
[1] This was 4h. 48m. Eastern standard time, and 1h. 48m. Pacific time.

[2] The curvature of the earth reduces the absolute time of transit of the shadow between two widely separated places nearly a half.



THE LUNAR SHADOW.

Had the moon's shadow been advancing from California towards New York, there was still a margin of several minutes before the eclipse could become total at the latter place. In point of fact, while the proof-sheet of the first message was being read the lunar shadow would have been loitering among the Alleghanies.

Man's messenger had thus outrun the moon.

The telegraphic reports of the observations at the other stations were gradually gathered in and put in type, and the forms of the "Herald" were ready for the stereotyper at the proper time, some two hours after midnight.

At 3 o'clock A. M. the European mails closed, and the pouches put on board the *Aller* carried the usual copies for the foreign circulation. Within twenty-four hours after the observations of the eclipse were made by the astronomers near the Pacific coast the results of their work had been telegraphed to the Atlantic sea-board, collated and printed, and the papers were well out on their journey to European readers.

An eclipse-track covering an extensive region accessible by telegraph, costly and delicate instruments and a multitude of trained observers, liberal officials willing to afford every facility of a vast telegraph system, enterprising journalists ready to undertake a unique piece of news-gathering, and withal skies everywhere propitious — these are conditions never before met, and which only the rarest of fortune can completely fulfill.

David P. Todd.

SECURITY.

I KNOW a flower that never need feel dread
Of being picked: the fairest flower of May,
It fears henceforth no stranger's dangerous tread.
Why? Oh, because I picked it yesterday.

A. W. R.

THE OLD BASCOM PLACE.

BY JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS,

Author of "Days and Nights with Uncle Remus," "Free Joe," etc.

JOE-BOB GRISSOM.

I.

ONE Saturday afternoon in the spring of 1876, as Farmer Joe-Bob Grissom was on his way to Hillsborough for the purpose of hearing the news and having an evening's chat with his town acquaintances,— as was his invariable custom at the close of the week,—he saw, as he passed the old Bascom Place, an old gentleman and a young lady walking slowly along the road. The old gentleman was tall and thin, and had silvery white hair. He wore a high-crowned, wide-brimmed felt hat, and his clothes, though neat, were too glossy to be new. The young lady was just developing into womanhood. She had a striking face and figure. Her eyes were large and brilliantly black; her hair, escaping from under her straw hat with its scarlet ribbons, fell in dusky masses to her waist.

The two walked slowly, and occasionally they paused while the old gentleman pointed in various directions with his cane, as though impressing on the mind of his companion the whereabouts of certain interesting landmarks. They were followed at a little distance by a negro who carried across his arm a light wrap, which seemed to be a part of the outfit of the young lady.

As Farmer Joe-Bob Grissom passed the two, he bowed and tipped his hat by way of salutation. The old gentleman raised his hat and bowed with great courtliness, and the young lady nodded her head and smiled pleasantly at him. Farmer Joe-Bob was old enough to be grizzly, but the smile stirred him. It seemed to be a direct challenge to his memory. Where had he seen the young lady before? Where had he met the old gentleman? He was puzzled to such an extent that he paid no attention to the negro man, who touched his hat and bowed politely as the farmer passed—a fact that made the negro wonder a little; for day in and day out he had known Mr. Joe-Bob Grissom nearly forty years, and never before had that worthy citizen failed to respond with a cordial "Howdy" when the negro took off his hat.

Farmer Joe-Bob Grissom walked on towards town, which was not far, and the old gentleman and the young lady walked slowly along the hedge of Cherokee roses that ran around the old Bascom Place, while the negro followed at a respectful distance. Once they paused, and the old gentleman rubbed his eyes with a hand that trembled a little.

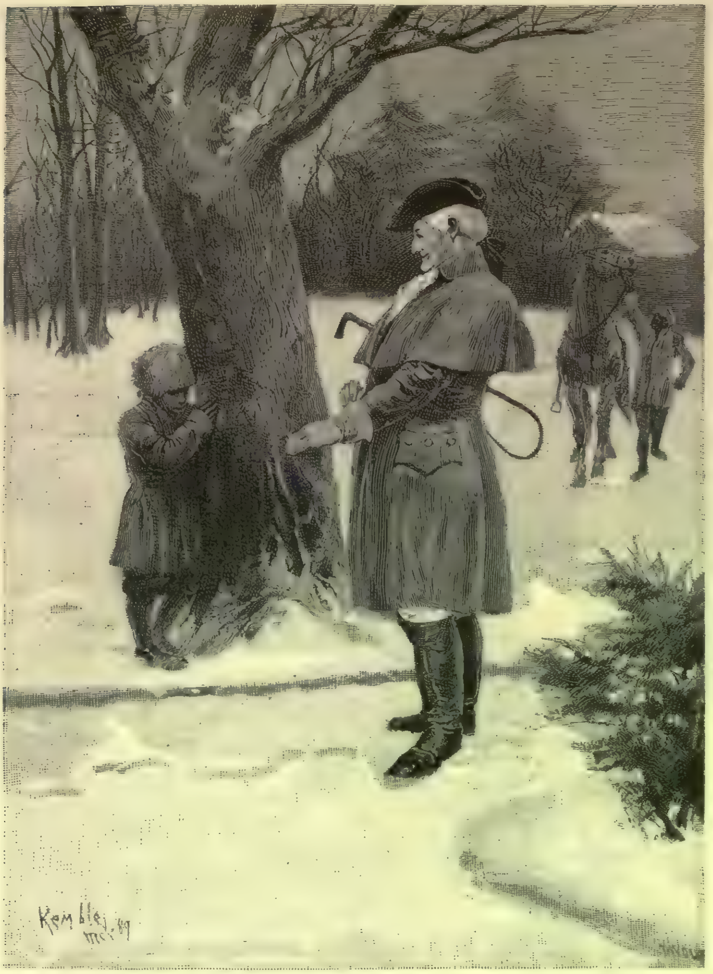
"Why, darling!" he exclaimed in a tone of mingled grief and astonishment, "they have cut it down."

"Cut what down, father?"

"Why, the weeping-willow. Don't you remember it, daughter? It stood in the middle of the field yonder. It was a noble tree. Well, well, well! What next, I wonder?"

"I do not remember it, father; I have so much to—"

"Yes, yes," the old gentleman interrupted. "Of course you could n't remember. The



BOLLING BASCOM OF BASCOM PLACE.

place has been so changed that I seem to have forgotten it myself. It has been turned topsy-turvy; it has been ruined — ruined!"

He leaned on his cane and, with quivering lips and moist eyes, looked through the green perspective of the park, and over the fertile fields and meadows.

"Ruined!" exclaimed the young lady. "How can you say so, father? I never saw a more beautiful place. It would make a lovely picture."

"And they have ruined the house, too. The whole roof has been changed." The old man pulled his hat down over his eyes, his hand trembling more than ever. "Let us turn back, Mildred," he said after a while. "The sight of all this frets and worries me more than I thought it would."

"They say," said the daughter, "that the gentleman who owns the place has made a good deal of money."

"Yes," replied the father, "I suppose so — I suppose so. Yes, so I have heard. A great many people are making money now who never made it before — a great many."

"I wish they would tell us the secret," said the young lady, laughing a little.

"There is no secret about it," said the old gentleman; "none whatever. To make money you must be mean and niggardly yourself, and then employ others to be mean and niggardly for you."

"Oh, it is not always so, father," the young girl exclaimed.

"It *was* not always so, my daughter. There *was* a time when one could make money and remain a gentleman; but that was many years ago."

The young lady was apparently not anxious to continue the argument, for she lightly turned the conversation into a more agreeable channel; and so the two, still followed by the negro, made their way through the shaded streets of the town.

That evening, when Mr. Joe-Bob Grissom, after making some little purchases about town, went to the hotel, which he persisted in calling a tavern, he found Major Jimmy Bass engaged in a hot political discussion with a crowd which included a number of the townspeople, as well as a sprinkling of commercial travelers. Major Jimmy was one of the ancient and venerable landmarks of that region. He had once been an active politician, and had been engaged in political discussion for forty years or more. Old and fat as he was, he knew how to talk, and nothing pleased him more than to get hold of a stranger when a crowd of sympathetic fellow-citizens, young and old, was present to applaud the points he made.

Whenever Mr. Joe-Bob Grissom appeared in the veranda of the hotel he made it a point to shake hands with every person present, friend and stranger alike. His politeness was a trifle elaborate, but it was genuine.

"Why, howdy, Joe-Bob, howdy!" exclaimed Major Bass with effusion. "You seem to turn up at the right time, like the spangled man in the circus. I 'm glad you 've come, an' ef I 'd 'a' had my way you 'd 'a' come sooner, bekaze you 're jest a little too late fer to see me slap the argyments onto some of these here travelin' drummers. They are gone now," the major continued, with a sweeping gesture of his right arm. "They are gone, but I wisht mightily you 'd 'a' been here. New things is mortal nice, I know; but when these new-issue chaps set up to outtalk men that 's old enough to be their granddaddy, it does me a sight of good fer to see 'em took down a peg er two."

As soon as he could get in a word edgewise, farmer Joe-Bob Grissom attempted to turn the conversation in a direction calculated to satisfy his curiosity.

"Major," he said in his deliberate way, "what 's this I see out yonder at the old Bascom Place?"

"The Lord only knows, Joe-Bob. What might be the complexion, er yet the character, of it?"

"Well," said Mr. Grissom, "as I was makin' to'rds town a little while ago, I seen some folks that don't look like they b'long 'roun' here. One of 'em was a old man, an' t' other one was a young gal, an' a nigger man was a-follerin' of 'em up — an', ef I make no mistakes, the nigger man was your old Jess. I did n't look close at the nigger, but arter I 'd passed him it come to me that it wa' n't nobody on the topside of the roun' worl' but Jess."

"Why, bless your life an' soul, man!" exclaimed Major Bass, giving farmer Joe-Bob a neighborly nudge, "don't you know who them folks was? Well, well! Where 's your mind? Why, that was old Briscoe Bascom an' his daughter."

"I say it!" exclaimed farmer Joe-Bob, hitching his chair closer to the major.

"Yes, sir," said the major, "that 's who it was. Why, where on earth have you been? The old judge drapped in on the town some weeks ago, an' he 's been here ever sence. He 's been here long enough fer the gal to make up a school. Lord, Lord! What a big swing the world 's in! High on one side, high on t' other, an' the old cat a-dyin' in the middle! Why, bless your heart, Joe-Bob! I 've seed the time when ef old Judge Briscoe Bascom jest so much as bowed to me I 'd feel proud fer a week. An' now look at 'im! Ef I knowed I 'd be took off wi' the dropsy the nex' minute, I would n't swap places wi' the poor old creetur."

"But what is old Jess a-doin' doggin' 'long arter 'em thataway?" inquired Mr. Grissom, knitting his shaggy eyebrows.

"That 's what pesters me," exclaimed the major. "Ef niggers was ree-sponsible fer what they done, it would be wuss than what it is. Now you take Jesse: you need n't er tell me that nigger ain't got sense; yit what does he do? You seen 'im wi' your own eyes. Why, sir," continued the major, growing more emphatic, "I bought that nigger from Judge Bascom's cousin when he wa' n't nothin' but a youngster, an' I took him home an' raised him up right in the house,—yes, sir, right in the house,—an' he 's been a-hangin' 'roun' me off an' on, gittin' his vittles, his clozes, an' his lodgin'. Yit, look at him now! I wisht I may die dead ef that nigger did n't hitch onto old Judge Bascom the minute he landed in town. Yes, sir! I 'm a-tellin' you no lie. It 's a clean, naked fact. That nigger quit me an' went an' took up wi' the old judge."

"Well," said Mr. Grissom, stroking his unshorn face, "you know what the sayin' is: Niggers 'll be niggers even ef you whitewashed 'em twice a week."

"Yes," remarked the major thoughtfully; "I hope to goodness they 've got souls, but I misdoubt it. Lord, yes, I misdoubt it mightly."

II.

As Major Jimmy Bass used to say, the years cut many queer capers as they go by. The major in his own proper person had not only witnessed, but had been the victim, of these queer capers. Hillsborough was a very small place indeed, and, for that very reason perhaps, it was more sensitive to changes in the way of progress and decay than many larger and more ambitious towns.

However this may have been, it is certain that the town, assisted by the major, had noted the queer capers the years had cut in the neighborhood of the old Bascom Place. This attitude on the part of Hillsborough — including, of course, Major Jimmy Bass — may be accounted for partly by the fact that the old place had once been the pride and delight of the town, and partly by the fact that the provincial eye and mind are nervously alert to whatever happens within range of their observation.

Before and during the war the Bascom Place was part and parcel of a magnificent estate. The domain was so extensive and so well managed that it was noted far and wide. Its boundary lines inclosed more than four thousand acres of forests and cultivated fields. This immense body of land was known as the old Bascom Place.

Bolling Bascom, its first owner, went to Georgia not long after the close of the Revolution, with a large number of Virginians who proposed to establish a colony in what was then the far South. The colony settled in Wilkes County; but Bolling Bascom, more adventurous than the rest, pushed on into middle Georgia, crossed the Oconee, and built him a home, and such was his taste, his energy, and his thrift, that the results thereof may be seen and admired in Hillsborough to this day.

But the man, like so many of his fellow-citizens then and thereafter, was land-hungry. He bought and bought until he had acquired the immense domain, which, by some special interposition of fate or of circumstance, is still intact. Meantime he had built him a house which was in keeping with the extent and richness of his landed possessions. It was planned in the old colonial style, but its massive proportions were relieved by the tall red chimneys and the long and gracefully fashioned colonnade that gave both strength and beauty to the spacious piazza which ran, and still runs, the whole length of the house.

When Bolling Bascom died, in 1830, aged seventy years, as the faded inscription on the storm-beaten tablet in the churchyard shows, he left his son, Briscoe Bascom, to own and manage the vast estate. This son was thirty years old, and it was said of him that he inherited the gentle qualities of his mother rather than the fiery energy and ambition of his father.

Bolling Bascom was neither vicious nor reckless, but he was a thorough man of the world. He was, in short, a typical Virginian gentleman, who for his own purposes had settled in Georgia.

Whatever the cause of his emigration, it is certain that Georgia gained a good citizen. It was said of him that he was a little too fond of a fiddle, but with all his faults — with all his love for horse-racing and fox-hunting — he found time to be kind to his neighbors, generous to his friends, and the active leader of every movement calculated to benefit the State or the people; and it may be remarked, in passing, that he also found time to look after his own affairs.

Naturally, he was prominent in politics. He represented his county in the legislature, was at one time a candidate for governor, and was altogether a man who had the love and the confidence of his neighbors. He gave his son the benefit of the best education the country afforded, and made the tour of Europe with him, going over the ground that he himself had gone over in his young days.

But his European trip, undertaken when he was an old man, was too much for him. He was seized with an illness on his return voyage, and, although he lived long enough to reach home, he never recovered. In a few years his wife died; and his son, with little or no experience in such matters,— since his time had been taken up by the schools and colleges,— was left to manage the estate as best he could.

It was the desire of Bolling Bascom that his son should study law and make that profession a stepping-stone to a political career. He had been ambitious himself, and he hoped his son would also be ambitious. Besides, was not politics the most respectable of all the professions? This was certainly the view in Bolling Bascom's day and time, and much might be said to support it. Of all the professions, politics opened up the one career best calculated to tickle the fancy of the rich young men.

To govern, to control, to make laws, to look after the welfare of the people, to make great speeches, to become statesmen — these were the ideas that filled the minds of ambitious men in Bolling Bascom's time, and for years thereafter. And why not? There were the examples of Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, Randolph, Hamilton, Webster, Calhoun, and the Adamses of Massachusetts. What better could a young man do than to follow in the footsteps of these illustrious citizens?

It may be supposed, therefore, that Bolling Bascom had mapped out a tremendous career for his son and heir. No doubt, as he sat dozing on his piazza in the long summer afternoons near the close of his life, he fancied he could hear the voice of his boy in the halls of legislation, or hear the wild shouts of the multitude that greeted his efforts on the stump in the heat and fury of a campaign. But it was not to be. The stormy politics of that period had no charms for Briscoe Bascom. He was a student, and he preferred his books to the companionship of the crowd.

He possessed both courage and sociability in the highest degree, but he was naturally indolent, and he was proud — too indolent to find pleasure in the whirling confusion of active politics, and too proud to go about his county or his State in the attitude of soliciting the suffrages of his fellow-citizens. That he would have made his mark in politics is certain, for he made it at the bar, where success is much more dearly bought. He finally became judge of the superior court, at a time when the judges of the circuit courts met annually and formed a court of appeals. His decisions in this appellate court attracted attention all over the country, and are still referred to in the legal literature of to-day as models of their kind.

And yet all that Briscoe Bascom accomplished at the bar and on the bench was the result of intuition rather than of industry. Indolence sat enthroned in his nature, patient but vigilant. When he retired from the bench, he gave up the law altogether. He might have reclaimed his large practice, but he preferred the ease and quiet of his home.

He was an old man before he married — old enough, that is to say, to marry a woman many years his junior. His wife had been reared in an atmosphere of extravagance; and although she was a young woman of gentle breeding and of the best intentions, it is certain that she did not go to the Bascom Place as its mistress for the purpose of stinting or economizing. She simply gave no thought to the future. But she was so bright and beautiful, so gentle and unaffected in speech and manner, so gracious and so winsome in all directions, that it seemed nothing more than natural and right that her every whim and wish should be gratified.

Judge Bascom was indulgent and more than indulgent. He applauded his wife's extravagance and followed her example. Before many years he began to reap some of the fruits thereof, and they were exceeding bitter to the taste. The longest purse that ever was made has a bottom to it, unless, indeed, it be lined with Franklin's maxims.

The Judge was forty-eight years old when he married, and even before the beginning of the war he found his financial affairs in an uncomfortable condition. The Bascom Place was intact, but the pocket-book of its master was in a state bordering on collapse.

The slow but sure approach to the inevitable need not be described here. It is familiar to all people in all lands and times. In the case of Judge Bascom, however, the war was in the nature of a breathing-spell. It brought with it an era of extravagance that overshadowed everything that had been dreamed of theretofore. During the first two years there was money enough for everybody and to spare. It was manufactured in Richmond in great stacks. General Robert Toombs, who was an interested observer, has aptly described the facility with which the Confederacy supplied itself with money. "A dozen negroes," said he, "printed money on the hand-presses all day to supply the Government, and then they worked until nine o'clock at night printing money enough to pay themselves off."

Under these circumstances, Judge Bascom and his charming wife could be as extravagant or as economical as they pleased without attracting the attention of their neighbors or their creditors. Nobody had time to think or care about such small matters. The war-fever was at its height, and nothing else occupied the attention of the people. The situation was so favorable, indeed, that Judge Bascom began to redeem his fortune — in Confederate money. He had land enough and negroes a plenty, and so he saved his money by storing it away; and he was so successful in this business that when the war closed it is said that he had a wagon-load of Confederate notes and shinplaster packed in trunks and chests.

The crash came when General Sherman went marching through Hillsborough. The Bascom Place, being the largest and the richest plantation in that neighborhood, suffered the worst. Every horse, every mule, every living thing with hide and hoof, was driven off by the Federals; and a majority of the negroes went along with the army. It was often said of Judge Bascom that "he had so many negroes he did n't know them when he met them in the big road"; and this was probably true. His negroes knew him, and knew that he was a kind master in many respects, but they had no personal affection for him. They were such strangers to the Judge that they never felt justified in complaining to him even when the overseers ill-treated them. Consequently, when Sherman went marching along, the great majority of them bundled up their little effects and followed after the army. They had nothing to bind them to the old place. The house servants and a few negroes, in whom the Judge took a personal interest, remained, but all the rest went away.

Then, in a few months, came the news of the surrender, bringing with it a species of paralysis or stupefaction from which the people were long in recovering — so long, indeed, that some of them died in despair, while others lingered on the stage, watching, with dim eyes and trembling limbs, half-hopefully and half-fretfully, the representatives of a new generation trying to build up the waste places. There was nothing left for Judge Bascom to do but to take his place among the spectators. He would have returned to his law practice, but the people had well-nigh forgotten that he had ever been a lawyer; moreover, the sheriffs were busier in those days than the lawyers. He had the incentive,— for the poverty of those days was pinching,— but he lacked the energy and the strength necessary to begin life anew. He and hundreds like him were practically helpless. Ordinarily experience is easily learned when necessity is the teacher, but it was too late for necessity to teach Judge Bascom anything. During all his life he had never known what want was. He had never had occasion to acquire tact, business judgment, or economy. Inheriting a vast estate, he had no need to practice thrift or to become familiar with the shifty methods whereby business men fight their way through the world. Of all such matters he was entirely ignorant.

To add to his anxiety, a girl had been born to him late in life, his first and only child. In his confusion and perplexity he was prepared to regard the little stranger as merely a new and dreadful responsibility, but it was not long before his daughter was a source of great comfort to him. Yet, as the negroes said, she was not a "luck-child"; and bad as the Judge's financial condition was, it grew steadily worse.

Briefly, the world had drifted past him and his contemporaries and left them stranded. Under the circumstances, what was he to do? It is true he had a magnificent plantation, but this merely added to his poverty. Negro labor was demoralized, and the overseer class had practically disappeared. He would have sold a part of his landed estate; indeed, so pressing were his needs that he would have sold everything except the house which his father had built, and where he himself was born,— that he would not have parted with for all the riches in the world,— but there was nobody to buy. The Judge's neighbors and his friends, with the exception of those who had accustomed themselves to seizing all contingencies by the throat and wresting tribute from them, were in as severe a strait as he was; and to make matters worse, the political affairs of the State were in the most appalling condition. It was the period of reconstruction — a scheme that paralyzed all whom it failed to corrupt.

Finally the Judge's wife took matters in her own hand. She had relatives in Atlanta, and she prevailed on him to go to that lively and picturesque town. He closed his house, being unable to rent it, and became a citizen of the thrifty city. He found himself in a new atmosphere. The north Georgia crackers, the East Tennesseeans,— having dropped their "you-uns" and "we-uns,"— and the Yankees had joined hands in building up and pushing Atlanta forward. Business was more important than politics; and the rush and whirl of men and things were enough to make a mere spectator dizzy. Judge Bascom found himself more helpless than ever; but through the influence of his wife's brother he was appointed to a small clerkship in one of the State departments, and —"Humiliation of humiliations!" his friends exclaimed — he promptly accepted it, and became a part of what was known as the "carpet-bag" government. The appointment was in the nature of a godsend, but the Judge found himself ostracized. His friends and acquaintances refused to return his salutation as he met them on the street. To a proud and sensitive man this was the bitterness of death, but Judge Bascom stuck to his desk and made no complaint.

By some means or other, no doubt through the influence of Mrs. Bascom, the Judge's brother-in-law, a thrifty and not over-scrupulous man, obtained a power of attorney, and sold the Bascom Place, house and all, to a gentleman from western New York who was anxious to settle in middle Georgia. Just how much of the purchase-money went into the Judge's hands it is impossible to say, but it is known that he fell into a terrible rage when he was told that the house had been sold along with the place. He denounced the sale as a swindle, and declared that as he had been born in the house he would die there, and not all the powers of earth could prevent him.

But the money that he received was a substantial thing as far as it went. Gradually he found himself surrounded by various comforts that he had sadly missed, and in time he became somewhat reconciled to the sale, though he never gave up the idea that he would one day be able to buy the old place back and live there again. The idea haunted him day and night.

After the downfall of the carpet-bag administration a better feeling took possession of the people and politicians, and it was not long before Judge Bascom found congenial work in codifying the laws of the State, which had been in a somewhat confused and tangled condition since the war. Meanwhile his daughter Mildred was growing up, developing remarkable beauty as well as strength of mind. At a very early age she began to "take the responsibility," as the Judge put it, of managing the household affairs, and she continued to manage them even while going to school. At school she won the hearts of teachers and pupils, not less by her aptitude in her books than by her beauty and engaging manners.

But in spite of the young girl's management — in spite of the example she set by her economy — the Judge and his wife continued to grow poorer and poorer. Neither of them knew the value of a dollar, and the money that had been received from the sale of the Bascom Place was finally exhausted. About this time Mrs. Bascom died, and the Judge was so prostrated by his bereavement that it was months before he recovered. When he did recover he had lost all interest in his work of codification, but it was so nearly completed and was so admirably done that the legislature voted him extra pay. This modest sum the daughter took charge of, and when her father was well enough she proposed that they return to Hillsborough, where they could take a small house, and where she could give music lessons and teach a primary school. It need not be said that the Judge gave an eager assent to the proposition.

III.

As Mr. Joe-Bob Grissom passed the Bascom Place on his way home, after gathering from Major Jimmy Bass all the news and gossip of the town, he heard Mr. Francis Underwood, the owner of the Place, walking up and down the piazza, singing. Mr. Underwood appeared to be in a cheerful mood, and he had a right to be. He was young,— not more than thirty,— full of life, and the world was going on very well with him. Mr. Grissom paused a moment and listened; then he made up his mind to go in and have a chat with the young man. He opened the gate and went up the avenue under the cedars and Lombardy poplars. A little distance from the house he was stopped by a large mastiff. The great dog made no attempt to attack him, but majestically barred the way.

"Squire," yelled Joe-Bob, "ef you 'll call off your dog, I 'll turn right 'roun' an' go home an' never bother you no more."

"Is that you, Joe-Bob?" exclaimed Mr. Underwood. "Well, come right on. The dog won't trouble you."

The dog thereupon turned around and went up the avenue to the house and into the porch, where he stretched himself out at full length, Joe-Bob following along at a discreet distance.

"Come in," said Underwood, heartily; "I 'm glad to see you. Take this large rocking-chair; you will find it more comfortable than the smaller one."

Mr. Grissom sat down and looked cautiously around to see where the dog was.

"I did come, Squire," he said, "to see you on some kinder business, but that dratted dog has done skeered it clean out'n me."

"Prince is a faithful watcher," said Underwood, "but he never troubles any one who is coming straight to the house. Do you, old fellow?" The dog rapped an answer on the floor with his tail.

"Well," said Joe-Bob, "I 'd as lief be tore up into giblets, mighty nigh, as to have my sev'm senses skeered out'n me. What I 'm afeared of now," he went on, "is that that dog will jump over the fence some day an' ketch old Judge Bascom whilst he 's a-pirootin' 'roun' here a-lookin' at the old Place. An' ef he don't ketch the Judge, it 's more 'n likely he 'll ketch the Judge's gal. I seen both of 'em this very evenin' whilst I was a-goin' down town."

"Was that the Judge?" exclaimed young Mr. Underwood, with some show of interest; "and was the lady his daughter? I heard they had returned."

"That was jest percisely who it was," said Joe-Bob with emphasis. "It wa'n't nobody else under the shinin' sun."

"Well," said Mr. Underwood, "I have seen them walking by several times. It is natural they should be interested in the Place. The old gentleman was born here?"

"Yes," said Joe-Bob, "an' the gal too. They tell me," he went on, "that the old Judge an' his gal have seed a many ups an' downs. I reckon they er boun' fer to feel lonesome when they come by an' look at the prop'ty that use' to be theirn. I hear tell that the old Judge is gwine to try an' see ef he can't git it back."

Francis Underwood said nothing, but sat gazing out into the moonlight as if in deep thought.

"I thinks, says I," continued Joe-Bob, "that the old Judge 'll have to be lots pearter'n he looks to be ef he gits ahead of Squire Underwood."

The "Squire" continued to gaze reflectively down the dim perspective of cedars and Lombardy poplars. Finally he said:

"Have a cigar, old man. These are good ones."

Joe-Bob took the cigar and lighted it, handling it very gingerly.

"I ain't a-denyin' but what they are good, Squire, but somehow er nuther me an' these here fine seegyars don't gee," said Joe-Bob, as he puffed away. "They 're purty toler'ble nice, but jest about the time I git in the notion of smokin' they 're done burnted up, an' then ef you ain't got sev'm er eight more, it makes you feel mighty lonesome. Now I 'll smoke this 'n', an' it 'll sorter put my teeth on edge fer my pipe, an' when I git home I 'll set up an' have a right nice time."

"And so you think," said Underwood,

speaking as if he had not heard Joe-Bob's remarks about the cigar—"and so you think Judge Bascom has come to buy the old Place."

"No, no!" said Joe-Bob, with a quick deprecatory gesture. "Oh, no, Squire! not by no means! No, no! I never said them words. What I did say was that it 's been talked up an' down that the old Judge is a-gwine to try to git his prop'ty back. That 's what old Major Jimmy Bass said he heard, an' I thinks, says I, he 'll have to be monst'us peart ef he gits ahead of Squire Underwood. That 's what I said to myself, an' then I ast old Major Jimmy, says I, what the Judge would do wi' the prop'ty arter he got it, an' Major Jimmy, he ups an' says, says he, that the old Judge would sell it back to Frank Underwood, says he."

The young man threw back his head and laughed heartily, not less at the comical earnestness of Joe-Bob Grissom than at the gossip of Major Jimmy Bass.

"It seems, then, that we are going to have lively times around here," said Underwood, by way of comment.

"Yes, siree," exclaimed Joe-Bob; "that 's what Major Jimmy Bass allowed. Do you reckon, Squire," he continued, lowering his voice as though the matter was one to be approached cautiously—"do you reckon, Squire, they could slip in on you an' trip you up wi' one of 'em writs of arousement or one of 'em bills of injectment?"

"Not unless they catch me asleep," replied Underwood, still laughing. "We get up very early in the morning on this Place."

"Well," said Joe-Bob Grissom, "I ain't much of a lawyer myself, an' so I thought I 'd jest drap in an' tell you the kind of talk what they 've been a-rumorin' 'roun'. But I 'll tell you what you kin do, Squire. Ef the wust comes to the wust, you kin make the old Judge an' the gal take you along wi' the Place. Now them would be my politics."

With that Joe-Bob gave young Underwood a nudge in the short ribs, and chuckled to such an extent that he nearly strangled himself with cigar smoke.

"I think I would have the best of the bargain," said the young man.

"Now you would! you reely would!" exclaimed Joe-Bob in all seriousness. "I can't tell you the time when I ever seen a likelier gal than that one wi' the Judge this evenin'. As we say down here in Georgia, she 's the top of the pot an' the pot a-b'ilin'. I tell you that right pine-blank."

After a little, Mr. Grissom rose to go. When Mr. Underwood urged him to sit longer, he pointed to the sword and belt of Orion hanging low in the south-west.

"The ell an' yard are a-makin' the'r disappearance," he said; "an' ef I stay out much longer, my old 'oman 'll think I 've been a-settin' up by a jug somewheres. Now ef you 'll jest hold your dog, Squire, I 'll go out as peaceful as a lamb."

"Why, I was just going to propose to send him down to the big gate with you," said young Underwood. "He 'll see you safely out."

"No, no, Squire!" exclaimed Joe-Bob, holding up both hands. "Now don't do the like of that. I don't like too much perliteness in folks, an' I know right well I could n't abide it in a dog. No, Squire; you jest hold on to the creetur' wi' both hands, an' I 'll find my way out. Jest ketch him by the forefoot. I 've heard tell before now that ef you 'll hold a dog by his forefoot he can't git loose, an' nuther kin he bite you."

Long after Mr. Joe-Bob Grissom had gone home young Francis Underwood sat in his piazza smoking and thinking. He had a good deal to think about, too, for he was perhaps the busiest and the thriftiest person that Hillsborough had ever seen. He had a dairy farm stocked with the choicest strains of Jersey cattle, and he shipped hundreds of pounds of golden butter all over the country every week in the year; he bred Percheron horses for farm-work and trotting horses for the road; he had a flourishing farm on which he raised, in addition to his own supplies, a hundred or more bales of cotton every year; he had a steam saw-mill and cotton-gin; he was a contractor and builder; and he was also an active partner in the largest store in Hillsborough. Moreover he took a lively interest in the affairs of the town. His energy and his progressive ideas seemed to be contagious, for in a few years the sleepy old town had made tremendous strides, and everything appeared to move forward with an air of business—such is the force of a genial and robust example.

There is no doubt that young Underwood was somewhat coolly received when he first made his appearance in Hillsborough. He was a New Yorker and therefore a Yankee; and some of the older people, who were still grieving over the dire results of the war, as old people have a right to do, made no concealment of their prejudices. Their grief was too bitter to be lightly disposed of. Perhaps the young man appreciated this fact, for his sympathies were wonderfully quick and true. At any rate, he carried himself as buoyantly and as genially in the face of prejudice as he did afterwards in the face of friendship.

The truth is, prejudice could not stand before him. He had that magnetic personality which is a more precious possession than fame or fortune. There was something attractive even in his restless energy; he had that heartiness of manner and graciousness of disposition that are so rare among men; and, withal, a spirit of independence that charmed the sturdy-minded people with whom he cast his lot. It was not long before the younger generation began to seek Mr. Underwood out, and after this the social ice, so to speak, thawed quickly.

In short, young Underwood, by reason of a strong and an attractive individuality, became a very prominent citizen of Hillsborough. He found time, in the midst of his own business enterprises, to look after the interests of the town and the county. One of his first movements was to organize an agricultural society which held its meeting four times a year in different parts of the county. It was purely a local and native suggestion, however, that made it incumbent on the people of the neighborhood where the society met to grace the occasion with a feast in the shape of a barbecue. The first result of the agricultural society — which still exists, and which has had a wonderful influence on the farmers of middle Georgia — was a county fair, of which Mr. Underwood was the leading spirit. It may be said, indeed, that his energy and his money made the fair possible. And it was a success. Young Underwood not only had canvassed the county, but he had "worked it up in the newspapers," as the phrase goes, and it tickled the older citizens immensely to see the dailies in the big cities of Atlanta, Macon, and Savannah going into rhetorical raptures over their fair.

As a matter of fact Francis Underwood, charged with the fiery energy of a modern American, found it a much easier matter to establish himself in the good graces of the people of Hillsborough and the surrounding country than did Judge Bascom when he returned to his old home with his lovely daughter. Politically speaking, he had committed the unpardonable sin when he accepted office under what was known as the carpet-bag government. It was an easy matter — thus the argument ran — to forgive and respect an enemy, but it was hardly possible to forgive a man who had proved false to his people and all their traditions — who had, in fact, "sold his birthright for a mess of pottage," to quote the luminous language employed by Colonel Bolivar Blasingame in discussing the return of Judge Bascom. It is due to Colonel Blasingame to say that he did not allude to the sale of the Bascom Place, but to the fact that Judge Bascom had drawn a salary from the State treasury while the Republicans were in power in Georgia.

This was pretty much the temper of the older people of Hillsborough even in 1876. They had no bitter prejudices against the old Judge; they were even tolerant and kindly; but they made it plain to him that he was regarded in a new light, and from a new standpoint. He was made to feel that his old place among them must remain vacant; that the old intimacies were not to be renewed. But this was the price that Judge Bascom was willing to pay for the privilege of spending his last days within sight of the old homestead. He made no complaints, nor did he signify by word or sign, even to his daughter, that everything was not as it used to be.

As for the daughter, she was in blissful ignorance of the situation. She was a stranger among strangers, and so was not affected by the lack of sociability on the part of the townspeople — if, indeed, there was any lack so far as she was concerned. The privations she endured in common with her father were not only sufficient to correct all notions of vanity or self-conceit, but they had given her a large experience of life; they had broadened her views and enlarged her sympathies, so that with no sacrifice of the qualities of womanly modesty and gentleness she had grown to be self-reliant. She attracted all who came within range of her sweet influence, and it was not long before she had broken down all the barriers that prejudice against her father might have placed in her way. She established a primary school, and what with her duties there and with her music class she soon had as much as she could do, and her income from these sources was sufficient to support herself and her father in a modest way; but it was not sufficient to carry out her father's plans, and this fact distressed her no little.

Sometimes Judge Bascom, sitting in the narrow veranda of the little house they occupied, would suddenly arouse himself, as if from a doze, and exclaim:

"We must save money, daughter; we must save money and buy the old Place back. It is ours. We must have it; we must save money." And sometimes, in the middle of the night, he would go to his daughter's bedside, stroke her hair, and say in a whisper:

"We are not saving enough money, daughter; we must save more. We must buy the old Place back. We must save it from ruin."

Joel Chandler Harris.

(To be continued.)

FRA ANGELICO (1387–1455).

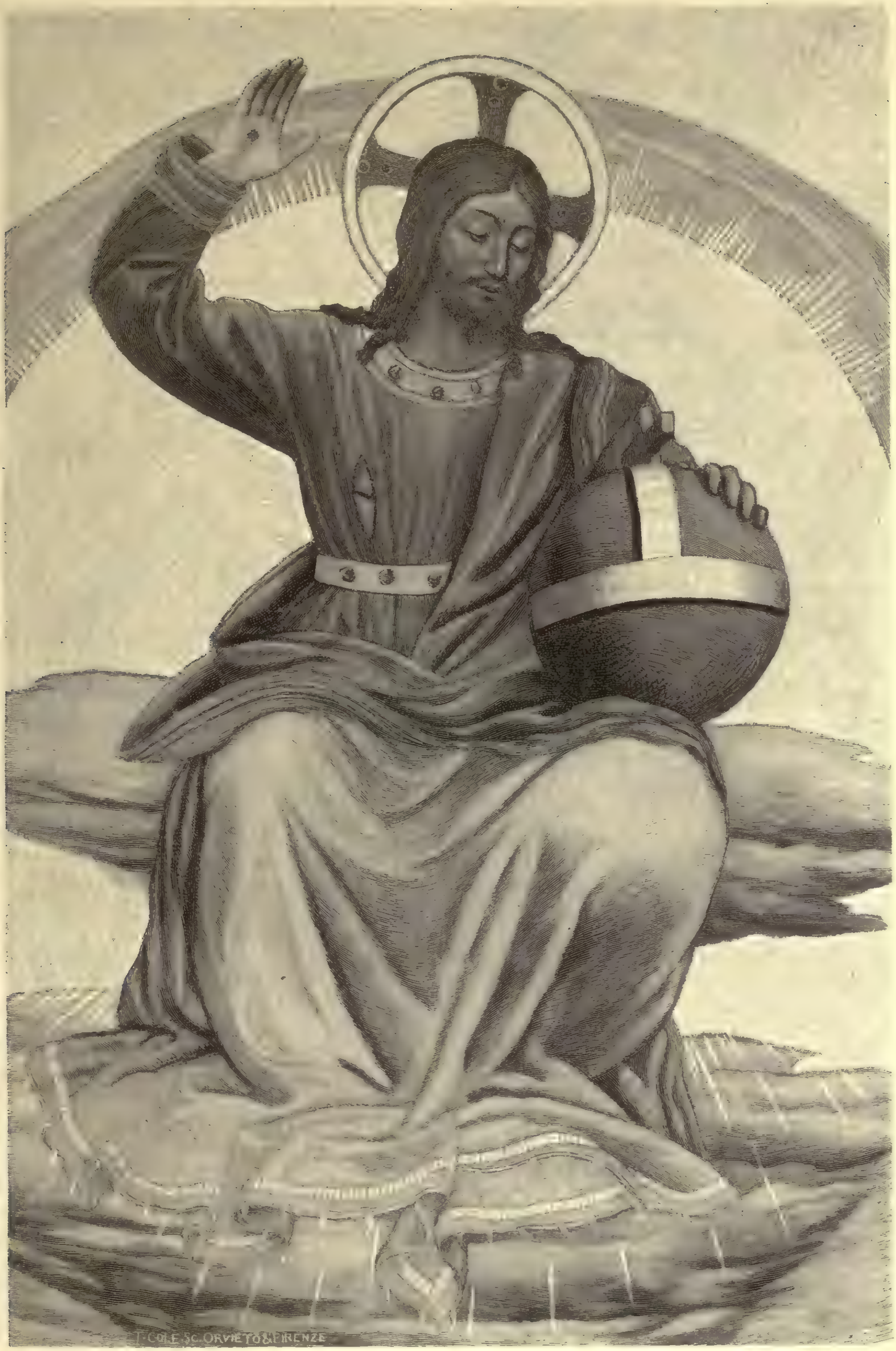
(FRA GIOVANNI DA FIESOLE.)

(ITALIAN OLD MASTERS.)

THE name of Fra Angelico stands with a large portion of the art-loving public as the synonym of the highest attainment in religious art which the world has ever seen. And while in a certain sense I am not disposed to contest this judgment, though I believe it not to be founded on strictly artistic standards, it is necessary to give Fra Angelico his true place in the series of great painters the final result of whose united teachings we perceive only in the beginning of the sixteenth century. In imaginative power and in dramatic feeling he never approaches Giotto, Orcagna, Gentile da Fabriano, or even Spinello, of his own school: he is also inferior to Duccio and Lorenzetti of the Sienese; while in color he has a constant straining in the pitch which wearies the eye, but is, without doubt, the result of that ecstatic temperament to which he owes the peculiar gifts which separate him by a wide space from all his predecessors and contemporaries. I cannot resist the conviction that in Fra Angelico the ordinary action of the imagination was superseded by the most complete visionary subjectivity, and that what he painted was what he saw in the spirit. The seraphic glow, the unearthly serenity of his assemblages and the fixedness of the new type of beauty which he introduces, the rapture of his "Paradise" and the tameness of his "Inferno," the constant tension of his faculties, and the very monotony of his conceptions, are to my mind the evidence of a state of exaltation in which the visions of his ecstasy became the subjects of his art. And in the height of this exaltation and in the intensity of its vision are the compensations for the narrowness of his range and the feebleness of his grasp of ordinary human nature. I have no doubt that convent life and its morbid seclusion deepened greatly the groove in which he ran, and I think that a proof of it is in the larger naturalism which his work took on when he went to Orvieto, where with his pupil Benozzo, whose artistic nature was totally unlike his own, he painted the most vigorous and robust frescos we have by him. And this breath of a more vigorous life, which to his morbidly sensitive spirit must have been a stimulant too powerful to be long endured, was possibly the reason for his abandonment of his work with his contract unfulfilled, and for his subsequent withdrawal from the work assigned to him at Prato, referred to farther on. The epithet "Angelic" was probably due to the belief that he was in communion with the angelic world; and that he himself had the fullest persuasion that his work was inspired is clear from his habit of never retouching a line once made, under the conviction that it was so ordered of God — a habit noticed by Vasari in the quotation given on page 620. The world for which he worked was hardly capable of finding the motive for the epithet in the artistic qualities of the painter, but it would naturally come from the persuasion of his being inspired and habitually in the presence of angels.

His long residence in Rome subsequently would not militate against the theory of this morbid sensitiveness, for he was of such devotional temper that residence in Rome was the next thing to being in heaven itself, and the opportunities for monastic seclusion were as complete as in Florence. We owe to this conviction of the inspiration of his work one of his most precious technical qualities — the certainty of his touch and the purity of his lines; but in other technical attainments he does not seem to have advanced materially beyond the Giottesques, of whom he was the last to observe the doctrines in their purity, and he is inferior even to Orcagna, his immediate father in art, in knowledge of light and shade and perspective, in which term the painters of that epoch included not merely linear, but relief and aërial perspective. The pure subjectivity of his vision is seen in the "Last Judgment," — from which Mr. Cole has engraved one of the most exquisite portions,— where we see the blessed, all of one type; if they had been painted from the model, one would say that one model had served for all the heads. This was the flaming up into unexampled brilliancy and purity of the ecstatic school of art which began with Giotto — the flaming up of the sacred candle in the socket before it goes out.

Fra Angelico was born near the castle of Vicchio, not far from Vespignano, the birthplace of Giotto, and at the age of twenty entered the order of Dominicans, being received into the


T. COLE SC. ORVIETO & FIRENZE

THE "CHRIST ENTHRONED" AT ORVIETO. (FRA ANGELICO.)

new convent at Fiesole; but as the monastery was not yet fit for occupation, he was sent *ad interim* by the blessed Lorenzo da Ripafratta, master of the novices, to Cortona, where with his brother, who entered into the monastic life at the same time, he was under religious instruction, and took the vows in 1408. As the record of his reception into the convent refers to him as already a painter of some reputation and having done noteworthy work, it is most probable that he had previously received such instruction as he had in art.

As all the work which Fra Angelico did in Cortona, with the exception of the lunette in fresco over the door of the church of St. Dominic, is of his earlier style, it is likely that the ten years between the time of his taking the vows and his return to the convent at Fiesole in 1418 were passed at Cortona, the single work above excepted probably having been done about 1438, on one of his journeys to Rome, those being the only occasions on which he was away from his monastery.[1]

During the occupation of Cortona by the French,[2] the frescos in the convent of St. Dominic, probably the first that Fra Angelico painted, were destroyed. Besides the lunette already mentioned as having been executed at a later period, and which remains over the door, the church possessed an altar-piece representing the Madonna and Child surrounded by angels; also a panel with the Annunciation, with scenes, in the predella, from the life of the Virgin, which was transferred to the church of the Gesù. In the same church is a gradino painted by Fra Angelico in his earliest style, with scenes from the life of St. Dominic, originally in the church of that saint, and, according to Cavalcaselle, showing the influence of the art of the Florentine school most markedly, confirming the opinion that the painter had begun his studies before his novitiate.

After his return to Fiesole, Fra Angelico lived there absorbed in his art and existing for it alone, for the state of the outer world was such that no spiritually minded man could endure it. Schisms and feuds within the Church, wars and invasions and civic discord without, the Renaissance already undermining the traditions of the art of Giotto and the purists—all these must have made the ecstatic of Fiesole content with the silence and seclusion of his convent. We know nothing of the details of his life at this time. Of the pictures executed during it we know the "Annunciation" of St. Alexander of Brescia (1432), and the tabernaculum painted for the corporation of flax merchants (1433), where the painter represented the Virgin and Child surrounded by twelve angels of exquisite beauty playing on various instruments. On the sides of the doors are saints, and on the predella are the Adoration of the Magi, St. Peter preaching, with St. Mark taking notes of his sermon, and the persecutors of the latter in a storm at sea.

In the refectory of his monastery he painted a life-sized Crucifixion, the Virgin and St. John at the sides and St. Dominic kneeling at the foot of the cross, which he embraces. In the chapter-house of the convent is a Madonna and Child much damaged by restoration, and the altar-piece of the chapel represents a Virgin and Child enthroned and surrounded by various saints. The predella belonging to it, according to Cavalcaselle one of the most happy productions of the artist, is in the National Gallery, London. The "Coronation of the Virgin," now in the Louvre, was formerly in St. Dominic.

It is probable that during this period Fra Angelico executed the thirty-five little pictures for the doors of the cupboard belonging to the sacristy of the Santissima Annunziata at Florence, now in the Academy of Florence. They were ordered by Piero de' Medici, and illustrate several scenes from the life of the Saviour and from the Last Judgment.

The next noted date in the life of Fra Angelico is that of 1436, when the monastery of St. Mark in Florence was given to the Dominicans by Pope Eugene IV., and Fra Angelico left his cell at Fiesole to live in Florence. Cosimo de' Medici had the monastery rebuilt, the church restored, and the library added; the church being finished in 1441, the monastery in 1443. Before the architects had finished their work, Fra Angelico had begun the altar-piece for the choir—a Madonna and Child with two angels at the sides, St. Mark, St. John the Evangelist, and St. Stephen on her right; St. Dominic, St. Francis, and St. Peter on the left with Sts. Cosimo and Damiano before her—doubtless as a sign of gratitude to Cosimo de' Medici, who had used his influence with the Pope to obtain the concession of St. Mark for the Dominicans. This picture, in a bad state of preservation, is now in the Academy, the predella having been taken to pieces and the parts scattered abroad, many of them being lost so that it is impossible of reconstruction.

Vasari says that Nicholas V. wished to make Fra Angelico archbishop of Florence and that he humbly refused, saying that he was not capable of governing; but the story is incredible, for the archbishopric of Florence was not vacant during the papacy of Nicholas. If the offer was ever made it could have been only by Eugene IV., who came to Florence in 1442 to consecrate the church of St. Mark; and as he took up his abode in the monastery, he must have made the acquaintance of the painter.[1]

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[1] Lord Lindsay ("Christian Art," Vol. II., p. 224) says that "Fra Angelico seems to have resided in most of the Dominican establishments between Florence and Rome." There does not seem to be any ground for this conclusion, unless he means to say that the artist divided his life between Rome and Florence.

[2] During the wars of the French republic, 1789–1805.

Indeed, when Eugene died, in 1447, Fra Angelico, then at work in Rome, seems not to have been sure of the favor of his successor, and offered to work at the Cathedral of Orvieto, erected not very long before to commemorate the last authentic miracle, that of the Corpus Domini, which is said to have occurred in 1263, and was still the wonder of the faithful. In this cathedral the best art of Christendom was then being lavished in a manner known nowhere else out of the papal city. On the 14th of June the contract was signed by which Fra Angelico bound himself to go to Orvieto to paint the new chapel, with his pupil Benozzo Gozzoli and two assistants, Giovanni d'Antonio and Giacomo da Poli. He was to receive two hundred gold ducats a year, his pupil having seven a month, and each assistant three, with twenty lire a month for board and lodging, a sufficiency of bread and wine, and all the requisites for their painting.

By the 28th of September two compartments of the ceiling were finished, one representing Christ as Judge, surrounded by angels, and the other the "Praiseworthy Company of the Prophets." Having done these, and leaving designs enough to decorate half the chapel, Fra Angelico returned to Rome, probably summoned there by the new pope, and in January of 1450 he was back in Fiesole, where he must have been still in 1451, for in that year we find that the rectors of the commune of Prato sent a messenger to the archbishop of Florence urging him to send Fra Angelico to paint the greater chapel. Their petition was granted, and on the 29th of March the famous painter was conducted to Prato; but for some reason or other he refused the undertaking and returned on the 1st of April to Fiesole, and shortly afterwards went to Rome. Here he was commissioned by the pope to paint the chapel in the Vatican which still bears the name of Nicholas V.

Fra Angelico never again left Rome, but died there, at the age of sixty-eight. He was buried in the church of Sta. Maria Sopra Minerva, and a marble monument was erected to him, bearing the following inscription, said to have been composed by Nicholas V.:

HIC JACET VEN. PICTOR
FR. JO. DE FLOR. ORD. P.
M
CCCC
L
V

Non mihi sit laudi, quod eram velut alter Apelles,
Sed quod lucra tuis omnia, Christe, dabam:
Altera nam terris opera extant, altera coelo;
Urbs me Joannem flos tulit Etruriæ.

Vasari gives the following description of the character of Fra Angelico:

> This father, truly angelic, spent all his life in the service of God and for the good of the world and his neighbor. In truth, the great and extraordinary powers possessed by Fra Giovanni could not have existed except in a man of most holy life. . . . He was a man of simplicity and most holy in his ways, and an instance of his piety is that one morning the Pope Nicholas V. having bidden him to dinner, he was unwilling to eat meat without the license of the Superior, not making account of the authority of the Pontiff. He withheld himself from all worldly deeds, and living purely and holily he was such a friend to the poor that I think his soul is now in heaven. He worked continually at his pictures and would never treat any but sacred subjects. He might have been a rich man, but he cared not to boast, and used to say that true riches consisted in being content with little. He might have had command over many but would not, saying that there was less trouble and risk in obeying than in commanding. It was in his power to gain preferment, both from the monks and from the outer world, but he cared not for it, declaring that he sought no other dignity than to escape hell and gain paradise. He was most gentle and sober, and living chastely freed himself from the snares of the world; and he was wont to say that whoever followed art had need of peace and to live without distracting thoughts, and that he who does work that concerns Christ must live continually with Christ. He was never known to get angry with the monks: if any one desired work from him he would say that he would obtain the consent of the Prior to it, and then would not fail to fulfill the request. In fact, this father, who cannot be sufficiently praised, was in all his works and conversation most humble and modest, and in his painting dexterous and conscientious, and the saints of his painting have more the air and resemblance of saints than those of any other painter. It was his habit not to retouch or correct his painting, but to leave it as it came the first time, through the belief that God willed it so. He never painted a Crucifixion that the tears did not bathe his cheeks, so that we recognize in the faces and attitude of his figures the goodness of his sincere and profound devotion to the Christian religion.

That Fra Angelico was highly appreciated by his contemporaries is shown both by the appellations which they bestowed upon him of "Angelico" and "Beato," and by the respect with which he is mentioned by two poets of

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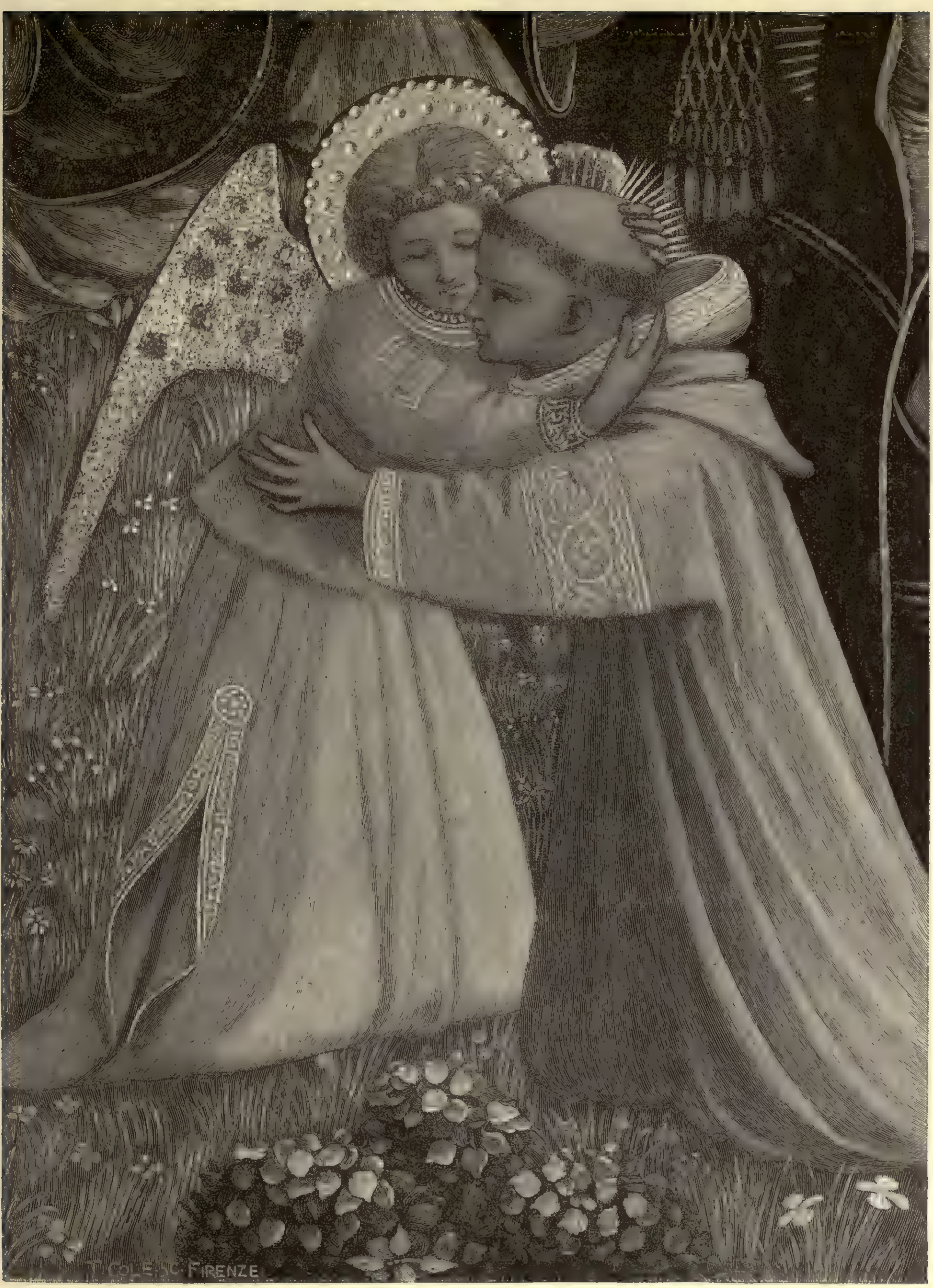
[1] Lord Lindsay's "Christian Art" (new edition) adopts Vasari's version of the call of the painter to Rome, but the dates still do not justify his conclusions. As to the bishopric, it was, at the date of the death of the Pope Eugene, occupied by St. Antonino. Besides, the visit to Orvieto was a break in Fra Angelico's work at Rome, which would not have taken place if it had been Nicholas who called him to Rome.



DETAIL FROM THE "LAST JUDGMENT," BY FRA ANGELICO.

(IN THE ACADEMY OF FINE ARTS, FLORENCE.)

his day, Padre Maestro Domenico and Giovanni Sanzio da Urbino, the father of Raphael.

The most renowned of Fra Angelico's disciples was Benozzo Gozzoli, whose work was even sometimes mistaken for that of his master. Strozzi was probably also a pupil of the Dominican friar, and may have assisted in executing the frescos in St. Mark's. Judging by his style, Andrea di Firenze also may have been a disciple.

After Fra Angelico there is no one who could justify a claim to any ecstatic inspiration, and his successors, though borrowing in technical processes from him, had no sympathy with his temper and led directly to the naturalism which culminated in Raphael, which was characteristic of the Renaissance, and was visible in the frank abandonment of the artistic conventions born of the union of the ascetic Christianity of the early Church with the formality of the esthetic paganism of the declining empire, stereotyped by the Byzantines, and again called to a temporary significance by Giotto.

Henceforward we shall find the art of Christianity becoming gradually less rhapsodic and finding its sustenance more in the larger and healthier inspirations of the bodily vision. Fra Angelico is not the last of the painters of the religious temper, but simply the last of the ecstatics. The change was a part of the great movement which had already begun in other provinces less dependent on the Church, but with which painting was to keep pace as best it might — *haud passibus æquis.*

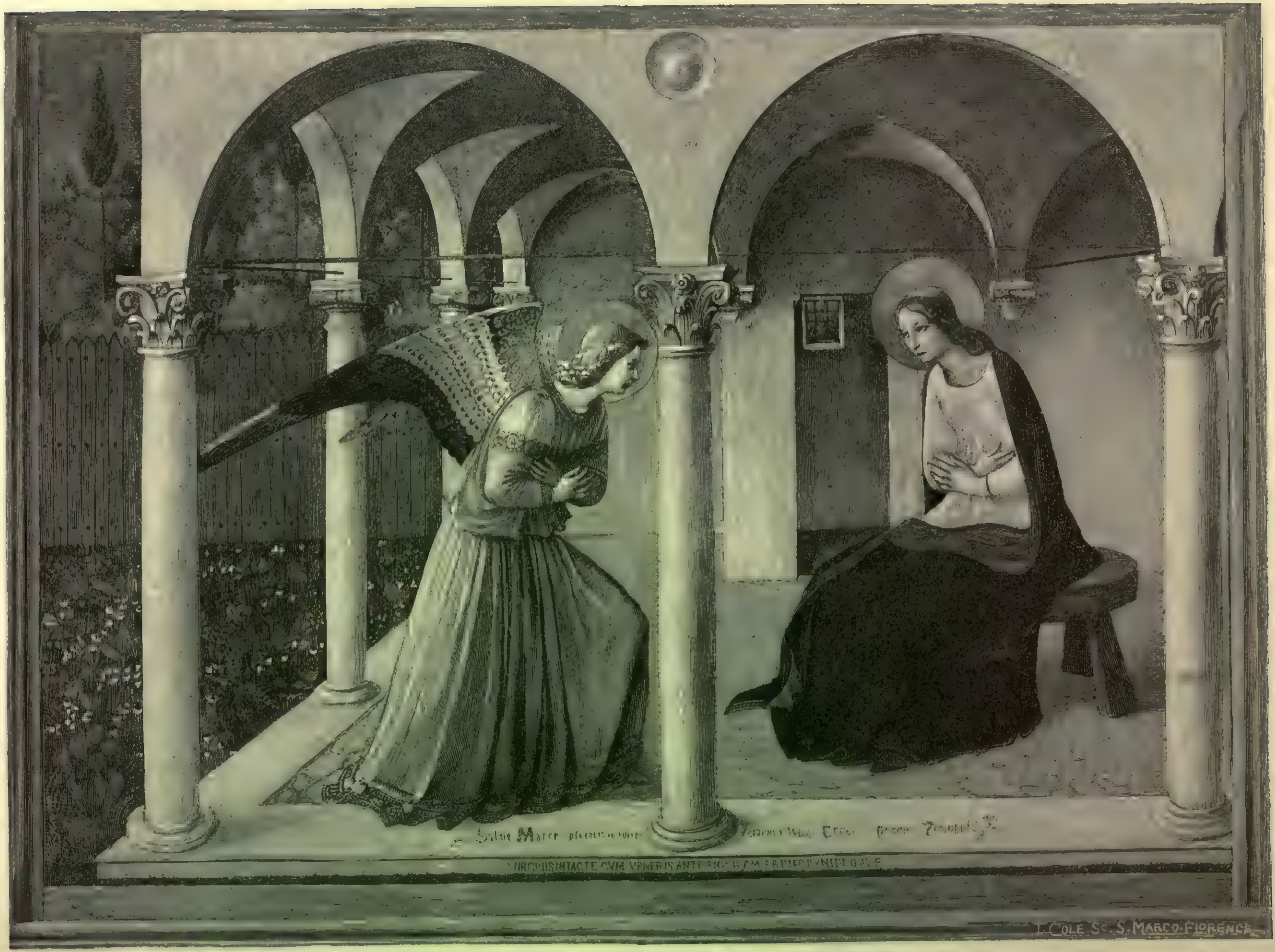
W. J. Stillman.

NOTES BY TIMOTHY COLE, ENGRAVER.

FRA ANGELICO'S chief works are his frescos in the Cathedral of Orvieto. These would of themselves repay a pilgrimage to that romantic city. They are in the chapel of the Madonna di San Brizio, (Capella Nuovo) in the right transept of the church, and are comprised in two of the three triangular arched spandrels of the ceiling immediately over the great window of the chapel. They contain the Saviour seated in glory with angels, saints, and prophets, intended for the upper part of the "Christ Enthroned." The third compartment, which is to the right, is the work of his pupil, Benozzo Gozzoli. The remaining part of the "Christ Enthroned" is the masterpiece of Luca Signorelli, and occupies the rest of the wall space of the chapel. The figure of Christ seated in glory upon a cloud encircled by a rainbow upon a ground of gold, which glows in the light of the window beneath, is the first object to seize the attention upon entering the chapel. The dignity and solemn majesty of his person impress one mightily. The figure is colossal, and is robed in an outer garment of blue of a light, fresh tint, the deep shadows of the folds being of a strong, rich tone. The folds fall in graceful lines about and below the feet; the part of the garment turned down and falling from the shoulder over the lap reveals the lining, which is of a dark, soft tone of yellow of a shade of ocher or old gold. The inner garment is of a soft shade of maroon, the trimming round the sleeve, neck, and belt are of gold, as well as the belt of the globe of the universe — the globe itself being blue. The hair, falling in curls upon the shoulders, is of a soft brown color, as well as the beard, which is parted in the middle and is softly shaded into the warm, brownish color of the face. The expression of the countenance is marvelously subtle. Christ is still the loving Saviour; his visage is darkened with sorrow more than wrath as he raises his right hand in condemnation of the wicked. This right hand appears to me wonderfully full of tender feeling. The likeness of Fra Angelico standing by the side of Luca Signorelli is painted by the latter in his fresco of "The Overthrow of the Antichrist," which is on the left wall of this chapel as one faces the "Christ Enthroned." His sweet face and gentle bearing, with eyes humbly cast towards the ground, are finely contrasted with the noble lineaments of Signorelli, who looks straight at you with a kind and generous air.

Fra Angelico's fresco of the Annunciation in the Museum of San Marco (formerly the Monastery of San Marco) is upon the wall immediately facing the entrance to the corridor of the upper floor. It measures seven feet four inches high by nine feet nine inches long, and the figures are a little more than half the size of life. The scene takes place beneath an arched arcade, such as is seen in the cloister of the museum, and the little room back of the Virgin is a duplicate of one of the cells of the upper floor with its one little window. Here in the picture the light falls softly in, forming a very beautiful little bit. Without is a garden dotted with flowers, and separated from the wood behind by a picketed board fence, in which not only is every nail-head visible, but even the graining of the wood put in with childlike simplicity. The Virgin has seated herself in quiet contemplation, when the messenger of the Lord suddenly appears before her, his wings still extended like a dove just alighted from the sky. He gazes steadfastly into the Virgin's face, and the look of mutual interest is singularly impressive, as well as the expression of humility and devout awe in the face of the Virgin. I wish I could have engraved the fresco of the "Coronation of the Virgin" in one of the cells as an illustration of the divine sweetness of Fra Angelico's Madonnas. They are beings of unearthly beauty, and words fail to convey any idea of their ineffable loveliness and purity. His angels, too, are creatures of another sphere, and purer types have not yet been conceived in art. The drawing in the hands of his angels and Madonnas is most exquisite — charming in tender yet subtle simplicity of outline.

San Marco is indeed a museum of Fra Angelico's work, as every one of the cells contains one of his frescos. The coloring of these is very fine. The delicate freshness and coolness of the tints blend softly and harmoniously together — simple, pure colors,


Salve Mater
VIRGINIS INTACTE CVM VENERIS ANTE
T. COLE SC. S. MARCO. FLORENCE

THE "ANNUNCIATION," BY FRA ANGELICO.

laid in sometimes with fine pencilings. In the "Crucifixion" in the cloister the shaven face of St. Dominic at the foot of the cross is treated so finely and delicately that the attempt is made to show each separate shaven hair by minutely fine dots. In this fresco is displayed all this painter's knowledge of the technic of his art. The wings of his angels are enlivened with tints of green, yellow, violet, etc., contrasted harmoniously. There are forty frescos in the cells, all the cells except five having a fresco in each. These are painted on the same side as the window, so they are poorly lighted, though the light reflected from the surrounding walls on sunny days brings them out clear and distinct. Among the most beautiful of the series are the following: Cell No. 1, "Noli me Tangere"; No. 3, "Annunciation" (the angel is standing, and the Virgin is kneeling on her footstool); No. 4, "The Crucifixion"; No. 6, "The Transfiguration"; No. 7, "The Mocking and Crowning with Thorns"; No. 8, "The Resurrection"; No. 9 (Fra Angelico's own cell), "The Coronation of the Virgin"; No. 34, "The Agony in the Garden."

A POSITIVE ROMANCE.

MY friend Hammond is a bachelor and lives in chambers in New York. Whenever we meet on my occasional visits to the city he insists on my spending the night with him. On one of these occasions we had been at the opera during the evening and had witnessed an ovation to a beautiful and famous singer. We had been stirred by the enthusiasm of the audience, and on our walk home fell to discussing a theme suggested by the scene; namely, the tendency of man to assume a worshipful attitude towards woman, and the reason for it. Was it merely a phase of the passional relation between the sexes, or had it some deeper and more mysterious significance?

When I mentioned the former idea Hammond demanded why this tendency was not reciprocal between the sexes. As a matter of fact, while women showed endless devotion and fondness for men, their feeling was without the strain of adoration. Particular men's qualities of mind or heart might excite the enthusiastic admiration of women, but such admiration was for cause, and in no way confounded with the worshipful reverence which it was man's instinct to extend to woman as woman, with secondary reference to her qualities as a particular person. No fact in the relations of men and women, he declared, was more striking than this contrast in their mutual attitudes. It was the feminine, not the masculine, ideal which supplied the inspiration of art and the aroma of literature, which was found enshrined in the customs and common speech of mankind. To this I replied that man, being the dominant sex, had imposed his worship on the race as a conquering nation, its gods on the conquered. He, not woman, had been the creator of the art, the literature, and the language which were dedicated to her. Had woman been the dominant sex the reverse might have happened, and man been obliged to stand upon a pedestal and be worshiped.

Hammond laughed, but declared that I was all wrong. Man's tendency to worship woman, while naturally blending with his passional attraction towards her, did not spring from the instinct of sex, but from the instinct of race — a far deeper and generally unrecognized impulse. Even though woman should become some day the dominant sex, man need suffer no apprehension of being worshiped. His modesty would be respected.

Some time later, when we had cozily established ourselves before a sea-coal fire in Hammond's quarters, with divers creature comforts at hand for one of our usual symposiums, the subject came up again; and under conditions so favorable to discursiveness our talk took a wide range.

"By the way," said I, apropos of some remark he had made, "talking about the adoration of woman, did not that crack-brained Frenchman, Auguste Comte, propose something of the sort as a feature of his 'Religion of Humanity'?"

Hammond nodded.

"I wonder," I said, "whether that feature of his scheme was ever actually practiced by his followers. I should like to get a chance to ask a Positivist about that, if indeed there are any in America."

Hammond smoked in silence for some time, and finally said, quietly, "Possibly I might tell you something about it myself."

"Hello!" I exclaimed. "How long since you have been a Positivist?"

"About twenty-five years," was the matter-of-fact reply.

"A Positivist of twenty-five years' standing," I ejaculated, "and never told of it. Why have you hid your light under a bushel all this while?"

"I said that it was twenty-five years since I had been a Positivist," replied Hammond; "as long, in fact, as it is since I have been a sophomore. Both experiences belonged to the same year of my college course, and, perhaps you may infer, to the same stage of intellectual development. For about six months at that time I was as ardent a convert, I fancy, as the Religion of Humanity ever had."

"I thought you had told me all about yourself long ago," I said. "How is it that you have kept so mum about this experience? I should fancy it must have been a decidedly odd one."

"It was a very odd one," replied Hammond — "the strangest passage, on the whole, I think, in my life. I have never spoken of it, because it is one of those emotional experiences which no man likes to relate unless he is sure of being understood. To tell it to most men would be casting pearls before swine. I have always meant to tell you when a suitable opportunity came up."

"You know," he said, when I had signified my eagerness to hear, "that I graduated at Leroy College. It was a little one-horse institution, but blue as a whetstone in its orthodoxy; and with my father, who was a clergyman of a very strait sect and staid views, that fact covered a multitude of shortcomings. I was nineteen when I entered, and consequently twenty when at the beginning of sophomore year I came under the charge of Professor Regnier. He was a Frenchman, but spoke English with perfect ease and precision and a very slight accent. At the time I knew him he was probably sixty. His hair was quite gray, but his mustache and imperial were still dark. It was rumored among the students that he had left his native land for political reasons, having played for too high stakes at the national game of revolution. True or not, the report naturally heightened the interest which his personality had for us.

"He made it his business to know personally all the students in his classes; and as it is not easy for a man of sixty, especially if he is also their teacher, to become really acquainted with students of twenty, the fact may be taken as evidence of his unusual tact. He was, I think, the most fascinating man I ever saw. His insight into character was like magic, his manners were charming, and his Gallic vivacity made him seem like a boy. Gradually, while still remaining to the rest of the students a genial and friendly instructor, he singled out a smaller circle of particular intimates. Of these I was one, and I believe the most trusted.

"Of course we boys were immensely flattered by the partiality of such a man; but equally, of course, the pursuit of his own pleasure could scarcely have been the motive which impelled him to seek our companionship. It was, in fact, a motive as unselfish as that of the missionary who leaves the comforts and refinements of civilization and exiles himself among savages that he may win them to his faith. He had been a personal friend and disciple of Auguste Comte, then but lately dead, and on coming to America had sought his present employment, not merely as a means of livelihood, but equally for the opportunity it offered for propagating the new gospel among young men. Do you know much about what Positivism is?"

I confessed that I knew next to nothing — scarcely more than that there was such a thing.

"I shall not bore you with an account of it," resumed Hammond, "further than to say that it is a scheme for the perfection of the human race. It rejects as idle all theories of superhuman intelligences, and declares the supreme object of the individual love and devotion should be humanity. The rational demonstration of the truth of this system is sought in the course of history, which is claimed to prove Positivism the finality of social evolution. You will find anything else you want to know about it in the books. I dare say you will not be converted; but if you were nineteen instead of twice that, with Hippolyte Regnier to indoctrinate you, I fancy the result would be about what it was in my case.

"His personal influence over us, and the intoxicating flattery implied in being seriously reasoned with on themes so lofty by a man whom we so greatly admired, would have gone far, no doubt, to commend to us any form of opinions he might have taught; but there were not lacking other reasons to account for his success in converting us. As for Comte's dogmatic denial of superhuman existence, and his fanciful schemes of new society, we were too young and crude to realize how unphilosophic was the former, how impossible and undesirable was the latter. While accepting them as facts of a new creed, they meant little to us, nor did Regnier much insist upon them. What most he did insist on was the ethical side of Positivism — the idea of the essential unity of the individual with the immortal race of man, and his obvious duty to forget self in its service. What could be better adapted to affect generous and impassioned boys than an appeal like this? The magnificent audacity of it, the assumption of man's essential nobleness, the contemptuous refusal to make any terms with selfishness, captivated our imaginations. I know now indeed that this enthusiasm of humanity, this passion of self-abnegation, which I thought a new religion, was the heart of the old religions. In its new-fangled disguise the truth and virtue of the doctrine were still operative, and the emotional crisis through which I passed I found was as essentially religious as it was in form unorthodox.

"At the end of sophomore year there were a half-dozen very positive young Positivists in our class. The pride of intellect which we felt in our new enlightenment was intoxicating. To be able to look down from a serene height, with compassion frequently tempered by contempt, upon the rest of the world still groping in the mists of childish superstition, was prodigiously to the taste of youths of eighteen and twenty. How, to be sure, we did turn up our noses at the homely teachings in the college chapel on Sundays. Well do I remember attending my father's church when at home on vacation, and endeavoring to assume the mental attitude of a curious traveler in a Buddhist temple. Together with the intellectual vanity which it fostered, our new faith was commended to us by its flavor of the secret, the hazardous, and the forbidden. We were delightfully conscious of being concerned in a species of conspiracy which if it came to light would convulse the college and the community, have us expelled, and cause no end of scandal to the public.

"But the more I took my new faith in earnest and tried to make of it the religion it claimed to be, I was troubled by a lack that seemed to be inherent. Humanity, the object of our devotion, was but an abstraction, a rhetorical expression for a mass of individuals. To these individuals I might indeed render affection, service, compassion, tenderness, self-sacrifice; but their number and pettiness forbade me the glow of adoration with which service was touched in religions which offered a personified object of adoration. When finally I confided these troubles to Regnier I expected to be rebuked; but on the contrary, and to my great discomfiture, he embraced me effusively after the Gallic manner. He said that he had been waiting for the time when in the course of my development I should become conscious of the need I had confessed before explaining to me the provision made for it by Positivism.

"To start with, he put in, as a sort of special plea for Positivism, that it was not singular among religions in recognizing as the object of devotion an abstraction, the mode of the existence of which was a mystery. As a solace to their votaries and an aid to their faith nearly all religions recognized sacred emblems; not indeed to be confounded in clear minds with the original object of devotion, but worthy of reverence in its place, as its special representative and reminder. In precisely this sense the sacred emblem of humanity was woman.

"Of course, Positivism claiming to be a creed of demonstration, not of faith, Regnier did not ask me to receive this proposition as his mere statement, but proceeded to establish its reasonableness by logic. I am going to give you what I remember of his argument, because I believe still, as I did when I heard it, that it is the only philosophical explanation of the instinctive reverence of man for woman which we have been talking about to-night. It was given to me, of course, as a doctrine peculiar to Positivism; but I don't know of any form of religious belief inconsistent with the recognition of the sacred quality of womanhood on the grounds given by Regnier. Indeed, I am by no means sure whether the doctrine as I received it is orthodox Positivism at all. I have reason to think that Regnier was quite too original a character for a very good interpreter, and should be interested to know how far his ideas were his own and how far his master's.

"First he pointed out to me as matter of fact that there was no more striking feature of the modern and humane as compared with the ancient and barbaric world than the constantly growing tendency of the most civilized races to apotheosize womanhood. The virgin ideal had been set up by the larger part of Christendom as the object of divine honors. The age of chivalry had translated for all time the language of love into that of worship. Art had personified under the feminine form every noble and affecting ideal of the race, till now it was in the name of woman that man's better part adjured his baser in every sort of strife towards the divine. Is it alleged that it is man's passion for woman that has moved him thus in a sort to deify the sex? Passion is no teacher of reverence. Moreover, it is as the race outgrows the dominion of passion that it recognizes the worshipfulness of woman. The gross and sensual recognize in her no element of sacredness. It is the clear soul of the boy, the poet, and the seer which is most surely aware of it. Equally vain is it to seek the explanation in any general superiority of woman to man, either moral or mental. Her qualities are indeed in engaging contrast with his, but on the whole no such superiority has ever been maintained. How, then, were we to account for a phenomenon so great in its proportions that either it indicates a world-wide madness infecting the noblest nations while sparing the basest, or else must be the outcome of some profound monition of nature, which in proportion as man's upward evolution progresses he becomes capable of apprehending? Why this impassioned exaltation by him of his tender companion? What is the secret spring that makes her the ceaseless fountain of lofty inspiration she is to him? What is the hint of divinity in her gentle mien that brings him to his knees? Who is this goddess veiled in woman whom men instinctively reverence yet cannot name?

"The adoration of woman, which may almost be called the natural religion of the modern man, springs from his recognition, instinctive when not conscious, that she is in an express sense, as he is not, the type, the representative, and the symbol of the race from which he springs, of that immortal and mystical life in which the secret of his own is hid. She is this by virtue, not of her personal qualities, but of the mother-sex, which, overbearing in part her individuality, consecrates her to the interests of the race and makes her the channel of those irresistible attractions by which humanity exists and men are made to serve it. As compared with woman's peculiar identification with the race, man's relation to it is an exterior one. By his constitution he is above all an individual, and that is the natural line of his development. The love of woman is the centripetal attraction which in due time brings him back from the individual tangent to blend him again with mankind. In returning to woman he returns to humanity. All that there is in man's sentiment for woman which is higher than passion and larger than personal tenderness — all, that is to say, which makes his love for her the grand passion which in noble hearts it is — is the fact that under this form his passion for the race finds expression. Mysterious ties, subtending consciousness, bind him, though seemingly separate, to the mighty life of humanity, his greater self, and these are the chords which, when 'Love took up the harp of life . . . passed in music out of sight.' In woman humanity is enshrined and made concrete for the homage of man. This is the mighty indwelling which causes her to suggest something more august than herself, and invests her with an impersonal majesty commanding reverence.

"You may imagine with what power such a doctrine as this, set forth by an enthusiast like Regnier, appealed to the mind of an impassioned boy of twenty, as yet pure as a girl, but long vaguely stirred by the master passion of our nature. The other tenets of the Religion of Humanity had been impressed upon me by argument, but at the mere statement of this my heart responded *O Dea Certe!*

"Subsequently in response to my questioning Regnier explained to me how the master had recommended his disciples to give practical effect to the cult of womanhood. I must remember that it was nothing new and nothing peculiar to Positivism for men to adore women to the point even of idolatry. Lovers constantly were doing it. But in these cases the worshipers did not look beyond the personality of the idol. Possibly no doubt some dim apprehension of the true grounds of woman's worshipfulness might mingle with the lover's sentiment, but it was very far from being the clear and distinct sense necessary to redeem his homage from the charge of extravagance. On the other hand the spirit in which women received the homage men rendered them was usually as mistaken as that in which it was offered. Either on the one hand from an impulse of personal modesty they deprecated it, or on the other hand they accepted it as a gratification to their personal vanity. In either case they equally misapprehended their true and valid title to worship, which, while personal qualities might enhance or partially obscure it, was itself in root more than personal, and consisted in the martyr and mother sex which so peculiarly sacrificed and consecrated them to the interests of humanity as to draw to them the homage and loyalty of all men who loved their race. It had been the counsel of his master, Regnier said, that while his disciples should hold all women in exalted reverence, they should peculiarly address this general sentiment to some particular woman, who, being of the same faith, should be able to accept it worthily and without self-exaltation in the spirit in which it was offered.

"Of course the reflection was obvious that in the existing conditions of the Positivist propaganda in America it would be impossible to find a woman capable of understanding, much less of accepting, such a relation, and, therefore, that to me the cult which I had been taught must remain entirely theoretical. Homage from men which did not insure to the titillation of the vanity would seem to women, as usually educated, equally incomprehensible and unprofitable.

"It was in recognition of this situation that Regnier ended by making a proposition which testified more strongly than anything else could have done, both to the enthusiasm and sincerity with which he himself held the faith he preached, and to his confidence in my own equal singleness of heart. He had never before spoken of his personal history or home life. Several times I had spent the evening at his house, but on these occasions I had seen only himself. Certain womanly belongings, however, which I had noticed, and the sound of a piano once or twice, had suggested that the house might not be without a feminine presence. The professor now told me that long ago in France for a few short blissful years he had been the husband of the sweetest of women. She had left behind a daughter, the sole companion of his life and the apple of his eye. She lived in complete seclusion, rarely even leaving the house. He did not desire her to make acquaintances in this country, nor indeed was she able to speak a word of any language but her own. There was no question of my making her acquaintance in the ordinary sense, or even of meeting her a second time, but if I desired to testify my new appreciation of the sacred quality of womanhood, it was possible that she might consent to receive my homage in the name of her sex. He could not be sure what she would say, but he would speak with her about it.

"The following day a note from him requesting that I should call at his house that evening intimated that he had succeeded in carrying his point. When I called at the time set he told me that he had found it more difficult than he had anticipated to gain his daughter's consent to see me. She had been very reluctant to assume the attitude required of her, and only her respect for his wishes and the good of the cause, and the assurance he had given her of the entire ingenuousness of my own motive, had induced her finally to yield. After some talk as to the significance of the interview before me, which I was too much agitated to comprehend, he bade me follow him.

"As may readily be supposed, my fancy, from the moment Regnier had suggested this interview, had been exceedingly busy with conjectures as to the sort of scene it would prove, and especially as to the personality of her who was to be the central figure. Except his intimation that the interview would be necessarily without interchange of speech and presumably brief, scarcely more probably than a confrontation, he had told me nothing. Of course, however, my fancies had not failed to take some form. I think I had a general expectation of finding myself in the presence of a beautiful woman, statuesquely shaped and posed. I imagine that I rather expected her to be enthroned or standing upon some sort of dais, and I am sure that I should not have been surprised had there been some artificial arrangement of lights as in a theater to add effectiveness to the figure.

"I followed Regnier through several rooms without raising my eyes. Presently he paused and said, 'My daughter.'

"Thrilling with the premonition of a vision of imperious or melting loveliness which should compel my homage by its mere aspect, I raised my eyes to find myself facing a plain-featured, plainly dressed young woman, not ill looking certainly, but destitute of a single trait striking enough to have won a second glance from me had I met her on the street.

"Her father need not have told me of her reluctance to assume the part his wishes had imposed upon her. For the fraction of an instant only, a pair of black eyes had met mine, and then she had bent her face as low as she could. The downcast head, the burning cheeks, the quick heaving of the breast, the pendent arms, with tensely interlacing fingers and palms turned downward, all told the story of a shy and sensitive girl submitting from a sense of duty to a painful ordeal.

"The sudden and complete wreck of all my preconceptions as to her appearance, as well as the accessories of the scene, left me for a few moments fairly dazed. Not only were my highly wrought expectations as to the present interview brought to humiliating discomfiture, but the influence of the disillusionment instantly retroacted with the effect of making the entire noble and romantic cult which had led up to this unlucky confrontation seem a mere farrago of extravagant and baseless sentiment. What on earth had Regnier been thinking of to plan deliberately a situation calculated to turn a cherished sentiment into ridicule? If he had seriously thought his daughter capable of supporting the rôle he had assigned her, had there ever been a like case of parental fatuity?

"But even as I indignantly asked myself this question I saw a great light, and recognized that the trouble was neither with Regnier's fatuity nor with his daughter's lack of charms, but with myself, and a most unworthy misconception into which I had fallen as to the whole object and purport of this interview. What had the beauty or the lack of beauty of this girl to do with the present occasion? I was not here to render homage to her for the beauty of her sex, but for its perpetual consecration and everlasting martyrdom to my race. The revulsion of feeling which followed the recognition of the grossness of the mistake I had made had no doubt the effect of greatly intensifying my emotions. I was overcome with contrition for the unworthiness with which I had stood before this girl who had so trusted to my magnanimity, appraising her like a sensualist when I should have been on my knees before her. A reaction of compunctious loyalty made my very heartstrings ache. I saw now how well it had been for a weak-minded fool like myself that she had not chanced to be beautiful or even pretty, for then I should have cheated myself of all that distinguished this solemn meeting from the merest lover's antics. I won in that moment an impression of the tawdriness of mere beauty which I have never gotten over. It seemed to me then, and more or less has ever since, that the beauty of women is a sort of veil which hides from superficial eyes the true adorableness of womanhood.

"Unable longer to resist the magnetism of my gaze, her eyes rose slowly to mine. At their first meeting her face became crimson; but as she did not avert her eyes, and continued to look into mine, the flush paled swiftly from her face, and with it all the other evidences of her embarrassment passed as quickly away, leaving her bearing wholly changed. It was plain that through my eyes, which in that moment must have been truly windows of my soul, she had read my inmost thoughts, and had perceived how altogether impertinent to their quality self-consciousness on her part would be. As with a gaze growing ever more serene and steadfast she continued to read my thoughts, her face changed, and from the look of a shy and timid maiden it gradually took on that of a conscious goddess. Then, as still she read on, there came another change. The soft black eyes grew softer and yet softer and then slowly filled with tears till they were like brimming vases. She did not smile, but her brows and lips assumed a look of benignant sweetness indescribable.

"In that moment no supernatural aureole would have added sacredness to that head, or myth of heavenly origin have made that figure seem more adorable. With right good will I sank upon my knees. She reached forth her hand to me and I pressed my lips to it. I lifted up the hem of her dress and kissed it. There was a rustle of garments. I looked up, and she was gone.

"I suppose immediately after that I must have left the house. I only know that the dawn found me miles out of town, walking aimlessly about and talking to myself."

Hammond poured himself a glass of wine, drunk it slowly, and then fell into a profound revery, apparently forgetful of my presence.

"Is that all?" I asked at last. "Did you not see her again?"

"No," he answered, "I never saw her again. Probably, as her father had intimated, he did not intend that I should. But circumstances also prevented. The very next day there was an explosion in college. There had been a Judas among my fellow-disciples and the faculty had been informed of the Positivist propaganda going on under their noses. I was suspended for six months. When I returned to college, Regnier had disappeared. He had of course been promptly dismissed, and it was rumored that he had gone back to France. He had left no trace, and I never heard of him again or of his daughter. I don't even know the name of the woman I worshiped."

Edward Bellamy.

A SONG OF THE WOODLAND SPIRIT.

CHEERED by the beauty of the scene, I rose
With life renewed, close drawing to my heart
A sense of comfort from the great gray trees
Which stood in solemn friendliness about me,
And from the arching sky, which like love's face
Looked through the woven branches, whence the leaves,
Frail, gentle messengers, came slowly floating;
And with them, ever and anon, the sound
Of muffled music on the soft air drifted —

A slow and haunting strain of melody,
Which waked the longing thought of home. Alas,
How heavily that thought struck through the silence!
I, that am lonelier than the cloud's swift shadow
Which speeds unmarked across the mountain vale,
Dreamed of that semblance which the heart must build
Somewhere, in fancy, to fill out the place
Of what is lost, or in despairing perish.

Stayed by the mystical, faint chords inviting,
I waited hearkening, while the woodland spirit,
In some deep labyrinthine covert hid,
Sent forth a rhythmic chant of measured words;
Which were but words such as the listening soul
Hears in the myriad rustlings of the forest,
And in the limpid lappings of the stream.

Albeit a pleasing power they had, outborne
Upon the urging waves of that strange music —
Which faileth here, that rougher speech must mar
The flow of that consolatory song —
A song of summer in the happy wood.

In sacred and solacing shelter and shade; in the solitudes silent and sylvan;
In songs of the sun in the shimmering leaves and the silvery sheen of the water;
In dripping of dews and the whisper of wandering winds and the fragrance of flowers;
In bloom-bended branches, that burthen the balmy and bountiful breasts of the summer;
In unwithered wilderness ways, where the wrongs and the wars of the world cannot enter—
There waiteth the spirit of peace and of rest for the sorrowing soul that returneth.

Like Beauty and Strength, from their slumbers arising, refreshed for their love and embracing,
So rise the fair towers that stand by the flame-figured gates of that slumbering city.
There, far from the fretting, the favoring forest hath fashioned a kingdom enchanting,
With answering arches and aisles that are filled with the gloom and glory of ages,
And columns that carry the uncounted years, as a crown of content and rejoicing,
Uplifting the great swaying world of leaves to the warm breathing wonder of heaven.

O light-loving battlements, walls, leafy-bannered, assailed by the gleams of the morning!
The bright, level spears of the sun strike and glance through the emerald shields of the branches,
The trumpet is blown at the door of the tent, but the lips of the trumpeter smileth,
And they that awake from their slumber and dreaming come forth, with a song, from the portals.
O beautiful battle, that blesses and kindles to life by the friendly assaulting!
O happy green streets of the city besieged by the sun and the strength of his loving!

Therein the young year riseth up from her couch, which is spiced from the pine and the cedar;
Fresh-robed, as an orchard in bloom, she appears, with the fragrance of dawn in her tresses,
Advancing with comely and confident steps, for she loveth the lord of the summer.
Her eyes have a light like the light from a fountain wherein the sky's image lies broken,
Her voice hath the sound of the music of waters, that lave the starred banks of the meadows,
And lightly she sighs, like the breeze that caresses the soft, silken leaves of the willows.

There love maketh gracious the laboring patience of nature's renewing forever:
The bursting of fettering frosts, and the waking from rigid and riveted slumbers;
The storms, and the rioting rush of the rains though the hills that reëcho with laughter,
The flashing of rays in the wide-dripping courts, the miraculous birth of the flowers —
That race which springs up from the fresh woodland loam, with the glory of God in their faces;
Divine and unchanged in their dateless descent, while the kingdoms of earth come and vanish.

O nameless, unspeakable triumph and glory, of strength that is loving and gentle;
Secure, indestructible beauty and righteousness robed in the purple unfading;
Bright-crowned, with the gems of the dew and enthroned in a circle of life-giving splendors!
O blessèd and shadowless land of repose, which the dream of the summer enfoldeth!
The light shall not fade from thy green-bladed slopes, and the charm of the trees is immortal;
Unsullied, undimmed, as the light of the stars, in the fields of the silence eternal.

In sacred and solacing shelter and shade; in the solitudes silent and sylvan;
In songs of the sun in the shimmering leaves and the silvery sheen of the water;
In bloom-bended branches that burthen the balmy and bountiful breasts of the summer;
In dripping of dews and the whisper of wandering winds and the fragrance of flowers;
In unwithered ways in the wilds, where the wars and the wrongs of the world are forgotten —
There waiteth the spirit of peace and of rest for the sorrowing soul that returneth.

Slow, slow, and faint the moving music grew,
And ceased at last upon the morning air.
I could have wept, so sweet it seemed, indeed,
If one might find forgetfulness and rest —
Might turn away from fretting, and be free
From torturing thoughts and loneliness, and grief
For songs unsung, and pain of lost endeavor;
Safe wrapped in dreams and in the summer shade,
Safe from the killing anguish in the heart,
Soothed by the murmur in the summer leaves,

Stayed near the gentle trouble of some stream,
Which wooes unceasingly the flowering shores,
There to lie down amidst the soft warm grass
Unvexed to rest, forever — satisfied.

Well pleasing, now, was that consoling song,
Well pleasing to recall the summer forest,
Now that the leaves were golden and the trees —
As though within them dwelt far-seeing souls
That cannot find content in passing joys —
Shook off impatiently their shining robes,
Disdaining to be decked in mocking glories.

And well it seemed now, hearking of that song,
If one might bide, like that enraptured spirit,
To revel undisturbed in nature's beauty,
And never dread love's hunger in the heart.

Sweet seemed the picture of that happy land.
And there to dwell — so ran my musing thoughts —
With one I love to love me, evermore,
Then should no heaven, devised of gods or men,
Tempt me away from my soul's paradise.

But lacking love, life lacketh everything.
Though it were set in everlasting beauty,
Amidst a realm, unfading as the sun,
Girt with resplendent glories, and enthroned
Upon the gathered riches of the world,
With angels clad in light for servitors,
All would be nothing. In the midst of all,
From the calm center of all circling fancies,
The changeless image of unruffled truth,
Like some pale specter of lost happiness,
Would rise amidst the glittering pomp and say:
"Fade, vain and cursèd semblances unreal;
Where love bides not, the soul of life hath fled.
Unloved to live, is not to live at all."

Then to gray ashes would the fabric turn:
The vaulted grandeur changed to dreariness
Should hedge the wretched soul, as in a prison,
Gloomed like the soundless corridors of death.

Away, away, with mocking words, forever!
The level sword of truth sheers through the net
Of woven phrases, staying the keen point
On one unalterable, fixed decree.
Man must be blest in all, else is his life
A mimic play, which eagerly he watches,
Still courting blindness to the imperfection.

Recalling all the loveliness of nature —
The friendly fields, the streams, the whispering wood —
I questioned deeply of my conscious heart:
Quick came the answer, and I turned away,
Once more the endless conflict to renew,
To battle — and to dream of happy days.

Robert Burns Wilson.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

The Lessons of Summer Travel.

EVERY summer gives new reason for wonder in the elaborate preparations which look to making the way of the summer tourist easy. The magnificent hotels which await him in every direction, the river and ocean steamers, the long trains of vestibuled cars, seem to riot in conveniences which make travel a luxury; and every year brings some new feature into the class of things which are almost necessities. The tourist whose great-grandfather was used only to short excursions in the family chaise, with occasional stops at a wayside inn, must now have his fast train, with accommodations for every need or whim; he must eat, drink, sleep, dress, be shaved, and enjoy library and writing facilities at the rate of forty miles an hour. And it is at least doubtful, withal, whether the modern tourist really pays very much more for his luxurious progress than his great-grandfather did for his summer jaunt. The expenditure of a comparatively small additional sum nowadays makes the tourist free of a great travelers' association, whose membership, however shifting, may be relied upon with safety, so that the corporations which make summer travel their peculiar care may furnish luxury at the lowest rates. They are preparing for tens and hundreds of thousands; they may therefore give each of these a share in larger preparations than a prince could formerly have expected.

But the question remains, How are such preparations possible? Is everything to be accounted for by the twin facts that there are a great many more people in the country, and that there is a great deal more wealth with which to provide for them? Many observers seem to think so; they argue as if passenger corporations were more benevolent than they used to be, or as if the people had become "more luxurious." The former proposition is hardly thinkable. The latter is begging the question. Our people, any people, would be even more "luxurious" if they dared to be; and the real question is as to the influences which have already brought them thus far upon the road. One may find many such influences, but he may be interested in tracing the connection of many phases of this progress with the apparently unrelated phenomenon of the steady decrease in the rate of interest. Indeed, if he begins to follow out this one influence through all its ramifications, it will carry him far beyond his starting-point of mere summer travel, and he will be almost ready to conclude that there is no human being who has not a personal stake in the still greater possible changes from the same cause.

The manner in which the rate of interest falls as the civilization and security of a country increase has been a familiar fact since there has been any economic discussion. Successive periods are marked by "waves" of lower interest. Seven per cent. was once not remarkable in our Eastern States; but period after period has seen the upper limit fall to six, to five, and even to four per cent. And such rates as these are for loans which are in the nature of investments, in which he who loans the money is able to stipulate for somewhat higher rates because he is surrendering control of his capital for three or six months, or for a longer time. The more notable cases are those in the nature of "call" loans, in which the lender retains some control over his capital, and the borrower gets lower rates in consideration of his agreement to repay on demand. It is not very long since money could be borrowed in this way in New York City for one per cent.; that is, a borrower, by paying a little less than $3 per day, could command the use of $100,000 and obtain from it what profit he could make. If such a rate is abnormally low and temporary, it will at least serve to point the general lesson more sharply.

The most evident effect is the increased opportunities which are thus given in our times to individual ability. For the same amount of interest the individual can every year command a larger and still larger amount of working capital. Like the law of gravitation, this one principle is at work everywhere in the modern world, and under countless different forms; its peculiar interest for us is that our own country is the first theater of action on which it has operated at the same time on a people of great individual ability and on a country of boundless natural wealth, and the full consequences of such a conjunction are still beyond human speculation. We can only say that it accounts for the increased standard of private fortunes, without the implication of ideas of monopoly or extortion, or any other variations of Proudhon's theme that "property is robbery." It has given us our enormous modern productive establishments, with their saving of waste, their decrease of price, their increased purchasing power for everybody's money, and the consequent ability of everybody who will to devote an increasing part of his income to pleasure or to profit. It is ready to meet the demands of commerce by furnishing money for cutting through isthmuses, tunneling mountains, and spanning continents with rows of rails; and it is as ready to make every provision so that not even a crumpled rose-leaf shall mar the delights of summer travel. The observer who is content with attributing such phenomena to mere increase of population or of wealth will miss many a cross-light which the conditions of travel might shed upon graver questions, and in particular the force of that fall of interest which every year causes enterprises which once were impossibilities to fall into the categories of possibilities, of probabilities, of undertakings, of accomplished facts. It is, perhaps, the mysterious force with which Lytton armed his "Coming Race"—greater than that, indeed, in that there are no conceivable limits to its development.

This is not a case, moreover, in which there is any hazard in arguing from generals to particulars, from the great to the ordinary affairs of human life. If the change of conditions enables the great corporation to provide for its passengers with double lavishness at the same annual cost, it is as ready to be the faithful servant of even the poorest, if he is willing to make use of it. It may not be able to raise him from the ranks of the hired servants to independence, but it will afford him the opportunity to make that or even a greater change in his personal position. It will enable him to build and own his house for less than he once paid for rent. It will set the wits of rich men at work for his benefit, as they endeavor to contrive ways in which he and others like him may safely borrow capital from them for such uses, at rates which, however low for the borrowers, are higher than the lenders can easily obtain elsewhere. It fulfills Richard Hooker's description of law: "All things in heaven and earth do her homage, the very least as feeling her care, and the greatest as not exempted from her power."

There are darker shades, it is true, to the picture. There is no means of confining the weapon of the coming race to hands that are always worthy or judicious. The increasing facility for obtaining the use of capital, together with man's inability to resist temptation, makes speculation every year faster and more furious, as it enables the speculator, by further borrowing, to postpone the final crash until it cannot but drag down numberless others with him. It gives possibility and shape to the "trusts" and other combinations of capital which are designed in any way to coerce the actions of other men; this is the force which gives them their opportunities for phenomenal profit or bankruptcy. And yet it is just this fall of interest and these combinations of capital which have made it possible to offer the higher salaries and wages of modern life: there was once a pretty general equality among salaries, while individual merit may now be gauged more accurately by its market price. The same force works thus beneficently in such cases, and is at the same time working to decrease the purchasing power of the estates of widows and orphans, to cripple the energies and efficiency of endowed institutions, and to compel the father of a family to work far harder and longer to accumulate a fortune whose interest shall be sufficient for the support of those who are dependent upon him. And yet who is to say that the law is blind, heartless, or cruel? From its operation there is no escape, either in innocence or in insignificance; but there is a remedy for it, that he who is affected by it should turn manfully upon it and convert it into an instrument for his own and the world's good.

Tipping.

WITHIN the memory of many of us the practice of giving small sums of money to servants was so uncommon in this country as to be accounted altogether a foreign custom. If the recipient of such an attention happened to be a full-blooded American, the chances were that his response would be marked by anything but a sense of gratitude; and the servant of foreign birth, if he had been in this country long enough to breathe in the inspiration of its environment, was apt to look at the incident from an equally American standpoint. There is little need that any one, in the height of this summer season, should take the trouble to point out in detail the changes which mark the present system. There is no longer an American sentiment on the subject. As employers drift into the policy of estimating and relying upon tips as a partial substitute for their wage-list, there is no longer any place in the service for him who will not be tipped. Two of the three parties in interest, the employer and the guest, have conspired to get rid of the servant of the old school, and therefore it is that the third party, the servant, whether native or foreign-born, is much condemned to have an itching palm.

The most evident injury of the new system is on its social side, in the feeling of insecurity and injustice which it has brought into a large part of our social life. The born American never used to have any of the grudges against his richer neighbor in which so much of the revolutionary feeling of other countries has its roots. He saw nothing unnatural in the notion that consumers should be graduated into classes according to their ability and willingness to pay, and that each class should get what it paid for. If his neighbor, who paid twice or thrice as much as he, got hotel accommodations which were proportionately better than his, he had no feeling of personal wrong; he enjoyed his own contentedly, in the devout belief that the time was coming when he should be able to pay for and enjoy that which would be more to his liking. His confidence in his own future made him a believer that, even in such a matter as hotel privileges, he could ask in the long run no better test than open competition and the market price. The tipping system has changed his whole position. The grades of accommodations are no longer fixed by competition alone, but surreptitiously and by corrupting the servants. The ordinary guest must still pay the rates which are proper for his own scale of accommodation, but in addition to that he must now compete with his richer neighbor in tipping the servants, or else he will not get even the accommodations for which he pays. In other words, he must pay higher rates in order that his richer neighbor may perpetuate a system under which he may decrease his rates by bargaining in part with the servants instead of with the employers. Is it wonderful that the new system brings about a chronic discontent which used to be unknown?

The corruptible servant can and will sell his services below their real value, for he is selling that which does not really belong to him, but to his employer, or to the guest whom he is neglecting because of a refusal to tip: whatever the price he gets, it is so much clear gain to him. So the larcenous servant can afford to sell napkins or tea-spoons much below their market price. So the negro laborer at the South can afford to sell to the cross-roads storekeeper the stolen cotton or the farm products at a lower price than the lawful owner could have accepted. Public opinion makes the position of the "fence" or the collusive storekeeper unpleasant; why should it deal any more tenderly with the man who tips? The only point in his favor is that he is ignorant of the full extent of his evil work; and to balance this is the fact that he is willing, for the sake of present ease, not only to bribe a servant to appropriate to him what belongs to neither of them, but to compel employers to recognize this as a system of licensed spoliation, and to drive other guests into doing even as he does.

There is, moreover, a political side to the evil which is generally overlooked. The Romans held that it was beneath the dignity of a free man to take money in return for personal services; and the Roman law of contracts was very seriously modified by the persistence of the idea down to the latest times. Circumstances seem to show that there was some truth in the notion; and yet we must have personal service, and it must be paid for, in default of slavery — the infinitely worse alternative which governed the ancient world. So long as the employer stood between guest and servant, taking the guest's money and therewith paying the servant, the connection between guest and servant was so indirect as to obviate many of the evils which the Roman instinctively feared, and the somewhat aggressive independence of the American servant did the rest. The system of tipping, bringing in a direct but surreptitious money connection between guest and servant, cannot but result in a steady degeneration of the servant's moral fiber. It gives the servant a mercenary mode of thought which is unhappily too familiar to most men to need much specification here. The worst of all results is that it corrupts the servant's whole conception of duty: duty is no longer something to which he is bound, but something which some one else is bound to bribe him to do. When such a conception of duty is daily borne in upon the heart and practice of a circle of servants, which is steadily extending from the employees of hotels to those of railroads, steamboats, and every conceivable variety of personal service, and when all these men are not only servants but voters, how can it be expected that we shall leave a man a virile conception of his duty as a voter while we corrupt him as a servant? He will not bring you a glass of water at a hotel table, or handle your luggage on a steamer, without an extra gratuity; why should he vote even the ticket of his own party unless he is tipped for his trouble? How far is democratic government compatible with the tip system?

It is said that there is no remedy. There is none which will take effect without effort, but sincere and persistent effort could find a remedy. Some of our clubs have found already that the social evil of tipping, the sense of insecurity and inequality which it introduces among the members, is not "clubbable." They therefore pay the servants honest wages, and make the offer of any further tip or gratuity an offense against the club. Let us extend the club feeling and find in it the remedy. It was in the hotels that the evil began its vicious course, and in them the remedy must find its beginning. It would not be a difficult matter for a hotel to announce in its advertisements, in its offices, and on its bills of fare, that its servants are paid full wages, that any of them accepting tips will be dismissed at the end of the week, and that the guest is requested not to tempt the servant by offering him gratuities. Only a few cases of vigorous enforcement of these notices would be needed. The results would be profitable to the employers, and pleasant to those guests who do not tip, and to those who are coerced into tipping. They would of course be unpleasant to those few who wish to tip; but these are just the social pests who underlie the whole system and who deserve no consideration.

We know of at least one hotel where the non-tipping plan was tried, we believe, with success.

The Washington Memorial Arch.

THEY were not mistaken who believed that the celebration in New York of the centenary of Washington's inauguration would not only stimulate the patriotism of the nation and of the city, but would increase, especially, the sense and pride of citizenship on the part of the inhabitants of the city itself. The most conspicuous and gratifying evidence of this has been given in the movement looking to the erection in permanent form, at Washington Square, of the temporary centennial arch designed by Stanford White. There has seldom been seen in New York a movement of the kind sustained so well by public opinion. The manner in which the various artistic, literary, and social organizations have responded to the suggestion is quite unprecedented in our history. Of course one reason for this is the fact that the public were not called upon to subscribe to an unknown object. They were assured by the very circumstances of the case that the monument would be a fit and beautiful one; that in its purity, simplicity, and majesty it would recall the character of the first President; that the form of the memorial would not be the dubious outcome of an anonymous competition. One reason, we say, that the scheme has not flashed in the pan is that the intelligence of the community stamped the monument at once with its approval. But another reason is that the "centennial" had helped to make the city "feel itself."

There never was a time when so many public-spirited citizens were determined that New York should offer something more to the eye of the visitor than a rushing stream of humanity, "something more" for the contemplation of the rest of the world "than a swift-running mill which grinds the grists of fortune." The city's private architecture has improved strikingly during the past ten years. It has acquired a few notable statues and more are being added to the number. But the Washington Memorial Arch will be the first piece of purely decorative public architecture, of first-class importance, erected in New York. It will not only greatly add to the beauty and to the interest of the city, but is sure to be the beginning of a system of arches and public gateways at appropriate places throughout the metropolis.

The more beautiful the city, and the stronger its appeal to the eye and to the heart of its inhabitants, the more apt will these be to see to it that our local government is not a reproach among the nations of the earth.

OPEN LETTERS.

Union Veterans and their Pensions.

THERE are two national associations, having organized support throughout the North and West, which are engaged in advocating a service pension for every Union survivor of the civil war, and the Grand Army of the Republic, the largest and the strongest society of veterans, has an extensive machinery at work agitating for the support of pension measures both at the polls and at Washington. It is true that this machinery of the Grand Army is not strictly representative, but the State and national conventions of the order, made up of delegates elected annually, are in the habit of discussing and voting upon measures which are expected to be presented to Congress by a committee acting under authority of the whole body.[1] Some of the measures indorsed by the Grand Army in the past have become laws. The Dependent Pension Bill, which was vetoed in 1887, originated in the pension committee representing the National Encampment.

With a view to presenting the pension question as it stands, both as regards the allowances drawn at this time and the additional allowances to be asked for in the near future, I give below an abstract of the provisions already made for survivors of the service, and also the provisions of the bills proposed, and an approximate of the cost of these new measures.

According to the report for 1888 of the Commissioner of Pensions, there were then on the rolls 326,835 survivors of the war of 1861–65, 217,580 of the number receiving allowances not exceeding $8 a month.[2] The 109,255 reported as receiving an excess of $8 a month include nearly all of the officers drawing invalid pensions (some of them are on the roll at a lower rate), and all of the enlisted men having extra disability, such as the loss of limbs, or eyesight, or hearing, or the equivalents. Out of the 217,580 reported at $8 or less, there are 32,007 at $2 or less, 103,556 at $4 or less, and 153,177 at $6 or less. Only 64,403 of the 217,580 in this class, and mainly those technically known as the fully disabled, receive over $6 a month, and the remaining 153,177 are on at an average of $3.50 a month. Since $8 was deemed a fair rate to support a dependent veteran in the simple times of the first half of the century, when that rate was fixed, the present allowance as it comes to individuals in the large class here considered is not much more than a pittance. The aggregate annual value of the entire list at $8 and under, as it stood in 1888, is about $13,888,000.

The following table of ratings and of the number pensioned at each rate shows how the allowance is distributed among invalid survivors (war of 1861–65) on the rolls June 30, 1888:

Rates.	*No.*
$1.00	283
1.87	2
2.00	31,722
2.12½	3
2.25	4
2.50	3
2.66	7
2.66⅔	38
3.00	1,935
3.12	1
3.75	348
4.00	69,210
4.25	426
5.00	1,462
5.25	2
5.33	13
5.33⅓	35
5.66⅔	6
5.75	16
6.00	47,661
6.25	76
6.37	2
6.37½	2
6.66⅔	2
6.75	3
7.00	215
7.25	14
7.50	925
7.66⅔	1
7.75	21
8.00	63,142
8.12½	1
8.25	24
8.50	1,134
8.66	1
8.75	10
9.00	375
9.25	22
9.50	35
9.75	14
10.00	19,046
10.25	18
10.50	37
10.66	1
10.75	15
11.00	62
11.25	483
11.33	1
11.33⅓	9
11.50	25
11.75	25
12.00	25,078
12.12½	6
12.25	15
12.50	211
12.75	707
13.00	328
13.12	1
13.25	19
13.33	6
13.33⅓	1
13.50	40
$13.75	16
14.00	6,555
14.25	35
14.50	10
14.75	14
14.87½	1
15.00	2,334
15.25	2
15.50	8
15.75	9
16.00	11,868
16.25	13
16.50	18
16.75	21
17.00	2,656
17.25	3
17.50	31
17.75	7
18.00	2,538
18.25	5
18.50	15
18.75	130
19.00	174
19.25	11
19.50	2
20.00	1,652
20.75	3
21.00	7
21.25	2
21.87	1
22.00	1
22.50	92
23.25	3
23.50	1
23.75	3
24.00	13,522
24.50	2
25.00	388
25.25	1
26.25	1
26.75	3
27.50	6
30.00	11,257
30.75	2
31.25	88
32.00	3
32.50	3
35.00	4
35.50	2
36.00	2,927
38.50	1
40.00	24
40.25	1
42.00	1
45.00	2,540
46.00	1
49.00	1
50.00	1,430
53.00	1
72.00	1,053
100.00	2
	326,835

Rates of Monthly Allowance according to Rank for Injuries incurred in Service amounting to Total Disability.

Rank of lieutenant-colonel	$30.00
“ “ major	25.00
“ “ captain	20.00
“ “ first lieutenant	17.00
“ “ second “	15.00
“ “ cadets, etc	10.00
Privates and non-commissioned officers (except warrant officers in the navy)	8.00

Rates established by Law according to Disability.

Loss of both hands or feet	72.00
Total disability in both hands	50.00
Total disability in both feet	31.25
Loss of sight of both eyes	72.00
Loss of one hand and one foot	36.00
Loss of a hand or foot	30.00
Any disability equivalent to loss of hand or foot	24.00
Amputation at or above elbow or knee, or total disability of the arm or leg	36.00

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[1] The National Pension Committee of the Grand Army is appointed by the Commander-in-Chief, who is elected annually. The committee serves one year.

[2] Eight dollars a month is the total for the rank of an enlisted man whose disability, with respect to the part affected, incapacitates for manual labor. This rate was established in 1818, and has not been increased except for special disabilities.

Amputation at or near hip or shoulder joint	$45.00
Inability to perform manual labor	30.00
Disability requiring regular attendance by another person	50.00
Total deafness	30.00

The rates for other disabilities are fixed by the Commissioner of Pensions.

The law assumes that these beneficiaries received permanent injuries incident to service during the war, or, if the injury be not permanent, that the allowance is suspended whenever the effects of the injury disappear. There is justification for this enormous pension list of survivors, in the record of casualties and diseases. There were over 250,000 wounds treated in hospitals, and in all about 6,000,000 cases of wounds and diseases. Aside from the dead on the field over 200,000 cases proved fatal.

Any reduction of this invalid list, which aggregated in 1888 an annual value of over $37,000,000, must be made by scaling the allowances of one or both of the two classes which I have distinguished, namely: the numerous class, which includes nearly all of the enlisted men, and where the average is $5.31+ a month, and the aggregate annual value is not quite $14,000,000 for over 217,000 beneficiaries, or the class where the average is greater and the number of pensioners less, the beneficiaries being 109,255, the annual value about $24,182,000, and the average $18.42+ a month. This higher class of pensioners, however, includes nearly all of the disabled officers, and all of the enlisted men who are severely maimed.

Assuming that these pensions will remain as they are during the lifetime of the beneficiaries, what other classes of survivors, who are deserving, are unprovided for?

First. Those who by reason of the hardships of service and old age combined are not able to labor, and who have no case under the invalid laws.

Second. Those who are disabled by reason of injuries received in service, and who cannot prove their claims.

Third. Those who have become disabled since the war, and whose faithful services entitle them to the gratitude of the nation.

The number of these cannot be computed, but doubtless there are many thousands. Every Grand Army post has some cases of the kind on its relief list. The average age of survivors is about fifty years, and there must be a large number who have passed the age of activity. Very many who received permanent injuries in service, but were young and hopeful when the war closed, did not make application and secure evidence while the proper witnesses could be obtained, and cannot at this date prove their invalid claims. Still others had no well-defined disease when they were discharged, but have become disabled since and are now in want, and have no case under present laws.

It was to benefit, ostensibly, the three classes not now on the list that the Dependent Pension Bill, which failed to become a law, was framed by the Grand Army committee. Immediately after the veto the committee prepared a modified bill called a Disability Bill, providing for veterans as follows:

> SEC. 2. That all persons who served three months or more in the military or naval service of the United States during the late war of the rebellion, and who have been honorably discharged therefrom, and who are now or who may hereafter be suffering from mental or physical disability, not the result of their own vicious habits, which totally incapacitates them for the performance of manual labor, shall, upon making due proof of the fact according to such rules and regulations as the Secretary of the Interior may provide, be placed upon the list of invalid pensioners of the United States, and be entitled to receive twelve dollars per month; and such pension shall commence from the date of the filing of the application in the Pension Office, after the passage of this act, upon proof that the disability then existed, and shall continue during the existence of the same in the degree herein specified: *Provided*, That persons who are now receiving pensions under existing laws, or whose claims are pending in the Pension Office, may, by application to the Commissioner of Pensions, in such form as he may prescribe, receive the benefits of this act; and nothing herein contained shall be so construed as to prevent any pensioner thereunder from prosecuting his claim and receiving his pension under any other general or special act: *Provided, however*, That no person shall receive more than one pension for the same period: *And provided further*, That rank in the service shall not be considered in applications filed thereunder.

This section was left unchanged in a bill passed by the Senate at the last session. Meanwhile there had been introduced in both houses a bill known as the Per Diem Service Pension Bill (given in full, below), a measure which its advocates declared would benefit the three classes considered above, as being unprovided for, and the House committee of the last Congress reported the Grand Army Disability Bill, with Section 2 changed to provide as follows:

> A pension at the rate per month of one cent for each day's service in the military or naval service of the United States during any of the wars in which the United States have been engaged, and all persons who have served as aforesaid, and have been honorably discharged as aforesaid, and are now sixty-two years of age, shall also be entitled, etc.

Further provision grants the same pension to all who attain the age of sixty-two. In this bill the three classes above considered are recognized as deserving, but the rate to be allowed is graded according to length of service. The bill was not voted upon.

During the discussion of the Dependent Bill before and after the veto, a measure, known as the Lovering, or Eight Dollar Service Pension Bill, providing eight dollars a month to every survivor who had served sixty days or more, was brought before Congress.

This bill would benefit the deserving classes to the extent of eight dollars a month; but as it makes only a slight distinction with regard to length of service, several rated service pension bills were discussed by the veterans, and finally the Per Diem Bill was formulated. It was introduced early in the session of 1887-88, and is as follows:

> A Bill to grant Pensions for Service in the Army, Navy, and Marine Corps of the United States.
>
> Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, that the Secretary of the Interior is hereby authorized and directed to place on the pension roll of the United States the names of all persons specified in the following section, upon making due proof that they performed the service specified in said section.
>
> SEC. 2. That persons entitled as beneficiaries under the preceding sections are as follows: Any officer or enlisted man who shall have served in the army, navy, or marine corps of the United States, including regulars and volunteers, subsequent to the fourth day of March, 1861, and prior to the first day of July, 1866.
>
> SEC. 3. That the rate of pension for such service shall be at the rate per month of one cent for each day's

service rendered in the said army, navy, or marine corps of the United States.[1]

SEC. 4. That the period of service shall be computed from the date of muster into the United States service to the date of discharge, but no pension shall be granted under this act to or on account of any person who deserted prior to July 1, 1865, until he shall have obtained a discharge from the service from which he deserted, and no discharge which was given to any person by reason of reënlistment as a veteran volunteer, or to enable him to accept a promotion, shall be deemed a discharge from the services within the meaning of this act.

SEC. 5. That pension under this act shall be at the rate specified in section three, and shall be paid to the persons entitled thereto for the term of their lives from and after the passage of this bill.

SEC. 6. This bill is intended as a service pension bill, and is intended as an addition to all invalid pensions which have been or may hereafter be granted for disability.

The three bills, the Dependent or Disability Bill, the Eight Dollar Bill, and the Per Diem Bill, were before Congress when the national encampment of the Grand Army (Columbus, Ohio, 1888) was again called upon to meet the question. The committee on pensions reiterated the claims of the Disability Bill, and finally a resolution was adopted almost unanimously favoring a service pension of eight dollars a month for every survivor who served sixty days or more, and an additional amount of one cent a month for each day's service exceeding eight hundred.

The bill has not yet been presented, but the Grand Army committee has been active in pushing the Disability Bill. However, the resolution of the encampment is an approval of the principle of service pensions, and is in harmony with the action of many of the State departments of the order.

Upon the question of service pensions, the veterans in and out of the Grand Army are divided as to the following points: *First.* Shall the pension begin at once, or at sixty-two years of age? *Second.* Shall it be rated according to length of service, or be uniform? *Third.* Shall it be in addition to the invalid pension allowance in cases already on the roll? *Fourth.* Shall it continue to the widows or other dependent heirs?

The number of survivors is estimated, in the departments at Washington, at about 1,350,000. It is asserted by the Per Diem Service Pension Association that the average term of service is about one year, and that the Per Diem Bill would allow an average pension of $3.65 a month. If 1,000,000 survivors called for the allowance, the cost would be less than $50,000,000 a year. The Eight Dollar Bill would cost $96,000,000 a year if 1,000,000 men should receive it. The Grand Army Service Pension Bill would cost, on the same basis, $96,000,000 a year, and an additional sum to every veteran who served over 800 days; that is, for three years' service, or 1095 days, $10.95 a month; for four years, or 1460 days, $14.60 a month; and at that rate for all terms of service of over 800 days.[2]

For more than twenty years the Grand Army of the Republic throughout the Union has engaged in a vast and peculiar system of relief to needy comrades, and the veterans have original knowledge which should make them competent advocates and judges in claims made on the ground of service. But with this knowledge and influence there is also responsibility, and it is to be hoped that the pension measures presented on behalf of the order will be based wholly upon justice for all concerned,— the interests of the country as well as that of the soldiers,— and not upon the mere fact of approval by an accidental majority in the ranks of the veterans.

George L. Kilmer.

"The Use of Oil to Still the Waves."

I HAVE just read with much interest the article in the March number of THE CENTURY on "The Use of Oil to Still the Waves." It so happens that lately a large ship laden with petroleum was run into by a steamer off the Owers lightship which carried away a part of her cutwater and made a huge hole in her bows. It was blowing pretty fresh from the southwest at the time, and there was a good sea on. The casks began to roll out through the hole in the bows of the *Vandalia* of New Brunswick, and the vessel to settle down forward. The crew took to the boats and abandoned her, and she drifted up channel and finally grounded off Hove, about three hundred yards from shore. Two thousand or more casks of petroleum drifted to land, and I was curious to see what effect the oil had upon the waves. To my surprise, I came to the conclusion that the effect was almost entirely negative; and I made the remark to some friends that, whatever effect other kinds of oil may have, petroleum is evidently of no use. I now find that this experience is in strict accordance with the statement of Lieutenant Beehler, "that mineral oil is not suitable, especially if refined." The cargo of the *Vandalia* consisted, I presume, of refined oil, for on observing some flow from a cask, the head of which was started, it was evidently a very limpid and perfectly clear oil, having a faint bluish tinge very similar to that observable in fluorescent liquids. Several of the casks were stove in and came to shore empty of their contents, so that a large quantity of oil had mingled with the sea water. To such an extent was this the case that the sea along the length of the shore for two miles or more presented a thin milk-and-water appearance. It appeared to me, so far as I could judge, that the heavy sea churned the oil up into minute globules, which were dispersed throughout the water and so rendered it turbid. I quite satisfied myself that the oil did not spread out into a continuous film over the surface of the water, but broke up into little patches. The surface motion of the sea seemed unappreciably affected. It broke over the bows of the *Vandalia*, and came up in heavy breakers upon the beach, but there seemed much less foam than is usually created when the big rollers break.

George Gladstone.

HOVE, SUSSEX, ENGLAND.

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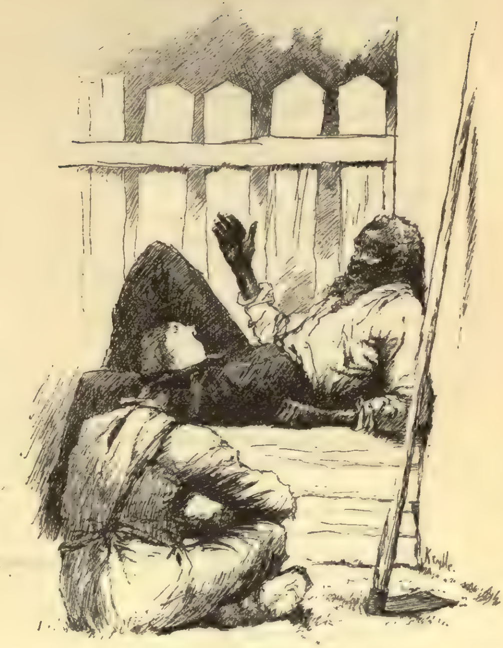
[1] Two years is a fair term of service in a long war, and $8 is the full pension established. But a soldier's service is not recorded in full years; it is from the day of actual enlistment to that of discharge. Therefore a rate of one cent a day, which would give $7.30 for a two-years' term, would give a proportionate sum for any length of service.

[2] The total disbursement for pensions for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1888, was $78,775,861.92, and nearly one-third of the amount was used in payment of arrears on new claims. The annual value of all the pensions on the roll was $56,707,220.92, and out of this $18,648,373.50 was for pensions to the widows and other dependents of three wars, and the survivors of 1812 and the Mexican War. On the basis of the amount on the rolls for 1888 the estimates for the Per Diem Bill would increase the annual value of all pensions to something over $100,000,000, the Eight Dollar Bill would swell it to over $150,000,000, and the Grand Army Service Pension measure to a still higher sum.

BRIC-À-BRAC.

A Fence-Corner Oration.

OOMHOO, I hyah 'bout Ark'nsaw befo',
An' all dat lan' out Wes',
But heah ole Peter hoed es row,
An' hit 's mighty nigh time ter res'.
I knows de white folks roun' erbout,
An' de ole uns all knows me:
When hard-time comes dey he'ps me out,
Des same as I warn' free.
An' I hyah 'bout dat five dollers er day,
An' nuth'n' 't all ter do
But ter shovel dirt on er railroad track
An' eat when yer all git frough.
I seen some niggers be'n out deir
Come er-hustlin' back ergin,
An' I hatter gi' um meat an' bread
Ter he'p full out dey skin.
Dey said dat rations pow'ful skearce,
De hen roos' mighty high,
An' 'possum des 'bout as hard ter ketch
When he go rackin' by.
T'ings way off yonner look mighty fine,
But des you git up close,
Gwineter see sup'n' else dat 'll mek yer want
Butt yer head ergin er pos'.
An' 'bout de time yer tu'n eroun' good,
An' see how fur yer come,
Some t'ings gwineter look mighty fine
Erway 'long back to'rds home.
Dis lan' *ain't* what hit used ter be —
Nobody ain' 'sputin' dat:
But hit 'll talk back ter de hoe,
An' keep de chillun fat;
An' sometime guano ain' gwine stick,
Don't keer wher' yer got um,
But when hit wash down off de hill,
Deir 's big corn grows en de bottum.
An' ef de crik git out an' wash
Guano plum on down,
Hit gethers some erway 'long up,
An' sots hit on mer groun'.
Yes, sah, I learned er heap er sense
Sence freedom tunned me out,
An' sho 's yer born, Boss, hit 's all right;
De Lord knows what he 's 'bout!
When cotton short, de corn hit 's tall,
An' when de hog meat 's high,
I puts ner morgidge on ole mule,
An' he wuk hit out bimeby.
But yer can't learn dese young niggers sense,
Dey got ter learn dese'f.
'T ain' what goes in meks white folks rich,
Hit 's what sticks ter de she'f;
An' some niggers ain' gwine settle down,
Don't cyah where dey be:
Dey c'n all put out fer Ark'nsaw,
But dey don't trabbl' 'long wid me!
Ole Mars'er buried out yonner by de plums,
An' ole Miss, she deir too,
An' my ole 'ooman ain' ve'y fur off,
An' my las' littl' gal, Sally Lou.
Don't mek no diffunce whar some folks put,
When dey race es all be'n run,
But somehow I ain' wanter stray too fur
'Fo' my las' day's work git dun.
Some er dese times, an' mebby 'fo' yer know,
Gwineter hyah dey Gabeul horn
An' gwineter be er-stirrin' ev'ywhar en de lan',



An' er heap er folks skeered, sho 's yer born:
Heap er folks what tort deysel' mighty good
Gwineter trimble en de traces an' balk,
An I wanter be whar *I* c'n sorter step eroun'
An' hyah ole Miss when she talk.
She mighty good 'ooman, ole Miss was,—
Ev'ybody roun' heah knowed dat,—
An' what she says es gospel law,
I don't keer whar she at.
Ef she lean fum de chariot er-rollin' frough de gate
An' ses, "Sen' my nigger in ter me,"
De angeul gwineter lif' es hat ter her,
An' I ain' gwineter tell 'im I 'm free.

Harry Stillwell Edwards.

The Sensitive Visitor.

THE night was bitter: Pride and I
Sat gazing on it through the pane:
Who can this gallant horseman be
That at our casement draweth rein?

We turn our faces, Pride and I;
And yet the pleading and the pain
Of that one look — nay, out of sight,
He 's passed into the night and rain.

Who could the bold intruder be?
Alas! to-day 't is but too plain:
His name was Opportunity —
He never came to us again.

Orelia Key Bell.

Forgotten Books.

Of books I sing, but not of those
Which any Book Collector knows,—
The priceless, rare editions, not,
But volumes which the World forgot
And with them those who wrote, as well,
Before they had a chance to sell:
Ephemerals that find themselves
With the Immortals on my shelves.
I name no names, for if I should
None would recall them now, nor could
A word of mine bring any one
Out of its long Oblivion.
The ink on many fly-leaves still
Looks quite as fresh as when the quill
On each inscribed an author's name,
And signed his title there to Fame
Without one solitary fear
About its being proven clear.
One has its pages still uncut,
Clean, kept ironically shut
By him whose name therein is penned
Above: *From his devoted friend.*
And not infrequently I come
Across the imprint of a thumb,
Or in the paragraphs I find
A pleasing sentence underlined,
Or neatly on the margin set
A compliment in epithet:
Each one of these, I 'm satisfied,
Was read before its author died.

But there is one among them all,
Morocco bound, gilt-edged, and small,
Filled with the amatory rhymes
Of ante-Tennysonian times,
Stiff in their phraseology
And rather rough in melody.
'T is *Dedicated unto Her*
By Her Unworthie Worshipper.
And just below is written, "*These*
Many and pleasing Melodies,
Dear Wm. writ in '98,
& unto Me did Dedicate."
This one was read and read again,
And annotated by her pen:
And this fulfilled the Author's hopes,
Repaid the toil of all his tropes,
And had, at least his span of life,
One constant reader in his wife.

Frank Dempster Sherman.

To Mistress Rose.

A Rose by any other name?
Nay, that could hardly be —
No other name, my Flower of June,
Could *be* the name for thee.

Dear darling of the summer-time
And love-child of the sun —
Whether by thy sweet breath beguiled,
Or by thy thorns undone,

I know thee for the Queen of flowers,
And toast thee by thy name:
"Here 's to the sweet young loveliness
That sets our hearts aflame!"

Louise Chandler Moulton.

An Unpublished Song by Thomas Moore.

Yet, ere we met, I was a lover
Of many a bright and beaming face;
Ere one of folly's whims was over,
Another quick supplied its place.

But though I 've bent the knee to many,
And felt my bosom throb the while,
Trust me, I never felt for any
Half what was taught me by thy smile.

Then, dearest, think not that I love thee
The less for having loved before.
Trust me, if others' charms could move me,
Thine, dearest, must, oh how much more!

I 'm like that youth we read in story
Who worshiped many a brilliant star,
Until the pure moon's brighter glory
Rose to his sight more lovely far.

Since then by woodland streams and mountain
She was his sole and only dream;
His heart was likened to a fountain,
The faithful mirror of her beam.

Thus do thy brighter beauties move me,
And though I loved the stars before,
Be thou my moon! Henceforth I 'll love thee —
I cannot tell thee how much more.

Two Loves.

I wonder if a certain lane
So happily is faring
As when my first love, Ellen Jane,
There took her daily airing.

My lollipops I shared with her,
And, daintiest of misses,
For every sweet, without demur,
She paid me off in kisses.

My latest love is Eleanor,
The Jane is quite derided,
And though I still divide with her,
My pay is undecided.

Sometimes when sweets and flowers most rare
I on her shrine am showering,
Her smiles with sunshine fill the air,
But ah! too oft she 's lowering.

No matter how I strive and woo,
No more for me such bliss is
To see her — as she used to do —
Put up her mouth for kisses.

Sweet Eleanor, though grown are we,
My love brings more of pain
Than when your summers numbered three
And you were Ellen Jane.

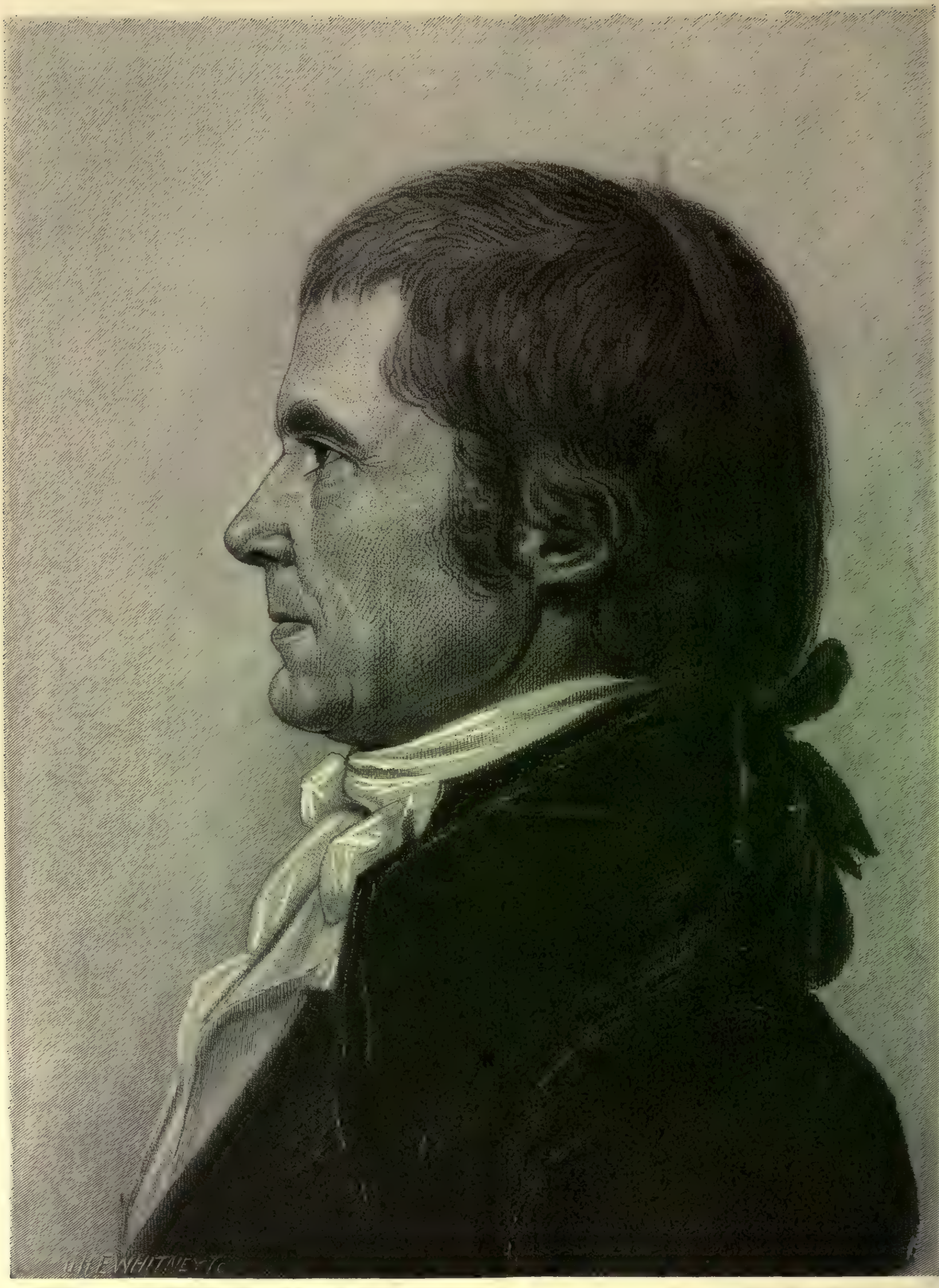
Cora Stuart Wheeler.

Constancy.

Inconstant? No, dear, nought I 've done,—
Such crime would not become one.
Constant is not to love but one,
But always to love some one.
At least admit, dear, I am true —
Constant to love, if not to you.

George Birdseye.

THE DE VINNE PRESS, NEW YORK.



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J Marshall

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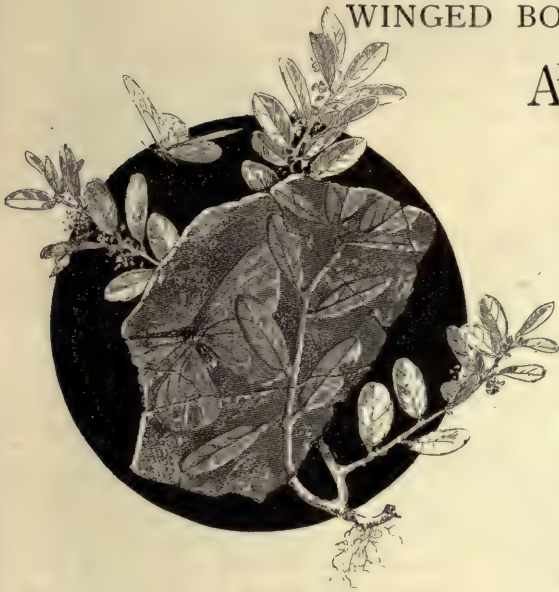
WINGED BOTANISTS.



AMONG my earliest memories associated with nature, and one that will always vividly linger, is that interesting spectacle of a winter butterfly hovering about the farm-yard of my New England home. It was the middle of January, one of those balmy days of respite from the north wind. The patches of thawing drifts lay like mimic glaciers amid their melting areas on the barn and barrack roofs, slowly stealing down the shingle or hovering in impending avalanche at the dripping eaves. High on the ridgepole of the barn my butterfly first disclosed itself, now fluttering against the sky, now alighting with expanded, gently moving wings, sipping at the steamy edge of the snow or sailing across its white field.

In this "lone butterfly" of the winter sun, as Wilson is pleased to call him, we have a representative of a small family of beautiful insects for which the cold has no terrors — the Angle-wings, boreal butterflies, the hardy Alpine species of our Lepidoptera, if I may so speak, for these insects are Alpine in a larger sense than that of mere hardihood. While most of our common butterflies are peculiar to our continent, these winter survivors — the Milbert's butterfly, the Atlanta, the Comma, the White J, and the Progne, hibernating in crevices and crannies during the coldest periods, and taking the slightest hint of genial moderation to lend their animated being to the dormant landscape — are in truth cosmopolitan types, the Painted Lady being common in northern Europe; the Atlanta in Europe, Africa, and the East Indies; while the Antiopa, the prominent member of the group, is an almost world-wide denizen, at home in arctic snows, omnipresent from Alaska to Brazil, and from Lapland to northern Africa.

It was doubtless the spell of one of these butterflies that crystallized the arctic simile of Wordsworth:

Little butterfly, indeed
I know not if you sleep or feed.
How motionless! Not frozen seas more
Motionless.

Look at these remarkable bordering jagged aiguilles, in this Comma butterfly, for instance, this verdant zone traversing beneath the peaks, these merging veins like mimic glacial streams, and this isolated patch of silver, like the tiny lingering remnant of an avalanche in a vast field of striate granite, for the likeness to scratched granite is singularly manifest. All these wondrous hieroglyphs are here apparent to the inward eye, though only revealed to

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mine, as though in a mirror, from this storied wing of a butterfly, the "Comma," captured by my own hand on the ice midway in the Mer de Glace of Switzerland. "Every object rightly seen unlocks a new faculty of soul," says Emerson. Shall I ever again look upon the folded wings of the Progne or Faunus butterfly without a consciousness that I now see "through and beyond" where before I had only looked upon its scales?

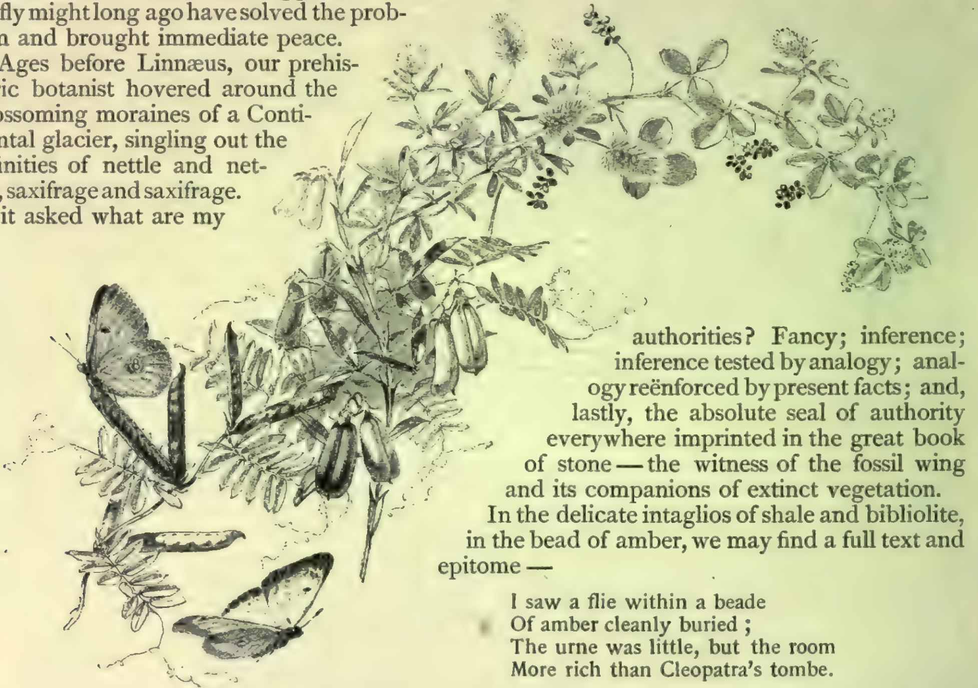
It has long been my intention to collect my observations touching the strange intuitive botanical instinct possessed by a large number of insects, notably of the lepidopterous tribe, which, with the exception of the bees, are the most intimately associated with the floral kingdom. For the butterfly,—the "idle butterfly" of the poet, the universal type of *dolce far niente*,—under the guide of enlightened science, now rebukes the heedless estimate of the past, proving its buoyant rounds to have been directed by a divine purpose concerned in the perpetuation of many of the very flowers which have served the bard merely as a pretty background to its quivering poise. As the lover and companion of flowers, then, the butterfly is thus a botanist *par excellence*, and, as an ally of the Infinite, a botanist divine. And in the scientific classification of species the butterfly has proved a prehistoric antecedent to the fathers of botany, and an oracle not sufficiently regarded in later times.

Botanical history is full of learned dissensions among the wise-heads upon the botanical affinities of this or that non-committal plant, whether it should be placed here or there among the natural orders. How many a martyr blossom has served but as a shuttlecock in the learned mêlée, tossed back and forth for years ere it found its final rest among its congenial kindred, while a mere appeal to the butterfly might long ago have solved the problem and brought immediate peace.

Ages before Linnæus, our prehistoric botanist hovered around the blossoming moraines of a Continental glacier, singling out the affinities of nettle and nettle, saxifrage and saxifrage. Is it asked what are my authorities? Fancy; inference; inference tested by analogy; analogy reënforced by present facts; and, lastly, the absolute seal of authority everywhere imprinted in the great book of stone — the witness of the fossil wing and its companions of extinct vegetation.

In the delicate intaglios of shale and bibliolite, in the bead of amber, we may find a full text and epitome —

I saw a flie within a beade
Of amber cleanly buried;
The urne was little, but the room
More rich than Cleopatra's tombe.



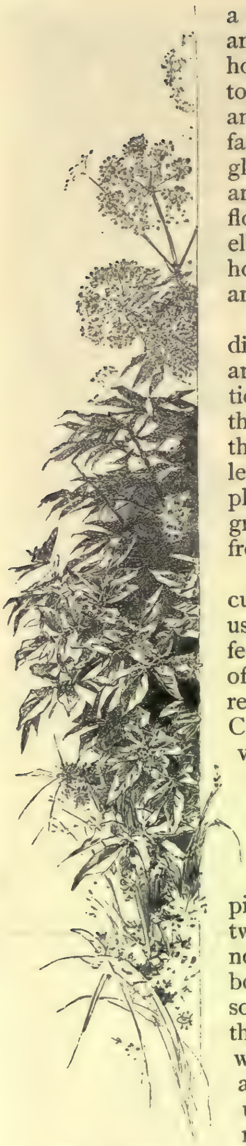
VETCH, RATTLE-BOX, PUSS CLOVER, AND BLACK MEDIC.

In further reënforcement bearing upon the functions and antiquity of my botanists, Macmillan records having seen several butterflies of the Apollo species at home eight thousand feet above the sea. Another traveler observed a butterfly hovering high above him while on the summit of Mont Blanc. I myself saw several butterflies reveling among Alpine flowers at an elevation of six thousand feet, to say nothing of the occasional wanderers which I observed floating far above me about the crags. Willis chronicles the discovery of numerous specimens in glacial ice fourteen thousand feet in altitude. Moreover, on the summit of Flégere, six thousand feet, I found a large moth which had just emerged from its chrysalis, affording conclusive proof that its entire existence in the caterpillar state had been spent in this Alpen clime.

In the "least willow" alone is furnished a fitting indorsement to the claim of antiquity, and also a complete refutation of the common belief concerning the absence of insect life on the loftiest Alpen summits; as this little omnipresent herbaceous willow, barely three inches high, often indeed not more than an inch, still with its ambitious show of honey-baited blossoms, *is absolutely dependent upon insect visits for its perpetuation*, the pollen-bearing flowers being on separate plants from those which produce the seed. Müller observed a small moth acting as sponsor to these hardy blossoms.

Deep in the damp woods of late summer we often find a constant presence flitting above the succulent herbage. Observe its rounds carefully. Here is

ALPINE COWSLIP, MOUNTAIN GENTIAN, SOLDANELLA, ALPINE RANUNCULUS, ALPINE RHODODENDRON.



WILD CARROT.

a thick undergrowth of spikenard, ferns, bedstraw, colt's-foot, rue, bidens, ampelopsis, aster, wood-nettle, horse-balm, sunflower, and an attendant host of plants. Our butterfly is now sunning its damask feathers on the topmost leaf of yonder wood-nettle, now creeping around its edge, and revealed only by the translucent shadow responding to the gentle fanning motion of the wings. In another moment we catch the fiery gleam in a sunbeam as the sylph again soars above the herbage to settle among the tall sunny leaves beyond; these also are nettles. Now it floats above our heads and alights upon the pale green plant at our elbow, and what is this? It is a wood-nettle. And thus it flits by the hour, draping the underwood in ethereal festoons from every nettle spray among the copse.

A closer scrutiny of these plants will throw a little light upon this discriminating flight. The leaves are seen to be partly devoured, and an occasional one appears to droop with an unnatural attitude, a position readily explained when we discover the angular pitch caused by the severing of the three prominent veins close to the stem, the edges of the leaf being also drawn together below. Upon plucking one of these leaves, and looking beneath, we discover the curious recluse, at once explaining the artful tented leaf and the presence of the butterfly—the gray spotted and spiny caterpillar of the Comma Angle-wing, so named from a bright silvery character on the under side of the lower wings.

To be sure it may be said that the nettle is not a particularly difficult plant to distinguish. Indeed, old Culpeper, the herbalist, assures us of the fact that "It may be found even in the darkest night by simply feeling for it." But such hap-hazard botany is not the necessary resource of our butterfly. The discrimination of a nettle, botanically considered, requires a much deeper insight. How is this insight possessed by the Comma? Let us see. Yonder on the stone wall a clambering hop-vine would seem to afford a tempting sporting-ground for a small brood of red butterflies. On nearer approach they prove to be the Comma joined by a few near relatives equally interesting. Here and there our careful search discloses a tented leaf precisely similar to those already described, while beneath we may discover the same spiny tenant. Continual search reveals a number of similar spiny caterpillars, though variously variegated, and perhaps a gilded chrysalis or two among the stems in the crevices between the stones. Suppose we now transfer them all, perhaps a hundred or more specimens, to our box and await the transformation from those pendent nymphs which soon will begem the interior. After the lapse of a fortnight, upon opening the lid the former sleepy hollow seems to have blossomed with painted wings. Here shall we find our Comma by the dozens, and very likely also counterparts of all the bright tribe which fluttered above the vine upon the wall—Semicolon and White J. A bright orange butterfly is now seen sunning itself upon the young elm tree near by. We capture the insect with our net and find it identical with the Semicolon in our box, while examination of the elm leaves reveals not only the suggestive empty chrysalis shell, but several thorny caterpillars beneath those well-known tented leaves.

If we care to continue our investigation among the herbage, we may discover these same caterpillars upon the little clearweed in the dank shade of the orchard, a succulent plant hardly a foot high, the very opposite to a nettle in its glossy smoothness; and also on the pellitory, a companion weed. Upon all of these plants, in addition to the various nettles, I have found the insects, and once on the hemp. I have also seen their deserted tents on the paper-mulberry, an exotic tree, only sparingly cultivated, but a careful search has failed to disclose the caterpillar on any other plants. Other authorities include the sugar-berry tree. Here, then, we have the following summary and complete list of plants which the butterfly has selected as the repository of her eggs: wood-nettle, great stinging nettle, and all other nettles, false nettle, all the elms, clearweed, pellitory, hemp, paper-mulberry, and sugar-berry tree. What light does our botany throw upon this list? Turning to "wood-nettle" we are referred to "*Urticaceæ*," or the "nettle family," wherein are disclosed all of the above species of plants, which actually complete the list of genera and nearly all the native species of the order.

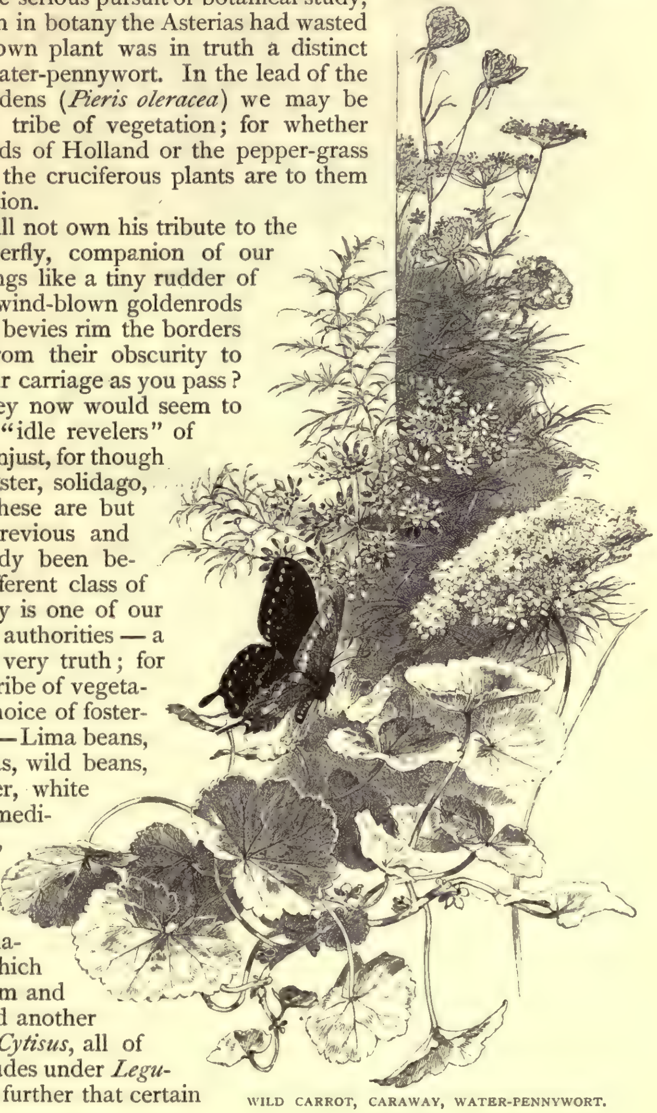
An equally remarkable fidelity to a single group of vegetation is seen in the example of our beautiful black Swallow-tail butterfly — the papilio of the umbelworts, or Parsley family.

In the early summer we may find upon the garden fennel or parsley the beautifully marked caterpillar of this species — bright apple-green, with circling bands of sable velvet studded with golden yellow buttons. The caterpillar is easily recognized anywhere, and its habitat is wide. Let us examine its bill of fare. The plants commonly attributed to this species are parsley, fennel, carrot, and celery. Harris found them also on poison-hemlock, *cicuta*, dill, caraway, and anise, to which list I can append the further additions from observation: wild carrot, sanicle, with its tenacious burrs in the woods, angelica, archangelica, cow parsnip, and lovage. All of these will be found to follow in their natural sequence in the classification of our botanies, under the order *umbelliferæ.*

This strange fidelity of the Asterias to a single order of plants I had noted even in boyhood, and had welcomed my butterfly as an infallible aid in my botanical study. But one day my confidence was shattered by the discovery of a number of caterpillars feeding upon a creeping, round-leaved plant growing by the edge of the brook — a prostrate succulent herb, seemingly devoid of flowers, quite distinct from all the other food plants, and new to me. I simply noted it as an exception, and lowered my butterfly a peg in my esteem. Not until years later, in the more serious pursuit of botanical study, did I discover what a rare lesson in botany the Asterias had wasted upon me; that the little unknown plant was in truth a distinct umbelwort like the rest — the water-pennywort. In the lead of the little white butterfly of our gardens (*Pieris oleracea*) we may be introduced to an entirely new tribe of vegetation; for whether among the yellow mustard fields of Holland or the pepper-grass of the New England roadside, the cruciferous plants are to them the cream and spice of all creation.

What lover of the country will not own his tribute to the omnipresent little yellow butterfly, companion of our September fields, its folded wings like a tiny rudder of gold taking the helm of all the wind-blown goldenrods of the roadsides; whose bright bevies rim the borders of every mud-puddle, rising from their obscurity to swarm in mazy tangle about your carriage as you pass? Honey sippers and tipplers, they now would seem to fulfill the impeachment of the "idle revelers" of the poet; but such inference is unjust, for though now content in the sweets of aster, solidago, and other autumn blossoms, these are but their recess flowers. Their previous and most busy attention has already been bestowed upon another widely different class of plants. This *Philodice* butterfly is one of our most accomplished botanical authorities — a botanist who knows beans, in very truth; for where is the genus of the bean tribe of vegetation that it has skipped in the choice of foster-plants for that future offspring? — Lima beans, scarlet runners, peas, sweet peas, wild beans, indigo, red clover, hop clover, white clover, puss clover, medic, medicago, lucern, melilot, rattle-box, vetch, and many more, all of the leguminous or bean tribe. (See page 644.)

Here is a near European relative of this same butterfly which feeds upon "Coronilla and broom and other diadelphous plants," and another allied species that feeds upon *Cytisus*, all of which our botany of course includes under *Leguminosæ.* It is interesting to note further that certain


WILD CARROT, CARAWAY, WATER-PENNYWORT.

individuals in this same butterfly tribe, *Colias*, exotic species in the heart of Brazil, continue the list among the tropical Leguminosæ; all of which proves the close affinity between the animated winged genus *Colias* and the "winged" corollas of the pea-blossomed flowers.

There are many other insects for which the pea family possesses special attraction. There is the tiny pea-weevil, a representative of a tribe of beetles whose early existence is spent within the ripening seeds—doubtless a common ingredient in our appetizing dish of "green peas." This diminutive insect, indicated in the illustration on page 652, probes the pod shortly after the withering of the blossom and lays its eggs therein. The young immediately penetrate the peas and there fulfill their existence, emerging in the following spring as perfect beetles.

BUSH-CLOVER, WILD BEAN.

In the same illustration may be seen a singular rolled leaf upon a hazel branch, and concerning which I will quote a page from my notes of years ago: "Those small rolled brown packets upon the hazels again! Shall I ever solve them! Precious goods done up in small parcels, but by what insect and how? This mysterious bundle committed to the hazel has been a poser to me all my life, I never yet having been able to discover the artist at his work, for artist he is indeed. I found to-day a number of the prize packages freshly done up, the folded leaf yet green, though half severed by the teeth of the insect, and hanging pendent from the stem. A tiny yellow egg had been deposited at the tip of the leaf,—as shown by analysis of unrolling,—and the leaf then folded in halves at mid-vein, then rolled from tip upward to stem, and retained in its compact coil by some touch of jugglery which I have not been able to divine, as no gluten nor web of silk can be found. Just try and roll up one of these packages yourself, and without recourse to your accustomed string leave it thus closely and firmly intact. No web, no gum, no stitch, but much of the know how. Whoever the clerk who does up these packages he has a long head, and has kept his secret from me very securely."

Since the writing of the above, though not yet any more enlightened as to the author of this hocus-pocus bundle, I have several times observed a suspicious-looking brown beetle nosing among its folds, and in his strange make-up fully realizing the unconscious prophecy of the "long head," for the insect is one of the weevils, which are noted for their extensive frontal development.

From Maine to Mexico another small noctuid known as the Cotton moth is found, its chosen haunt being indicated by its name. "Its food plant in the North has not yet been discovered," says a prominent entomologist. Look to your hollyhocks, altheas, and mallows, my scientific friend, for here you will certainly find the recluse in congenial company. Here is the little gourd expert, a tiny moth that shows no evidence of inherited dyspepsia, though its broods devour indiscriminately the leaves and green fruit of cucumber, water-melon, gourd, musk-melon, pumpkin, squash, and wild star-cucumbers, all of course in the same botanical family.

Then there is that great green Sphinx caterpillar, which is the pest of the tobacco grower and the fine prize of the small boy entomologist, and whose loud-humming, long-tongued moth hovers about our twilight honeysuckles — one of the largest of its kind. It is hardly necessary to mention that this is the same voracious feeder which we find upon tomato and potato plants as well as occasionally upon the red-berried nightshade, ground cherry, and apple of Peru — all included in the *Solanum* family.

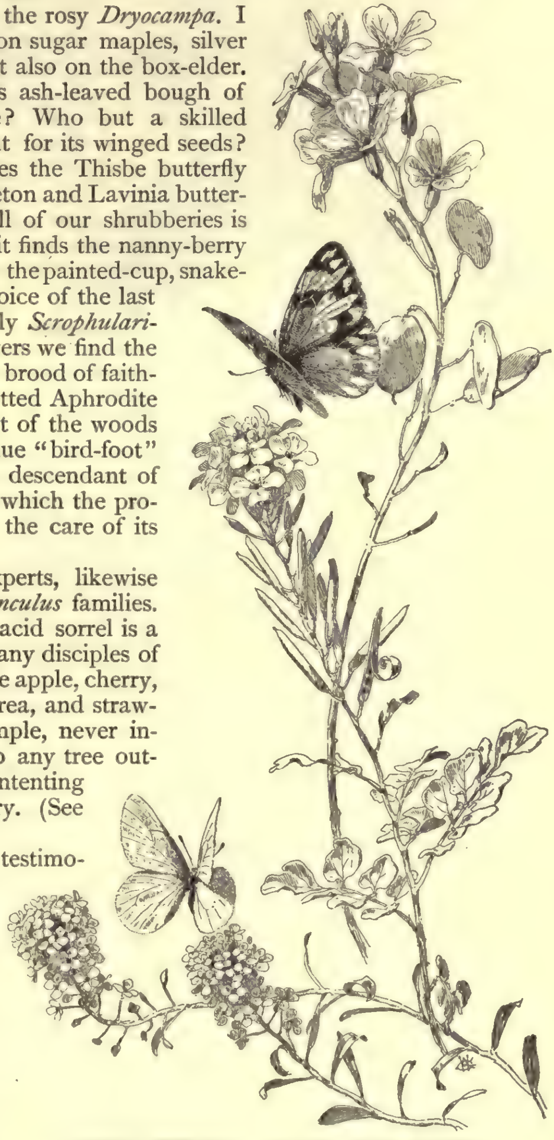
Once when a boy I found a voracious sphinx upon "pusley" and reared it to the moth — the white-lined sphinx. The following year I found the same caterpillar on the flowering portulaca in the garden, and I have no doubt he is also as fond of the "spring beauty" as are the poets if we could only chance to observe it, for the Purslane family embraces all these plants.

The botanical acumen of the sphinx extends to various other plant tribes. The sphinx *Kalmiæ* knows not only the mountain laurel but many other heathworts, notably whortleberry, azalea, cranberry. The Oleander sphinx finds the oleander flavor in the creeping blue-flowered periwinkle or "myrtle" of our gardens. Another black and yellow individual, whose name I do not know, is true to the madder family. Another takes the pine, spruce, and hemlock in its exclusively coniferous diet.

There is a beautiful moth known as the rosy *Dryocampa*. I have found its black-horned caterpillars on sugar maples, silver and red maples, and one day discovered it also on the box-elder. How did this little moth know that this ash-leaved bough of spring was only a maple in masquerade? Who but a skilled botanist could ever have identified it but for its winged seeds? What the Dryocampa does for the maples the Thisbe butterfly does for the "arrow-woods," and the Phaeton and Lavinia butterflies for the figworts. The white snowball of our shrubberies is a favorite haunt of the former insect, but it finds the nanny-berry bush an equally attractive *Viburnum*, while the painted-cup, snakehead, and toad-flax form the principal choice of the last two insects, which preside over the family *Scrophulariaceæ*. Among the more modest wild flowers we find the same revelation. The violets have a whole brood of faithful dependents. The handsome silver-spotted Aphrodite butterfly knows that the tall yellow violet of the woods is only a less conspicuous cousin to the blue "bird-foot" species, and that the pansy is but a vain descendant of the wild "Johnny jumper" of past ages which the progenitor of all the aphrodites sought for the care of its offspring.

The great *Compositæ* have many experts, likewise the oak, pink, *polygonum*, mint, and *ranunculus* families. The "Copper" butterfly knows that the acid sorrel is a relative of the curled dock. There are many disciples of the Rose; keen senses that discover it in the apple, cherry, plum, hawthorn bramble, cinquefoil, spirea, and strawberry. The Apple tree moth is an example, never intrusting that waterproof circlet of eggs to any tree outside of this family, most commonly contenting herself with the apple and the wild cherry. (See page 652.)

I might indefinitely prolong the list of testimonials to this divine plan of association between the insect and the plant; and while it is not a necessary assumption, inasmuch as "we have no experience in the creation of worlds," it would seem a perfectly justifiable inference that each species of butterfly and moth was originally created with a special affinity for some congenial order of plants. From this postulate it would then appear that this power of nice distinction has de-



CABBAGE BUTTERFLY. FLAT-POD, CRESS, ALYSSUM.

HOP-VINE.

teriorated in many insects, through either the degraded instinct of the parent or the less fastidious appetite in the caterpillar offspring. I will append a few instances, some of which indeed will be found interesting and instructive.

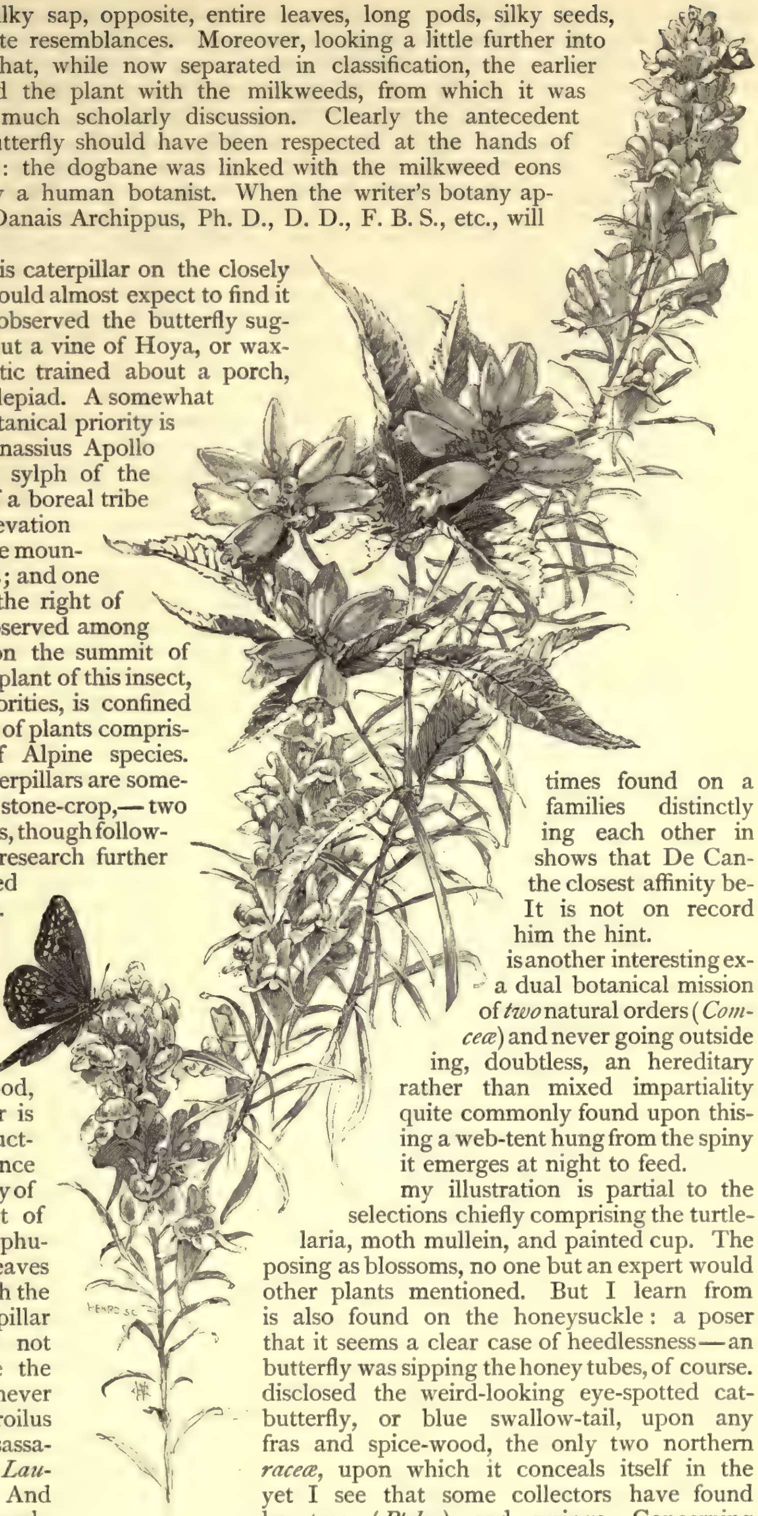
In the examples of the large *Crecropia*, *Polyphemus*, *Prometheus*, and *Luna* moths, as well as in a number of butterflies, it is true that the power of discernment seems to have been lost, the selections of food plants extending into various families; though even here it must be remembered that we are taking a thousand insects as a unit, there being a strong probability that any one individual parent may yet be found true to a particular botanical affinity to which its brood is intrusted, the various peculiarities being, as it were, the hereditary result of some confusion of Babel in the remote past. The *Saturnia Io* belies the great show of "bull's eyes" upon its wings, being blindly indiscriminate. But what do we find in the instance of the Monarch or *Archippus* butterfly, the protégé of the milkweeds? Its black and yellow banded caterpillar is found on all the six species of New England *Asclepias* if we look with sufficient patience, though chiefly upon the common silkweed. It is a faithful nursling of this lactescent tribe. On one occasion, however, I found it thriving on the dogbane, a similarly milky-juiced plant. But what is the fiat of the human botanical judges? The dogbane is not included in the milkweeds, though it immediately precedes them in the botanical sequence, and certain affinities are readily traceable between the two orders, both plants having milky sap, opposite, entire leaves, long pods, silky seeds, and other more intricate resemblances. Moreover, looking a little further into the subject, we find that, while now separated in classification, the earlier botanists had included the plant with the milkweeds, from which it was withdrawn only after much scholarly discussion. Clearly the antecedent classification of the butterfly should have been respected at the hands of the learned disputants: the dogbane was linked with the milkweed eons before the world knew a human botanist. When the writer's botany appears, this priority of Danais Archippus, Ph. D., D. D., F. B. S., etc., will be duly recognized.

I have never seen this caterpillar on the closely allied periwinkle, but would almost expect to find it there, even as I once observed the butterfly suggestively hovering about a vine of Hoya, or wax-plant, a cultivated exotic trained about a porch, but which is a true asclepiad. A somewhat parallel instance of botanical priority is to be seen in the Parnassius Apollo butterfly, the beautiful sylph of the Swiss Alps; member of a boreal tribe rarely found below an elevation of 1500 feet; lover of the mountains, as its name implies; and one of which, pictured at the right of my Alpine design, I observed among the Alpine cowslips on the summit of Righi Culm. The food plant of this insect, according to the authorities, is confined to the saxifrages, a tribe of plants comprising a large number of Alpine species. I learn also that the caterpillars are sometimes found on a species of sedum,—a stone-crop,—two families distinctly separated in the botanies, though following each other in Gray's sequence; and research further shows that De Candolle originally traced the closest affinity between these two orders. It is not on record whether Apollo gave him the hint.

Our Painted Lady is another interesting exception, as showing a dual botanical mission in selecting the plants of *two* natural orders (*Compositæ* and *Malvaceæ*) and never going outside of them, representing, doubtless, an hereditary choice in each given brood, rather than mixed impartiality in one. The caterpillar is quite commonly found upon thistles of all kinds, constructing a web-tent hung from the spiny points of the leaves, whence it emerges at night to feed.

The Phaeton butterfly of my illustration is partial to the Figwort family, its list of selections chiefly comprising the turtle-head, toad-flax, scrophularia, moth mullein, and painted cup. The latter, with the scarlet leaves posing as blossoms, no one but an expert would think of associating with the other plants mentioned. But I learn from Scudder that this caterpillar is also found on the honeysuckle: a poser this in truth, were it not that it seems a clear case of heedlessness—an egg that was left while the butterfly was sipping the honey tubes, of course.

My experience has never disclosed the weird-looking eye-spotted caterpillars of the Troilus butterfly, or blue swallow-tail, upon any other foliage than sassafras and spice-wood, the only two northern species of the family *Lauraceæ*, upon which it conceals itself in the neatly folded leaf. And yet I see that some collectors have found it also on the prickly ash, hop-tree (*Ptelea*), and syringa. Concerning the last mentioned I can offer no explanation, but the other two ex-



TOAD-FLAX, SNAKE-HEAD.

SPICE-BUSH, HAZEL, APPLE, PEA.

ceptions — both in the Rue family — have a somewhat interesting significance taken in connection with the insect next considered. The ailantus silk-worm, introduced into this country from China about twenty years ago, and now very common in certain regions, for years was not known to swerve in its allegiance to its own companion, "tree of heaven," from which it is named, and which had long been introduced here. On the basis of the facts already set forth does any one doubt that if its favorite food plant were suddenly exterminated there would be a winged stampede, as it were, to the prickly ash and the hop-tree, our only two native allies to the ailantus? But what are the singular facts? The moth, I am told by careful observers, has quite recently proved fickle to its original diet, and yet ignores the kindred plants. As a naturalized foreigner, under new conditions, it has concluded to "do as the Romans do," and out of compliment takes the lead of its closest insect ally, our Prometheus moth, the favorite selections of which are the sassafras and its relative the spice-wood, upon both of which the ailantus caterpillar is now occasionally found. There certainly seems to be some occult affinity between these two orders of plants, *Lauraceæ* and Rue, which the botanists have not discovered.

Here among the Alpen peaks of our country we may learn a lesson from antiquity in the example of, if not the most beautiful, certainly in many respects the most interesting, of butterflies. Much has been written concerning this strange lover of the cold. I will quote a recent reference of Grant Allen: "On and near the summit of Mount Washington a small community of butterflies belonging to an old glacial and arctic species still lingers over a very small area where it has held its own for the 80,000 years that have elapsed since the termination of the great ice age. The actual summit of the mountain rises to a height of 6293 feet, and the butterflies do not range lower than the 5000 feet line. . . . Again, from Mount Washington to Long's Peak in Colorado the distance amounts to 1800 miles, while from the White Mountains to Hopedale in Labrador, where the same butterflies first appear, makes a bee-line of fully a thousand miles. In the intervening districts there are no insects of the same species. Hence we must conclude that a few butterflies left behind in the retreating main guard of their race on that one New Hampshire peak have gone on for thousands and thousands of years producing eggs, and growing from caterpillars into full-fledged insects without once effecting a cross with the remainder of their congeners among the snows of the Rocky Mountains or in the chilly plains of sub-arctic America. So far as they themselves know, they are the only representatives of their kind now remaining on the whole earth — left behind like the ark on Ararat amid the helpless ruins of an antediluvian world." For 200,000 years, according to geological data, these boreal broods must have wooed the frozen seas. Driven southward by the overwhelming ice, companions of the verdant fringe of the vast glacier and following in its retreat, they were at length beguiled by remnant ice fields lodged in the great gulfs of the Presidential range, and at last stranded among the furrowed peaks.

For years this butterfly—in the foreground of my Alpine design—was supposed to be confined to Mount Washington; but, as mentioned above, it has disclosed itself on other distant summits. It is also credited to Mount Monadnock, and I think revealed itself to me on the peak of Mount Lafayette, though decoying me beyond the limits of prudence, and thus defeating capture or even perfect identification.

Who shall question that through the ages, as now, this mountain sprite has been true to the sedges upon which its broods are found, even as it is still alike, in the color of its wings, to the everlasting rock among which it hibernates?

W. Hamilton Gibson.

MASACCIO (TOMMASO DI SER GIOVANNI GUIDI).

1402–1428–9.

(ITALIAN OLD MASTERS.)

IT is difficult to separate with absolute certainty, in the revival, or rather transformation, of art with which the name of Masaccio is connected, the part which belongs to him from that which is due to his master Masolino; for that there was a certain common quality is evident from the disputes which have arisen over the share taken by each in the works ascribed to them. There is a curious parallel between Masaccio and Raphael in this relation to their masters, in the important positions they hold in the history of art, and in their early deaths. The especial contribution of Masolino to the art of Masaccio appears to be the frank study of the nude and a direct reference to nature for the details of his figures; or, to use the words of Cavalcaselle, "he [Masolino] was equally careless of the traditional garb of time-honored scriptural figures; and his personages are dressed in vast caps and turbans, coats and tight-fitting clothes, spoiling by their overweight or inelegant cut the effect of the finely studied heads, the delicate hands and feet, which he so carefully imitated from nature." But this in general means that, possibly from a lack of ideal power, Masolino fell back on nature to an extent that before him was unknown, and by the sharpness of his innovation unsettled the authority of the artistic traditions which had from the days of Giotto largely guided and still more largely limited the direction of art. Henceforward the tendency of the progress of art is towards the predominance of the purely artistic element over the subject—a change which, when we come to translate it in terms of modern art philosophy, is of enormous import. It means the gradual elimination of the purely devotional aim of the painter, the gradual introduction of his personality, and the study of art for art's sake. The purely ecstatic form of art was to disappear with Fra Angelico,[1] who carried it to the height which always leads to reaction and neglect—a neglect partly due to the reaction and partly to the failure of his imitators to satisfy the sentiment awakened by the master.

Masaccio was born in 1402. He was the son of Ser Giovanni di Simone Guidi, and at the age of nineteen was enrolled in the guild of speziali, which now would be called that of the apothecaries; the business of the speziali being to prepare the prescriptions of the physician and hypothetically to compose the colors of which the artist was to make use, as in those days the color-man did not exist. Masaccio registered in the guild of painters in 1424.

His chief work was the decoration in fresco of the Brancacci Chapel in the Church of the Carmine at Florence; and its importance in the history of art may be judged from the fact that at one and the same time Michael Angelo, Raphael, and Leonardo da Vinci were engaged in studying these frescos, which indeed have been the study of artists of all succeeding generations. The only other probable work of Masaccio's, and the earliest, is in a little chapel in S. Clemente at Rome, and consists of a series of frescos devoted mainly to the history of St. Catherine of Alexandria. Here one sees at once the break with the art of preceding generations. "The Crucifixion," which occupies the wall opposite the entrance, is a vast, scattered composition with a distinct impress of an effort to represent an imaginative realization of the event as it occurred. The motive is so evidently due to the naturalistic tendency of Masolino that it is not surprising that this and the other pictures in the chapel have been attributed to the master instead of to the pupil; but the technical grounds for assigning them to Masaccio are too strong to permit us to throw Vasari's testimony overboard, and in the details of some of the compositions there are certain coincidences with Masaccio's work in the Brancacci Chapel which are too clear to leave much doubt that the two chapels were painted by the same artist.[1]

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[1] Fra Angelico did not die till thirty years after Masaccio. The date of Masolino's death is not known; but it was not much later than that of Masaccio.

The fainting Virgin in the group at the foot of the cross, afterwards imitated by Perugino, is in distinct violation of the orthodox traditions of the Crucifixion; for it is not admitted by the Roman Catholic Church that the Virgin fainted, as she is supposed to bear the full weight of the misery that had fallen on her, while her insensibility would have been a partial and

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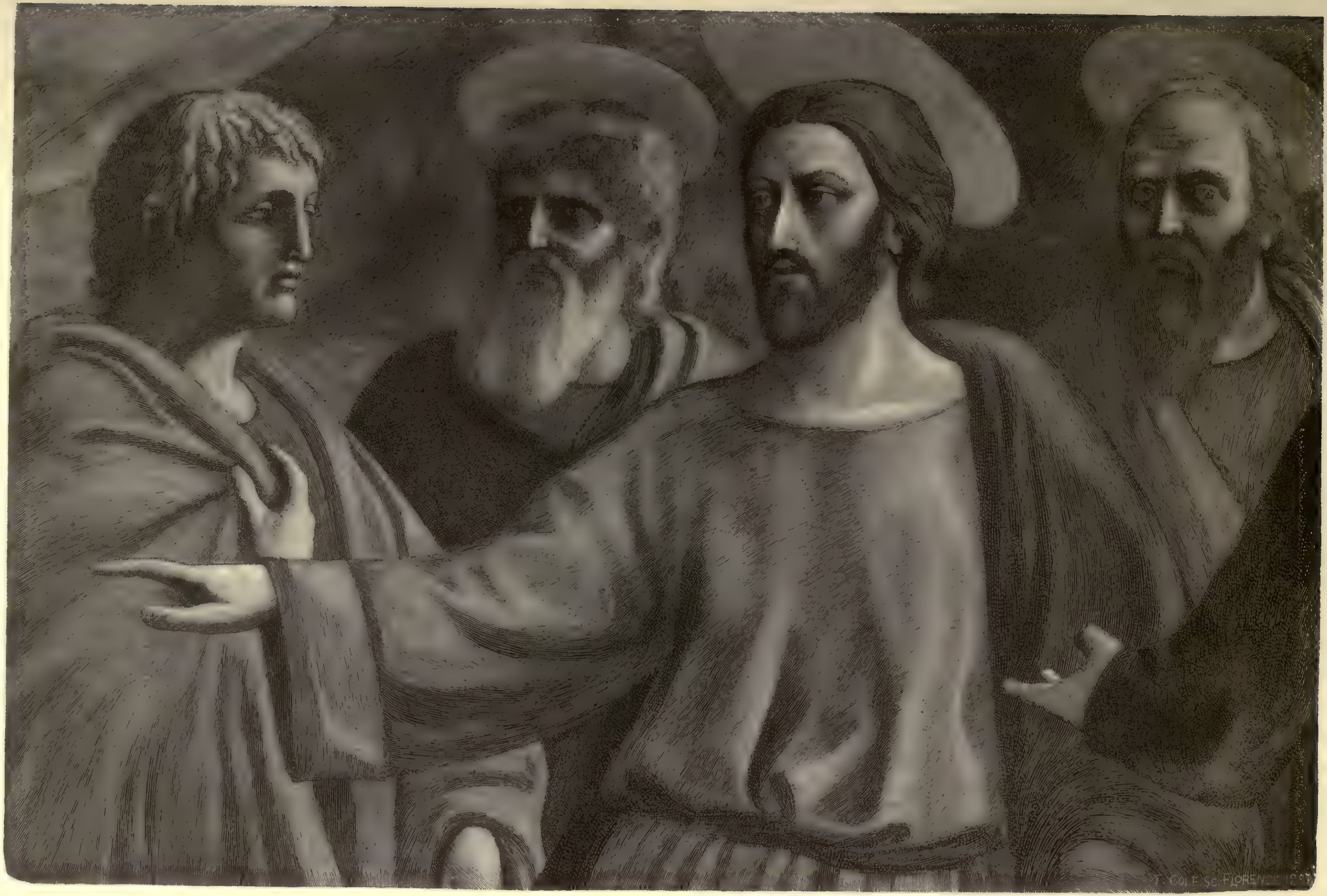
[1] The relation of Masaccio to his master Masolino is so intimate, and so much controversy exists concerning the identification of their work, that we give place to the following paragraphs from Dr. J. P. Richter's notes on Vasari (London: George Bell & Sons, 1885). Dr. Richter says of Vasari's sketch of Masolino: "The description of this great artist's long career is very short and certainly incomplete. Late researches have brought to light valuable information concerning events of Masolino's life, of which Vasari seems to have been unaware; and, what is still more important, the discovery of two extensive wall-decorations, authenticated by the artist's signature, now enable us to study closely the style of this artist's works, which have very often been confounded with those of his far-famed pupil Masaccio.

"Many of the details of Masolino's life can now be proved to be unfounded, but this does not in the least invalidate the writer's general statements about the artist's career, of which he appears to us to speak with more justice than many writers on art, even at the present day, feel inclined to admit. According to the views of Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle, the merits of this painter would come to very little when compared with his defects. According to their theory, Masolino had no share in the execution of the celebrated wall-paintings of the Brancacci Chapel in the Church of the Carmine at Florence; and the apparent discrepancies of style, which have always been noticed by those art-students who have studied the wall-paintings in question on the spot, are to be explained as varieties of style in one and the same artist, Masaccio. Instead of producing any proofs of this somewhat vague hypothesis, they repeatedly point to the difference of Raphael's manner, when under the influence of Perugino, and when working independently. (See Italian edition, 'Storia della Pittura in Italia.' Firenze: 1883. Vol. II., pp. 261, 282, 292, 303.) But we may safely say that such a comparison is not to the point, inasmuch as there is no evidence to show that the quite exceptional and peculiar deviations, to which Raphael's art was subjected for some short period, are likely to have been foreshadowed in the case of Masaccio. According to Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle, Masolino was incapable of producing such fine and grand paintings as have heretofore borne his name, and we believe, on good grounds, supported by the testimony not only of Vasari, but also of so early a writer as Albertini in his 'Notes on the Statues and Pictures at Florence,' published in 1510. In this work the following passage occurs: 'The [fresco-work in the] chapel of the Brancacci is half by his [Masaccio's] hand, half by the hand of Masolino, with the exception of the "Crucifixion of St. Peter," which is by Filippo [Filippino Lippi].' And here we feel justified in saying that if the testimony of tradition in art history is worth anything, it must be in this instance. Vasari says of the famous wall-paintings in the Brancacci Chapel, that 'all the most celebrated sculptors and painters since Masaccio's day' have been studying there. He goes on to give a long list of names of such painters, including Michelangelo and other personal friends of his. (See Vol. I., p. 411.) Therefore the tradition about the authorship of that highly esteemed monument must have been uninterrupted. Again, the interest by which three generations of great painters had been led to take the fresco-paintings of the Brancacci Chapel as the best models for their own studies must have been too lively to admit of such serious blunders as the said theory would involve. However, if we were to admit for a moment that Masolino's collaboration at the Brancacci Chapel was not sufficiently evident, it would be vain to enter into a discussion upon the subject, if there were no other monuments of Masolino's style than those described by Vasari, for all the works by his hand enumerated by the biographer have perished since, with the exception of the Brancacci Chapel. Even here only two pictures can at present be identified with his descriptions.

"But some forty years ago, when the whitewash was taken off the wall of the collegiate church at Castiglione d'Olona, in the province of Como, between Varese and Milan, it was found that the choir was covered by fresco paintings exhibiting the signature, 'Masolinvs de Florentia Pinsit.' The following subjects are here represented, the figures being nearly life-size: 'The Nativity of Christ,' 'The Annunciation,' 'The Coronation of the Virgin,' 'The Marriage of the Virgin,' and 'The Adoration of the Magi.' All these compositions are placed in triangles above the spectator's head. On the perpendicular walls we find representations of the 'Entombment of the Virgin.' The two large pictures at the sides have been described as representing scenes of the life of St. Laurentius; however, in the opinion of the present writer, they illustrate the life and martyrdom of St. Stephen. This church was founded in 1422 by the Cardinal Branda, of Castiglione. The date of its completion may be conjectured from the inscription on a fine high-relief on the portal giving the year 1428. The sepulchral monument of the cardinal in the choir bears the date 1443. He, no doubt, was Masolino's employer not only in Castiglione, but most probably also at Rome, as will be seen in the notes to Vasari's 'Life of Masaccio.' Close to the collegiate church is the small baptistery, which is entirely covered by fresco-paintings by Masolino, representing scenes from the life and martyrdom of St. John the Baptist. On the ceiling are busts of the Fathers of the Church and of prophets. Here occurs the date 1435. If these figures can be relied upon as correct (the writing is apparently of a later date, but it may only be a subsequent restoration of the original), it would follow that the pictures in the baptistery were about seven years later than the decoration of the collegiate church. A close study of these imposing and very impressive pictures enables us to state positively that the characteristics of style are here precisely the same as in the



A DETAIL FROM THE FRESCO OF "THE TRIBUTE MONEY," BY MASACCIO.

(IN THE CHURCH OF S. MARIA DEL CARMINE, FLORENCE.)

temporary relief. But the dramatic sense was stronger in the artist than the tradition of the Church. The composition on the whole is a wide departure from the treatment of previous times.

The left wall of the chapel is devoted to the life of St. Catherine of Alexandria. In the first fresco she is disputing with the doctors, while Maxentius sits listening. Above is a subject representing St. Catherine refusing to worship an idol, many richly dressed persons looking on. Then come the conversion and martyrdom of the empress in one picture, in the former of which the saint is shown, looking out of her prison window, teaching the empress her doctrine, while in the latter is represented the decapitation of the convert. In another double subject are shown the attempt to tear the saint on the wheel and the intervention of the angel, who with his sword shatters the wheels between which the saint stands, the assistants fleeing in terror; the last shows the martyrdom of the saint, who kneels with folded hands awaiting the headsman's stroke while a file of men-at-arms keep back the crowd and an angel waits to carry off the soul of the martyr, and three others on a distant mountain-top bury her body. The four frescos on the opposite wall do not seem to me to justify their attribution, and I must consider them later and by another hand. Vasari tells us that Masaccio, among other pictures executed in Rome, painted one in a chapel of Sta. Maria Maggiore in which the Madonna accompanied by four saints, "so well executed as to seem in relief," presides over the tracing of the foundation of the church by Pope Liberius, under the likeness of Martin V., while the Emperor Sigismund is looking on. Cavalcaselle is disposed to recognize this picture in one in the gallery at Naples, which represents the pope in his pontifical vestments surrounded by cardinals and clergy, tracing the plan in the snow, while a richly but not regally dressed person, who may be Sigismund, is looking on surrounded by young men and women. In the sky are half-figures of the Virgin and Christ.

Masaccio left Rome for Florence in 1420–21; and as Masolino, who seems to have been originally charged with the decoration of the Brancacci Chapel in the Carmine, had gone to Hungary, Masaccio was intrusted with the work. When he returned to Rome is not exactly known; but his poverty in Florence — a poverty which even the accession to power of his friend Giovanni di Bicci dei Medici did not relieve — probably sent him back, never to return. The scheduling of the property and incomes of the citizens instituted by Giovanni in 1427 shows that Masaccio lived with his younger brother Giovanni, and that though he earned six soldi a day he was in debt to the amount of one hundred and two lire and four soldi to one of his fellow-painters, six florins to another creditor, and had pledged his valuables at the pawnshop. Niccolo di Ser Lapo in his income-return of 1427 says that Masaccio owed him 200 lire, and in 1430 there was still 68 lire of it due, and that he had no hope of ever getting it, as Masaccio had gone to Rome and died there and his brother Giovanni declined the responsibility for the debt. In the census-return of 1429 Masaccio is set down as being twenty-five years old, but his name is then crossed out, with the annotation, "Died at Rome"; but no record or tradition tells how.

In the long record of the contrast of fortune to which the children of genius are victims there is none more pitiful than this of Masaccio. Columbus giving a new world to Castile and Leon and coming home in chains is more startling because more conspicuous, but Masaccio opening the future of art to glories unseen before him and then vanishing in poverty, unable to pay the debts he had incurred for the material of his art, and dying in his youth with his powers in their first freshness, is far more pathetic. Raphael died young, but he had come to his old age in art, while the eagle eyes of young Masaccio were seeking fields for new

pictures in the Brancacci Chapel at Florence, which have always been given to the same artist."

In his notes on Vasari's sketch of Masaccio, Dr. Richter gives the following opinion in regard to the Roman work which Mr. Stillman follows Vasari in attributing to Masaccio: "There is no consistency whatever in the statement that the wall-paintings at San Clemente, Rome, were by Giotto. This is an hypothesis which sound criticism will feel bound to reject as preposterous. Vasari ascribes them to Masaccio, and Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle in their 'History of Painting' accept this attribution. They do not deny the apparent divergency of style in these paintings when compared with well-authenticated works of Masaccio, but they believe these can be reconciled by the hypothesis that the fresco-paintings of San Clemente are very early works of Masaccio (Italian edition, 1883, Vol. II., p. 281). However, in the opinion of the present writer the existing difficulties cannot be overcome by this new suggestion. After a careful study of the works of Masolino at Castiglione and at Florence, and of those by Masaccio at Florence, it appears to him impossible to deny that the frescos at San Clemente are by the hand of Masolino, and not of Masaccio, and this explanation is by no means a new one. Rumohr has already expressed a doubt that they are by Masaccio ('Ital. Forschungen,' II., p. 250). A. von Zahn has claimed them for Masolino ('Jahrbücher der Kunstwissenschaft,' II., p. 155). See also Woltmann and Woermann ('Geschichte der Malerei,' II., pp. 139, 140). Vasari tells us that the frescos were ordered by the cardinal of San Clemente. It is a striking coincidence that between the years 1411 and 1420, when we may expect that these paintings were executed, the cardinalate of San Clemente was in the hands of Branda of Castiglione, of whom we know that he was Masolino's patron." —EDITOR.

triumphs, and closed just as those of his followers were opening to what he pointed out.

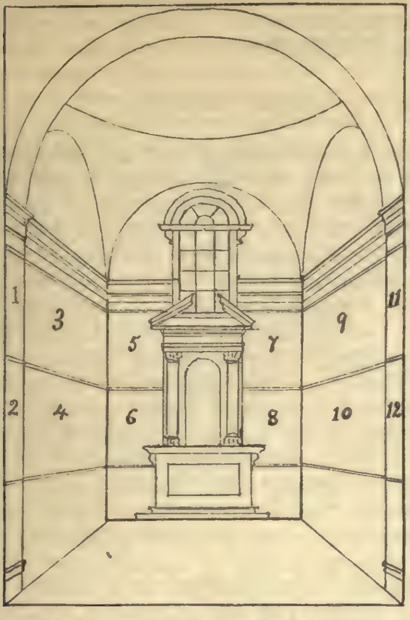
That the authorship of the frescos of S. Clemente should be attributed, as they are by Burckhardt and Zahn, to Masolino is, as I have said, not surprising, for the extreme naïveté of most of them may easily be attributed to the immature art instead of to the immature artist; but the technical analysis to which Cavalcaselle and others have subjected them leaves no reasonable question in the matter. The execution of them is timid in comparison with that of the work in the Brancacci Chapel; but this is precisely what we might expect, and that there should be something reminding us of the master is not more surprising than that some of Raphael's earlier pictures should be attributed to Perugino. The figure of the executioner in the "Martyrdom of St. Catherine" is like a prophecy of Raphael, while the treatment of the mystic portion of the picture is still in the feeling of the Giottesques, and the angel waiting in the sky on a rosy cloud for the soul of the saint to come up is quite in the vein of the protomaster, Giotto. The four heads in the lower left-hand corner of "The Crucifixion" are distinctly in the direction of that individuality of type due to the painter's selection of the people of his own day as models for the historic personages he supposes in his work. It is as if the artist had begun to realize that the men around him might be much such as the men he had to deal with in his story. There is evidence, not of realism in his method of working, but of healthy imagination in the calling up of his material; and he tells his stories with the same freedom that Giotto enjoyed. He gives us in the same picture, in all the spirit of orthodox art, St. Catherine standing between the wheels, ready for the torture, and the wheels flying into pieces and crushing the torturers; but in the scene of the decapitation, quite in the vein of modern art, there are some curious spectators beyond the line of guards trying to thrust themselves through to see the execution, while the body of the saint has fallen to the ground in the first instant of death, and the executioner is sheathing his sword.

I may as well point out here the meaning I shall attach to the puzzling words "realism" and "naturalism," because we must now take cognizance of the matters they imply, Masaccio being the first of the painters with whom we have to deal who showed a distinct recognition of the every-day world as a mine of his art. Fra Angelico has the variety of type which the ends of art require for the distinguishing of his sacred personages, and at all times and naturally the images of memory must have mixed in the texture of the dreams even of ecstatics like him; but the types are, to my mind, the types of dreams, or, as in Giotto, of pure imagination. In Masaccio, and the men who follow, the ecstatic disappears, and we are in a world whose images may not be real and capable of a realistic rendering, but clearly are drawn from the natural world in contradistinction to the supernatural or conventional and symbolical, and in which, without coming down to the servitude of the model or of rigid portraiture, the standards are those of what they saw about them. The study of these forms in the succeeding generations of painters was closer and closer, or, as it seems to me, tending continually more to the direct use of the model, which becomes absolute only in the school of Bologna; but beyond the free and noble naturalism which was only inspired by nature and retained the freedom of art there is the internal evidence of a growing tendency to realism, in which not the spirit but the very letter of the art was taken slavishly from the actual and material world. It is in this sense that I say that Masaccio was the first naturalistic painter. The ecstatic is henceforward impossible, and we see more and more the evidence of the hints of art being taken from what has been within the apprehension of all who had eyes to see.

But the art of Masaccio is still ideal and contains the germs of the highest development of the schools of Central Italy — the mastery of composition of many figures which came to its fullest in Raphael, and in some cases in his cartoons even to the overbloom of artifice. Take, for instance, the "Resuscitation of the Young Man," from the Brancacci Chapel, "The Tribute Money," or the "St. Peter Baptizing," and compare them even with the composition of Giotto, and we become at once aware that a new element has been introduced into art — harmony of line and balance of masses fixing the character of the work. And in this Masaccio is an innovator, for he is the first who made this the motive of his art, and he did it with a naïveté and a consequent power which we do not find to the same degree in the later men. The woe-stricken Adam and Eve in the "Expulsion from Paradise," in the Brancacci Chapel, are of a simpler type, and in this simplicity show more clearly the dramatic power of the artist. In both types of his work we see that art was taking on an independent existence and was being studied for its own charms, and no longer merely as the accompaniment of devotion or the vehicle of a story. It is long after this before Religion and Art are dissevered, but from this time they have existences independent more and more of each other.

W. J. Stillman.

NOTES BY T. COLE, ENGRAVER.



PLAN OF THE FRESCOS OF THE BRANCACCI CHAPEL IN THE CHURCH OF STA. MARIA DEL CARMINE, FLORENCE.

1. The Expulsion from Paradise. *Masaccio.* — 2. Peter in Prison visited by Paul. *Filippino Lippi.* — 3. The Tribute Money. *Masaccio.* — 4. Peter accepts the Challenge to Simon Magus and raises the Dead Youth to Life. Partly by *Masaccio* and partly by *Filippino Lippi.* — 5. The Preaching of Peter. *Masaccio.* — 6. The Sick and Deformed cured by the Shadow of Peter (Acts v. 15. Here accompanied by John). *Masaccio.* — 7. Peter Baptizing. *Masaccio.* — 8. Peter and John distributing Alms (sometimes called the Ananias; a dead figure lies at the feet of the Apostles). *Masaccio.* — 9. Healing of the Cripple at the Beautiful Gate, and Cure of Petronilla. *Masolino.* — 10. Peter and Paul accused before Nero, and Martyrdom of Peter. *Filippino Lippi.* — 11. The Fall of Adam and Eve. *Masolino.* — 12. Liberation of Peter from Prison by the Angel. *Filippino Lippi.* (See Cugler's "Italian Schools," by Layard, Vol. I., p. 143.)

MASACCIO'S fresco of "The Tribute Money" (No. 3 of the plan), from which the detail of the head of Christ with three of the Apostles is taken, measures eight feet high by eighteen feet four inches long. This also is the size of the three corresponding pictures, Nos. 4, 9, and 10. The frescos at the sides of the altar are five feet wide, and those on the pilasters, which project six inches from the wall, are three feet wide. They are separated from each other by a narrow framework, six inches wide, painted with the pictures, in imitation of a cornice resting on pilasters at each end of each fresco. In the large pictures different moments of the same event, or different subjects, are presented in the same picture. For instance, in "The Tribute Money" Christ stands in the midst of his disciples. The tax-gatherer, with his back to the spectator, in the immediate foreground, is presenting his hand for the tribute (the hand and part of the shoulder only are shown in the detail); while Christ commands Peter, who is not shown in the detail, to get the necessary money from the mouth of the fish. This is the principal event of the picture and is disposed in the center, taking up half of the space, the figures being nearly life-size. To the left, in the background, Peter is seen down by the waterside in the act of taking the coin from the mouth of the fish. The action is finely expressed as he crouches down, with his weight chiefly on one leg, the other being extended. To the right of the central group Peter is represented paying the tribute to the officer; broad, simple architecture rises behind the two figures. The landscape is noble. A stretch of mountain scenery and sky, with a few trees receding in perspective, and a river to the left, forms the background to Christ and his disciples.

The coloring is of soft, warm, gray tints, fine in quality. A quiet, subtle richness of tone characterizes the draperies of various shades of color, all blending together harmoniously and delightfully in a low and tender key. It is impossible by words to give any idea of such coloring. It is simply indescribable. One cannot mix words up, as he can pigments, with intelligible results, and so, for instance, be able to set forth the tone of red in the drapery of Christ, or the overrobe of blue so pleasant to look upon, and as soothing to the imagination as to the eye. To glance up at the abominable modern ceiling of the chapel gives one a shock like the unexpected blare of a brass instrument close to the ear.

The figures throughout have a quiet, dignified bearing; the attitude of Christ is magnificent. The eye falls naturally upon him at once, taking in the broad play of light from the outstretched arm, while the air of commanding dignity, and the beauty of the neck, barer than those of the others, aid in distinguishing him. But one needs to mount a step-ladder and get nearer to the picture to appreciate at their full value the moral strength and manly beauty of Christ's countenance, his nobility and strong personality, and the subtlety of the expression of authority in his face. The other heads, too, are admirable, and grouped finely together, in graceful and easy composition. The various planes of light falling upon them according to their several degrees of distances are well managed. In looking at them attentively and seeking to enter into the scene, one naturally feels with Vasari, who, speaking of this fresco as remarkable above the others, says: "The attention given by the Apostles to what is taking place as they stand around their Master awaiting his determination is expressed with so much truth, and their various attitudes and gestures are so full of animation, that they seem to be those of living men." There is, moreover, great spirit in the figure of Peter as he looks inquiringly towards Jesus, his right arm following the direction of that of his master, which carries the eye to the second moment of the event.[1]

The walls of the chapel are very uneven, being full of waves — a result, no doubt, of age.

[1] An example of Masaccio's influence upon Raphael may be seen by comparison of this figure of Peter with that in the "Liberation of Peter," on the wall of the Stanza d'Eliodoro of the Vatican.—EDITOR.

NAPOLEON IN EXILE.

DESCRIBED IN UNPUBLISHED LETTERS BY BRITISH OFFICERS.

I.

IN the month of June, 1814, the following letter was received from Captain Ussher, R. N., commanding H. M. S. *Undaunted*, on board which ship Napoleon Bonaparte was conveyed to Elba. A copy of this letter was forwarded to the lady to whom the letters of 1815, which follow it, were addressed, and for whom Lieutenant Nelson Mills's journal, on board H. M. S. *Northumberland*, was written. This lady was one of those to whom Napoleon was the object of a hero-worship hardly surviving nowadays. She was also one of the most agreeable and charming of women; and in consequence of this all her connections, chiefly naval and military, took delight in indulging her weaknesses so far as lay in their power. The lady who sends the following letter writes to her:

. . . "And so, my dear friend, your Enthusiasm is deceased. I fancy it of the phœnix kind, for surely you were under the glowing influence of something very like an Enthusiasm when you last wrote, and I felt so strongly how entirely 'stale, flat,' etc. anything I could write to you must appear, that I vowed a vow never to answer you until I could obtain some intelligence that would interest you."

The beginning and the exact date of Captain Ussher's letter are not forthcoming. It proceeds thus:

. . . "I need not tell you with what humble gratitude I thank God that this long and sanguinary war has at length terminated, with so much honor to our country. The sacrifices that have been made by us for the good of mankind are unexampled in history. It has fallen to my extraordinary lot to be the gaoler of the instrument of the misery that Europe has so long endured, and I am sure you will believe me, when I say that far from allowing him to think that I bear in mind any animosity towards him, from a recollection of what my country has suffered, I endeavored, by my attentions, to quiet his uneasy mind. It appears to me like a dream when I look back eighteen months and see all Europe prostrate at his feet — and he now absolutely my prisoner. It is a glorious finish to my services, and leaves me nothing more to wish for. As Count Kalm, aid-de-camp to Prince Schwartzenberg, will set off immediately for Paris, and takes charge of my letters, I have only time to tell you that on the 14th of April the white flag was displayed at Marseilles by the inhabitants. Anxious to shake hands with my former enemies, but now my friends, I pushed into the anchorage before the town, but not without some opposition from the military, a battery having opened its fire and struck us. This appeared to me such an act of treachery that I opened my broadside, etc., and in ten minutes silenced the fire. I now saw the inhabitants assembling on the ramparts, waving white handkerchiefs. This determined me at all hazards to enter. Soon after the mayor and the municipality came off, forced by the people to apologize for the act of hostility; and until they were assured that I was satisfied with the apology, the town was quite in a state of insurrection.

"I immediately went on shore with Captain Napier of the *Euryalus*, under my orders, and we were received by upwards of fifty thousand people, who literally carried us off to the town hall, where a speech was made by one of the municipality, after which we were carried to the governor's, and with him and all the authorities went to hear the Te Deum chaunted; after which we went in procession round the town amidst shouts of the loudest joy and enthusiasm. Such a mixture of mad joy and melancholy was never before witnessed. I assure you I saw thousands of women with their hands clasped, and extended to Heaven, bewailing the loss of husbands, brothers, sons, but partaking in the general joy of deliverance from a tyranny that cannot be conceived, much less described. When we returned to the governor's the mob assembled round his house. He requested we would drive out in his carriage to satisfy their curiosity, which we did, and arrived at a part of this magnificent city where none but royalty are allowed to enter in a carriage. The mob tore down the iron rails, and we drove in. Our carriage was then stopped and ladies were found begging to be permitted to shake hands with us; and we were soon almost suffocated with kisses. We then made a speech, which was cheered by the loudest huzzas from immense crowds of people. At church, at concerts, the opera, all places were alike, you could hear nothing but 'Vive les Anglais,' 'Vive Louis Dix-huit.' When I entered the opera of an evening they huzzaed for half an hour. I harangued them and called out, 'Everlasting peace and friendship with our brothers the French.' They called my ideas sublime, and cheered me with the loudest acclamations. What a nation!

"And now for Napoleon. On the 25th Colonel Campbell drove into Marseilles, being commissioned by Lord Castlereagh to attend Napoleon. He said he came by the express wish of Napoleon himself to request I would go round to St. Tropez, where it was intended he should embark, as he did not consider himself safe on board a French frigate. Next day I arrived at St. Tropez, but found that he had altered his route, and was at Fréjus. At one o'clock I arrived, and was introduced to the Russian commissioner, Count Schouvaloff; the Austrian, General Koeller; the Prussian, Count Truchsess; English, Colonel Campbell; and Count Kalm. Soon after my arrival Count Bertrand, his Grand Marshal, informed me that it was the Emperor's wish to see me (he is still acknowledged Emperor, and Sovereign of Elba).

"When I was presented he said that he was once a great enemy to England, but now he was as sincere a friend. He said we were a great and generous nation. He asked me about the wind, weather, distance to Elba, and other nautical questions; he then bowed and retired. He was very dignified—still the Emperor. I received his command to dine with him. There was at table all the commissioners and the Grand Marshal; the conversation was most interesting.

"He laughed when I asked him if he did not issue his Milan decree for the purpose of forcing America to quarrel with us. This he did not deny. He said 'all his plans were on an immense scale,' and would have been finished in four or five years. I have not time to repeat all his interesting conversation.

"That night we embarked all his numerous baggage. In the morning he sent for me. He asked how the wind was, and said he had made up his mind to embark at eight in the evening. At seven o'clock he sent for me, and I remained half an hour alone with him (an immense mob had gathered round his hotel). His sword was on the table, and he appeared very thoughtful; there was a very great noise in the street. I said to him, 'The French mob are the worst I have seen.' He answered, 'They are a fickle people.' He appeared in deep thought; but, recovering himself, rang the bell, and ordering the Grand Marshal to be sent for, he asked if all was ready. Being answered in the affirmative, he turned to me and said in his usual quick way, 'Allons.'

"The stairs were lined at each side with ladies and gentlemen. He stopped a moment, and said something to the ladies which I could not hear. He walked to his carriage and called for me (not a safe berth); he then called the Austrian commissioner and the Grand Marshal. I sat opposite to him in the carriage, and we drove off. My boats were almost two miles from the town. We were accompanied by an Hungarian regiment of cavalry. It was a delightful moonlight night, the country we passed through a paradise. Then the carriage stopped, the bugle sounded, and the regiment was drawn up.

"An interesting scene now opened—bugles sounding, drums beating, horses neighing, and people of every nation in Europe witnessing the embarkation of this man who had caused so much misery to them all.

"I informed him that the boat was ready, and we walked together to where she was. He was handed into the boat by a nephew of Sir Sidney Smith's, who is my fourth lieutenant—rather an odd coincidence. Lieutenant Smith had been confined in prison for seven or eight years. I introduced him. The Emperor seemed to feel his conscience prick him: he only said, 'Nephew to Sir Sidney Smith; I met him in Egypt.'

"When we got on board he walked round the ship. My people crowded about him, and he said 'for the first time in his life he felt confidence in a mob.' His spirits seemed to revive, and he told me next morning that he had never slept better. Next day he asked me a thousand questions and seemed quite initiated in nautical matters. At breakfast and dinner there was a great deal of conversation. He spoke of the Scheldt expedition. I asked him if he had ever thought we should succeed. He said, 'Never'; and turning a little towards the Austrian commissioner, he said, 'I wrote from Vienna that the expedition was intended against Antwerp.' He told me his motive for annexing Holland to France was for a naval purpose, and that he thought the Zuyder Zee particularly well adapted for exercising his conscripts.

"At breakfast one morning he asked me to bring to a neutral brig that was passing. I said, laughing, that I was astonished his Majesty should give such an order, as it was contrary to his system to denationalize. He turned round and gave me a pretty hard rap, saying, 'Ah, Capitaine!'

"When we were sailing by the Alps he leaned on my arm for half an hour, looking earnestly at them. I said he had once passed them with better fortune. He laughed, and liked the compliment. He told me he had been only once wounded: it was in the knee, and by an English sergeant. He looks uncommonly well and young, and is much changed for the better, being now very stout. He showed me a portrait of the king of Rome; he is very like his father. He likewise showed me one of the Empress, which is rather pretty. We had a smart gale when off Corsica: he asked me to anchor at Ajaccio, the place of his birth; but the wind changing made it impossible. In the gale I told him I had more confidence than Cæsar's pilot: the compliment pleased him.

"He dresses very plain, wearing a green coat with the decoration of the Legion of Honor. The portrait of him with the cocked hat and folded arms is the strongest likeness I have seen." . . .

(Here a sheet of the letter appears to be lost, and we find ourselves at Elba.)

II.

CAPTAIN USSHER'S LETTER, CONTINUED.

. . . "General d'Alheme, the governor (of Elba), said he would do whatever was agreeable to Bonaparte. At eight in the evening we anchored, and a deputation came off consisting of the governor, generals, prefect, and civil authorities. At daylight next morning Bonaparte was on deck, and remained with various officers, asking questions as to the anchorage, fortifications, etc., etc. At eight he asked me for a boat, as he intended to take a walk on the opposite side of the bay, and asked me to go with him. He wore a greatcoat and round hat. Count Bertrand, Colonel Campbell, and Colonel Vincent went with us. When about half way he remarked that he was without a sword, and soon afterwards asked if the peasants of Tuscany were addicted to assassination.

"We walked about two hours, and the peasants, considering us all as Englishmen, cried 'Vive les Anglais.' We returned on board to breakfast, and he afterwards fixed the flag of Elba, and ordered two to be made immediately, that one might be hoisted at one P. M. on the fortifications; and at two P. M. he would disembark with the other. (What a childish vanity!) The flag is a white field with a red band running diagonally through it, with three bees in the band. The bees were in his arms as Emperor of France.

"The boats of the island now began to assemble round the ship, crowded with people, bands of music, etc., and shouting 'Vive l'Empereur.' At two my barge was manned. He desired me to go down first; he then called Baron Koeller, Colonel Campbell, Count Kalm, and Count Bertrand. The yards were manned, and as soon as the barge shoved off a royal salute was fired, and the same by each of the French corvettes. On the beach he was received by the mayor, municipality, and the authorities, civil and military. The keys were presented on a plate, and the people seemed to receive him with great welcome, and shouts of 'Vive l'Empereur!' We proceeded to the church in procession; thence to the Hôtel de Ville, where all the authorities and principal inhabitants assembled, with each of whom he conversed. After that he mounted his horse, attended by a dozen persons, and visited part of the outworks, and dined at seven o'clock.

"Next morning he was up at four, and from that until ten was on foot visiting the fortifications, storehouses, magazines, etc. At two he mounted his horse, and I rode with him about two leagues into the country, over mountains and precipices, but nothing is impassable to him. He examined the country houses, and stopped at a planter's (wine merchant) and had a cold collation. He helped me to different things, which he never does to any one else. A lady came in and offered him strawberries, which he gave to me. I took an opportunity afterwards of offering him a sprig of laurel, which pleased him much. He asked me here how I liked the wine. I said it was excellent; and he immediately ordered 2000 bottles to be sent on board to the men. In short, his manner is always most agreeable and polite, and it 's only when anxious to carry any point that he is passionate.

"Next day we went across the island to a mountain of iron, the richest and finest mine in the world—and, what is remarkable, the revenue arising from it formerly paid his Legion of Honor. We rode through the clouds to it. I never was so fatigued in my life. The mountain is completely of iron, and is blasted with powder in the way that quarries are in England. When broken, the fragments are like pieces of diamond, of all colors. He gave me some beautiful specimens of his collection. If you choose to make the college a present of one, I will send it to you.

"We afterwards went through a labyrinth to a high mountain, upon the summit of which there is a temple erected by the Romans in honor of Jupiter. I suppose he consulted the oracle. At dinner we had a boar's head, and the Emperor with his usual kindness to me helped me to the eye as a great treat. I was hard set what to do. It was rudeness to refuse, but I could not stand it, and sent it away; the very idea spoiled my appetite.

"Elba is a beautiful island, possessing every advantage. The bay of Porto Ferrajo is unrivaled, and the valleys are uncommonly fertile, yielding the finest vegetables of every description, and the mountains are to the summits clothed with vines. In three or four days he visited every part of the island, conceived all his plans for building palaces, stables, aqueducts, lazarettos, etc. (The latter he begged I would plan.) His constitution is of iron—always up at four, and seldom in bed before eleven. The day the transports arrived with his carriages, horses, and guards he was on his legs from four in the morning until four in the evening, under a hot sun. He then mounted his horse and rode over two or three mountains—returned at eight o'clock, and was not twenty minutes at dinner. He sent for Colonel Campbell and myself. He stopped me for a moment in the library, and hurrying over some magnificent drawings of Egypt, stopped at Cairo, and asked my opinion of it. He then said in his quick way, 'Allons!' and we walked into the garden; and there we walked for three hours, talking of Egypt. I could not help remarking to him that his constitution was of iron in being able to undergo much fatigue—'car il montait à cheval pour se défatiguer.'

"The day that he was on the summit of a mountain that showed him all the island, he turned round laughing and said, 'Ah! mon île est bien petite.' He laughed at the idea of our being caricatured, and said 'the English had a great passion for caricaturing.' I said 'John Bull caricatured and abused people when they deserved it. I shall be caricatured nursing the king of Rome.' He often compliments the nation for generosity and liberality. In talking of Lord Wellington his admiration was unbounded. He said also that our army institutions were perfection, and that the discipline was superior to his. He also complimented my officers, and said they were the finest young men he ever saw, and that the *Undaunted* was a pattern to all other ships. He always wished to have my officers about him: a sergeant of marines, who is a great favorite, always slept in the next room to him, upon a mattress at the door.

"I told him we never thought him serious in his intentions of invading England. He said that he was quite serious: his object was not to conquer England, for he knew that so high-minded a people were not to be conquered by taking their capital; but he expected to throw the country into confusion, and separate Ireland. He said his plans were on the largest scale—that in four or five years he would have had three hundred sail of the line. I asked him how he intended to man them. He said his naval conscription was fully equal to it. I told him we laughed at his naval conscripts, who were more formidable to each other than to us. . . .

"P. S. Tell S. that some one said I was like Bonaparte, but not so well looking. It was a Frenchman, and he thought even with that amendment that he paid me a great compliment."

"I flatter myself," says the lady who forwarded this letter to Mrs. M., "that you will like this cousin of mine for his generous feelings towards a fallen enemy. Besides, he really is a very fine fellow and has done excellent service to his country. His family soon expect an account of his second trip to Elba, with Princess Borghese, and I hope it will afford us some more accounts of Bonaparte—which of course you shall have as soon as I can collect them."

So far as we know, this second letter has not been preserved.

III. 1815.

Mrs. M.'s young cousin Mills, who ministered to her Napoleon fever in the year 1815, appears to have been a good deal Captain Ussher's junior in mind, as well as in rank and age. His part begins with two letters to his cousin.

H. M. S. Northumberland,
August 3rd, 1815.

. . . Till we were on the point of sailing for Plymouth to take Buonaparte on board I did not receive your letter, as there was a mistake in the direction. As to your coming to Portsmouth, even though it should have been practicable, it would have been of no use, as he never came there. We are now under sail, and very likely shall not be able to put this in the post till we arrive at Plymouth, where we take the ex-Emperor on board. The ship is fitted out, and everything in very good order to receive him. We take him out to the island of St. Helena, and from thence we proceed to the Cape of Good Hope, and there we shall take the command. There is the *Romney* fitting out at Chatham, to come out and receive Admiral Cockburn's flag, that the *Northumberland's* ship's company may go home, for they have all been out six or seven years. I shall give you an exact account of everything that is transacted on board relative to Buonaparte, and shall expect answers from you, as it is a very great pleasure to receive letters abroad. . . .

August 5th, 1815, off Torbay.

. . . We are now sailing in company with the *Tonnant*, Admiral Lord Keith, and the *Bellerophon*, on board of which is that once great man, Buonaparte. We are standing in for Torbay, a small port where there is very good anchorage, where I expect we are going to paint the ship for the reception of Buoney and his suite. The *Northumberland* is a remarkably fine ship and sails very fast. Our Admiral Sir George has gone on board the *Bellerophon;* I believe to settle everything previous to

Buonaparte's removal. . . . I shall let you hear plenty in my next. . . .

PRIVATE JOURNAL OF W. NELSON MILLS.

"*August 7th*, 1815. Came on board General Buonaparte, from H. M. S. *Bellerophon*. He was saluted on the quarter-deck by the marines of the ship under arms, in the same manner as an English general. He was accompanied by his suite, consisting of the following people: General Bertrand (Grand Mareschal du Palais), his wife and three children; Comte de Montholon (General of Division), his wife and one child; General de Gourgon; le Comte de Lascases and his son, who is in the quality of page to the general; and the surgeon of the *Bellerophon*, who accompanies Buonaparte as his private physician; twelve male and two female servants.

"He returned the salute by taking off his hat and bowing to all the officers who were present. He entered into conversation with Captain Beattie of the marines, respecting the length of time he had served, what actions he had been in, and if he had ever been wounded. He replied that he had served many years, had been wounded, and was at the siege of Acre. Napoleon took hold of his left ear, and gently pulling it said, 'Ah, ah! vous êtes un brave homme — brave homme!' He was very much pleased when introduced and shown all through the admiral's cabin, after which he expressed a wish to be likewise introduced to the officers of our ship, which was immediately complied with by the admiral. After inquiring individually their respective duties on board and seeming very much pleased with the discipline and regularity of the ship, they were dismissed. He was dressed in a green uniform coat with red facings, plain gold epaulets, white knee-breeches, shoe-buckles, a high cocked hat with the tricolored cockade; on his left breast was a large silver star, and below that were the three different insignias suspended by three colored ribbons.

"Lord Lowther and Mr. Littleton had accompanied the admiral from Portsmouth to Plymouth. Napoleon, finding Mr. Littleton was a member of Parliament, had a very long conversation with him, and was particularly inquisitive respecting Mr. Whitbread, saying that if he, Mr. Whitbread, had been alive, his case (meaning his own) would have been very different. He wished very much to know what had occasioned him to commit suicide, and if Mr. Littleton knew why he did it, saying it was very singular it should happen just at that time. He then retired into the cabin fitted up for him, which was the admiral's larboard side cabin. Shortly after he went to dinner with the admiral, the usual number of officers being at table. He eat very hearty, rose up soon, and came out to walk the quarter-deck. He again entered into conversation with Mr. Littleton, by whom he sent a private message to the Prince Regent. He requested the band might play 'Rule Britannia' and 'God save the King,' which was instantly complied with. We then got under weigh and proceeded down Channel. Fresh winds and rainy weather running down Channel, in company with the following ships: *Havannah*, *Bucephalus*, *Ceylon*, *Peruvian*, *Icarus*, *Zenobia*, *Redpole*, *Ferret*, *Zephyr*.

"*August the 8th.*— Napoleon did not stir out of his cabin till the admiral went to dinner; he then came to table, but retired again almost immediately owing to sea-sickness, it being a very rough day. Almost all his suite were sea-sick also, especially the ladies, Mesdames Bertrand and Montholon. The former is a very amiable and good woman, but the latter is quite the contrary. Fresh winds and rainy weather running down Channel, all the squadron in company.

"*August the 9th.*— About eleven o'clock Buonaparte came out of his cabin and took a walk on the quarter-deck for about half an hour, conversing alternately with Admiral Cockburn and Sir George Bingham upon the loss of the battle of Waterloo. He imputes it to this cause: in the hurry of equipping his army they were obliged to clothe a great many of the new guards in the uniform of the old; and the former, owing to their impetuosity and rashness during the action, were obliged to give way. The remainder of the army, fancying it was the old guards, gave up all hopes and retreated in the utmost confusion, so that it was impossible to rally them again. . . . After dinner . . . he retired to the admiral's after-cabin to play at cards, of which he is very fond, although he always loses. Moderate winds and fine weather standing out of the Channel, the Lizard Point bearing N. W. by W. five leagues and a half. . . .

"*August 11th.*— Buonaparte walked the deck in the forenoon, it being a very fine day, attended as usual by his two confidants, Bertrand and Lascases: he takes very little notice of any of the others. The ladies also made their appearance on deck to-day. The midshipmen who were walking on the lee side of the deck attracted his notice, and he immediately crossed the deck to them, asking them if they could speak French, and if they had ever been in France. There was one amongst them who had been in prison at Verdun, and had seen him (Napoleon) when passing through that place at the head of his army to go to Russia. He immediately said, 'C'est un beau pays,' and walked away, taking one or two of us by the ears. . . . He sat down to his general evening's amusement of cards; he plays piquet and vingt-et-un. Out of sight of land to-day.

"*August 12th.*— Buonaparte did not appear on deck to-day, being unwell. . . . He does not eat his breakfast at the same time the admiral does, but has it by himself in his cabin: it generally consists of fowls, meat, and porter; he never touches tea in the morning. The French officers were all on deck in the afternoon. Fresh breezes and fine weather.

"*August 13th.*— This being Sunday, divine service was performed by the chaplain, but neither Napoleon nor any of his officers were present. He walked the deck from three o'clock till dinner-time, and afterwards for about an hour, conversing very closely with his two confidants, who are always uncovered when in his presence. He seems to exact the same respect and obedience from them now as when an emperor. He takes an amazing large quantity of snuff of a very coarse sort; he keeps it in a large box in the shape of a cheese, and spills two-thirds of what he takes in one pinch. He frequently asks the admiral questions about the ship, such as the particular uses of different ropes; and the duties of individuals he may see passing him. Light winds and fine weather.

"*August 14th.*— . . . Napoleon did not come on deck till after dinner; he entered into conversation with Colonel Sir George Bingham and the admiral upon his intention of invading England, which he says he firmly intended doing, and that the fleet under Villeneuve was to have gone to the island of Martinique to draw our fleet from the Channel. Villeneuve was then to have proceeded up the Channel, where the army, consisting of 20,000 men, were to have embarked; the praams were to have taken 6000 cavalry. He says it was his intention to have landed as near Chatham as possible, and push on directly for London, where he hoped to have carried a revolution in his favor. He knew he should have a great deal to encounter before he could accomplish his design, and that there was no hope of retreating should he not succeed. At six o'clock the ship's company's hammocks are piped down, and Napoleon is always standing with his back against the foremost gun on the quarter-deck, and four or five midshipmen always round him to keep the men from running against him. Light winds and fine weather, but a heavy swell.

"*August 15th.*— This day was the anniversary of the once great Napoleon's birthday. He seemed if anything a little more enlivened and gay than usual. His officers were all dressed and paid him particular attention. At dinner also the admiral paid him a great many compliments. He walked more to-day than ever, his officers attending him the whole of the time. In the evening he sat down to cards, and for the first time since he came on board won almost every deal, insomuch that the admiral and those with whom he was playing were obliged to send out frequently for more money. Light winds and fine weather, with a heavy cross swell.

"*August 16th.*— Napoleon did not rise until about twelve o'clock to-day: he very frequently takes his breakfast by himself in bed. He did not appear on deck to-day till after dinner, and then walked for an hour. Sir George Bingham was on the lee gangway looking at the squadron, on our lee beam. Napoleon went up to him, and after conversing with him for a few minutes, and taking a pinch or two of snuff, pulled him by his whiskers and walked away to converse with his two confidants against the gun, which seems to be his favorite place when on deck. Two of his servants got intoxicated and became very riotous. He requested they might be punished. They were immediately put in irons.

"*August 17th.*— This morning, having occasion to punish some of the ship's company, the two servants belonging to Napoleon were brought up and made to understand that they were liable to the same punishment if ever they again committed such a fault. Buonaparte walked the deck after dinner as usual, taking quantities of snuff, and very often looking at the other vessels of the squadron through his opera-glass, which is a very handsome one (made in England), and which he always carries in his pocket. He is often very near falling when the ship rolls heavy, being seemingly very weak in his legs, and was only narrowly prevented to-day by Maréchal Bertrand catching him in his arms.

"*August 18th.*—Napoleon as usual appeared on deck after dinner, and entered into conversation with the admiral, to whom he said the following: 'The burning of Moscow was the commencement of my bad fortune.' He says that the war in Russia was the most destructive and dreadful that ever he had witnessed. On his march towards Moscow the whole country around, as far as his eye could observe, appeared like a sea of fire, owing to the towns and villages that were set on fire; which was attributed to his troops; but he gives his word of honor that it was not the case, but they were set on fire by the inhabitants previous to their desertion. He says a great number of his soldiers were burnt to death in attempting to plunder amidst the flames.

"*August 19th.*— . . . Napoleon again resumed his yesterday evening's story. He says he only intended to refresh his troops at Moscow for a few days, and then to have proceeded forward for Petersburg, where he had his secret emissaries at work learning the minds of the people, and had accounts through the means of them that the people (the Russians) were generally speaking much averse to their present form of government, and many were ready to join him on his approach to the capital; but that the disaster that happened at Moscow had frustrated all his plans and completely turned the scale.

"*August* 20*th*.—Napoleon was not very well to-day, as we had rather a fresh breeze and heavy rains, and only walked a short time with the admiral. 'From my first entering into a military capacity,' says Napoleon, 'to the destruction of Moscow, mine had been a series of good fortune and advancement in life without a parallel; and the very reverses which took place at Moscow, in case it had so happened I had been killed, would have been attributed more to my loss than to their real cause.'

"Not being able to get hold of the different conversations which passed between the admiral and Napoleon daily, I shall give you circumstance after circumstance as I could catch it.

"In a question the admiral put to him relative to Captain Wright and the general idea that prevailed in England as to what had occasioned his death, Napoleon seemed much surprised at the anxiety the admiral showed in wishing to know, observing at the same time that he (Napoleon) imagined it was sufficiently made public not to cause on the part of any one the curiosity which the admiral at that time showed, but without any hesitation gave Sir George the following story: An apothecary, landing on the coast of France about that period from an English man-of-war,—which circumstance excited great suspicions on the part of the French Government,—was seized and conveyed to prison, and condemned to die unless he gave such information to them as would be of benefit to the nation. These means taking the effect desired upon the poor wretch under confinement, the fear of death compelled him to reveal the names of several persons, to the number of twenty-three, who were concerned in a conspiracy, together with Pichegru, Georges, and Captain Wright, against the lives of him (Buonaparte) and the other rulers of France. Upon this intelligence every means were used by the police of Paris to find out where these conspirators were secreted, and in the course of a few weeks succeeded so far that the greatest part of them were apprehended. Amongst these so detected was Captain Wright, who, by the order of the Directory, was conveyed to the Temple, to undergo a trial for conspiracy against the state. Accordingly a council was assembled; but a few days previous to the one appointed for his trial he put an end to himself, and he (Buonaparte) says he should have thought the inferior rank of that officer alone would in the eyes of the world have exempted him from their suspicion."

IV. 1815–16.

LIEUTENANT MILLS'S DIARY FOR MRS. M., CONTINUED.

. . . "DURING the confinement of Ferdinand of Spain in France, after being brought captive from his own country by the French, Buonaparte informed the admiral that one Baron Koltz was employed by our Government on an errand to France with a view to release Ferdinand; . . . but his plans not being laid with that skill which the then pressing circumstances required, he was suspected, as well by his having too great command of money, and a search being made, the Prince Regent's letter to the king of Spain was found in his possession, containing his Royal Highness's willingness to lend him any assistance in his power to procure the release of his Majesty, and that the bearer of the letter had the royal authority to assist him in the undertaking. Having rescued all Koltz's papers, a police officer was sent in disguise, to personate Koltz, to the place where Ferdinand was confined, presenting the letter and stating the authority he had so to act. But all he could say or do, he could not persuade Ferdinand to take any steps in attempting to escape; and Napoleon says that the pusillanimity of Ferdinand was such that he was sure if it had been the smallest risk his cowardly spirit would have deterred him from attempting it. Buonaparte then said as a joke that the above trick was played to try his mettle.

. . . "In conversing further with this extraordinary personage, the admiral and him came to that part of his life when he had command of the French army in Egypt; and the admiral did not fail to make inquiries respecting the poisoning story, to ascertain if possible the veracity of a report so generally spread and believed in England to the prejudice of Buonaparte. But let it be how it will with those who believe it, the following account came from his own mouth: 'Having possession of Jaffa, with a great part of my army sick of the plague, and hard pushed by Djezzar Pasha's troops, who would enter immediately upon my evacuating the place and murder and torture the sick and wounded that remained there, I judged it more an act of humanity than otherwise to accelerate the death of these poor wretches by giving them opium,—as they were then lingering in the greatest misery,— which would have freed them from the torments that awaited them. I therefore proposed the above expedient to the medical men of the army, but met with a joint refusal, saying they could not think of doing such a thing, so contrary to the general rules of the profession; but ventured to affirm, if I would hold the place forty-eight hours longer, that the greatest part of the sick, if not all, would have expired. I agreed to the proposal, and maintained the place myself for the first twenty-four hours, and left a strong rear-guard for the occupation of the other twenty-four hours; and at the end of that time I was informed that there were not above two or three alive at the time that Djezzar Pasha's troops entered.'

"Captain Beattie of the marines, now serving on board the *Northumberland*, was in the British service acting against the French in Egypt at that time, and entered Jaffa immediately the French evacuated it. He says that there were but two or three French soldiers in the hospital, and that those were in the very last stage of the disease.

. . . . "'The harbor of Cherbourg,' says Buonaparte, in answer to a question put to him by the admiral in relation to the marine of France, 'is, since the improvements I have ordered to be made, one of the finest in France; its repairs cost £2,000,000 sterling. The outer harbor will contain a thousand sail of the line, and the inner one the same number of ships, safe with the wind blowing from any quarter. I was particularly cautious in having it well guarded since its repairs, lest through the inspection of the English they might be tempted to destroy these works which cost me so much money, and which might be easily done by a *coup de main*.'

"Speaking further of France and the navy of that country, viz., the Toulon fleet, he says it was but very indifferently supplied with sailors, and of those the greater part had never been beyond the harbor; but that he thought they must improve by the constant practice of manœuvring. Notwithstanding the damage the fleet sustained for want of men experienced in seamanship, he considered the improvement the men might derive from such a practice as adequate to the loss experienced by the fleet: indeed, he says this plan of his had excited much murmuring on the part of the people; but he did not care, and was determined to preserve, as he well knew that France must have a navy as well as an army for her better preservation. He also said he had determined to have ten frigates at sea; and if the number was made deficient, in case either of loss or capture, he could have others always ready to supply their places: that he would give orders for them to cruise principally in the Channel, as it would then require their greatest vigilance for their own safety, by sailing about the land than going further to sea; that each ship should have a certain time allotted her for her cruise, and if she was so fortunate as to arrive in a French port, the commander should be immediately promoted. In case the greatest part of this squadron might be captured by the enemy, he considered the harm they would be enabled to do to our trade perfectly adequate to the loss of his ships. On the admiral asking him how he would be enabled to keep this squadron supplied with sailors, as he must naturally expect the greater part would be captured whilst the British had such power on the seas, he replied in answer, the marine department provided for the navy annually 20,000 men. The admiral told him such force might be obtained, but then what would it be? A set of raw, inexperienced landsmen, at least the greater part of them men unqualified to go on board a ship. However he seemed to persist that the plan in time would succeed; so that the admiral left him in his own opinion for the present.

"In further conversation with Napoleon respecting the French navy, he in addition informed Sir George that spars for masts cost the government immense sums to procure them from the Baltic, owing to the expense of conveying them to France. The greatest part were sent overland, as the safer method, and if they had been sent in ships, it was two to one that they would have been captured by the English cruisers. He says he had a great number of spars at Copenhagen at the time the English took possession of it, which the Danish Government had procured for him, and that he greatly feared they would have been taken by the English, but they arrived safely in France in a short time after.

"On crossing the equinoctial line we had a very fine day, and I shall give you an account how Napoleon behaved on the occasion. In the morning we prepared for the usual custom of shaving those who had never crossed the Line before. After those officers who belonged to the ship had undergone the operation — which is performed with an old, rusty, notched iron hoop — it came to the turn of Napoleon and suite. Buonaparte himself did not appear on deck, but begged permission of the admiral to give Neptune and his gang — the people who performed the operation — 100 Napoleons in gold, which amounts to £90 sterling; but this the admiral objected to, it being in his opinion too much, but permitted him to give 20 Napoleons as a compensation for not being shaved. Next came General Bertrand with his children to the place where the ceremony was performing. He also presented the men with several Napoleons for himself, his wife and children. The other French officers came in their turns, and also gave the seamen some money.

"On the evening of the 15th of October, 1815, we landed General Buonaparte on the island of St. Helena. We put him on shore at seven in the evening, and disguised, to prevent the populace from recognizing him, as he detests nothing so much as to be stared at. Coming into the anchorage he was walking the deck, and several times remarked how difficult a place it would be to take if well fortified; shrugging up his shoulders at the same time, apparently at the little hopes he could have of escaping from such a rock. The morning after he landed he rode up into the country with Sir George Bingham and the admiral, to a place called the Bryars, situated at the head of the valley in which the town stands, and about a mile and a half from James Town. He took such a liking to this place that he obtained permission to pitch a tent next to the door of the house, which belongs to a Mr. Balcolm, a merchant of St. Helena, who resides there with his wife and two daughters."

LETTERS FROM W. NELSON MILLS TO MRS. M.

St. Helena, Oct. 23rd, 1815.

I could not let slip the first and perhaps the only opportunity I shall have of writing to you from this most horrible place, which if you could see you would suppose all the rocks in the world had gathered together and made themselves into an island. We have put your friend Napoleon on shore; and as nothing very particular occurred during our tedious passage but what I have regularly noted down, and made a complete journal of his proceedings while on board our ship, I shall not give you any particular account of him now. With difficulty I bribed his *premier valet de chambre* to procure about fifty of his hairs. I assure you the captain of the ship did not get so much; certainly *Buoney* has very little hair on his head, and dislikes it to be given away very much. This instant the letter-bag is closing for England with dispatches concerning this very great man. I shall take very great care of my journal and hair for you. . . .

St. Helena, Feb. 15th, 1816.

. . . As far as it has lain in my power I have done everything you wished me, and have procured for you a very small lock of the great Napoleon's hair, with the three different colored ribbons which suspended his orders and which he left off a few days ago. To complete the thing properly I have the promise of a pocket handkerchief from his chief *valet de chambre*, and have not forgotten the journal, in which I have entered all I could lay hold of that he conversed about. I will not send any of the above-mentioned things, for fear of anything happening. . . . You wished me in your last to give an account of Napoleon's suite and his conduct in exile. I shall commence as well as I can.

. . . He was first of all lodged in a house in the town, next to where the main guard is kept, but riding out the next morning, escorted by the admiral and Sir George Bingham, he took up his residence at a house called the Briars. . . . He remained there very quietly until his house at Longwood — the prettiest spot on the island — was ready for his reception. The governor made him a present of a small carriage when he removed to Longwood, in which he rides out almost every afternoon. He is permitted to go three miles every way round his house without attendant; but the sentinels at those places do not permit him to go beyond them without he is accompanied by Captain Poppleton of the 53rd Regiment. Should he attempt to go past them without being so attended he is liable to be shot by them, which he has been perfectly made to understand. His chief amusement is riding on horseback. There are seven very handsome horses brought from the Cape for him, each of which he has named: 1st, Vizier; 2nd, Mamalouke; 3rd, l'Arabe; 4th, La Solide; 5th, La Tranquille; the other two I have forgotten. He seems perfectly resigned to his fate, and in my opinion — for so great a fall — bears it remarkably well. It is an utter impossibility for him to escape from this, unless anybody favored his intentions. . . . [Here follows a description of Napoleon's suite, much the same as that given in the journal.]

St. Helena, April 19th, 1816.

. . . I have, as far as possible, complied with your request, and have, I am glad to say, procured you his handkerchief. It has, as you said, the imperial crown and his initial in the corners. I shall not send it, not only because I expect the *Northumberland* to be in England soon, but for fear of losing it, which I would not do for any consideration, knowing how much you value it. . . . Your friend Napoleon is quite well, and to all appearance bears his fate and exile very well. He has everything he can wish for that money will procure, except his liberty. We see him sometimes, as we have two hundred men constantly going up to Longwood every day, and I belong to that party. I gave you a long detail of this before in my last letter, which I hope has arrived safe. . . .

This letter, apparently, has not been preserved, and Lieutenant Mills's communications end here.

Eleanor C. Price.

POEMS.

LOVE AFTER LIFE.

THOU say'st, dear love, we shall not meet again;
Nor shall we be beheld of sky and earth:
The morning will not greet us in his mirth:
The glittering shapes of river or of plain,
And hills whence the slow clouds have wandered forth
Shall to our absence add a deeper pain,
And in their glory seem of little worth,
Forms of no moment, futile, weak, and vain.
It is not so: love broken must renew
Its bond with earth and air; the eternal sea
Shall to its weakness add the strength of storms;
Love shall not die, but in the falling dew
Discern itself, impart to misery
The holy power of those tremendous forms.

A FOREST RIVER.

DEEP in the sunken silence of the hills,
And gathering light from all that it may see,
A happy river flows. With mirth it fills
The forest dark and with tranquillity;
Foam-bells upon its breast move quietly;
And, foaming white, a troop of icy rills
Add to its gladness; in it the broad sky
Is imaged peacefully with clouds and hills,
And ever and anon it breaks into
A smile of light that glads the forest round;
And when at eve the blessing of the dew
Descends on waves that flow without a sound,
'T is as a serious face that laughs anew,
But laughs beneath a spell of silence bound.

Langdon Elwyn Mitchell.

UNCALENDARED.

ONLY a year have thou and I been friends,
If time be counted on our calendar;
Away with that! What it begins, it ends;
From all eternity, close souls we were,
And shall be, so God grant! forevermore,
For two were never faster bound before.

"With God, one day is as a thousand years:"
Oh, Love is mighty, God's most blessed name!
The more that man his Maker's image bears
The more must months and æons be the same.
Love knows not time.—It is eternity,
And not a year, that I count out with thee!

Charlotte Fiske Bates.

AN AMERICAN ARTIST IN JAPAN.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR.

THE Japanese very naturally have been severely criticized for sweeping away their old and unique civilization, their distinctive customs and institutions, and substituting for them those of Europe. As a consequence they have often been unfavorably compared with their more conservative neighbors the Chinese. However, that very policy which China with three hundred millions of inhabitants and an unlimited territory has successfully pursued would have been fatal to Japan. The numerous islands of the mikado's empire, scattered about in the Eastern sea, would have been forever open to attack and plunder by stronger naval powers, and they would have lost their independence had they not realized that this disaster could be averted only by adopting European ways and methods. Constant and unprovoked attacks by united naval forces, and unjust extortion of indemnities on the slightest pretexts, brought the Japanese to the conclusion that they could receive the treatment due a civilized nation only by making a radical change in their customs and adopting the laws, dress, and institutions of the West. They did not do this willingly, they were forced to do it. It was not, as has often been asserted, a mere childlike freak, a desire for novelty and lack of reverence for their ancient institutions. Their very existence depended upon taking this step, and as they have consistently adhered to this policy, the changes have necessarily been wide and sweeping.

The feudal system, resembling that of Europe in the Middle Ages, prevailed in Japan before this great upheaval. The great daimios practically ruled their respective provinces and were surrounded by thousands of brave and devoted clansmen; but when they realized that the old order of things could no longer continue, they bowed to fate and for their country's good obeyed the order of the new central authority. They disarmed and dismissed their followers, left their homes and retired to private life, living on pensions granted them by the Government. Many of them are still living in the peaceful retirement of their homes, in the enjoyment of their gardens and art treasures, surrounded by a few of their old retainers. But they are forgotten by modern Japan, of which in turn they are well-nigh oblivious, and live only in the recollections of the past. Thus has one of the oldest, most unique, and perfect civilizations abruptly ended and another been substituted, hardly as well suited, it must be confessed, to the wants and natures of the people.

But if this revolution has in many respects been a misfortune to Japan, the world at large has gained, for the benefit we have derived through contact with their art is inestimable.

It was with this wonderful art, and the conditions under which it flourished, that I endeavored to familiarize myself during my three-years' residence in Japan. I was not long in discovering that my knowledge of Japanese art and industries had been confined almost exclusively to the modern articles of trade, which were but poor specimens of that art which I now for the first time learned to know. Not that I wish to pronounce against everything modern in Japan, for there is much produced at present that would be a credit to its art of any period; but good art is always rare, and the few examples of the better kind that have reached us are all but lost in an overwhelming mass of cheap and inferior articles. Many of these objects under the general classification of "bric-à-brac" are unknown and unused by the Japanese, and are manufactured to order for the foreign traders of the treaty ports, who have, through their constant demands for cheaper and ever cheaper work, greatly lowered the standard. They are to a great extent responsible for what is poor and trashy in Japanese art.

In this category may be placed many of the objects most familiar to us; for instance, the common bronze and porcelain ware, gold embroidered screens, dressing gowns, cheap cloisonné and flashy satsuma. Even the familiar brightly colored paper parasol is unknown to the Japanese.

At present there are still living many of the old skilled artisans of the preceding generation, who continue their calling; but they have undergone many privations, for no new wealthy class of patrons have succeeded to the daimios, and they now have only little opportunity to exercise their talents. It is hard to foretell what will be the future of Japanese art when the last of those guiding spirits shall have passed away; for in the confusion of this transition stage of government the young men are not subjected to the same strict apprenticeship as their predecessors, and it is doubtful whether they will inherit and hand down to their successors the noble art traditions of the past.

I was fortunate enough to arrive in Japan in the early springtime, when both nature and man were to be seen at their best. The bright faces, happy dispositions, and general appearance of contentment I met with everywhere amidst sunny gardens and cheerful homes, and the scrupulous cleanliness of the people and their surroundings, combined at once to make a most delightful impression on my mind. The contrast in coming from a purely commercial community with its prosaic and practical spirit made this seem almost like another world.

I found the people polite, refined, and considerate to one another, while there seemed to be an utter absence, in any form, of that brutality which prevails, more or less, elsewhere; and this fact I found to be true of all classes. It will very naturally be asked, What is the reason, the cause of this general contentment and happiness? This is precisely the question which presented itself to me; and in order to solve this and many other problems, and to gain an understanding and a proper insight into their life and customs, I concluded that it would be absolutely necessary for me to acquire at least a partial knowledge of their language and live the life of the people. Indeed, this entailed no sacrifice of comfort, for a Japanese house is clean, neat, and artistically constructed; in fact, "a thing of beauty," and "a joy" as long as one lives in it. One's neighbors are all that can be desired, and, what is more unusual, servants are honest and efficient.

But there was an obstacle in the way that had first to be overcome. Foreigners residing in Japan are required to live within treaty limits, and my desire to live beyond them did not seem likely to be realized until the following expedient was suggested to me.

There is an exception made to this law in favor of Government employees. A young Japanese friend of mine, Yasumaru by name, explained the case to his father, who was a high official, and he kindly arranged the matter by engaging me nominally as teacher of painting for his children. In this way we managed, between us, to evade the law, a proceeding, however, which I had to admit was not confined to Japan. A neat little Japanese house, surrounded by a pretty garden, was rented by my friend in the vicinity of his home, and I was soon established in these new and quaint surroundings.

Having determined to conform so far as possible to the customs of the country, at my friend's suggestion I sent my servant with a tray of buckwheat cakes to each of my neighbors. This, he informed me, was *de rigueur* in moving into a new home. In return, my neighbors made a most ceremonious call and expressed unbounded astonishment that a foreigner should be so well versed in Japanese etiquette. I also duly impressed upon my servants the fact that my household was to be managed in the same orderly manner as is expected of them by a Japanese master, and even made a point of conforming to the general custom of removing my shoes at the threshold of my house.

Of course in all these matters I was kept well posted by my young friend, who now came and made his home with me, as his father desired him to take advantage of this opportunity to practice in and increase his knowledge of the English language. Yasumaru, in common with most of the rising generation of his class, had studied English at school. He was of great assistance to me, and during my long residence among the Japanese he invariably proved himself to be a most trusty and faithful friend.

His parents' home was always open to me, and I found his family life most charming. His parents, though themselves feeling too old to change their mode of life and thought, were fully alive to the importance of bringing up their children in the new, the modern, spirit of Japan.

I could not but compare the fond mother of Yasumaru to the maternal hen, of popular illustration, blessed with a brood of ducklings whose ways of life she did not know. Yasumaru had two brothers and four sisters, the latter being named Okiku, Omatzu, Oume, and Oyuki, and their ages ranged from twelve to nineteen years.

It was a source of constant delight to observe the deferential manner they maintained and the respectful form of language they employed towards their parents. These girls were highly accomplished and well educated, speaking English fluently.

In Japan women have always held a higher position than in other Asiatic countries. They go about freely wherever they please, and the seclusion of the Chinese is wholly unknown to them. The schools receive as many girls as boys; and as a result of my observations I can safely say, without idle compliment, that the former are brighter than the latter.

By degrees, and under these favorable conditions for general observation, some of the causes of the people's happy spirit of independence began to be revealed to me. The simplicity of their lives, in which enters no selfish rivalry to outdo one another, accounts in a large measure for this enviable result. Regarding one another very much as belonging to one family, their mode of life is more or less on the same plane, and consequently a spirit of great harmony prevails. A very small income is sufficient to supply the ordinary necessities of life, and everything else is secured with but little effort. Household effects are few and inexpensive; and should everything be destroyed by fire or lost in any way, it is not an irreparable calamity. All can be replaced at a small outlay and life go on as before.

The tenant upon renting a house is put to little expense to furnish it; indeed, he requires absolutely no furniture at all. The clean, finely woven mats which cover the floor serve as table, chair, and bed; and as it is the universal custom to remove the shoes before entering a house, there is no danger of one's bringing with him the dirt from the streets.

His bedding consists of cotton quilts, which are spread out on the floor at night, rolled together in the morning, and stored away in a closet during the day. A few pictures (*kakemona*) and specimens of beautiful script decorate the walls, a few vases contain sprays of flowers, and a number of cushions on the floor complete the furnishing of a room. Yet it does not seem empty or cheerless; for the general arrangement of harmonious colors, the different woods employed in its visible construction, and the beauty of the finished workmanship, make a most harmonious and pleasing combination. Paint is never used to cover the wood, much less to substitute a false grain.

The love of flowers in Japan amounts almost to adoration. They are inseparable from the life, art, and literature of the people, and to deprive the Japanese of them would be to take the sunshine out of their lives. On one occasion I received through my young friend an invitation from his parents to accompany them on a visit to a very celebrated grove of plum trees that were then in full bloom. After an hour's ride in a "jinrikisha," or "kuruma," as these little man-carriages are more commonly called, we arrived at our destination, where great numbers of people were flocking from all points.

Yasumaru's sisters, in common with most of the visitors, were arrayed in their brightest and most beautiful *kimonas*, their mother's dress, however, being of more sober color, for it is considered very unbecoming for an elderly woman to wear anything bright. I don't think I ever observed a deviation from this rule. As we left our jinrikishas and entered the grove, which consisted of old, gnarled, and moss-covered trees, a glorious sight burst upon our view.

The trees were one mass of fragrant white and delicate pink blossoms. Hundreds of visitors in holiday attire were strolling about under the branches with extreme delight depicted on their countenances. Others again had spread rugs under the trees, where they were served with delicious tea free from the neighboring tea house. The brightly clad children were dancing and frolicking in the shade of the blossoms, and a more perfect picture of sunshine and happiness can hardly be imagined. Innumerable little strips of paper fluttering amidst the blossoms attracted my attention. Miss Okiku informed me that it was the happy custom of the people to give vent to their delight on these occasions by inscribing poetic sentiments, too brief perhaps to be called poems, and hanging them up in the boughs. And sure enough, as I looked about me, I observed several persons with paper and pocket inkstands in hand engaged in composing these little sonnets in praise of the blossoms.

Yasumaru was at some pains to explain to me that these poetic effusions were supposed to be composed on the spot — that the expression, the form of the idea, was derived from the inspiration of the scene; but his father added, with a twinkle in his eye, that many came with their poems already prepared. I was honest enough to confess to the old gentleman that this proceeding was not altogether different from the habit of our after-dinner orators who surprise their friends with impromptus composed, as the French put it, *à loisir;* that is to say, at their ease. Some months later I painted a picture entitled "Spring's Inspiration," in which two young girls are represented walking over the huge stepping-stones through a grove of blossoming plum trees and reading these poems; for, although it is not recorded that the Japanese lover takes this means of praising his Rosalind, none the less do Japanese maidens delight in passing from tree to tree perusing the fluttering inscriptions. The daughter of one of my neighbors, a highly accomplished young lady, kindly consented to write an appropriate poem that could be introduced into my painting. This was, in due time, sent to me with her own translation into English, and a little added note of explanation. Her translation of this note is as follows:[1]

"When Mr. Wores will set out to America he asked me to write down a nice poem to his picture which he has paint it in Japan and represents that a pretty girls are standing under a plum blossoms, so I have made the poem and written it here:

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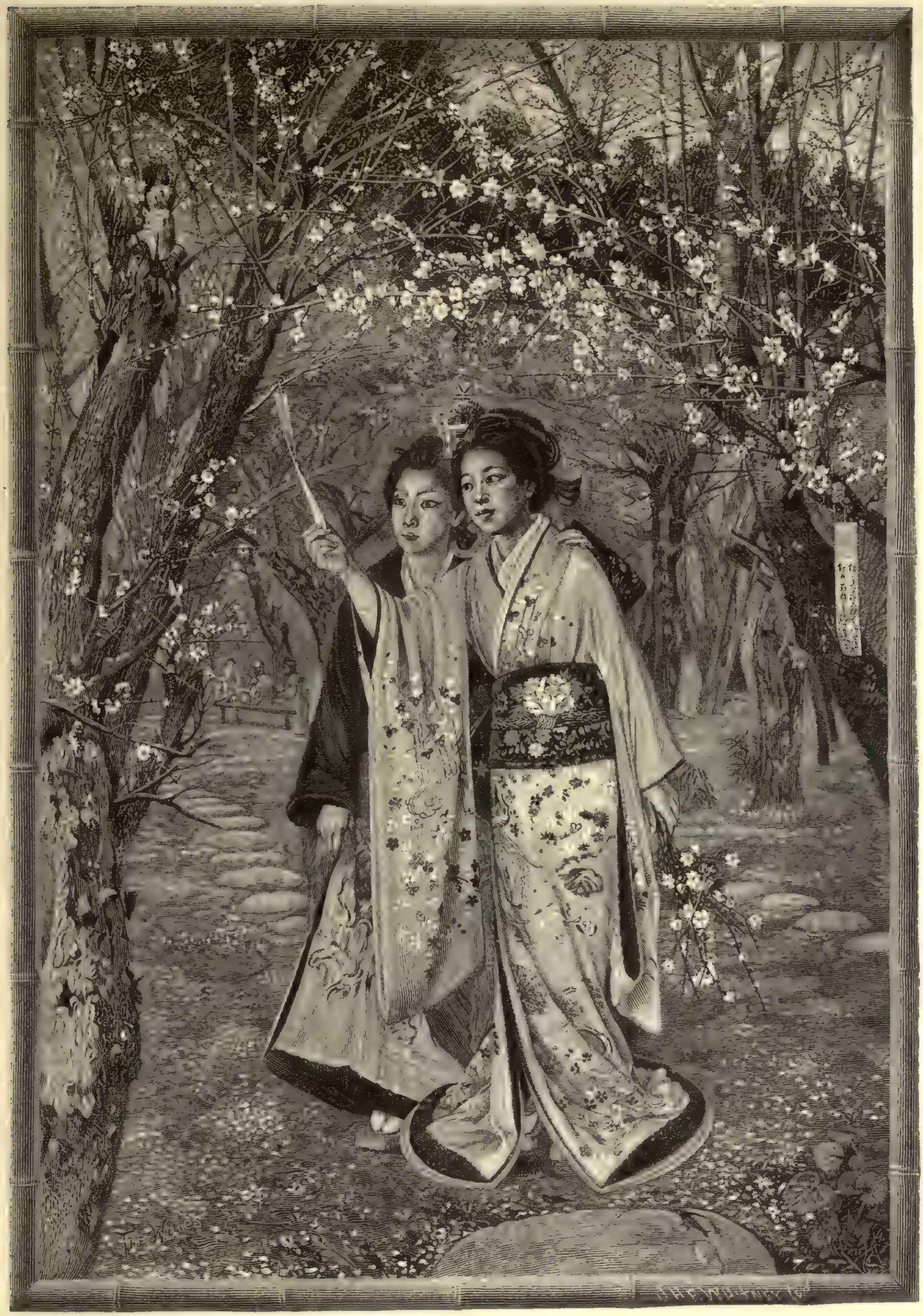
[1] Although I feel constrained to ask the reader's charity for the form of this note, it would lose its charm by revision. After all, the question is, How many mistakes would an American girl make under the same circumstances in writing a note in Japanese?



"SPRING'S INSPIRATION."

"'O, how lovely the plum blossoms smell, I must keep the sweet smell into my sleeves. They will be able to make me happy for the sorrow which the beautiful and cheerful blossoms should have gone.'"

Another of these poems reads in this wise:

"How happy I will be if a gentle breeze blows and wafts the fragrance of the blossoms slowly by, and I hope no wild wind will come to scatter them away."

The plum may be considered the favorite flower of the Japanese, for the snow has hardly disappeared from the ground when its earliest blossoms burst forth and are hailed by the delighted people as the first token of spring, a time to store away their winter garments and substitute for them the lighter ones of spring; for these children of the "Sunrise Land" have no love for cold, cheerless winter, and the early plum blossoms herald but the awakening of nature from her long winter's sleep.

The cherry blossom follows and almost rivals the plum. Great avenues and groves of these trees are planted for the sake of their blossoms only, for these trees bear no fruit. But in this esthetic land, where the sense of sight receives as much consideration as that of taste, these trees in exhibiting themselves once a year in floral attire are considered as having fully performed their duty.

As in plum-blossom time, the people make holiday and amidst the fragrant flowers drink tea made of last year's blossoms that have been dried and kept for that purpose.

This intense love for flowers and plants furnishes but another indication of the general refinement of the people, for it is shared alike by high and low, rich and poor; the poorest being never so poor but that they can, for a copper or two, buy a few sprigs of flowers from the *nannaye*, the street flower seller, who carries his fragrant burden in two large baskets suspended from a pole on his shoulder, setting it down from time to time along the thoroughfare.

As I have said, flowers enter into the life and art of the Japanese to such an extent that the loss of them would be like taking the sun out of their world. But herein they show their consistency by their admiration more for the individual flower and plant, the graceful lines and the color and forms of which give them far more satisfaction than great confused masses of differently colored flowers. Indeed one rarely sees more than a very few sprigs and blossoms arranged together, but the result is almost invariably artistic. This is, however, not left to chance; for the art of flower arrangement is one of the most important branches in the education of young ladies of the upper classes, who devote years of study under proficient masters in acquiring the accomplishment.

Near the entrance to the plum garden we passed a temple, from the veranda of which a priest was feeding a great fluttering and dazzling flock of pigeons which were so tame that without the slightest fear they ate the rice that was held out to them in the open hands of the visitors. Seated before the temple was a man with a large cage filled with little birds, one of which was purchased by Oyuki, the youngest girl of our party, who, according to a charming custom, threw the little feathered prisoner into the air and gave him his freedom.

We had now spent several hours among the plum blossoms and were preparing to depart when Yasumaru's father suggested that we finish the day in a visit to the theater. "We are rather late," he said. "It is now eleven o'clock and the play commenced at seven in the morning; but you will see enough," he added, "especially as this will be your first visit; and by the time it closes, between ten and eleven o'clock this evening, I am sure you will have had quite enough for a first experience." Our conversation was carried on through the medium of his children; for my knowledge of Japanese was rather limited at that time, and although the old gentleman read English without difficulty, he never attempted to speak it. He had on a former occasion said to me, "When I was a young man the only intercourse we had with the outer world was through the Hollanders, and then it was quite the proper thing for a young man to study the Dutch language, as my sons now study English." He had a very good library of old Dutch books, treating of every possible subject, and, like many others, he had been well posted on much that was going on in the Western world long before the gates of Japan were opened.

After a half-hour's ride through the streets of Tokio we arrived at the theater. The entire front of the building was covered with showy colored pictures of the actors and scenes of the play. But we did not draw up before the crowded entrance, buy our tickets, and elbow our way in, for that would be altogether too undignified a proceeding for a Japanese gentleman and lady. That is all obviated through the medium of the adjoining tea houses, in front of one of which we now descended from our jinrikishas. The host received us with profound and respectful bows as we entered, and after having served tea he was consulted about the seats, location, etc., and a man sent to secure places for us as well as for the servants; for the Japanese treat their servants in many respects much as members of the family. After resting for a few moments, and leaving all our unnecessary luggage behind, we followed the servant across the street to the theater, and were conducted to our boxes. The theater, though roughly constructed, was in general arrangement similar to those in the United States. Instead of chairs or stalls, however, the pit was divided by low partitions into boxes about five feet square, each of which accommodated from four to six persons, who sat on cushions on the floor. The gallery was likewise divided into boxes, and at the highest and extreme end was a space

THE RETURN FROM THE CHERRY GROVE.

separated by strong wooden bars and occupied, as with us, by the "gallery gods."

A raised walk on a level with the stage and running from it through the orchestra or pit extended along each side of the theater, by means of which the actors were enabled to traverse the entire length of the house — a great advantage in representing approaches from a distance. On each side of the stage were boxes containing the orchestra and the chorus, the latter chanting in doleful tones the plot of the play as it progressed.[1]

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[1] The Japanese chorus, unlike the Greek, consists of but two or three performers. However, the comparison with the chorus of the Greek tragedians is interesting.

The stage revolves on wooden balls, placed in a well-greased groove, thus enabling a scene to be changed without loss of time or lowering the curtain. A scene, for instance, is represented in which a party of travelers arrive before a tavern. They decide to enter, and as the first passes through the door the stage slowly revolves and brings to view the interior of the house with the traveler entering through the same door. I was agreeably surprised at the effectiveness of the scenery and the make-up of the actors, especially those who impersonated female characters, which, as in Shakspere's time, are always taken by young men; but so successful in speech as well as in action is this impersonation that it is difficult for a stranger to realize that they are not women. The acting was so expressive that I could almost, without the explanations of my friends, follow and enjoy the plot, which contained many of the usual elements of our own drama — the oppression of virtue and innocence and the final triumph over vice and crime. I have never known an audience so easily moved to tears as were these sympathetic spectators, especially those of the gentler sex, who were at times, almost without exception, weeping over the sad fate of some hero or heroine.

The leading character and chief attraction of the play was an actor named Danjero, the Booth or Irving of Japan, and it required no understanding of the language to appreciate his great art. There was also a ghost, who, like his familiar counterpart in Hamlet, spoke in the conventional hollow, sepulchral tone of voice. This ghost, Yasumaru assured me, was very celebrated; he belonged, in fact, to a famous family of ghosts, the successive members of which had acted in that capacity for many generations.[1]

Intermissions take place from time to time, during which servants from the neighboring tea houses bring in great trays filled with all kinds of refreshments, for at these all-day performances the audience take their meals in their boxes. We had both dinner and supper served to us by our host of the tea house, and the servants also appeared with refreshing tea at intervals between the meals.

Long as the play may seem, it passed only too rapidly, and I found my interest increasing to a feverish degree as the end was neared. A young daimio, the hero of the play, had committed a political offense and had been condemned to commit *hara-kiri*. Under these circumstances the code of honor of Japan enjoins upon a man the necessity of taking his life with perfect stoicism. In this case the young man showed evidences of a mental struggle. In a mournful soliloquy he expressed his unwillingness to die in the spring of his hopes and in the flower of his youth. Finally, strengthening his resolutions, he gave one last fond glance at a plum tree the blossoms of which overshadowed the door, and entered the fatal room, where, concealed from the view of the audience, he was to disembowel himself.

A few moments passed in silence and then a single blossom from the plum tree slowly fluttered to the ground. This was followed by a second, then by a few more, and then by a shower of blossoms.

"It is ended," said my friend. "Let us go."

An utter absence of sham, a perfect freedom from all affectation, constitutes one of the most admirable qualities of the people. They show no false or veneered front to the world, and their lives and actions are free and natural. The beauty of their homes lies more in the interior finish than in a showy outside, and the most beautiful rooms are generally those facing a garden in the rear. Even in their dress they are consistent, for the lining of their gowns is often of a more expensive and finer material than the outer stuff. However large and valuable a collection of works of art a Japanese gentleman may possess, the invariable severe simplicity prevails in his home. A few of his treasures may adorn his rooms, but the greater number of them — his pictures, bronzes, lacquer, and porcelain — are carefully stored away, each in its separate case, in the *kura*, or storehouse, and one may make many visits to his house before becoming aware of their existence. The few that may be observed about the rooms are occasionally changed for others, and only when the owner is visited by an art-loving friend who understands and can appreciate his treasures are they brought out. He never makes a vulgar display of them, for it is a true and genuine love for the beautiful which prompts him to acquire them; and through his enjoyment of these things he derives far more pleasure out of his life than the restless foreign observer may realize, who is only too apt to consider it uneventful and monotonous.

A Japanese friend once confided to me that

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[1] A play in the modern Japanese repertoire is our own "Merchant of Venice," with Portia left out. Some of the features of the adaptation are as follows: The Jew is a money-lender of Tokio. The 3000 ducats become 300 yen. To give character to the trial scene a few malefactors are introduced and sentenced and tortured on the stage. Then comes the *cause célèbre*. The money-lender flourishes his knife and demands his pound of flesh. The judge sees no way out of the difficulty and declares that the money-lender is entitled to it, when suddenly a door opens and a superior judge enters, supplying the necessary equity. Japanese etiquette would entirely forbid the rôle of Portia in Shakspere's play.

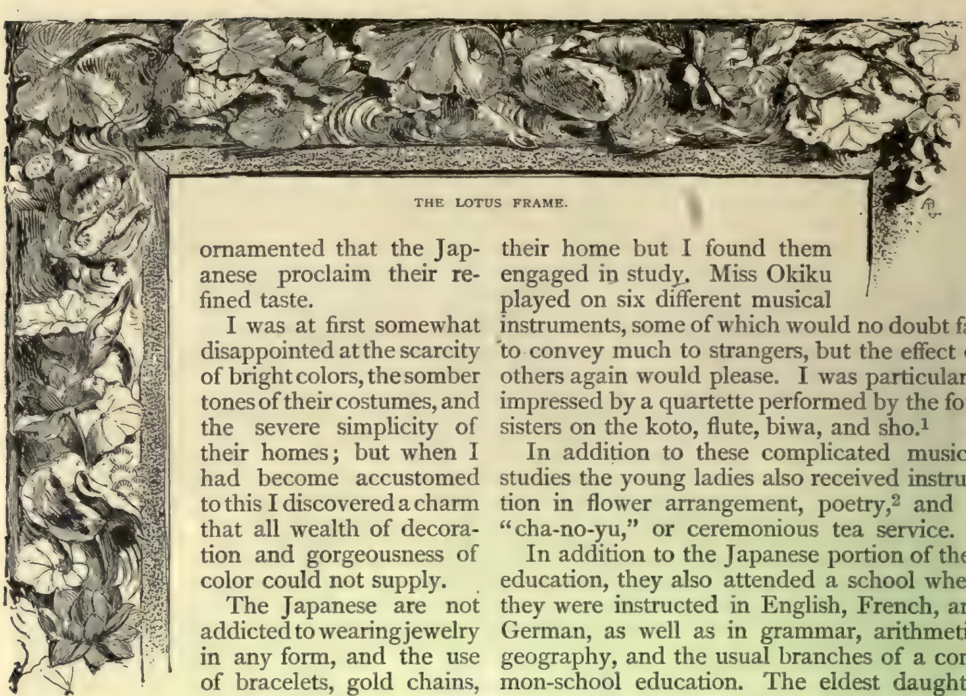
Theo. Wores.
Tokio. 1886.

A FLOWER SELLER.

although there was much that he admired in the appointment of our American homes, all this furnishing and decoration confused him. He did not know if he was right, he ventured to say, but it seemed to him that there was too much of everything; in fact, they seemed to him more like curio shops than living-rooms.

In this respect the difference between the Japanese and ourselves lies in the fact that whatever one may find in their houses, beautiful as it may be, is for use as well as for ornament. Its beauty, in a great degree, lies in its utility, whereas with us half of the objects that decorate our crowded rooms serve no useful purpose.

Although the term "barbaric splendor" is often used in descriptions of Japan, it could not be more wrongly applied, for it is in the very avoidance of all that is gaudy and over-



THE LOTUS FRAME.

ornamented that the Japanese proclaim their refined taste.

I was at first somewhat disappointed at the scarcity of bright colors, the somber tones of their costumes, and the severe simplicity of their homes; but when I had become accustomed to this I discovered a charm that all wealth of decoration and gorgeousness of color could not supply.

The Japanese are not addicted to wearing jewelry in any form, and the use of bracelets, gold chains, rings, and other ornaments, which can only be regarded as relics of barbarism, they have long since outgrown. Nothing could be more shocking to a Japanese lady than the custom of piercing the ears and suspending rings from them. In their freedom from this custom they perhaps stand alone among nations.

I have often been asked what constituted the Japanese ideal of feminine beauty and how it corresponded to our own. I found that the type most admired is of a slender, ethereal order with oval face, slightly aquiline nose, and light complexion. This represents the aristocratic type, and I could not but concede to many examples of this class a high degree of beauty; but when I ventured to express admiration for another type, the robust, red-cheeked, and well-developed country girl, I could not fail to notice the expression of pain and pity that came over the faces of my friends. Such taste seemed to them perfectly barbarous!

Yasumaru's sisters, whom I mention at all times more as typical examples of their class than as individuals, were well educated in all the branches that go to make up the accomplishments of a Japanese girl. I rarely visited their home but I found them engaged in study. Miss Okiku played on six different musical instruments, some of which would no doubt fail to convey much to strangers, but the effect of others again would please. I was particularly impressed by a quartette performed by the four sisters on the koto, flute, biwa, and sho.[1]

In addition to these complicated musical studies the young ladies also received instruction in flower arrangement, poetry,[2] and in "cha-no-yu," or ceremonious tea service.

In addition to the Japanese portion of their education, they also attended a school where they were instructed in English, French, and German, as well as in grammar, arithmetic, geography, and the usual branches of a common-school education. The eldest daughter also went to dancing-school, for it is now considered quite as important for a Japanese as for an American girl to learn to waltz. The square dances, however, seem to be the most popular. Of course only the younger generation indulge in this pastime, for with a Japanese of the old school such an undignified performance would be out of question.

Although I entered into my new life in Kanasugimura ("golden cedar village") with great zest, I cannot say that my arrival was regarded with unmixed pleasure by my neighbors. I was the first foreigner who had come to live in the midst of them; and therefore I was the subject for daily discussion in the adjoining tea house of the "Nightingale Spring," so named from the fact that nightingales were said to abound in the vicinity, which had also been a favorite resort of the poets, who loved its peaceful quiet and the beauty of the adjoining park of Uweno.

I was greatly amused at the terror displayed by the little children, who at first fled at my approach. But in a little while they grew more trustful and stood as I passed, gravely bowing their little shaven heads. I invariably found them well behaved and respectful. As

[1] Music-teachers in Japan are invariably blind, the practice of that profession being by general consent restricted to these afflicted people, and no infringement on their rights is tolerated.

[2] Japan is emphatically the land of poetry, for it is customary to express the most trivial feeling of the day by quoting a verse from some Japanese poet. I asked one of my friends what he should say to a young lady if he wished to compliment her highly. "Oh," said he, laughing, "we never leave that to chance. We have a verse which exactly suits the occasion. This verse is worthy of the most high-flown period of French gallantry. The maid is informed that her beauty is 'so dazzling that the fishes sink to the bottom of the sea, that the flowers wither at her approach, and the birds fall helplessly at her feet.'"

they are treated with great kindness and consideration by their elders, who never, under any circumstances, resort to corporal punishment, they retain in consequence much self-respect and pride, and resent being treated with patronizing condescension. Nevertheless they are thoroughly childlike, and indulge in all plays and frolics with the same enjoyment as other children. Their sweet and melodious voices attracted my attention as would the warbling notes of a bird. This is not purely nature's gift, but more or less the result of training.

I had not long been in Tokio before I became acquainted with a number of native artists, who all expressed the greatest desire to see my pictures, and to have me give opinion on their work. On the other hand I felt the same eagerness to become better acquainted with their art and methods, and to study the conditions under which they had developed into the only purely artistic nation of the world.

With us the artist, whose technical education and taste has been fostered in an artificial atmosphere, is but little understood by his public, and receives little sympathy except from a limited class. But the Japanese artist is in harmony with his public; he is free to follow his natural instinct with the conviction that everything he produces will be understood.

In associating with the people and visiting the workshops I was surprised at the almost universal ability displayed for drawing in a free, off-hand manner. Almost every artisan could with the greatest facility make a quick effective sketch for any design that might be suggested to him. This facility in rendering forms and designs in flowing lines with brush and ink is undoubtedly owing to the graceful form of their writing, to which years of study are devoted; and this is in itself an art education. This conviction, I may add, is shared by all Chinese and Japanese critics, who assert that painting is but a species of writing. They are taught from childhood to draw the Chinese characters in bold, free, and graceful lines, and beautiful writing is regarded as good drawing. The expression "It is alive" is applied to writing as well as to drawing.

One day, attracted by a bit of wood carving in a carpenter's shop, I entered, with the thought of possibly having a frame carved for a certain picture. But finding the master of the shop, a bright, intelligent-looking old man, engaged with his two sons in constructing some rude tables, I was not inspired with much confidence. But when I told him what I wanted he hastened to assure me that he could execute my order without the slightest difficulty, and displayed such eagerness to undertake the work that I resolved to give him a trial. The design of this frame, I explained to him, was to consist of lotus leaves,

THE KOTO PLAYER.

flowers, and turtles, carved in relief. With the assistance of a few rough suggestions with a pencil I made my idea clear to him and he volunteered to make a drawing. The next morning he presented himself with a large and elaborate sketch.

I could hardly believe it possible that such a beautiful work, which embodied in the most artistic manner all I had suggested, could have been executed in so short a time. His ability was therefore no longer to be questioned, and when a few days later I again called at his shop he was already hard at work on the frame. It was most fascinating to observe its progress. A rough piece of camphor wood, which represented one side of the frame, lay before him. With a few rapid strokes of his brush he indicated the general design, and then, without any further preparation, seized his hammer and chisel and without hesitation boldly hacked away at the wood, making the chips fly in every direction. Before long the unmistakable forms of lotus leaves, flowers, turtles, and water lines, gracefully intermingled, began to appear.

A CANDY SELLER.

This man, besides possessing the greatest mechanical skill, was thoroughly artistic in temperament. On one of my visits I discovered him intently watching a little turtle which he had fastened to a string, and when he observed a movement that struck his fancy he reproduced it in his work. But this was rather exceptional; for like the painters of Japan he rarely copied nature directly, as her impressions seemed to remain fixed in his mind.

But skillful though he was, there seemed no opportunity for him to display his ability in the proper channels, and he was compelled, in order to earn his daily bread, to devote himself to the most ordinary carpenter's work. After this he carved a number of other frames for me, and each successive one seemed an improvement on the last. I learned that he belonged to an old and celebrated family of wood carvers, and that his ancestors had, three hundred years ago, carved the ornaments of the famous temples of Nikko.

There are many such skillful artisans in Japan who are without employment and who could, did they but receive the proper encouragement, produce work equal to that of any period. I have even met with beggars whom I envied for their artistic ability. On one occasion I noticed a ragged old man seated by the wayside. He had carefully cleared and smoothed the ground before him, over which he had sprinkled with a sieve a layer of fine dust. By his side were a number of boxes containing sand of different colors. As I stopped before him he plunged his hand into the box of black sand, and letting it run through his closed fists began to form the outlines of a graceful figure on the gray dust. He shaded the lines as gracefully as with a brush, and in a few moments the contour of a well-drawn female figure appeared on the ground before me. He next proceeded to fill in the various shades of the dress and its patterns with the differently colored sands, and almost before I could realize it he had produced a most beautiful effect, and I only regretted that this sand painting could not be preserved and carried away.

I followed the example of the other bystanders and threw him a few small coins, whereupon he brushed away this picture and began another. So it went on, figure after figure, varied occasionally by beautiful script, flowers, and birds, and so long as the money was forthcoming so long the pictures appeared, as though the supply was inexhaustible.

Another artist of this class whom I often met was the street candy seller. He carried his stock on his back, and stopped from time to time to blow his trumpet and make his presence known to the children of the neighborhood. Putting his stand on the ground he stuck a lump of soft candy to the end of a bamboo straw and proceeded to blow all kinds of familiar objects, after the manner of a glass blower. He formed, for instance, a gourd with its hollow stem wound around the straw, then he added a few leaves, a snail or two crawling, most naturally, along the stem, and behold, the work was complete. Thus he created birds, animals, masks, or whatever might be suggested to him by his child patrons, who surrounded him and eagerly bought his productions.

Love of nature tends to make the Japanese great travelers within the limits of their native land. There are a number of well-known views and historical places that have for centuries formed subjects for painter and poet.

To visit these celebrated places is the ambition of every one of high or low degree, the former traveling leisurely, with all comforts, and attended by a retinue of servants, while the latter more generally dons the pilgrim's white habit and with staff in hand wanders from shrine to shrine, thus performing a religious duty and enjoying the natural beauty of the country at the same time. In traveling about the country I constantly had my notice drawn to certain fine views and attractive spots, and almost invariably found that they had been well selected and were worth a visit.

I once accompanied a Japanese gentleman to a celebrated valley, or cañon, near Kioto, through which flowed a wild and rapid stream. We took a boat and were guided by skillful boatmen down the stream through the rapids. As we floated along, my companion would from time to time utter exclamations of delight and point out some beautiful or historical spot, giving, at the same time, an interesting little description or anecdote relating to it. I therefore very naturally supposed that he had repeatedly visited this place, but on inquiry I learned, to my astonishment, that this was his first visit, and what he recognized and knew was owing to the pictures he had seen and the books and poems he had read since his childhood.

Japan, more than any other country, perhaps, owes much of its general beauty and attractiveness to the hand of man; but so successful is the harmonious combination of man and nature that one at first fails to realize how much each has contributed in forming the character of the country. But there is no conflict between them. Man has made no attempt to supplant or to improve nature, and has been but a loving assistant. Thus has this process gone on for ages and ages, until the people and their surroundings form one harmonious whole.

One day I received an invitation to visit an exhibition of paintings given by one of the leading art societies of Tokio. The day and hour of my visit were fixed so that the members of the society who wished to be present could on this occasion make my acquaintance. The exhibition was held in a temple, situated on a small island in a lake near Uweno Park.

I was warmly welcomed with much ceremonious bowing by a number of the artists who constituted the reception committee. They led me through a series of rooms, the walls of which were hung with a great variety of *kakemonas*, as the roll paintings are called. There were many different schools of painting represented, some of them consisting of most conventional productions, while others again seemed natural and lifelike.

But I felt in looking at these pictures that too many of them represented but occasionally varied efforts to reproduce well-known subjects and effects, the creations, in an inspired moment, of some great master of the past.

After the examination was over, I was conducted to an adjoining tea house, where a collection of representative works of the old masters had been brought together for my especial benefit. These were certainly the finest specimens of Japanese art that I had yet seen, and how they stood out by contrast against the modern ones of the exhibition we had just left! As I passed from one to the other the

HIAKU NEN'S DRAWING.

different styles and schools they represented were explained to me, and the artists were much pleased that I should express admiration for what I saw.

They all evinced the greatest curiosity to know to which of these pictures I would, from my standpoint of art, give the preference; and when, after due deliberation, I made my decision, it was received with a perfect outburst of astonishment. I had, they assured me, selected the masterpieces, the very pictures that they prized most highly. It took them some time to recover from this surprise; but when they did, all barriers of race seemed to have disappeared. We were now but a company of artists, bound together by mutual sympathies and common ideals. I never spent a more delightful afternoon. I was surprised to see how thoroughly cultivated were their art ideas, and how identical in many respects with those of the best of our artists. They asked me many questions about European art and artists. I had some photographs of pictures with me which I showed them. They seemed pleased, but were astonished when I told them the amount of time which had been required in painting them. They argued that a painter should spend a great deal of time in observing nature, and when he had thought out his picture perfectly in his mind, and was saturated with the subject, then he should seize his brush and dash off the picture in a few hours or minutes.

It is the spirit more than the substance that the Japanese artist strives to produce. He does not attempt slavishly to reproduce the textures of the trees, rocks, and other objects in a landscape. A mere suggestion of one of nature's moods that serves to bring back to the mind the impression it received is, in his opinion, quite enough, even if expressed in half a dozen strokes of the brush. The graceful and lifelike action of a bird, suggested in a few strokes, is far more commendable in his eyes than the most clever and realistic rendering of its feathery texture.

After several hours agreeably passed in art discussion I was duly elected an honorary member of the institution, and was informed that a full account of the reception would appear in the monthly journal published by the society.

As Japanese art was derived from China directly and indirectly through Corea, so does China owe much of its preservation and continuation to Japan. The Japanese rulers were eager collectors of Chinese paintings, and great numbers have in this manner been preserved and handed down. It is not difficult to secure an old Chinese painting in Japan, whereas it is almost impossible to find any in China. This is also the case with musical instruments; for although nearly all those in Japan were derived from China centuries ago and are still in common use, many of them are no longer known in China. In architecture also the construction is in the main Chinese, but a marvelous transformation has taken place in time. The superior beauty, refinement in color, and form of the details and ornamentation are purely Japanese.

The temples of Japan, as was the Church of Rome in the Middle Ages, were great patrons of art, and are to this day the store-houses and guardians of the most valuable art treasures. Owing, however, to constant thefts and to sales by the priests, the Government a few years ago declared these treasures the property of the state, and officials were sent to the various temples to take inventories of them. Every few years a tour of inspection is made, and the heads of the temples are held strictly responsible for what may be lost. It was only since these investigations have taken place that the Japanese could form any idea how much of this ancient art their country contained.

I had many meetings with artists in various cities, and was always politely received. On one occasion I visited the house of a well-known artist of Kioto named Hiaku Nen, literally Mr. Hundred Years.

Mr. Hundred Years belonged to a very old family of artists, but this is not unusual in Japan, where many of the artists bear the names and are the direct descendants of those who were founders of great schools of painting four or five centuries ago.[1] During the afternoon several other artists came in, and in the midst of an interesting interchange of ideas the old man suddenly jumped to his feet and clapped his hands, exclaiming, "This is too instructive; my pupils must also receive the benefit of your remarks." Obedient to their master's call, a string of five or six young boys filed noiselessly into the room, and, bowing their heads respectfully to the ground, seated themselves at the farther end of the room and listened attentively to all that was said.

The old man seemed to think that art had of late sadly declined in Japan. He was of the opinion that too many of the young men were striving merely to acquire the "brush stroke facility" of their great predecessors, losing sight, in the meanwhile, of the spirit of their work. They did not seem to realize that these brush strokes were but the means of expressing great ideas. "The result is," he added sadly, "clever brush strokes and nothing more." As I expressed a desire to see some of the work of his young pupils, he ordered ink, brushes, and a large sheet of paper to be brought. Then one after another these little men gravely seated themselves before the paper and in a few moments made a graceful little drawing, each signing his name to the work. Mr. Keinan, also a well-known Kioto artist, who was present, then made a very clever sketch of two swimming ducks, one of them half under water. The others followed his example, and, last of all, the master took the brush and in a few moments sketched a most lifelike crow, seated on a bough and gazing at a persimmon growing overhead. So realistic is the action of the bird that I have often feared he would hop off the bough and leave me; for, as the master rolled the pictures together and kindly presented them to me as a souvenir of my visit, I came into the possession of this masterpiece.

One of these artists afterwards visited me at my studio. Although he seemed pleased with much that he saw, he expressed himself as follows: "I hardly know what to say, this is all so strange and new to me. However, it seems to me," he added rather reluctantly, "that your chief aim is to produce a real effect; in fact, you strive to make your picture look so real as to deceive one into the belief that he is looking at nature. Now do you think that this can be accomplished with paint? Do you think you can succeed well enough to warrant your making that your chief aim?" And, indeed, I found it to be a very general belief among Japanese artists that European painters strive to produce realistic effects only, and never attempt to express noble thoughts or poetic ideas in their works.

The Japanese artist depends but little on direct sketches or studies from nature, and his work is almost entirely the result of observation. His mind seems to retain, to a wonderful degree, the impressions it receives of color and form. Subordinate details, however, are not so firmly impressed on his mind as to cause him to lose sight of the general effects of line and color. It is hardly conceivable to the European artist, who is accustomed to make most careful studies direct from nature, that realism can be carried so far with mental

A PUPIL'S DRAWING.

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[1] A Botticelli, Raphael, or Titian living among us, the lineal descendant, through successive generations of artists, of an illustrious ancestor, would not possess a more remarkable pedigree than do some of these living painters of Japan. I have seen a collection of pictures, consisting of one or two examples of each successive member of one of these artist families, covering a period of over four hundred years. It was curious to observe the hereditary variations, artistically speaking, that this family had undergone. In one period generation after generation seemed to deteriorate, then in another a brilliant genius would appear whose works would throw a glamour on the family name.

A JAPANESE GARDEN.

studies only. I once saw an exquisite work in one of the curio shops of Yokohama. It consisted of a figure bound to a cross,— for crucifixion was formerly one of the modes of punishment in Japan,—and for its action and anatomically correct modeling it ranked, in my estimation, as high as anything in the sculptor's art of modern times.[1] I later saw a group by the same artist representing two dancing devils, about three feet in height, at an exhibition in Yokohama, that was quite as masterly in its action and modeling. I greatly desired to know something of the author of these productions, and, if possible, to meet him and to learn something of his mode of work. This, however, I found difficult, as the dealers who monopolized his works were evidently not disposed to reveal his identity. But eventually I succeeded in locating him. About the only information the dealers had volunteered to give me was to the effect that he was a very old man, about ninety years of age, and the works I had seen were probably the last he would ever produce. It was therefore with satisfaction and surprise that I discovered him in his workshop, a bright, intellectual looking young man of thirty years of age. He was greatly astonished when I told him of the reputation he had acquired through his works in Yokohama, and the prices that were being asked and paid for them. As I supposed, he had been working for mere carpenter's wages, and that accounted for the mystery with which the dealers endeavored to invest him. On the occasion of my visit he was engaged in carving some grotesque masks, and showed me several unfinished figures that convinced me more than ever of his great genius. The action, as well as the details, the hands, the feet, were executed in the most masterly manner. I asked him many questions with regard to his methods, and received the astonishing information that he worked entirely without models and knew nothing of anatomy beyond what his observation of living figures had taught him.[2]

Much of the grotesque character and exaggerated action that undoubtedly exists in Japanese art, when compared with ours, seems to disappear on better acquaintance, and especially as we become familiar with the people and their impulsive ways. A few years passed under these influences is very apt to change many preconceived points of view. The action of figures, for instance, in some of our best figure paintings seems posed and statuesque — greatly lacking in the lifelike and natural action of those of the Japanese. Much of this may be the result of that study of Greek art which forms the foundation of our art as taught in all the great academies, and which ever after tends to blind the student to life in its graceful and natural action.

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[1] I believe that my opinion would receive general support were the works of this sculptor placed in a European exhibition.

[2] With such an example for us it is not unreasonable to suppose that it was under similar conditions that the great works of the Greek sculptors were produced.

I was much impressed with the calm and serious religious spirit of many of the large wall-paintings in the old temples. They reminded me strongly, both in spirit and execution, of the Byzantine and pre-Raphaelite paintings in church and cloister. I cannot help thinking, however, that the art of painting in Japan will not, except in a few branches, bear comparison with the best works of the old masters of Europe, and it has never been developed to that degree of perfection or attained the completeness of the best of Western art.

But then the Japanese art of painting cannot, as with us, be treated separately, for with them it is closely connected with all the other arts, which mutually strengthen and complete one another. This harmonious combination of art and industries, taken as a whole, excels anything that Western civilization can produce.

Shortly before my departure from Japan I was prevailed upon to exhibit my pictures at the *Mōagaku* — the Tokio asylum for deaf-mutes and the blind — for the benefit of that institution. Great interest was taken in the affair by both managers and public, and the exhibition was largely attended.[1] Before it formally opened, a private view was held for the members of the mikado's family and officials of high rank. On this occasion Prince Harunomiya, the son of the mikado, a child of six years of age, made a most ceremonious visit, attended by his aides-de-camp and a numerous suite of court officials.

The little fellow had been driven to the building in an English coach and four, with liveried footmen, and he was dressed in an American boy's suit, with the exception of a military cap. As he entered the hall his escort followed respectfully and the director of the institution received him with profound bows, but when I was introduced to him he stepped forward with great self-possession and shook hands with me. He then passed from picture to picture, motioning for me to accompany him. He gravely examined each picture separately and listened attentively to the director's explanation, giving me from time to time a nod of approval. He bought a number of photographs of the pictures which were on sale for the benefit of the institution, and as he took his departure the director advanced to escort him to his carriage. He turned at the threshold of the door, however, and gravely motioned him back, as if to say, "We will dispense with further ceremony." And he did, for he jumped quickly into his carriage, and touching his cap in military salute, the heir-apparent to the throne of Japan was rapidly driven off.[2]

The skilled artisan of Japan not only executes but in most cases designs his own work.[3] He perfectly understands the capabilities of the materials he employs, be they of wood, bronze, lacquer, or ivory, and he designs his forms to adapt them to the materials used. He does not consider it necessary that the form he plans should be a perfect or accurate reproduction of the object he undertakes to represent, but he does endeavor to give its character, however he may vary the design in conforming to the character of his materials.

In this he is undoubtedly guided more or less by his artistic instinct, which is but an inheritance from generations of artisan forefathers who have bequeathed to him their accumulated knowledge. Thus it is that the Japanese artisan is instinctively artistic, and produces artistic work almost unconsciously by simply following out his natural tastes and inclinations.

With us, whatever the designer produces is planned with the deliberate intention of making what he knows to be considered artistic. It is but what he knows, and not what he feels.

Many of the artists of Kioto, the ancient capital of Japan, continue to a greater degree than those of Tokio to remain true to the art traditions of the old time, and the modern commercial spirit had not yet encroached to such a demoralizing extent upon their work.

This fact was impressed upon me on the occasion of a visit to a celebrated cloisonné maker of the former city, who was renowned for the beautiful form, color, and workmanship of his ware. He received me with the usual courtesy in a home which was exceptionally refined and esthetic. One side faced and opened on a most charming garden. A little waterfall murmured in one corner and emptied its waters into a deep pool in which great golden carp sluggishly swam about. The garden was inclosed by a high hedge and tall trees that completely shut out the busy world beyond. Although we were in the middle of the city, the illusion of distance was perfect. Here and there the hedge had been cut away just enough to give a glimpse of a distant range of mountains or a picturesque old temple or pagoda. We walked through the garden, crossed a little bridge consisting of one roughly hewn slab of stone which spanned the dry bed of a brook, artificially constructed with water-worn stones so ingeniously placed as to make it seem nature itself. Presently we caught a glimpse of the workshop with its busy workers. All the beauty of this garden was spread out before their eyes, and the master, who seemed to read my thoughts, asked me whether I did not think it likely that these workers in beautiful forms and combination of harmonious colors would be favorably influenced and assisted by their inspiring surroundings. Who could not but agree with him? We returned to his house, where he told me something of his life, and my admiration for the man increased. He employed only a few assistants and executed but a limited quantity of work. He was ever striving to improve the quality of his ware, and proudly pointed out the contrast between his former efforts and his present work. A few years ago he told me he had sent a collection of his cloisonné to the Paris Exposition, where he had received a medal and had been fortunate enough to dispose of the greater portion of his stock at very good prices. Thus he was, for the first time in his life, in possession of a considerable amount of money.

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[1] The exhibition lasted four days and the price of admission was only 15 *sen* — about 10 cents. The sum netted for the benefit of the asylum, however, was over a thousand dollars.

[2] The prince's family has reigned in Japan over two thousand five hundred years. I could not help speculating, therefore, as to whether his majestic manners were not, like the skill of the artists, inherited.

[3] This was true also of the great gold and silver smiths of Europe. Compare Benvenuto Cellini's account of art and artists of that period. Art historians could obtain a much better insight into the conditions under which the art of Europe during that period flourished by familiarizing themselves with the living art of the workshops of Japan.

Some of his friends advised him to enlarge his workshop, employ more men, and conduct his business on a larger scale. "It was a great temptation," he said, "and I would undoubtedly have become rich; but I felt that work of this kind could not be turned out in great quantities and be good. I could not go on improving, and I would derive but little satisfaction in turning out unsatisfactory work. So I decided to continue as before, and I have never regretted it. All that money," he added quietly, "went to make this garden."

These are motives and ideas worthy of a golden age; and in sentiments such as these, operating through centuries of seclusion, lies the true secret of Japan's artistic greatness.

Theodore Wores.

IN THE ORCHARD.

THE autumn leaves are whirled away;
The sober skies look down
On faded fields and woodlands gray,
And the dun-colored town.

Through the brown orchard's gusty aisle,
In sad-hued gown and hood
Slow passes, with a peaceful smile,
A maiden pure and good.

Her deep, serene, and dove-like eyes
Are downward bent; her face,
Whereon the day's pale shadow lies,
Is sweet with nameless grace.

The frolic wind beside her blows;
The sear leaves dance and leap;
With hands before her clasped, she goes
As in a waking sleep.

To her the ashen skies are bright,
The russet earth is fair;
And never shone a clearer light,
Nor breathed a softer air.

O wizard love! whose magic art
Transmutes to sun the shade,
Thine are the beams that fill the heart
Of this meek Quaker maid.

James B. Kenyon.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN: A HISTORY.[1]

CABINET CHANGES—LINCOLN REËLECTED—CHASE AS CHIEF-JUSTICE.

BY JOHN G. NICOLAY AND JOHN HAY, PRIVATE SECRETARIES TO THE PRESIDENT.

CABINET CHANGES.

THE principal concession in the Baltimore platform made by the friends of the Administration to its opponents was the resolution which called for harmony in the Cabinet; and although no method was specified by which such harmony could be attained, it was no secret that the convention requested, and, so far as its authority went, required, that the Cabinet should be rendered homogeneous by the dismissal of those members who were stigmatized as conservatives. The President at first took no notice, either publicly or privately, of this resolution, and it was with something akin to consternation that the radical body of his supporters heard of the first change which occurred in his Cabinet after the convention adjourned. The resignation of Mr. Chase, whom the extreme radicals regarded as in some sort their special representative in the Government, took them entirely by surprise. The demonstration made by Mr. Wade and Mr. Davis some weeks later increased the feeling of restlessness among them, and brought upon the President a powerful pressure from every quarter to induce him to give satisfaction to the radical demand by the dismissal from the Cabinet of Montgomery Blair, the Postmaster-General, who had gradually attracted to himself the hostility of all the radical Republicans in the country. The unpopularity into which Mr. Blair had fallen among the radicals was one of those incidents that recall the oft-repeated simile that compares political revolutions to Saturn devouring his offspring. Mr. Blair was one of the founders of the Republican party. After graduating at West Point and serving for a year in the Seminole war, he resigned his commission in the army and began to practice law in St. Louis. He immediately gained high distinction in his profession, and became, while yet a young man, a judge of the Court of Common Pleas. He returned to Maryland, and in 1855 was appointed solicitor of the United States in the Court of Claims. The repeal of the Missouri Compromise made a Republican of him. President Buchanan removed him from office in 1858 on account of his zealous antislavery attitude. He was counsel for the plaintiff in the famous Dred Scott case, and presided over the Republican convention of Maryland in 1860. With the exception of his brother Frank in Missouri, and Cassius M. Clay in Kentucky, he was beyond question the most prominent opponent of the extension of slavery in all the Southern States. The immediate cause which occasioned his loss of caste among the radical antislavery men was the quarrel which sprung up between his family and General Frémont in Missouri. In this also he had the mortification of feeling that he had nursed the pinion that impelled the steel. The reputation of General Frémont was the creation of the Blairs. It was at their solicitation that the President appointed the Pathfinder a major-general in the regular army, and gave him command of the important department of Missouri. So late as the 24th of August, 1861, General Frémont relied upon Montgomery Blair for all the support and assistance he required in Washington. The Postmaster-General, writing to him on that date, spoke of the President and his colleagues with the indiscreet frankness of confidential friendship. "Chase," he said, "has more horror of seeing treasury notes below par than of seeing soldiers killed, and therefore has held back too much, I think. I do not believe at all in that style of managing the Treasury." He goes on lamenting his lack of influence in the Government in a style which reminds us of Mr. Chase himself.

> This, I can see [he says], is partly my own fault. I have been too obstreperous, perhaps, in my position, and men do not like those who have exposed their mistakes beforehand and dun them with them afterwards. The main difficulty is, however, with Lincoln himself. He is of the Whig school, and that brings him naturally not only to incline to the feeble policy of the Whigs, but to give his confidence to such advisers. It costs me a great deal of labor to get anything done, because of this inclination in the mind of the President, or leading members of the Cabinet, including Chase, who never voted a Democratic ticket in his life. But you have got the people at your back, and I am doing all I

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> can to cut red tape and get things done. I will be more civil and patient than heretofore, and see if that will work.

No man can be sufficiently sure of friends to write them such letters as this. A few months later Frémont was Blair's deadliest enemy, and these letters, being printed, came up like impertinent ghosts between the Postmaster-General and his colleagues at the Cabinet table.

In the beginning of this quarrel the Blairs were unquestionably right; but being unjustly assailed by the radicals, the natural pugnacity of their dispositions would not permit them to rest firmly planted on their own ground. They entered upon a course of hostility that was at first confined to their factious enemies, but which gradually broadened and extended till it landed them both in the Democratic party. Montgomery Blair was doubtless unconscious of his progress in that direction. He thought himself the most zealous of Republicans until the moment that he declared himself the most zealous of Democrats. Every admonition he received but increased the heat and energy with which he defended himself. The Union League of Philadelphia, towards the close of 1863, left out his name in the resolutions by which they elected all the rest of the Cabinet honorary members of the League. He chose to consider Mr. Winter Davis responsible for some attacks made upon him, and desired to defeat him in Maryland. The President, who had certainly no cause to show personal favor to Mr. Davis, said that as he was the choice of the Union men of Maryland he merited and should receive what friendly support the Administration could give him. Mr. Blair made a speech in Rockville touching upon the subject of reconstruction, and indulged in vigorous and somewhat acrid allusions to some of his leading Republican assailants. This brought upon him, and upon Mr. Lincoln, over his shoulders, much vehement criticism. It was in relation to this speech that the President said:

> The controversy between the two sets of men represented by Blair and by Sumner is one of mere form and little else. I do not think Mr. Blair would agree that the States in rebellion are to be permitted to come at once into the political family and renew their performances, which have already so bedeviled us, and I do not think Mr. Sumner would insist that when the loyal people of a State obtain supremacy in their councils and are ready to assume the direction of their own affairs they should be excluded. I do not understand Mr. Blair to admit that Jefferson Davis may take his seat in Congress again as a representative of his people. I do not understand Mr. Sumner to assert that John Minor Botts may not. So far as I understand Mr. Sumner, he seems in favor of Congress taking from the Executive the power it at present exercises over insurrectionary districts and assuming it to itself; but when the vital question arises as to the right and privilege of the people of these States to govern themselves, I apprehend there will be little difference among loyal men. The question at once is presented, in whom is this power vested? and the practical matter for discussion is how to keep the rebellious population from overwhelming and outvoting the loyal minority.[1]

It was about this time that the President wrote the letter of kindly and sensible advice to General Frank Blair which we have given in another place; a letter which, when published many months afterwards, gave great and lasting offense to the enemies of Blair in Congress and in the country. Although General Blair at this time retired from the contest for the speakership, the Postmaster-General continued, with equally bad taste and judgment, to oppose the nomination of Mr. Colfax for that place. Upon Colfax going to him in person and demanding the motive of his hostility, Mr. Blair was so indiscreet as to give as a reason for his opposition that Colfax was running as a Chase candidate.[2]

The opposition to Blair was not confined to the radical demonstrations in the Baltimore convention and out of it. Some of the most judicious Republicans in the country, who were not personally unfriendly to Blair, urged upon the President the necessity of freeing himself from such a source of weakness and discord. Even in the bosom of the Government itself a strong hostility to Mr. Blair made itself felt. While Mr. Chase remained in the Cabinet there was always a condition of smoldering hostility between the two men. Mr. Blair's enmity to Mr. Seward also became more and more violent in its expression, and his relations with Mr. Stanton were subject to a strain which was hardly endurable. There was still, however, so much in his character and antecedents that was estimable, the President had so deep a regard for both the Blairs, and especially for their father, that he had great reluctance to take any action against the Postmaster-General. In the middle of July, after the termination of Early's raid upon Washington, General Halleck, exasperated by the report of stringent and sarcastic remarks which Mr. Blair, under the provocation of the destruction by rebels of his property in the suburbs of Washington, had made, in reference to the laxity or poltroonery of the defenders of the capital, addressed an angry note to the Secretary of War, saying that he wished to know "whether such wholesale denouncement and accusation by a member of the Cabinet receives the sanction and approbation of the President of the United States.

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[1] J. H., Diary, Nov. 1.
[2] J. H., Diary, Nov. 21.

If so," said General Halleck, "the names of the officers accused should be stricken from the rolls of the army; if not, it is due to the honor of the accused that the slanderer should be dismissed from the Cabinet." Mr. Stanton sent this letter of Halleck's to the President without comment. The President, on the same day, replied in his most masterful manner. After summarizing Halleck's letter, he said:

> Whether the remarks were really made I do not know, nor do I suppose such knowledge is necessary to a correct response. If they were made, I do not approve them; and yet, under the circumstances, I would not dismiss a member of the Cabinet therefor. I do not consider what may have been hastily said in a moment of vexation at so severe a loss is sufficient ground for so grave a step. Besides this, truth is generally the best vindication against slander. I propose continuing to be myself the judge as to when a member of the Cabinet shall be dismissed.[1]

Not satisfied with this, the President, when the Cabinet came together, made them this impressive and oracular little speech:

> I must myself be the judge how long to retain in and when to remove any of you from his position. It would greatly pain me to discover any of you endeavoring to procure another's removal, or in any way to prejudice him before the public. Such endeavor would be a wrong to me, and, much worse, a wrong to the country. My wish is that on this subject no remark be made nor question asked by any of you, here or elsewhere, now or hereafter.[2]

This, we are inclined to think, is one of the most remarkable speeches ever made by a President. The tone of authority is unmistakable. Washington was never more dignified; Jackson was never more peremptory.

The feeling against Mr. Blair and the pressure upon the President to remove him increased throughout the summer. Henry Wilson wrote on the 5th of September, "Blair every one hates. Tens of thousands of men will be lost to you or will give a reluctant vote on account of the Blairs." The President's mail was filled with such appeals as this; but through the gloom and discouragement of midsummer he declined to act. There was a moment, as we have seen, when he lost heart in the campaign, and believed that the verdict of the country would be against him. Yet even then he refused to make the concession to the radical spirit which he was assured from every quarter would result so greatly to his advantage; but with the victories which came later in the season, and with the response of the country to the infamy of the surrender of the Chicago convention, there came a great and inspiring change of public opinion, and before the month of September ended the assured triumph of the Union cause became evident to one so capable as was Mr. Lincoln to discern and appreciate the signs of the times. He felt that it was his duty no longer to retain in his Cabinet a member who, whatever his personal merits, had lost the confidence of the great body of Republicans. He had learned also during the long controversy more than he had ever known before of the violent and unruly candor of the Postmaster-General. Exasperated by the attacks made upon him, there were no limits to Mr. Blair's jealousy and suspicion. He wearied the President by insisting upon it that all the leading Republicans were Lincoln's enemies. After Chase left the Cabinet he insisted that Seward and Stanton were in league against Lincoln; that Stanton went into the Cabinet to break down the Administration by thwarting McClellan, and that Seward was coquetting with the Copperheads. Mr. Lincoln listened to these denunciations with growing fatigue and impatience. He protested against them. He said once to Mr. Blair, in the presence of another, "It is much better not to be led from the region of reason into that of hot blood by imputing to public men motives which they do not avow."[3] Towards the end of September the President, reasonably sure of his reëlection, and feeling that he ought not any longer to delay complying with the demand of a party which was giving him so earnest and loyal a support, wrote this letter to the Postmaster-General:

> You have generously said to me more than once that whenever your resignation could be a relief to me it was at my disposal. The time is come. You very well know that this proceeds from no dissatisfaction of mine with you personally or officially. Your uniform kindness has been unsurpassed by that of any other friend; and while it is true that the war does not so greatly add to the difficulties of your department as to those of some others, it is yet much to say, as I most truly can, that in the three years and a half during which you have administered the General Post-office, I remember no single complaint against you in connection therewith.[4]

Mr. Blair accepted his dismissal in a manner which was to have been expected from his manly and generous character. He called upon the President at once, not pretending to be pleased at what had happened, but assuming that the President had good reasons for his action, and refraining from any demand for explanation. He went immediately to Maryland and busied himself in speaking and working for the Union cause, and for the reëlection of Mr. Lincoln. He made a speech a few days later in New York, at a great war meeting, in which he said that the action of the President in asking his resignation was suggested by his own father. All the family received this serious reverse in the temper of fighting men ready for all the chances of battle, and of bold players whose traditional rule of conduct when the cards go against them is, "Pay and look pleasant." General Blair wrote to his father that he was sure in advance that his brother had acted for the good of the country, and in the interest of the reëlection of Mr. Lincoln, in which he says "the safety of the country is involved."

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[1] Lincoln to Stanton, July 14, 1864. MS.

[2] Lincoln. MS.

[3] J. H., Diary.

[4] Lincoln to Blair, September 23, 1864.

> I believe [he continued] that the failure to elect Mr. Lincoln would be the greatest disaster that could befall the country, and the sacrifice made by the judge to prevent this is so incomparably small that I feel it would not cost him a pang to make. . . . He leaves the Cabinet with an untarnished name, and a reputation of having administered the department with the greatest ability and success; and so far as worldly considerations go, it is better for him to go out than to remain in the Cabinet. As to the future I have no fear. If Mr. Lincoln's reëlection is secured, no matter what his personal disposition may be towards us, or what his political necessities may compel him to do, if the country is saved and restored, those who have served it in its trials will some day be rewarded for the patriotism they have shown by a higher power than that of the President.

After the death of Judge Taney, Mr. Blair for a while indulged the hope that he might be appointed Chief-Justice, a position for which his natural abilities, his legal learning, his former judicial service, and his large acquaintance with the more important matters which would come before the court eminently fitted him; but the competition of Mr. Chase was too strong for any rival, however worthy, and he was chosen, to the bitter disappointment of the Blairs. Even this did not shake their steadfast loyalty to the Union cause, nor their personal fidelity and friendship to the President. Immediately after his second inauguration Mr. Lincoln offered Montgomery Blair his choice of the Spanish or the Austrian mission, an offer which was peremptorily though respectfully declined.[1]

Mr. Blair's successor in the Cabinet, ex-Governor William Dennison of Ohio, had been selected beforehand. The President informed him of his appointment in a curt telegram, and directed him to proceed to Washington as soon as possible. Mr. Dennison had rendered admirable service to the Government as governor of Ohio at the outbreak of the war. He was a gentleman of the highest character, of great ability and perfect integrity, and of peculiarly winning and gracious manners. We find among the President's papers a letter written by his intimate friend, David Davis, on the 2d of June, suggesting Governor Dennison as a proper person to preside over the Baltimore convention. Judge Davis says: "He is a pure, upright man, one of your most devoted friends. If, during this or your subsequent administration, you think it your duty to modify your Cabinet, in my judgment you could not get a wiser counselor than Governor Dennison." This, so far as we know, was the first, perhaps the only, suggestion made to the President in favor of Mr. Dennison for a place in the Cabinet. The claim of localities always had a disproportionate weight in his mind. When Mr. Chase resigned Mr. Lincoln appointed Governor Tod in his place, and after Tod had declined he was glad to find an opportunity to call another Ohio statesman into his Cabinet.

The reconstruction of the Cabinet went on by gradual disintegration rather than by any brusque or even voluntary action of the President. Mr. Bates, the Attorney-General, before the end of the year 1864 grew weary, not only of the labors of his official position, but also of the rapid progress of the revolution of which he had been one of the earliest advocates. Although heartily devoted to the cause of freedom and emancipation, he was wedded, by constitutional temperament and lifelong habit, to the strictest rules of law and precedent. Every deviation from tradition pained him inexpressibly. The natural and unavoidable triumph of the radical party in St. Louis politics, and to a certain extent in those of the nation, seemed to him the herald of the trump of doom. He grew tired of it all, and expressed to the President his desire for retirement. If he had not himself wished to retire, the President would probably not have suggested it; he was greatly displeased at an announcement made by Simon Cameron, as if upon his authority, that in the event of reëlection he would call around him fresh and earnest antislavery men. Mr. Lincoln, on hearing of this indiscreet and injurious statement, said, "They need not be so savage about a change in the Government. There are now only three left of the original Cabinet." He put a vacant judgeship at the disposition of the Attorney-General; but Mr. Bates declined it, not without some petulant remarks about the "uselessness of a legal system in a State dominated by the revolutionary spirit which then ruled in Missouri." He said he could not work in harmony with the radicals, whom he regarded as enemies of law and order; there was no such thing as a patriotic and honest American radical; some of the transcendental Republican Germans were honest enough in their moon-struck theorizing, but the

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[1] Seward to Lincoln, March 9, 1865. MS.

Americans impudently and dishonestly arrogated to themselves the title of unconditional loyalty, when the whole spirit of their faction was contempt of and opposition to the law. "While the present state of things continues in Missouri there is no need of a court; so says Judge Treat, and I agree with him." Considering the subject of a successor to Mr. Bates, the President, his mind still hampered by the consideration of locality, weighed for several days the names of all the leading men of Missouri who were in any way fitted for the place, but found good reasons for rejecting them all. One of his secretaries said to him, "Why confine yourself to Missouri? Why not go to the adjoining State and take Judge Holt?" The President looked up with some surprise and said: "Why, that would be an excellent appointment. I question if I could do better. I had always intended, though I had never mentioned it to any one, that if a vacancy should occur on the Supreme Bench in any Southern district I would appoint him; but giving him a place in the Cabinet would not hinder that."

Mr. Bates tendered his resignation at last on the 24th of November.

> Heretofore [he said], it has not been compatible with my ideas of duty to the public and fidelity to you to leave my post of service for any private considerations, however urgent. Then the fate of the nation hung in doubt and gloom; even your own fate, as identified with that of the nation, was a source of much anxiety. Now, on the contrary, the affairs of the Government display a brighter aspect; and to you, as head and leader of the Government, all the honor and good fortune that we hoped for has come. And it seems to me, under these altered circumstances, that the time has come when I may, without dereliction of duty, ask leave to retire to private life. In tendering the resignation of my office of Attorney-General of the United States (which I now do) I gladly seize the occasion to repeat the expression of my gratitude, not only for your good opinion which led to my appointment, but also for your uniform and unvarying courtesy and kindness during the whole time in which we have been associated in the public service. The memory of that kindness and personal favor I shall bear with me into private life, and hope to retain it in my heart as long as I live. Pray let my resignation take effect on the last day of November.

A few days before the end of November the President offered the place of Attorney-General to Joseph Holt; but Mr. Holt, with that modesty and conscientiousness which formed the most striking trait of his noble character, believed that the length of time which had elapsed since he had retired from active service at the bar had rendered him unfit for the preparation and presentation of cases in an adequate manner before the Supreme Court, and therefore declined the appointment. The President was not at first inclined to accept this as a sufficient reason for declination; but on the 30th of November Mr. Holt wrote a letter formally reiterating his refusal to accept the appointment.

> After the most careful reflection [he said] I have not been able to overcome the embarrassments referred to at our last interview, and which then disinclined me to accept, as they must now determine me respectfully to decline, the appointment tendered in terms at once so generous and so full of encouragement. In view of all the circumstances, I am satisfied that I can serve you better in the position which I now hold at your hands than in the more elevated one to which I have been invited. I have reached this conclusion with extreme reluctance and regret; but having reached it, and with decided convictions, no other course is open to me than that which has been taken. I beg you will be assured that I am and shall ever be most grateful for this distinguished token of your confidence and good-will. In it I cannot fail to find renewed incentives to the faithful and zealous performance of the public duties with which you have already charged me.

Failing to secure Mr. Holt, the mind of the President turned naturally enough to another Kentuckian, Mr. James Speed, an able and accomplished lawyer, a man of high professional and social standing in his State, and the brother of the most intimate friend of the President's youth, Joshua F. Speed. Mr. Holt warmly recommended Mr. Speed. He said:

> I can recall no public man in the State, of uncompromising loyalty, who unites in the same degree the qualifications of professional attainments, fervent devotion to the Union and to the principles of your administration, and spotless purity of personal character. To these he adds—what I should deem indispensable—a warm and hearty friendship for yourself, personally and officially.

Soon after the opening of the new year Mr. Fessenden was again elected to the Senate from Maine, and resigned his office as Secretary of the Treasury. In his letter of resignation he said:

> I carry with me great and increased respect for your personal character and for the policy which has marked your administration of the Government at a period requiring the most devoted patriotism and the highest intellectual and moral qualities for a place so exalted as yours. Allow me also to congratulate you upon the greatly improved aspect of our national affairs, to which, and to the auspicious result of our prolonged struggle for national life, now, as I sincerely believe, so near at hand, no one can claim to have so largely contributed as the chosen Chief Magistrate of this great people.

The place thus vacated instantly excited a wide and spirited competition of recommendations. The principal bankers of Chicago joined in recommending Hugh McCulloch of Indiana, who had made a remarkably favorable official record as Comptroller of the Currency in the supervision of the national banks; Governor Morgan was strongly presented by nearly the entire State of New York, though a few of the so-called radicals of that State joined with the great mass of the people of New England in recommending Governor Andrew, whose splendid executive qualities no less than his fiery zeal and patriotism had endeared him to the earnest antislavery people throughout the country. Both branches of the Maine legislature recommended ex-Vice-President Hamlin to take the place vacated by his distinguished colleague. Mr. Jay Cooke, who was carrying on with such remarkable success at that time the great funding operations of the Treasury Department, reënforced with his recommendation the demand of the Western politicians and bankers for Mr. McCulloch. Mr. Montgomery Blair, who still retained his friendly and confidential relations with the President, wrote to him on the 22d of February, saying that Mr. Hamlin did not wish his claim to be appointed Secretary of the Treasury urged upon the President; that Mr. Morgan positively refused the appointment. He supplemented these two important bits of information with the characteristic and irrelevant suggestion that Mr. Seward should leave the Cabinet, that Sumner should take his place, and that Governor Andrew might then succeed Sumner in the Senate. He also added that it would be a good thing to encourage Garibaldi to drive the French from Mexico. The President concluded to nominate Governor Morgan, who declined the honor. Mr. McCulloch was then appointed; upon which Mr. Usher, on the 8th of March, desiring, as he said, to relieve the President from any possible embarrassment which might arise from the fact that two members of the Cabinet were from the same State, resigned his place as Secretary of the Interior. The President indorsed the resignation, "Accepted, to take effect May 15, 1865." Before that date should arrive tremendous changes were to take place in the Government of the United States.

LINCOLN REËLECTED.

FROM the moment the Democratic convention named its candidates the stars in their courses seemed to fight against them. During the very hours when the streets of Chicago were blazing with torches, and the air was filled with the perfervid rhetoric of the peace men rejoicing over their work, Hood was preparing for the evacuation of Atlanta; and the same newspapers which laid before their readers the craven utterances of the Vallandigham platform announced the entry of Sherman into the great manufacturing metropolis of Georgia—so close together came bane and antidote. The convention had declared the war was a failure, and demanded that the Government should sue for terms of peace. Lincoln's reply three days afterwards was a proclamation announcing to the country "the signal successes that Divine Providence has recently vouchsafed" the people at Mobile and Atlanta, and calling for "devout acknowledgment to the Supreme Being in whose hands are the destinies of nations." He also tendered, by proclamation, the national thanks to Farragut, Canby, and Granger, and to General Sherman and the gallant officers and soldiers of their respective commands, and ordered that national salutes of one hundred guns should be fired on successive days from all the arsenals and navy yards in the United States in honor of these glorious victories. Thus, amid the prayers and thanksgivings of a grateful people, and the thunder and smoke of great guns uttering from their iron throats the general joy, the presidential campaign began. The darkest hour had come just before the dawn, and the light broadened on the political campaign from beginning to end.[1]

One of the earliest speeches of the autumn was made by Mr. Seward at his home in Auburn, New York.[2] He spoke avowedly without authority from the President, yet, as well from his intimacy with Mr. Lincoln as from his commanding place in the Administration, his speech demanded and received great attention. He said:

> While the rebels continue to wage war against the Government of the United States, the military measures affecting slavery, which have been adopted from necessity to bring the war to a speedy and successful end, will be continued, except so far as practical experience shall show that they can be modified advantageously, with a view to the same end. When the insurgents shall have disbanded their armies and laid down their arms the war will instantly cease; and all the war measures then existing, including those which affect slavery, will cease also; and all the moral, economical, and political questions, as well questions affecting slavery as others, which shall then be existing between individuals and States and the Federal Government, whether they arose before the civil war began, or whether they grew out it, will, by force of the Constitution, pass over to the arbitrament of courts of law and to the councils of legislation.

Referring to the Chicago declaration in favor of the immediate cessation of hostilities, and the paralyzing effect on the action of the Government which would follow the success of the Democrats upon such a platform, he asked, in that contingency, "Who can vouch for the safety of the country against the rebels during the interval which must elapse before the new Administration can constitutionally come into power?"[1] The opposition journalists immediately seized upon this as a threat that the Administration was determined to keep itself in power whatever might be the verdict of the people, and this clamor went on until the President, as we shall show, put an effectual quietus upon it.

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[1] The Rev. Dr. Thompson, calling on the President soon after this, congratulated him on the improved aspect of politics, and asked him whether he attributed it in greater part to the Chicago platform or to the victory at Atlanta. "I should say the victory," Mr. Lincoln answered; "at least, I should prefer to have that repeated."

[2] September 3, 1864.

Mr. Lincoln himself took little part in the contest. He was forced, from time to time, to assist with his presence charitable demonstrations in favor of the sick and wounded soldiers; and being always obliged on these occasions to say a few words, he acquitted himself of these necessary tasks with dignity and discretion. He made no personal reference to his opponents, and spoke of his enemies North and South with unfailing charity and moderation. Regiments of soldiers returning to their homes after their term of service was over sometimes called upon him, and in brief and pithy speeches he thanked them for calling, and always added a word or two of wise or witty political thought. Speaking to an Ohio regiment, he defined in one phrase the essential character of our republican government with more accuracy and clearness than ever Jefferson had done:

> I wish it might be more generally and universally understood what the country is now engaged in. We have, as all will agree, a free government, where every man has a right to be equal with every other man. In this great struggle this form of government, and every form of human rights, is endangered if our enemies succeed. . . . There is involved in this struggle the question whether your children and my children shall enjoy the privileges we have enjoyed. . . . When you return to your homes, rise up to the height of a generation of men worthy of a free government, and we will carry out the great work we have commenced.

To another regiment he said:

> I happen, temporarily, to occupy this house. I am a living witness that any one of your children may look to come here as my father's child has done. It is in order that each one of you may have, through this free government which we have enjoyed, an open field and a fair chance for your industry, enterprise, and intelligence — that you may all have equal privileges in the race of life with all its desirable human aspirations — it is for this that the struggle should be maintained, that we may not lose our birthright. . . . The nation is worth fighting for to secure such an inestimable jewel.

Being invited to attend a Union mass meeting at Buffalo, the President at first thought of writing a letter, and we find among his papers the following fragment in his own manuscript:

> Yours inviting me to attend a Union mass meeting at Buffalo is received. Much is being said about peace, and no man desires peace more ardently than I. Still I am yet unprepared to give up the Union for a peace which, so achieved, could not be of much duration. The preservation of our Union was *not* the sole avowed object for which the war was commenced. It was commenced for precisely the reverse object — *to destroy our Union*. The insurgents commenced it by firing upon the *Star of the West* and on Fort Sumter, and by other similar acts. It is true, however, that the Administration accepted the war thus commenced for the sole avowed object of preserving our Union; and it is not true that it has since been, or will be, prosecuted by this Administration for any other object. In declaring this I only declare what I can know, and do know, to be true, and what no other man can know to be false.
>
> In taking the various steps which have led to my present position in relation to the war, the public interest and my private interest have been perfectly parallel, because in no other way could I serve myself so well as by truly serving the Union. The whole field has been open to me where to choose. No place-hunting necessity has been upon me urging me to seek a position of antagonism to some other man, irrespective of whether such position might be favorable or unfavorable to the Union.
>
> Of course, I may err in judgment; but my present position in reference to the rebellion is the result of my best judgment, and, according to that best judgment, it is the only position upon which any executive can or could save the Union. Any substantial departure from it insures the success of the rebellion. An armistice — a cessation of hostilities — is the end of the struggle, and the insurgents would be in peaceable possession of all that has been struggled for. Any different policy in regard to the colored man deprives us of his help, and this is more than we can bear. We cannot spare the hundred and forty or fifty thousand now serving us as soldiers, seamen, and laborers. This is not a question of sentiment or taste, but one of physical force, which may be measured and estimated as horse-power and steam-power are measured and estimated. Keep it, and you can save the Union. Throw it away, and the Union goes with it. Nor is it possible for any administration to retain the services of these

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[1] Ten days later, when Mr. Seward had returned to Washington, he said, in answer to a serenade: "The Democracy of Chicago, after waiting six weeks to see whether this war for the Union is to succeed or fail, finally concluded that it would fail, and therefore went in for a nomination and platform to make it a sure thing by a cessation of hostilities and an abandonment of the contest. At Baltimore, on the contrary, we determined that there should be no such thing as failure, and therefore we went in to save the Union by battle to the last. Sherman and Farragut have knocked the bottom out of the Chicago nominations, and the elections in Vermont and Maine prove the Baltimore nominations stanch and sound. The issue is thus squarely made up — McClellan and disunion, or Lincoln and Union."

> people with the express or implied understanding that upon the first convenient occasion they are to be reënslaved. It cannot be, and it ought not to be.

After he had written thus far he seems to have changed his mind as to the good taste or the expediency of aiding even thus far in his own canvass. He therefore laid his letter aside and wrote a brief note[1] declining to address the meeting, on the ground, first, that it would be a breach of precedent, and, secondly, that if he once began to write letters it would be difficult to discriminate between meetings having equal claims.

Although the dignity and self-control with which Mr. Lincoln held himself aloof from the work of the canvass has been generally acknowledged, there is one incident of the campaign which was the object of severe criticism at the time. Governor Johnson, in accordance with the request of the State convention of Tennessee, had issued a proclamation[2] specifying the manner in which the vote for presidential electors should be taken, the qualification of voters, and the oath which they should be required to take. The Democratic candidates on the electoral ticket of that State, regarding themselves aggrieved by these requirements of the convention and the governor, united in a protest against this proceeding, and one of their number, a Mr. Lellyet, was sent to present the protest in person.[3] In the account of his interview with the President, which he published in the newspapers, Mr. Lellyet said that the President told him "he would manage his side of this contest in his own way, and the friends of General McClellan could manage their side in theirs." It is not impossible that, in a moment of irritation at the presentation of a petition which was in itself an insinuation that he was making a selfish and corrupt use of his power, the President may have treated Mr. Lellyet with scant courtesy; but he took the protest, nevertheless, and told him he would answer it at his convenience. There is certainly nothing of malice or of petulance in the grave and serious tone of the reply which the President sent a few days later to the McClellan electors of Tennessee. He informed them that he had had no communication whatever with Governor Johnson on the subject of his proclamation; that he had given to the subject such consideration as was in his power in the midst of so many pressing public duties.

> My conclusion is [he said] that I can have nothing to do with the matter, either to sustain the plan as the convention and Governor Johnson have initiated it, or to revoke or modify it as you demand. By the Constitution and laws the President is charged with no duty in the conduct of a presidential election in any State; nor do I, in this case, perceive any military reason for his interference in the matter.
>
> The movement set on foot by the convention and Governor Johnson does not, as seems to be assumed by you, emanate from the National Executive. In no proper sense can it be considered other than as an independent movement of at least a portion of the loyal people of Tennessee.
>
> I do not perceive in the plan any menace of violence or coercion towards any one. Governor Johnson, like any other loyal citizen of Tennessee, has the right to favor any political plan he chooses, and, as military governor, it is his duty to keep the peace among and for the loyal people of the State. I cannot discern that by this plan he purposes any more.
>
> But you object to the plan. Leaving it alone will be your perfect security against it. Do as you please on your own account, peacefully and loyally, and Governor Johnson will not molest you, but will protect you against violence so far as in his power.
>
> I presume the conducting of a presidential election in Tennessee in strict accordance with the old code of the State is not now a possibility.
>
> It is scarcely necessary to add that if any election shall be held, and any vote shall be cast in the State of Tennessee for President and Vice-President of the United States, it will belong not to the military agents, nor yet to the Executive Department, but exclusively to another department of the Government, to determine whether they are entitled to be counted in conformity with the Constitution and laws of the United States. Except it be to give protection against violence, I decline to interfere in any way with any presidential election.[4]

The McClellan electors thereupon withdrew from the contest; Lincoln and Johnson electors were chosen, but their votes were not counted by Congress.

The most important utterance of the President during the campaign was a speech which he made on the evening of the 19th of October, in which he referred to the construction which had been placed on the remarks of the Secretary of State at Auburn, already quoted. He thought the distorted and unjust conclusions which had been drawn from Seward's remarks had gone far enough and that the time had come to put an end to them, and he seized, for that purpose, the occasion of a serenade from a party of loyal Marylanders who were celebrating in Washington the victory which the party of emancipation had gained in the elections in their State. He said a few words of congratulation upon that auspicious event, and then added:

> A word upon another subject. Something said by the Secretary of State, in his recent speech at Auburn, has been construed by some into a threat that if I shall be beaten at the election I will, between then and the end of my constitutional term, do what I may be able to ruin the Government. Others regard the fact that the Chicago convention

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[1] Lincoln to Schermerhorn, Sept. 12, 1864. MS.

[2] Sept. 30, 1864.

[3] Oct. 16, 1864.

[4] Lincoln to William B. Campbell *et al.*, Oct. 22, 1864.

> adjourned, not *sine die*, but to meet again, if called to do so by a particular individual, as the intimation of a purpose that if their nominee shall be elected he will at once seize control of the Government. I hope the good people will permit themselves to suffer no uneasiness on either point.
>
> I am struggling to maintain government, not to overthrow it. I am struggling especially to prevent others from overthrowing it. I therefore say that if I shall live I shall remain President until the 4th of next March; and that whoever shall be constitutionally elected therefor, in November, shall be duly installed as President on the 4th of March; and that, in the interval, I shall do my utmost that whoever is to hold the helm for the next voyage shall start with the best possible chance to save the ship.
>
> This is due to the people both on principle and under the Constitution. Their will, constitutionally expressed, is the ultimate law for all. If they should deliberately resolve to have immediate peace, even at the loss of their country and their liberty, I know not the power or the right to resist them. It is their own business, and they must do as they please with their own. I believe, however, they are still resolved to preserve their country and their liberty; and in this, in office or out of it, I am resolved to stand by them.[1]

During the progress of the campaign Mr. Lincoln was frequently called upon to assist his friends, to oppose his enemies, and to exercise his powerful influence in appeasing discords in different States and districts. He interfered as little as possible, and always in the interests of the party at large, rather than in those of individuals. He took no account of the personal attitude of candidates towards himself. In the case of those who were among his intimate friends he would go no further than to demand that Government officers should not work against them. When Mr. Arnold of Chicago, who had incurred the hostility of Mr. Scripps, the postmaster at that place, complained of the opposition of that official and called upon the President to put a stop to it, the President would do nothing more than to order the offending postmaster to content himself with the exercise of his own rights as a citizen and a voter and to allow his subordinates to do the same. The postmaster answered, as was natural, that this was precisely what he had been doing, and that this was the source of Mr. Arnold's complaint; that the congressman wanted his active official assistance, and would be satisfied with nothing less. Although Arnold was an intimate and valued friend of the President, he declined to exercise any further pressure upon the postmaster, and Mr. Arnold soon afterwards withdrew from the contest. After candidates had been regularly and fairly nominated, the President had no hesitation in doing all in his power to conciliate hostilities and to unite the party in support of them. He tolerated in these cases no factious or malicious opposition on the part of his office-holders, and he laid his hands most heavily upon those injudicious friends of his own who attempted to defeat the reëlection of Republican congressmen who had not been especially friendly to him. A large number of the leading Republicans in Roscoe Conkling's district had declared their intention to oppose him. Mr. Conkling's friends appealed to the President, claiming that the Republican opposition to him had its rise and origin among friends of the Secretary of State. The President commended their complaint to the attention of Mr. Seward, and answered for himself: "I am for the regular nominee in all cases, and no one could be more satisfactory to me as the nominee in that district than Mr. [Roscoe] Conkling. I do not mean to say there are not others as good as he in the district, but I think I know him to be at least good enough."[2] Being informed of some hostility on the part of the custom-house officials in New York against Frederick A. Conkling, he wrote similar admonitions to them. The postmaster of Philadelphia being accused of interference against William D. Kelley, the President sent for him, and following his custom in grave matters, he read to him a reprimand which he had committed to paper in the following words:

> Complaint is made to me that you are using your official power to defeat Judge Kelley's renomination to Congress. I am well satisfied with Judge Kelley as a member of Congress, and I do not know that the man who might supplant him would be as satisfactory; but the correct principle, I think, is that all our friends should have absolute freedom of choice among our friends. My wish, therefore, is that you will do just as you think fit with your own suffrage in the case, and not constrain any of your subordinates to do other than as he thinks fit with his. This is precisely the rule I inculcated and adhered to on my part when a certain other nomination now recently made was being canvassed for.[3]

The reform of the civil service had not at that time been formulated by its friends, nor even adopted in principle by the country at large, yet it would be difficult even in the light of this day to improve upon this statement of its essential principle as applied to the conduct of office-holders. The postmaster, of course, promised exact obedience; but later in the summer the President was informed, on authority that he credited, that of the two or three hundred employees in the post-office not one of them was openly in favor of the renomination of Judge Kelley. Upon learning this, Mr. Lincoln wrote to an influential friend in Philadelphia, stating these facts and adding:

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[1] Autograph MS.

[2] Lincoln to Ward Hunt, Aug. 16, 1864. MS.

[3] June 20, 1864. MS.

> This, if true, is not accidental. Left to their free choice, there can be no doubt that a large number of them, probably as much or more than half, would be for Kelley. And if they are for him and are not restrained they can put it beyond question by publicly saying so. Please tell the postmaster he must find a way to relieve me from the suspicion that he is not keeping his promise to me in good faith.[1]

The postmaster felt at last the hand of iron under the velvet glove, and Kelley was renominated and reëlected, as he has been ever since — to the honor and advantage of his district and State.

The summer was full of brief panics and flurries among the politicians, and they were continually rushing to Mr. Lincoln to urge him to action or inaction in the interests of the canvass. We believe there is no instance in which he yielded to these solicitations. A matter of especial difficulty was the draft for half a million of men which had been issued on the 18th of July. Leading Republicans all over the country, fearing the effect of the draft upon the elections, begged the President to withdraw the call or suspend operations under it. Mr. Cameron, so late as the 19th of October, after the State elections had been secured, advised against the draft in Philadelphia. Mr. Chase on the same day telegraphed from Ohio, which had been carried triumphantly by the Republicans a few days before, recommending the suspension of the draft for three weeks — Chief-Justice Taney having died a week before. Judge Johnston of Ohio reports that he was with the President when a committee came from Ohio to request him to suspend the draft until after the elections, and that Mr. Lincoln quietly answered, "What is the Presidency worth to me if I have no country?" But these solicitations were not all in the same direction. General Sherman telegraphed from the field, "If the President modifies the draft to the extent of one man, or wavers in its execution, he is gone forever; the army would vote against him." The politicians and the general probably exaggerated in equal measure; the army would not have rejected him if he had seen fit to suspend the draft; and the people stood by him in his refusal to do it. He went so far in compliance with the earnest request of the Union people in Indiana as to write to Sherman expressing his sense of the importance of allowing as many of the Indiana soldiers as possible to go home to vote. Most of the other States which voted in October allowed their soldiers to vote in the field. Indiana had not passed the necessary legislation for this purpose. The draft was steadily proceeding in that State, and, in the opinion of the leading men there, was endangering the success of the Union party in the elections. "Anything you can safely do," Mr. Lincoln wrote, "to let her soldiers, or any part of them, go home and vote at the State election will be greatly in point. They need not remain for the presidential elections, but may return to you at once."[2] He was careful, however, not to urge General Sherman to any course of action which he might consider injurious. "This is," he added, "in no sense an order, but is merely intended to impress you with the importance, to the army itself, of your doing all you safely can, yourself being the judge of what you can safely do." There were also reports from Missouri that Rosecrans was inclined to deny the soldiers the right of attending the elections, on the assumed ground that they would get drunk and make disturbance. The President, on being informed of this, quoted to Rosecrans the following words from the letter which he had written to Schofield: "'At elections see that those, and only those, are allowed to vote who are entitled to do so by the laws of Missouri, including as of those laws the restrictions laid by the Missouri convention upon those who may have participated in the rebellion.' This," said Lincoln, "I thought right then and think right now, and I may add I do not remember that either party complained after the election of General Schofield's action under it. Wherever the law allows soldiers to vote, their officers must also allow it."[3]

The opposition to Mr. Lincoln within the ranks of his own party did not entirely die away, even after the Chicago nomination and the changed political prospect which immediately followed it. So late as the 20th of September Thurlow Weed wrote to Mr. Seward that

> The conspiracy against Mr. Lincoln collapsed on Monday last. It was equally formidable and vicious, embracing a larger number of leading men than I had supposed possible. Knowing that I was not satisfied with the President, they came to me for coöperation; but my objection to Mr. Lincoln is that he has done too much for those who now seek to drive him out of the field. Their last meeting was early last week at the house of Dudley Field, which was attended by Greeley, George Wilkes, Tilton, Opdyke, Noyes, and twenty-five others of the same stripe.

He also stated that a circular had been sent to leading Republicans in other States inquiring as to the feasibility of making another nomination for President at that time; that the malcontents, finding themselves in solitude, had concluded to break up operations and try to control the regular State convention.

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[1] Lincoln to McMichael, Aug. 5, 1864. MS.

[2] Lincoln to Sherman, Sept. 19, 1864. MS.

[3] Lincoln to Rosecrans, Sept. 26, 1864. MS.

After every semblance of open hostility had disappeared everywhere else in the country the fire of faction still kept it alive in Missouri. A singular state of things existed there. The radical party had almost entirely absorbed the Union sentiment of the State; the conservative party, the President's friends, had almost ceased to exist. The incumbents of the Government offices, a few of the intimate personal friends of Blair, still stood out against the radicals; and so long as this attitude was maintained the radicals, while working vigorously for their State and local tickets, refused to avow themselves in favor of Lincoln. So far as can be ascertained the only reason for this absurd position was that the "Clay Banks," as the conservatives were called, wished the radicals to declare for Lincoln as a pretext by which they could join the vast majority of their party, and the radicals spitefully refused to allow them this accommodation. Mr. Fletcher, the radical candidate for governor, refused during the greater part of the campaign to make any public statement that he would vote for Lincoln. His reason for this, privately given, was that he feared such an announcement would alienate from his support a large number of the more furious anti-Lincoln Germans. At last, however, he concluded to declare for the regular Republican presidential ticket, and a meeting was appointed for the purpose; but, to the astonishment of the moderate Union men, he went no further at this meeting than to say he would not vote for McClellan, and in explanation of this singular performance he told the President's private secretary [1] that he had found at the hotel where his speech was made a letter of the "Clay Bank" committee offering their support on condition of his declaring for Lincoln, and that he would not be coerced into it. The President sent messages to the moderate Unionists expressing his desire that the absurd and futile quarrel should come to an end, and they, to do them justice, desired nothing more. The only condition of their support which they made was that candidates should declare themselves for Lincoln, which they in turn would have been willing to do if it were not that the "Clay Banks" requested it.

> So far as practical results went the party was united enough [Mr. Nicolay reported]; it seems to be well understood that, with the exception of very few impracticables, the Union men will cast their votes for you, for the radical congressmen, for the emancipation candidates, for the State legislature and the State convention, so that in practice nearly everybody is right and united, while in profession everybody is wrong or at cross purposes.

This was surmised while the clatter of factious fighting was going on, and was abundantly proved by the result. While the radical candidate for governor only claimed that he would be elected by a majority of ten thousand, which claim by many of his party was considered sanguine, when the votes were counted it was found that Lincoln had carried the State by the immense majority of forty thousand.

The electoral contest began with the picket firing in Vermont and Maine in September, was continued in what might be called the grand guard fighting in October, in the great States of Pennsylvania, Ohio, and Indiana, and the final battle all along the line took place in November. Vermont and Maine were carried by good Republican majorities, the canvass in the latter State having been managed by James G. Blaine with a dash and energy which gave a presage of his future career. Before the October elections came on, auguries of Republican success had become so significant and universal that there was little doubt in the best-informed political circles of the result. The President, however, was too old a politician to be sure of anything until the votes were counted, and it was not without some natural trepidation that on the evening of the 11th of October he walked over to the War Department to get from the telegraphic instruments the earliest intimations of the course of the contest. The first dispatch he received contained the welcome intelligence of the election of Rutherford B. Hayes and his Republican colleague from the hard-fought Cincinnati districts. Next came dispatches announcing a Republican majority in Philadelphia and indicating a similar result in the State of Pennsylvania. The news continued very much in the same strain during the evening, and the President in the lull of dispatches read aloud to Stanton and Dana selected chapters of the Nasby papers. As the votes of the soldiers in the different camps in the vicinity of Washington began to be reported they were found to be nearly unanimous in favor of the Republican candidate, the proportion among Western troops being generally that of ten to one: among the Eastern troops, although there was everywhere a majority, it was not so large. Carver Hospital, by which Lincoln and Stanton passed every day on their way to the country, gave the heaviest opposition vote reported — about one out of three. Lincoln turned to the Secretary and said, "That 's hard on us, Stanton! They know us better than the others." The sum of the day's work was of enormous importance. Indiana indicated a gain of thirty thousand in two years. Governor Morton and the entire Republican ticket were elected by twenty thousand majority, with the gain of four congressmen. Pennsylvania, whose representatives in

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[1] Nicolay to Lincoln, Oct. 18, 1864. MS.

Congress had been equally divided, now changed their proportion to fifteen against nine, and made her legislature strongly Republican in both branches, with popular majorities ranging from ten to fifteen thousand. The Unionists carried Ohio by a majority of over fifty-four thousand and effected a complete revolution in her representation in Congress; for while in 1862 she had elected fourteen Democrats and five Republicans, she now sent to Washington seventeen Republicans and two Democrats. But the success of the day which lay nearest to the heart of the President was the adoption in Maryland of the new State constitution abolishing slavery forever on her soil. The majority was a very slender one, the vote of the soldiers in the field being necessary to save emancipation; but it served, and the next month the Union majority was greatly increased.

It would seem strange that after this decisive victory there should have been any room left for hope or confidence on the side of the opposition or for anxiety and panic among Republican politicians; but alternating fits of confidence and despondency are inseparable from all long-continued political campaigns, and even after these overwhelming successes we find the Democratic speeches and papers full of boasting, and the private correspondence of the most experienced Republican leaders full of tremor and apprehension. The President, however, had passed through his moment of despondency, and from this time to the end entertained no shadow of doubt of the result. Mr. Washburne wrote to him on the 17th of October from Galena: "It is no use to deceive ourselves about this State. Everything is at sixes and sevens; no head or tail to anything. There is imminent danger of our losing the State"; and more in the same strain. The President laid away the letter, writing on the envelope the single word, "Stampeded." Ten days later Washburne had recovered his spirits, and wrote, "John Logan is carrying everything before him in Egypt." Earlier in the campaign Mr. Washburne, desiring to do all in his power to forward the Union cause, had written to Grant asking permission to print a letter from him in favor of Lincoln. Grant replied that he had no objection to this, but he thought that "for the President to answer all the charges the opposition would bring against him would be like setting a maiden to work to prove her chastity." A friend of Mr. Seward communicated to him about the same time an astonishing mare's nest, in which he claimed to have discovered that the opposition policy for the presidential campaign would be to abstain from voting. The Secretary submitted this letter to the President. To Mr. Lincoln, with his life-long observation of politics, this idea of abstention from voting seemed more amusing than threatening. He returned the letter to the Secretary with this indorsement: "More likely to abstain from stopping when once they get at it."

As the time drew near for the election in November a flight of rumors of intended secessionist demonstrations in the principal States of the North covered the land. The points of danger which were most clearly indicated were the cities of Chicago and New York. We have related in another place the efficient measures taken to prevent any outbreak in Chicago, with the arrest and punishment of the conspirators. The precautionary measures in other States prevented any attempt at disorder. To preserve the public peace in the city of New York and to secure the guarantee of a fair and orderly election there, General Butler was sent with a considerable force of troops to that city. He issued an order on the 5th of November declaring that troops had been detailed for duty in that district sufficient to preserve the peace of the United States, to protect public property, to prevent disorder, and to insure calm and quiet. He referred to the charge made by the opposition that the presence of Union troops might possibly have an effect upon the free exercise of the duty of voting at the ensuing election. He hotly repudiated this accusation.

> The armies of the United States [he said] are ministers of good and not of evil. . . . Those who fear them are accused by their own consciences. Let every citizen having the right to vote act according to the inspiration of his own judgment freely. He will be protected in that right by the whole power of the Government if it shall become necessary.

He denounced energetically the crime of fraudulent voting, but did not assume to himself the duty of separating the tares from the wheat. He simply warned the evil-intentioned that fraudulent voting would be detected and punished after the election was over. Governor Seymour had been, as usual, much exercised for fear of executive usurpation at the polls, and had issued a proclamation on the 2d of November urging the avoidance of all measures which would tend to strife or disorder. He called upon sheriffs of counties to take care that every voter should have a free ballot in the manner secured to him by the constitutional laws, and to exercise the full force of the law and call forth, if need be, the power of their districts against the interference of the military in the vicinity of the polling-places.

There was by no means a unanimous agreement among even the supporters of the Administration as to the expediency of sending

General Butler to New York at this time. The action was taken by Mr. Stanton on his own responsibility. Thurlow Weed disapproved of it, and up to the day of election thought, on the whole, the proceeding was injurious, in spite of Butler's admirable general order; but Butler acted under the circumstances with remarkable judgment and discretion. He devoted the days which elapsed between his arrival and the election to making himself thoroughly acquainted with the city, with its police arrangements, and the means at his disposal to preserve order. Every hour was occupied with a careful study of maps, of police arrangements, of telegraphic communication between his headquarters and every region of the city, and in consultations with general officers, the creation of an improvised engineer department, and the planning of a system of barricades in case of a widespread insurrection. But the object to which he gave special attention, and in which he most thoroughly succeeded, was the avoidance of any pretext for any charge of interference with the rights of citizens at the polls. On the morning of the 8th of November, although the city was absolutely in the hands of the disciplined military force which had been sent to guard it, not a soldier was visible to the thousands of voters who thronged the streets; but everybody knew that they were there, and the result was, as Butler telegraphed to Lincoln at noon on election day, "the quietest city ever seen."

To Mr. Lincoln this was one of the most solemn days of his life. Assured of his personal success, and devoutly confident that the day of peace and the reëstablishment of the Union was not far off, he felt no elation and no sense of triumph over his opponents. His mind seemed filled with mingled feelings of deep and humble gratitude to the vast majority of his fellow-citizens who were this day testifying to him their heartfelt confidence and affection, and of a keen and somewhat surprised regret that he should be an object in so many quarters of so bitter and vindictive an opposition. He said to one of his secretaries: "It is singular that I, who am not a vindictive man, should always, except once, have been before the people for election in canvasses marked for their bitterness. When I came to Congress it was a quiet time; but always, except that, the contests in which I have been prominent have been marked with great rancor."[1]

In the evening he went over, as was his custom, to the War Department. The night was rainy and dark. As he entered the telegraph room he was handed a dispatch from Mr. Forney claiming 10,000 Union majority in Philadelphia. The figures were so far above his estimate that he said, "Forney is a little excitable." A moment after a dispatch came from Mr. Felton in Baltimore, "15,000 in the city, 5000 in the State. All hail, free Maryland!" A moment after there came messages from Boston announcing majorities for Mr. Hooper and Mr. Rice of something like 4000 each. The President, astonished, asked if this was not a clerical error for 400, but the larger figures were soon confirmed. Mr. Rice afterwards, in speaking of these astounding majorities in districts where there was never the least charge made of irregularity at the polls, quoted an explanation made by a constituent of his, with no irreverent intention, "The Almighty must have stuffed the ballot boxes."

The entrance of General Eckert, who came in covered with mud from a fall in crossing the street, reminded the President of an incident of his defeat by Douglas. He said: "For such an awkward fellow, I am pretty sure-footed. It used to take a rather dexterous man to throw me. I remember the evening of the day in 1858 that decided the contest for the Senate between Mr. Douglas and myself was something like this—dark, raining, and gloomy. I had been reading the returns and had ascertained that we had lost the legislature, and started to go home. The path had been worn hog-backed and was slippery. Both my feet slipped from under me, but I recovered myself and lit clear; and I said to myself, 'It is a slip, and not a fall.'"

Mr. Fox, the Assistant Secretary of the Navy, indulged in some not unnatural exultation over the complete effacement of Henry Winter Davis from Maryland politics. Mr. Davis had assailed the navy with a peculiarly malicious opposition for two years for no cause that Mr. Fox could assign except that he was a brother-in-law of Montgomery Blair. The President would not agree with him. "You have more of that feeling of personal resentment than I," he said. "Perhaps I have too little of it; but I never thought it paid. A man has no time to spend half his life in quarrels. If any man ceases to attack me I never remember the past against him." All the evening the dispatches kept the same tenor of widespread success—in almost all cases above the estimates. The October States showed increased majorities, and long before midnight the indications were that the State of New York had cast her ponderous vote for Lincoln, and made the verdict of the North almost unanimous in his favor, leaving General McClellan but 21 electoral votes, derived from New Jersey, Delaware, and Kentucky, 212 being cast for Lincoln and Johnson.

It was two o'clock in the morning before the President left the War Department. At the door he met a party of serenaders with a brass band who saluted him with music and cheers, and, in the American fashion, demanded a speech. He made a brief response, saying that he did not pretend that those who had thought the best interests of the nation were to be subserved by the support of the present Administration embraced all the patriotism and loyalty of the country. He continued:

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[1] J. H., Diary.

> I do believe, and I trust without personal interest, that the welfare of the country does require that such support and indorsement be given.
>
> I earnestly believe that the consequence of this day's work (if it be as you assume, and as now seems probable) will be to the lasting advantage, if not to the very salvation, of the country. I cannot at this hour say what has been the result of the election. But, whatever it may be, I have no desire to modify this opinion, that all who have labored to-day in behalf of the Union organization have wrought for the best interest of their country and the world, not only for the present, but for all future ages.
>
> I am thankful to God for this approval of the people; but, while deeply grateful for this mark of their confidence in me, if I know my heart, my gratitude is free from any taint of personal triumph. I do not impugn the motives of any one opposed to me. It is no pleasure to me to triumph over any one; but I give thanks to the Almighty for this evidence of the people's resolution to stand by free government and the rights of humanity.

For several days the torrent of congratulations came pouring in. Frank Blair wrote from Georgia, where he was leading an army corps under Sherman to the sea: "The vote in this army to-day is almost unanimous for Lincoln. Give Uncle Abe my compliments and congratulations." Grant paused for a moment in his labors in the investment of Richmond to express his sense of the vast importance and significance of the election. He thought a tremendous crisis in the history of the country had been met and triumphantly passed by the quiet and orderly conduct of the American people on the 8th of November.

The manner in which the President received these tumultuous demonstrations of good-will was so characteristic that it seems to us worthy of special attention. He was absolutely free from elation or self-congratulation. He seemed to deprecate his own triumph and to sympathize rather with the beaten than the victorious party. He received notice that on the night of the 10th of November the various Republican clubs in the District of Columbia would serenade him. Not wishing to speak extempore on an occasion where his words would receive so wide a publication, he sat down and hastily wrote a speech which, while it has not received the world-wide fame of certain other of his utterances, is one of the weightiest and wisest of all his discourses. He read it at the window which opens on the north portico of the Executive Mansion, a secretary standing beside him lighting the page with a candle. "Not very graceful," he said, "but I am growing old enough not to care much for the manner of doing things."[1] There was certainly never an equal compliment paid to a serenading crowd. The inmost philosophy of republican government was in the President's little speech.

> It has long been a grave question [he said] whether any government not too strong for the liberties of its people can be strong enough to maintain its existence in great emergencies. On this point the present rebellion has brought our republic to a severe test, and a presidential election occurring in regular course during the rebellion has added not a little to the strain. If the loyal people united were put to the utmost of their strength by the rebellion, must they not fail when divided and partially paralyzed by a political war among themselves? But the election was a necessity. We cannot have a free government without elections; and if the rebellion could force us to forego or postpone a national election, it might fairly claim to have already conquered and ruined us. The strife of the election is but human nature practically applied to the facts of the case. What has occurred in this case must ever recur in similar cases. Human nature will not change. In any future great national trial, compared with the men who have passed through this, we shall have as weak and as strong, as silly and as wise, as bad and as good. Let us, therefore, study the incidents of this as philosophy to learn wisdom from, and none of them as wrongs to be revenged. But the election, along with its incidental and undesired strife, has done good, too. It has demonstrated that a people's government can sustain a national election in the midst of a great civil war. Until now, it has not been known to the world that this was a possibility. It shows, also, how sound and how strong we still are. It shows that, even among candidates of the same party, he who is most devoted to the Union and most opposed to treason can receive most of the people's vote. It shows, also, to an extent yet unknown, that we have more men now than we had when the war began. Gold is good in its place; but living, brave, patriotic men are better than gold.
>
> But the rebellion continues; and, now that the election is over, may not all having a common interest reunite in a common effort to save our common country? For my own part, I have striven and shall strive to avoid placing any obstacle in the way. So long as I have been here, I have not willingly planted a thorn in any man's bosom. While I am duly sensible to the high compliment of a reelection, and duly grateful, as I trust, to Almighty God for having directed my countrymen to a right conclusion, as I think, for their own good, it adds nothing to my satisfaction that any other man may be disappointed or pained by the result.
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> May I ask those who have not differed with me to join with me in this same spirit towards those who have? And now let me close by asking three

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[1] J. H., Diary.

hearty cheers for our brave soldiers and seamen, and their gallant and skillful commanders.[1]

In this lofty and magnanimous spirit he received all the addresses of congratulation that came in upon him in these days. To a delegation from Maryland who ascribed it to his rare discretion that Maryland was then a free State he replied with deep appreciation of their courtesy, and he added: "Those who differ from and oppose us will yet see that defeat was better for their own good than if they had been successful." He not only had no feeling of malicious triumph himself, he had no patience with it in others. When Mr. Raymond, who represented his special friends in New York, wrote a letter breathing fire and vengeance against the officials of the custom-house, who, he said, had come near defeating him in the race for Congress, the President merely observed that it was "the spirit of such letters as that which created the factious malignity of which Mr. Raymond complained." To all those who begged for a rigorous and exemplary course of punishment for political derelictions in the late canvass his favorite expression was, "I am in favor of short statutes of limitation in politics." He rejected peremptorily some suggestions of General Butler and the War Department having in view the punishment of flagrant offenders in New York: "We must not sully victory with harshness." His thoughtful and chivalrous consideration for the beaten party did not, however, prevent him from feeling the deepest gratitude for those who had labored on his side. He felt that the humblest citizen who had done his duty had claims upon him. Hearing that Deacon John Phillips of Sturbridge, Massachusetts, a man who had already completed his 104th year, and had voted at every presidential election since the foundation of the Government, had taken the pains to go to the polls to vote for him, the President wrote him a grateful letter of thanks.

> The example [he said] of such devotion to civic duties in one whose days have already been extended an average life-time beyond the Psalmist's limit cannot but be valuable and fruitful. It is not for myself only, but for the country which you have in your sphere served so long and so well, that I thank you.

The venerable man, who had attained his majority in the midst of the war of the Revolution, and who had arrived at middle age before this century opened, answered in a note which greatly pleased and moved the President, as coming from one of the oldest men living on the earth.

> I feel that I have no desire to live [he said] but to see the conclusion of this wicked rebellion and the power of God displayed in the conversion of the nations. I believe, by the help of God, you will finish the first, and also be the means of establishing universal freedom and restoring peace to the Union. That the God of mercy will bless you in this great work, and through life, is the prayer of your unworthy servant, JOHN PHILLIPS.

There is one phrase of the President's speech of the 10th of November which we have quoted which is singularly illustrative, not only of the quick apprehension with which he seized upon facts of importance, but also of the accuracy and method with which he ascertained and established them. Within a few hours after the voting had closed he was able to say that the election had shown that "we have more men now than we had when the war began." A great bundle of papers which lies before us as we write, filled with telegrams from every quarter annotated in his own neat handwriting, with a mass of figures which would have dismayed an ordinary accountant, shows the importance which he attached to this fact and the industry with which he investigated it. In his message to Congress a few weeks later he elaborated this statement with the utmost care. He showed from the comparative votes in 1860 and in 1864 a net increase of votes during the three years and a half of war of 145,551. The accomplished statisticians of "The Tribune" almanac in the following month, after the closest study of the official returns, expressed their surprise "at the singular accuracy of the President's figures."

An extract from his annual message to Congress gives the best summing up of the results of the election that has ever been written.

> The purpose of the people within the loyal States to maintain the integrity of the Union was never more firm nor more nearly unanimous than now. The extraordinary calmness and good order with which the millions of voters met and mingled at the polls give strong assurance of this. Not only all those who supported the Union ticket so called, but a great majority of the opposing party also, may be fairly claimed to entertain and to be actuated by the same purpose. It is an unanswerable argument to this effect, that no candidate for any office whatever, high or low, has ventured to seek votes on the avowal that he was for giving up the Union. There have been much impugning of motives, and much heated controversy as to the proper means and best mode of advancing the Union cause; but on the distinct issue of Union or no Union the politicians have shown their instinctive knowledge that there is no diversity among the people. In affording the people the fair opportunity of showing one to another and to the world this firmness and unanimity of purpose, the election has been of vast value to the national cause.

On the day of election General McClellan resigned his commission in the army, and the place thus made vacant was filled by the appointment of General Philip H. Sheridan, a fit type and illustration of the turn in the tide of affairs, which was to sweep from that time rapidly onward to the great and decisive national triumph.

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[1] Autograph MS.

CHASE AS CHIEF-JUSTICE.

CHIEF-JUSTICE TANEY died on the 12th day of October, 1864, during the public rejoicings that hailed the success of the Union party at the autumnal elections. He was a man of amiable character, of blameless life, of great learning, of stainless integrity; yet such is the undiscriminating cruelty with which public opinion executes its decrees, that this aged and upright judge was borne to his grave with few expressions of regret, and even with a feeling not wholly suppressed that his removal formed a part of the good news which the autumn had brought to the upholders of the Union. Toilsome and irreproachable as his life had been, so far as purity of intentions were concerned, it was marked by one of those mistakes which are never forgiven. In a critical hour of history he had made a decision contrary to the spirit of the age, contrary to the best hopes and aspirations of the nation at large. Before he had assumed the grave responsibilities of Chief-Justice he had not been insensible to those emotions and sympathies which animated the majority of his countrymen in later years. So early as 1818 he had spoken of slavery as a blot on our national character, and expressed the confident hope that it would effectually though gradually be wiped away. "Until it shall be accomplished, until the time shall come when we can point without a blush to the language held in the Declaration of Independence," he said, "every friend of humanity will seek to lighten the galling chain of slavery and better to the utmost of his power the wretched condition of the slave." But when he assumed public office he became a part of the machinery of his party. He accepted its tenets and carried them unflinchingly to their logical result, so that to a mind so upright and straightforward in its operations there seemed nothing revolting in the enunciation of the dismal and inhuman propositions of the Dred Scott decision. His whole life was therefore read in the light of that one act, and when he died, the nation he had so faithfully served according to his lights looked upon his death as the removal of a barrier to human progress. The general feeling found expression in the grim and profane witticism of Senator Wade, uttered some months before, when it seemed likely that the Chief-Justice would survive the administration of Mr. Lincoln: "No man ever prayed as I did that Taney might outlive James Buchanan's term, and now I am afraid I have overdone it."

The friends of Mr. Chase immediately claimed that the place thus vacated belonged to him. They not only insisted that he was best fitted of all the public men in the country for the duties of that high office; that the great issues of the war would be safest in his hands; that the rights of the freedmen would be most secure with an ardent and consistent abolitionist; that the national currency would be best cared for by its parent; they also claimed that the place had been promised him by the President, and this claim, though not wholly true, was not without foundation. Several times during the last year or two the President had intimated in conversation with various friends of Mr. Chase that he thought favorably of appointing him Chief-Justice if a vacancy should occur. These expressions had been faithfully reported to the Secretary, and promptly entered by him in his diary at the time.[1] When Mr. Curtin was a candidate for reëlection as governor of Pennsylvania, John Covode came to Mr. Chase and told him if Curtin was elected governor he would shape matters in Pennsylvania so as to secure its delegates in the presidential convention, but that the majority of the loyal men in Pennsylvania preferred Mr. Chase. Mr. Chase replied that no speculations as to Governor Curtin's future course could excuse the loyal men from supporting him now; that the future must take care of itself; that he, Mr. Chase, was not anxious for the Presidency; that there was but one position in the Government which he would really like to have, if it were possible to have it without any sacrifice of principle or public interest, and that was the chief-justiceship. At this Mr. Covode expressed himself satisfied, and went away resolved to permit the renomination of Curtin, which, it may be said in passing, he could have done nothing to prevent. Mr. Chase's eyes seemed pretty constantly fixed upon the bench in the intervals of his presidential aspirations. For a few days after his resignation his feelings against the President were of such bitterness that he seems to have given up that prospect. He was on the verge of open revolt from the party with which he had been so long associated. In his diary of the 6th of July he says:

> Pomeroy says he means to go on a buffalo hunt and then to Europe. He cannot support Lincoln, but won't desert his principles. I am much of the same sentiments, though not willing now to decide what duty may demand next fall. Pomeroy remarked that on the news of my resignation reaching

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[1] August 30, 1863.

the Senate, several of the Democratic senators came to him and said, "We 'll go with you now for Chase." This meant nothing but a vehement desire to overthrow the existing Administration, but might mean much if the Democrats would only cut loose from slavery, and go for freedom and the protection of labor by a national currency. If they would do that I would cheerfully go for any man they might nominate.

A few days later he wrote recounting his efforts for the public good, and added:

> My efforts were stoutly resisted outside, and had not earnest sympathy inside of the Administration. They were steadily prevailing, however, when a sense of duty to myself and the country also compelled me to resign.

A few malignant opponents of Mr. Lincoln still continued to write to Mr. Chase and keep alive in his mind the fancy of a possible nomination to the Presidency. His weakness before the people had been signally shown by an ill-judged attempt to secure him the nomination for Congress in Cincinnati, but in spite of this he still responded readily to suggestions from factious partisans. To one writing from Michigan he replied that he was now a private citizen and expected to remain such.

> No one [he said] has been authorized to use my name in any political connection, except that I said I should not feel at liberty to refuse my services to the citizens of my congressional district if spontaneously and unanimously demanded. I think now that I erred in saying this; but it seemed right at the time. No such movement as the one you suggest seems to me expedient so far as I am concerned. Whether it would be expedient or patriotic in reference to some other name, I am not able to judge. I see only, as all see, that there is a deplorable lack of harmony, caused chiefly, in my judgment, by the injudicious course of some of Mr. Lincoln's chief advisers, and his own action on their advice.[1]

Even to comparative strangers he could not write without speaking slightingly of the President. To one he said: "I fear our good President is so anxious for the restoration of the Union that he will not care sufficiently about the basis of representation." To another, with a singular and unusual lack of dignity, he said: "Some seem to think that a man who has handled millions must be rich, and so I should be if I could have retained for myself even one per cent. of what I saved to the people; but I would not exchange the consciousness of having kept my hands free from the touch of one cent of public treasure for all the riches in the world." Mr. Chase was, of course, absolutely and unquestionably honest, but that virtue is not so rare in public men that one should celebrate it in himself. He passed the heat of the midsummer in the White Mountains. During his absence his tone of bitter and sullen comment towards the President and his associates in the Cabinet continued,[2] but after the fall of Atlanta, and the evident response of the country to the Chicago nominations, his tone underwent a sudden change. He announced himself at last in favor of the election of Mr. Lincoln. In his diary of the 17th of September, after he had returned to Washington, he said:

> I have seen the President twice. . . . His manner was cordial and so were his words; and I hear of nothing but good-will from him. But he is not at all demonstrative, either in speech or manner. I feel that I do not know him, and I found no action on what he says or does. . . . It is my conviction that the cause I love and the general interests of the country will be best promoted by his reëlection, and I have resolved to join my efforts to those of almost the whole body of my friends in securing it.

He continues in his usual tone of self-portraiture:

> I have been told that the President said he and I could not get along together in the Cabinet. Doubtless there was a difference of temperament, and on some points of judgment I may have been too earnest and eager, while I thought him not earnest enough and too slow. On some occasions, indeed, I found that it was so. But I never desired anything else than his complete success, and never indulged a personal feeling incompatible with absolute fidelity to his administration.

He repeats over and again in his letters and diaries that he never really desired the Presidency; that he seized the first opportunity of withdrawing from the canvass. From Washington he went to Ohio, where he brought himself at last to make an open declaration of his preference for Mr. Lincoln as against McClellan; he voted for the Republican ticket at the election in October, and sent a telegram to the President that the result was "all right in Ohio and Indiana."

The death of Chief-Justice Taney occurred immediately afterwards, and the canvass for a successor on the part of the friends of Mr. Chase began without a moment's delay. Mr. Sumner was particularly ardent and pressing. "A Chief-Justice is needed," he wrote to the President, "whose position on the slavery question is already fixed and will not need argument of counsel to convert him." A mass of solicitations of the same character came in upon the President, and they were reënforced inside the Cabinet by the earnest influence of Mr. Fessenden and Mr. Stanton; and although these and other friends of Mr. Chase were so strongly encouraged by Mr. Lincoln's response that they had no hesitation in assuring him that he would without doubt be made Chief-Justice, the President gave no decided intimation of his purpose. It is altogether probable that he intended from the first to appoint him, but he resolved at the same time to say nothing about it until he was ready to act. He said to his secretary, "I shall be very 'shut pan' about this matter." When one day his secretary brought him a letter from Mr. Chase in Ohio, he said, "What is it about?" "Simply a kind and friendly letter," the secretary answered. Mr. Lincoln, without reading it, replied, with his shrewd smile, "File it with his other recommendations."

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[1] Chase to Charles S. May, August 31, 1864.

[2] Samuel Bowles wrote September 4, 1864: "Do you notice that the 'Antislavery Standard' and the 'Liberator,' the representatives of the old abolitionists, are both earnest for Lincoln? Yet a new crop of radicals have sprung up, who are resisting the President and making mischief. Chase is going around, peddling his griefs in private ears and sowing dissatisfaction about Lincoln. Oh, how little great men can be!" ["Life and Times of Samuel Bowles," Vol. I., p. 413.]

So reticent was Mr. Lincoln in regard to his purpose that the enemies of Mr. Chase, who were especially abundant and active in Ohio, endeavored to prevent his nomination by the presentation of strong and numerously signed protests against it. The President received them not too affably, and while he listened respectfully to all they had to say in regard to the merits of the case, he sternly checked them when they began to repeat instances of Mr. Chase's personal hostility to himself. He treated with the same contempt a more serious statement which he received from New York that Mr. Cisco, who had personally declared for McClellan, gave as his reason for such a course that Secretary Chase had told him that Mr. Lincoln was incompetent and unfit for the position he held, though he added that Mr. Chase on his return to Washington had informed him that he then considered it his public duty to support Mr. Lincoln for the Presidency. Strangely enough from the Treasury Department itself came an earnest protest against the late Secretary. The venerable Judge Lewis, Commissioner of Internal Revenue, protested that he was not a man of large legal or financial knowledge; that his selfishness had gradually narrowed and contracted his views of things in general; that he was amazingly ignorant of men; that it was the opinion in the department that he really desired towards the end of his term of office to injure and as far as possible to destroy the influence and popularity of the Administration. By his constant denunciation of the extravagance of disbursements, and his tone of malevolent comment against every act of the President, he clearly indicated his desire to excite popular discontent and grumbling against the Government. Judge Lewis said that with the exception of a few sycophants the entire department was relieved by the change. Even Mr. Field, for whose sake he gave up his place, expressed himself as gratified by it. To all these representations Mr. Lincoln made no reply. He was equally silent as to the merits of other distinguished jurists whose names were mentioned to him. He had the highest esteem and regard for Mr. Evarts; he had great confidence in the legal learning and weight of character of Judge Swayne; he had a feeling of hearty friendship for Mr. Montgomery Blair, and although he had thought proper in the preceding autumn to ask for his resignation, the intimate and even affectionate relations which he maintained towards the ex-Postmaster-General encouraged him and his friends to believe that he would receive the appointment. The late Vice-President Wilson, shortly before his death,[1] said that Blair met him one day near the War Department and solicited his good word, saying that Chase would certainly not be nominated. Wilson was startled by Blair's confident tone and went at once to the President, to whom he reiterated the arguments already used in favor of Mr. Chase's nomination, saying that the President could well afford to overlook the harsh and indecorous things which Chase had said of him during the summer. "Oh! as to that," replied Lincoln, "I care nothing. Of Mr. Chase's ability and of his soundness on the general issues of the war there is, of course, no question. I have only one doubt about his appointment. He is a man of unbounded ambition, and has been working all his life to become President. That he can never be; and I fear that if I make him Chief-Justice he will simply become more restless and uneasy and neglect the place in his strife and intrigue to make himself President. If I were sure that he would go on the bench and give up his aspirations and do nothing but make himself a great judge, I would not hesitate a moment."

So strong was this impression upon Mr. Lincoln's mind that he half formed the intention of sending for Mr. Chase and saying frankly to him that the way was open to him to become the greatest Chief-Justice the Supreme Court had ever had if he would dismiss at once and forever the subject of the Presidency from his mind. But speaking on the subject with Senator Sumner, he saw in a moment's conversation how liable to misconstruction and misapprehension such action would be. In his eagerness to do what he thought best for the interests of both Mr. Chase and the country, he lost sight for an instant of the construction which Mr. Chase would inevitably place upon such a proposition coming from his twice-successful rival. Convinced as he was of Chase's great powers, and hoping rather against his own convictions that once upon the bench he would see in what direction his best prospects of usefulness and fame rested, he concluded to take all risks, and on the 6th of December nominated him to the Senate for Chief-Justice. He communicated his intention to no one, and wrote out the nomination in full with his own hand. It was confirmed at once without reference to a committee. Mr. Chase on reaching home the night of the same day was saluted at his door under his new title by his daughter, Mrs. Sprague. He at once sent the President a note, saying:

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[1] April, 1874. Conversation with J. G. N.

> Before I sleep I must thank you for this mark of your confidence, and especially for the manner in which the nomination was made. I will never forget either, and trust you will never regret either. Be assured that I prize your confidence and good-will more than any nomination to office.

The appointment was received with the greatest satisfaction throughout the Union. Although the name of Mr. Chase had been especially pressed upon the President by the public men who represented the most advanced antislavery sentiment of the North, the appointment when once made met with little opposition from any quarter. Mr. Chase, in a long life of political prominence and constant controversy, had won the universal respect of the country, not only for his abilities, but also for his courage, his integrity, and a certain solid weight of character of which his great head and massive person seemed a fitting embodiment. He had placed his portrait on the lower denominations of the legal-tender notes, saying with his customary heavy pleasantry, "I had put the President's head on the higher priced notes, and my own, as was becoming, on the smaller ones." His handsome face and features had thus become more familiar in the eyes of the people than those of any other man in America; and though neither then nor at any other period of his life did he become what could be called universally popular, the image of him became fixed in the general instinct as a person of serious importance in the national life. The people who gave themselves the trouble to reason about the matter said it was impossible that an original abolitionist should be untrue to the principles of freedom, or that the father of the national currency should ever disown his own offspring; while those who thought and spoke on impulse took it for granted that such a man as Mr. Chase should never for any length of time be out of the highest employment.

After all, the fears of the President in regard to the Chief-Justice were better founded than his hopes. Mr. Chase took his place on the bench with a conscientious desire to do his whole duty in his great office, to devote his undoubted powers and his prodigious industry to making himself a worthy successor of the great jurists who before him had illustrated the bench, but he could not discharge the political affairs of the country from his mind. He still considered himself called upon to counteract the mischievous tendencies of the President towards conciliation and hasty reconstruction. His slighting references to him in his letters and diaries continued from the hour he took his place on the bench. When the fighting had ended around Richmond, and on the capitulation of Lee the fabric of the Southern Confederacy had fallen about the ears of its framers like a house of cards, the Chief-Justice felt himself called on to come at once to the front, and he wrote from Baltimore to the President:

> I am very anxious about the future, and most about the principles which are to govern reconstruction, for as these principles are sound or unsound so will be the work and its results. You have no time to read a long letter nor have I time to write one, so I will be brief. And first as to Virginia.[1]

He advised the President to stand by the Peirpoint government. As to the other rebel States, he suggested the enrollment of the loyal citizens without regard to complexion.

> This, you know [he said], has long been my opinion. . . . The application of this principle to Louisiana is made somewhat difficult by the organization which has already taken place, but happily the Constitution authorizes the legislature to extend the right of suffrage. . . . What reaches me of the condition of things in Louisiana impresses me strongly with the belief that this extension will be of the greatest benefit to the whole population.

He advised, as to Arkansas, an amendment of the Constitution, or a new convention, the members to be elected by the loyal citizens, without distinction of color. "To all the other States," he said, "the general principle may be easily applied." He closed by saying: "I most respectfully, but most earnestly, commend these matters to your attention. God gives you a great place and a great opportunity. May he guide you in the use of them." But the same day the President delivered from a window of the White House that final speech to the people which he had prepared without waiting for the instructions of the Chief-Justice, and the day after Mr. Chase wrote again from Baltimore reviewing the record of both, reminding the President of his former errors from which Mr. Chase had tried to save him, discussing in full the Louisiana case, of which the President had made so masterly and luminous a presentation in his speech, insinuating that if the President were only as well informed as he was he would see things very differently.[1] Almost before the ink was dry on this unasked and superfluous sermon the President was dead. The Chief-Justice, writing to a friend in Ohio, said: "The schemes of politicians will now adjust themselves to the new conditions. I want no part in them."[2] He retained his attitude at the head of the extreme Republicans until about the time of the impeachment of Andrew Johnson. Over this famous trial he presided with the greatest dignity and impartiality; with a knowledge of law which was never at fault, and with a courage which rose superior to all the threats and all the entreaties of his friends. But his action during the trial and its result alienated him at once from the great body of those who had been his strongest supporters, while it created a momentary appearance of popularity among his life-long opponents. His friends began to persuade him, and he began to think, that he might be the candidate of the Democratic party for the Presidency. He commenced writing voluminous letters to leading Democrats expressing his indifference to the nomination, but at the same time saying he had always been a Democrat, was a Democrat still, and that the course which the Democracy ought to adopt would be to embrace true Democratic principles and declare for universal suffrage in the reconstruction of the Union. He did not flinch for an instant from his position on this important question. He said: "I believe I could refuse the throne of the world if it were offered me at the price of abandoning the cause of equal rights and exact justice to all men."[3] Following his inveterate habit of taking a subjective view of the world of politics, he thought it possible that the Democratic party might be converted in the twinkling of an eye by virtue of his broad and liberal views. He cherished this pleasant delusion for several months. Whenever an obscure politician called upon him or wrote to him from some remote corner of the country, expressing a desire that he should be the Democratic candidate for the Presidency, he would say, "Such indications . . . afford ground for hope that a change is going on in the views and policy of the Democratic party which warrants good hopes for the future."[4] There was for a moment a vague impression among the leading Democrats that as it was hopeless to make a campaign with one of their own party against the overwhelming popularity of General Grant, it might be worth while to try the experiment of nominating the Chief-Justice with the hope of diverting a portion of the Republican vote, and a correspondence took place between August Belmont and Mr. Chase in relation to that subject. Mr. Chase wrote:

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[1] Chase to Lincoln, April 11, 1865.

> For more than a quarter of a century I have been, in my political views and sentiments, a Democrat, and I still think that upon questions of finance, commerce, and administration generally, the old Democratic principles afford the best guidance.[5]

But he stoutly asserted, even in the face of this temptation, his belief in universal suffrage, though he coupled it with universal amnesty, and said:

> If the white citizens hitherto prominent in affairs will simply recognize their [the negroes'] right of suffrage, and assure them against future attempts to take it from them, I am sure that those citizens will be welcomed back to their old lead with joy and acclamation, . . . and a majority, if not all, the Southern States may be carried for the Democratic candidates at the next election.

He repeated this sanguine statement in his correspondence with other leading Democrats, but the negotiation came to nothing; the Democratic convention met in New York, and Mr. Chase's name, mentioned by accident, gained a roar of cheers from the assembly and one-half of one vote from a California delegate. He professed his entire indifference to the result, and took no further interest in the canvass. An injudicious Republican politician in New York asked him to address a Grant meeting. He declined, of course, stating that he could not unreservedly support the Republican ticket, and that this was not the time for discrimination in a public address. "The action of the two parties has obliged me to resume with my old faith my old position, . . . that of Democrat, by the grace of God, free and independent." When his old enemy, General Blair, came to the front in the progress of the canvass and rather overshadowed the more conservative Seymour, the Chief-Justice intimated[6] that men of his way of thinking would be constrained to the support of General Grant.

But if the political attitude of Mr. Chase in his later years was a subject of amazement and sorrow to his ardent supporters, his decisions upon the bench were a no less startling surprise to those who had insisted upon his appointment as the surest means of conserving all the victories of the war. He who had sustained Mr. Stanton in his most energetic and daring acts during the war now declared such acts illegal; he who had continually criticized, not always loyally, the conduct of the President for what he considered his weak reverence for the rights of States, now became the earnest champion of State rights; and finally the man to whose personal solicitations a majority of Congress had yielded in passing the legal-tender act, without which he said that the war could not have been successfully carried on, from his place on the bench declared the act unconstitutional. But so firm was the impression in the minds of the people of the United States of the great powers and perfect integrity, the high courage, the exalted patriotism of this man, that when he died, worn out by his tireless devotion to the public welfare, he was mourned and praised as, in spite of all errors and infirmities, he deserved to be. Although his appointment had not accomplished all the good which Mr. Lincoln hoped for when he made it, it cannot be called a mistake. Mr. Chase had deserved well of the Republic. He was entitled to any reward the Republic could give him; and the President, in giving to his most powerful and most distinguished rival the greatest place which a President ever has it in his power to bestow, gave an exemplary proof of the magnanimity and generosity of his own spirit.

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[1] "I most earnestly wish you could have read the New Orleans papers for the past few months. Your duties have not allowed it. I have read them a good deal; quite enough to be certain that if you had read what I have your feelings of humanity and justice would not let you rest till all loyalists are made equal in the right of self-protection by suffrage." [Chase to Lincoln, April 12, 1865.]

[2] Chase to Ashley, April 16, 1865.

[3] Chase to Barney, May 29, 1868.

[4] Ibid.

[5] Chase to Belmont, May 30, 1868.

[6] In a letter to Col. Brown of Kentucky, Sept. 29, 1868.

LIFE.

I AM o'er-weary picturing the strife;
This is a solemn fate — to ride to death
Lashed through the hurrying fatal lists of life,
Strengthless to cease, begging for one short breath,
Yet spurned for answer by a Power that thrusts
Its spurs into the soul. Upon the brow
Stand beads of blood; the very javelin rusts
From tears; the drooping form can scarce but bow
To earth. "One moment, Power, one resting-space,
Have mercy!" "On, on, on!" the stern reply.
I urge, "I once have triumphed, is not grace
For victory?" "Have on! Thy grace am I!"
"Is there no pause, no rest, however brief?"
"On to the fight! Thy death is thy relief."

Louise Morgan-Smith.

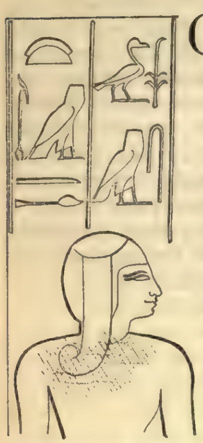
TO GEORGE KENNAN.

UNFLINCHING Dante of a later day,
Thou who hast wandered through the realms of pain
And seen with aching breast and whirling brain
Woes which thou wert unable to allay,
What frightful visions hast thou brought away:
Of torments, passions, agonies, struggles vain
To break the prison walls, to rend the chain—
Of hopeless hearts too desperate to pray!
Men are the devils of that pitiless hell!
Men guard the labyrinth of that ninefold curse!
Marvel of marvels! Thou hast lived to tell,
In prose more sorrowful than Dante's verse,
Of pangs more grievous, sufferings more fell,
Than Dante or his master dared rehearse!

Nathan Haskell Dole.

THE PHARAOH OF THE EXODUS, AND HIS SON,

IN THE LIGHT OF THEIR MONUMENTS.



8. PRINCE KHAMUS, DECEASED. (FROM LEPSIUS'S "DENKMÄLER.")

ONLY in its later books does the Bible distinguish the different rulers of Egypt by their proper names. The word "Pharaoh" was a title rather than a personal appellation, and was borne by the reigning king, each one in turn down the long line of sovereigns.

A change of Pharaohs silently occurs in the biblical story between the second and the third chapters of the Book of Exodus. In Chapter II. we read:

> Now when Pharaoh heard this thing, he sought to slay Moses. (Ver. 15.)
>
> And it came to pass in the course of those many days, that the king of Egypt died: and the children of Israel sighed by reason of the bondage, and they cried, and their cry came up unto God by reason of the bondage. (Ver. 23.)

From which it is clear that one Pharaoh had passed off the stage — the one who is commonly known as the "Pharaoh of the Oppression." But in Chapter III. we read how God called unto Moses out of the midst of the burning bush, and said:

> Come now, therefore, and I will send thee unto Pharaoh, that thou mayest bring forth my people the children of Israel out of Egypt. (Ver. 10.)

From this it is equally clear that another Pharaoh had entered upon the scene — the one who is commonly known as the "Pharaoh of the Exodus." Everybody being acquainted with the peculiar names of such great personages, the writer of the Book of Exodus phrased his recital after the manner of that modern monarchic formula, "The King is dead! Long live the King!"

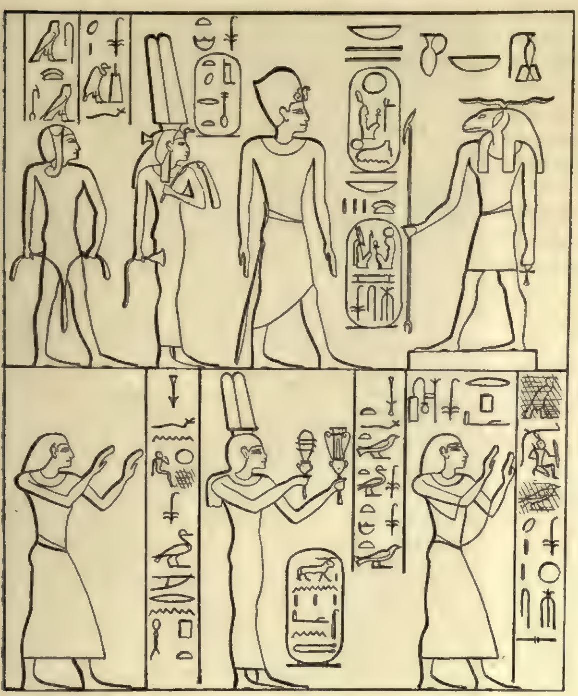
Not long ago we were astounded to see the tomb open and give up, among its treasures, the first of these two sovereigns, the person, carefully embalmed, of the Pharaoh of the Oppression — to behold his imperishable features after so long a time restored to view, and to find how remarkably faithful those portrait-statues were which his artists had carved when he was in the bloom of youth or in the prime of manhood. Nor, perhaps, have we forgotten how the monuments stand ready to unlock the mystery in regard to that daughter of his who saved the life of the foundling Moses.

And still, if we were to choose between the Pharaoh of the Oppression and the Pharaoh of the Exodus, or were asked, "Out of the several Pharaohs mentioned in the Bible, which one above all others would you most wish to learn more about, in fact, whatever the archæology of Egypt can teach us?" with scarcely a moment's hesitation we would answer, "The Pharaoh of the Exodus." That one who replied, "Who is the Lord, that I should hearken unto his voice to let Israel go?"; that one who required straw as well as bricks of the already burdened and groaning Hebrews; that one before whom the contest by enchantments took place, until the magicians gave up, exclaiming, "This is the finger of God"; that one who recalled his consent the instant the evils were removed; that one who, under all the signs and wonders and plagues of Jehovah, hardened his heart up to the very entrance of death into his dwelling to lay low his cherished first-born son, the heir to the throne; that one who repented having thrust out the bondsmen, and pursued after them, and overtook them encamping by the sea; that one, in fine, upon whose hosts the sea returned to its flow, till there remained not so much as one of them.

Do, then, the antiquities of Egypt really and in like manner illustrate the Pharaoh of the Exodus? Did he cause statues to be made of himself which show just how he looked? Have the inscriptions anything to tell us about his history also? Do his monuments bear out the many particulars of the biblical relation concerning his resistance to the God of Israel, and his disastrous defeat? Do they clear up the mystery of his first-born son, who was smitten on that fatal midnight when the Lord passed through the land and entered at every door whose posts were not sprinkled with blood?

These are natural questions, which we are eager to have answered in detail. Why not make a second search among the monuments?

Many households among us are accustomed to go to a painter or a photographer once in a while, or even every year, to put on record both faces and numbers of the family group. This custom, however, prevailed in the days of Rameses as well as in our own. He intended



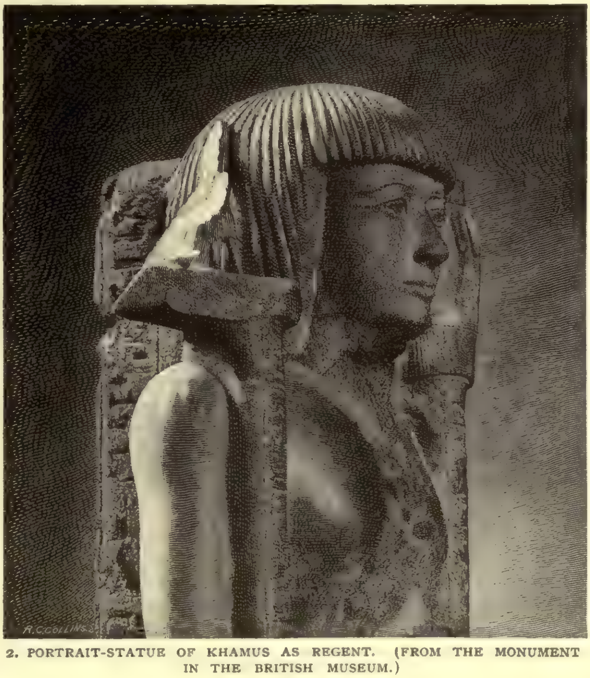
1. FAMILY GROUP OF RAMESES II. (FROM LEPSIUS'S "DENKMÄLER.")

merely to parade his religious zeal; but, all unexpectedly by him, we, for certain reasons, are exceedingly curious to look in upon his domestic circle, and he himself has drawn aside the curtain for us in a manner bearing upon our present inquiry.

Among several such family representations he caused one to be engraved in everlasting rock on the bank of the Nile between Syene and Philæ (illustration 1). He is paying reverence to the ram-headed deity Khnum; and in this religious act he is followed first by the "Royal Wife," Queen, and mother "Isi-ne-fer-t," holding a scourge as an emblem of sovereignty in one hand and a lotus flower in the other; then by his "Royal Son Khamus," displaying the lock of a prince and wearing the leopard-robe of a priest; and, next in order, by "the Chief of the Soldiers, the Royal Son Rameses, Heir to the Throne, Royal Scribe"; then by "the great Royal Daughter, great Royal Wife, Bint-antha, Queen," holding sistrums of different patterns in her hands; and last of all in the procession, on the extreme lower left, by a "Royal Son, Mer-en-ptah" by name.

Of the three brothers here portrayed the eldest, Rameses, died early, probably at the head of the soldiers of which he was commander, and on the field of battle. Then the succession fell on Khamus, the priest, who lived long to bear the honor. He gained great renown as high-priest of the god Ptah at Memphis, residing in the great temple dedicated to this deity there, and devoting himself so strictly to sacerdotal duties as somewhat to neglect the affairs of state—so his fond father thought. In this holy pursuit he sought to restore the olden worship of the Apis-bulls, then regarded as the living type of Ptah-Sokharis; and he carried out the enlargement and decoration of their burial-place, the Serapeum, by works which inscriptions of that time describe as splendid, and for which they overload their author with thankful praise. From illustration 2 we may catch a glimpse of him as he actually appeared when presenting himself in public, with his insignia of regency—a standard in each hand.

However, as we have seen the Great Rameses enduring to the age of nearly one hundred years, Khamus proved unequal to the task of outliving him. He had received the powers and authority of active regent when he must have been not far from five and twenty years old, in the thirtieth year



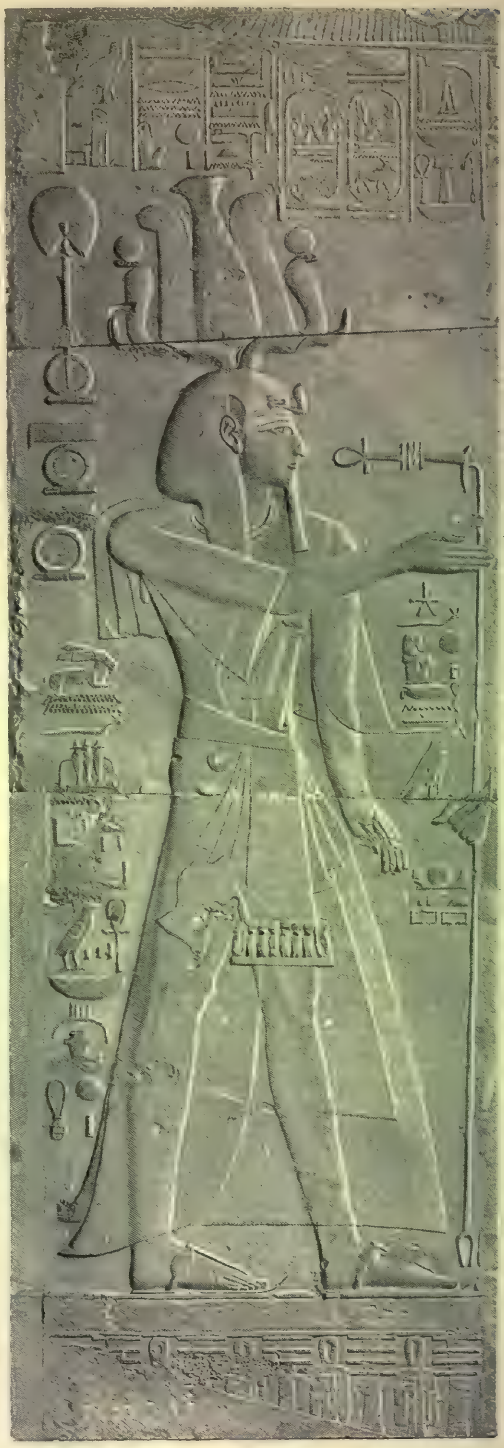
2. PORTRAIT-STATUE OF KHAMUS AS REGENT. (FROM THE MONUMENT IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.)

of his father's reign: he died in the fifty-fifth year of his father's reign, at about fifty years of age, having governed in behalf of his father a quarter of a century. And yet, because he had not reached the throne at the time of his death, the monuments represent him as a prince and nothing more, still wearing the side-lock of juniority.

Illustration 3, which is used as an initial to this article, reproduces one of these, where the death-sign, appended to his name above his head, consists of two characters reading "ma-kheru," generally translated "the justified," or "proclaimed righteous," at the judgment-seat of Osiris, the god of Hades, thus declaring the faithful departed to be "triumphant," very much as we are accustomed to do down to this very day: its real signification, therefore, was "deceased."

After Khamus had departed this life the right of inheritance descended to the youngest depicted in the family group above given, Mer-en-ptah: the last became the first. His name, Mer-en-ptah, signifying "beloved by the god Ptah," or, according to the Memphitic dialect, Mer-en-phthah, is generally reduced or anglicized to Menephtah. He could not have been so very much younger than his elder brother, for he served as a similar regent for his father during no less than twelve years — from the fifty-fifth to the sixty-seventh, when at last the latter yielded up the scepter he had held so long.

When Menephtah actually became king he assumed the throne-name Hotep-hi-ma, "Trusting in Ma," together with the epithets Bai-en-ra, "Soul of Ra," and Mer-amen, "Beloved by the god Amen."



4. BAS-RELIEF OF KING MENEPHTAH AT THEBES. (FROM A CAST IN THE BERLIN MUSEUM.)

Doubtless he caused many statues of himself to be wrought in stone, but comparatively few of them have survived destruction. We are not bewildered by several equally good, or presenting their subject in various aspects, as in the case of Rameses; and yet there is one of the son so far superior to others of himself, even excelling in some respects any of the father, as to command attention and choice above all others. In order to see this preeminent pattern of Menephtah, executed during the best period and in the highest style of Egyptian art, we must ascend the Nile to Thebes. There the Tombs of the Kings shelter a memorial of him which is simply faultless in accurate design, nice chiseling, and complete preservation. It is a bas-relief, maintaining his presence in his own sepulcher, where he would naturally wish to leave behind the finest personation of himself that the most accomplished artists of his day could produce. A plaster-cast of it in Berlin, made by Dr. Richard Lepsius, has been specially photographed for illustration 4, which, therefore, is a perfect copy of the original sculpture. How easily we detect in the outline of this profile, in the contour of the face, in the shape of each separate feature, all the characteristic traits of the Rameses family, affected only by the personal element. A masterpiece of ancient art, we find it worthy of all praise as a delineation, either of the man when he was really handsome, or of that glorious form which the proud king desired to own and the foolish people were inclined to ascribe to their ruler, or, still again, perhaps of that blending of human personality with real divinity which alone could qualify him for acceptance with the deity Ra, though probably all of these aims entered into its design. His majesty stands before us in the attitude of worshiping the god Ra-Harmakhis—indeed, in the very gesture of demonstrating, not merely likeness to, but veritable identity with, the god himself, the hieroglyphics beneath his outstretched hand affirming:

> He adores the Sun, he worships the Hor of the solar horizons.

In so doing he displays no lack of vanity, not to say presumption, judging him by our own notion of the manner appropriate to one who is venturing into the presence of the Supreme Being. He is shod with sandals, clad in a light transparent robe, furnished with the asp-bordered apron, decked with a royal uræus, and crowned with the atef-tiara. Overhead his panegyric reads:

> Lord of the Two Lands, Mer-amen Bai-en-ra,
> Lord of Diadems, Mer-en-ptah Hotep-hi-ma,
> Crowned by Amen with dominion of the world,
> Cherished by the Sun in the great abode.

Doubtless the artist in this transcendent figure sought not only to show forth the particular act of adoration, but to exalt Menephtah ideally to a phase worthy of the reception and society of the gods.

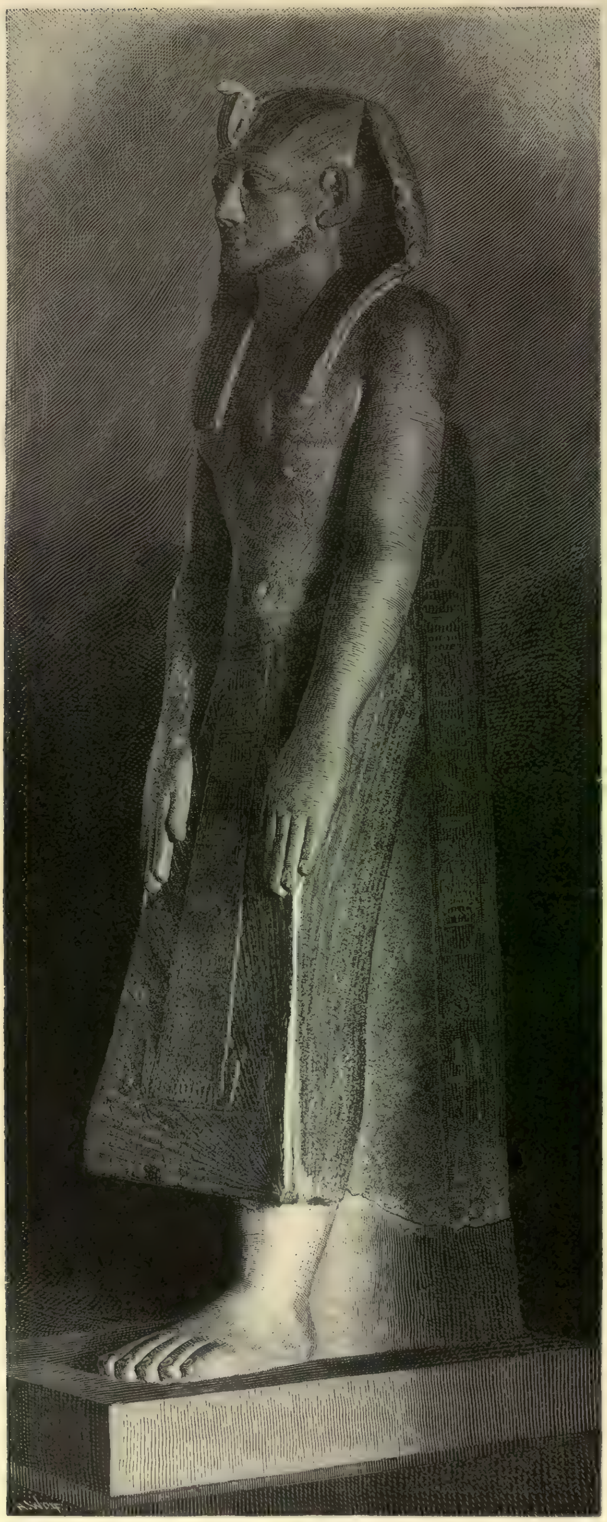
Yet, after many centuries have fled, we, whose feelings are cooler and judgments truer, looking on the changeless face of this bas-relief find less to laud sincerely. Apart from the superhuman element revealing itself through both physical and spiritual beauty, Menephtah betrays both softness and weakness. He is calm and cold: he would stir no heart, waken no love. Even art has not detected the slightest trace of nobility of character, for art could not well heighten a quality totally wanting.

Unless we happen to stop and reflect, we naturally fancy the successor of a king as youthful, or at least adolescent. But a recent instance serves to place in an exacter light the several stages of years reached by other members of a royal family when an aged emperor dies: the crown-prince of Germany had turned the meridian of life when the Emperor William died, his great deeds were done, his glory was earned, and his career was so much of a memory that his actual reign must have been brief; and his son, in turn, the heir-apparent, now emperor, who possibly might have become active regent in advance of the throne, is the grandchild of the aged departed monarch. So it was when Rameses the Great died in Egypt, three and thirty centuries ago. As already learned, Menephtah was an old man when he became king — certainly not less, and probably more, than sixty years of age.

Soon after ascending the throne he began to exhibit a singular and not altogether scrupulous trait. As if long denied the privilege of writing his name upon a royal shield, he went about gratifying his impatience and vanity by imposing his cartouch upon the monuments of his predecessors. He did not stop to consider — or, what is more likely, he did not have honor enough to care — whether or no the contrast of his own rough work by the side of the finely wrought hieroglyphics of earlier kings would forever cry out to his shame.

Presently in this disgraceful business he ventured a step further and appropriated to himself a royal statue at Memphis. This was a standing image of Amen-em-hat III., the chief king in the twelfth dynasty, and, as a specimen of early art, one of exceptional excellence. Notwithstanding, though he left the remainder of the figure untouched, he went to its face and remorselessly blotted out the features it bore by remodeling them into his own likeness. Thus the portrait of the archaic king is lost to us, but a true view of Menephtah, when advanced in life, is gained.

Again, as he little foresaw, or cared less, the result is an incongruity. Those immense feet, those sturdy limbs, that heavy frame, the stiff pose of the subject, are characteristic of a style nearly a thousand years earlier, and therefore already antique; but the art of the face is in the perfect style of a Ramesside age. Here, in illustration 5, we are looking upon the real Menephtah. Here we still further perceive how as a son he resembled his father. Recalling the peculiar cast of Rameses II. in his portrait-figures at Tanis, at Memphis, at Thebes, at Abû-Simbel, we detect at once certain traits of descent in this strongly pronounced physiognomy — the retreating brow, the arched nose, the high cheek-bones, and the jutting chin. Even the searching eye and the stern expression of countenance seem to share the spirit of Rameses' later pictures. All the softness of the Theban bas-relief has vanished. How insensible the heart must have been to correspond with that brow! How pitiless — nay, how destitute of human sympathy — are the angular lines



5. STATUE OF KING MENEPHTAH AT MEMPHIS. (FROM THE MONUMENT IN THE BERLIN MUSEUM. AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH BY G. NEUMANN.)

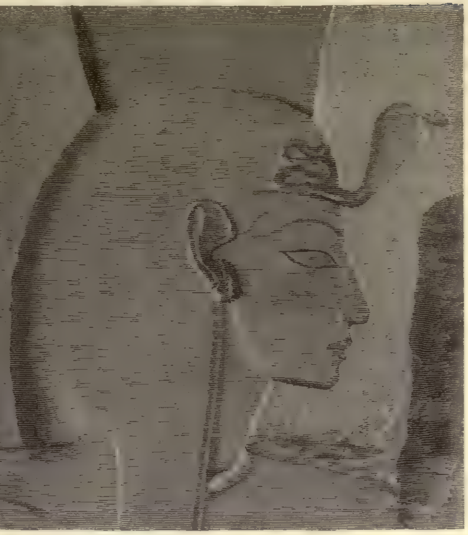
of that stony face! His very looks frown oppression; his lips breathe bondage. If a favor were to be asked of that forbidding visage, what answer would surely be forecast — yes, or no? Soul, talent, refinement, every element that makes man attractive, all are absent; superstition, arrogance, selfishness, obstinacy, distrust, fear, all are present in force. Or, what emotions would be inevitably inspired by these lineaments? Respect, affection, loyalty? or, hatred, repulse, revolt, flight? Such a presentment is precisely what we would expect from Menephtah's bearing towards Israel in Egypt. If an attempt were to be made, even by an artist of genius, to invent a face which should unite all the qualities of disposition developed by the trials of Menephtah rehearsed in the Bible, the best surely would fall short of this realistic historical carving.

However much Menephtah may have resembled his predecessor Rameses II. in other respects, he did not in the possession of a numerous family. Menephtah had only one son, and, strangely, that son was the fruit of his old age. How the elderly progenitor's heart must have been gladdened by that child, that long-awaited, often wished-for, only boy! And now, because the boon of his tutelary deity, Set,—"the giver of life,"— the offspring was called Setî; and because the sum of his father's joy, the one object of his father's love, he was called Menephtah.

As the lad grew up the father perceived the filial features developing into a duplicate of his own. And when the lad increased into youth, still the father had only to look on his face, as in a mirror, to behold a reflection of himself. Inasmuch as words would fail to show this remarkable likeness as effectively as sight, let us place their pictures side by side and study them comparatively (illustrations 6 and 7).

Both the monuments and the records of Menephtah suddenly become silent after the eighth year of his reign, and remain so a long while — in fact, until just before his

6. DETAIL OF THE THEBAN BAS-RELIEF.



7. SETÎ-MENEPHTAH IN EARLY LIFE. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY W. M. F. PETRIE.)

death. Certain papyri were indorsed with this eighth year, one of which contains a letter, written by an Egyptian in Syria to a friend at Raamses, after this tenor:

> At the moment of writing I am alive and well, so do not be anxious about me; but I want to hear the news as to your welfare every day, and I may add that I expect very soon to rejoin you at Pa-Rameses Mer-amen.

An undertone of apprehension pervades these lines, which is stated plainly in another communication:

> Such is the state of affairs with us to-day; but no one knows what will happen to-morrow.

Just here we may recall the fact that the nomadic Shasu were admitted within the lines of Egypt during this eighth year of Menephtah's sole rule.

Of course Menephtah laid his burdens on foreigners only. As a natural result, by and by, history relating what happened "to-morrow," the foreigners in Egypt could endure his cruelty no longer, and, unitedly rising, threw off the yoke of Pharaoh. We learn this from Josephus ("Against Apion," I., 26), who took it from Manetho. A priest at Heliopolis, bearing the name of "Son of Osiris," either stirred up the movement or was elected to be the leader of the rebels; perhaps he, too, was secretly a Semite, for would foreigners trust a real Egyptian? And what is more significant, the revolters were supported in their mutiny by a force of many thousand Jebusites, regarded as descendants of the Shepherds who four centuries back had been expelled from this country.

The area of this uprising extended from Heliopolis to Avaris, near Zoan, the latter becoming the stronghold of the opposition. Thus the revolt covered the Land of Goshen. Whether or not the Hebrews were concerned in this movement, we are not told; but it is not impossible that they were, and that an unwritten page of history is concealed under the concluding words of the second chapter of Exodus:

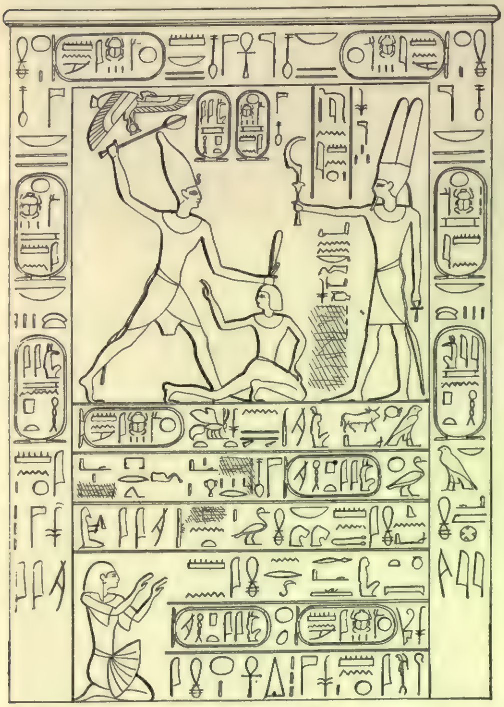
> And God heard their groaning, and God remembered his covenant with Abraham, with Isaac, and with Jacob. And God saw the children of Israel, and God took knowledge of them. (Vers. 24, 25.)

Now if 600,000 Hebrews and 200,000 men of Jebus were combined in the strike, to say nothing of the Shasu or other foreigners possibly involved in it, Menephtah had a heavy task before him to quell it. Apparently he found this to be the case, for, the story goes on:

> He then passed out with the rest of the Egyptians, three hundred thousand of the most warlike of them, against the enemy, who met them. Yet he did not join battle with them; but thinking that would be to fight against the gods, he returned back and came to Memphis.

When the enemy is found to number two to one, other things being equal, no doubt a graceful retreat is better than hopeless valor. Menephtah, furthermore, had reached the age of three score years and ten, an age when courage, as well as vigor, usually gives out. And so, quietly taking his young son with him, he withdrew his whole army up the Nile into Ethiopia, where he wearily wore away twelve long years of exile.

At the end of this sojourn he was eighty or more years of age, and had been a king twenty years. His son, Setî-Menephtah, in his eighteenth year had grown to be a robust youth. Evidently the father was now too far along in life to do what he had never done before — fight; and if ever the royal pair should return to their realm, it would depend on the spirit and power of the son. During this term of banishment we can scarcely fancy the latter otherwise engaged than in training for this end, and exercising himself in every art of war that might qualify him to be the capable and heroic leader of his Egyptians on the return march to their homes.



8. SETÎ-MENEPHTAH TRIUMPHING OVER FOREIGNERS. (FROM LEPSIUS'S "DENKMÄLER.")

At length, in the thirteenth year of their Ethiopian residence, the prince being educated for the fray and the Egyptians eager to recover their land, they all started forth down the Nile, the king of Ethiopia perhaps sending along his troops as auxiliaries.

This return journey was one of success from beginning to end. Setî-Menephtah distinguished himself at every point by a personal prowess that was irresistible: under his masterly generalship triumph followed closely upon the heels of victory. His opponents either were struck with instant death, or crushed under a heavier oppression, or driven before a wave of revolution and military glory that contrasted strangely with the imbecility of a dozen years before. Somewhere in Lower Egypt a final battle was now accepted upon the united challenge of the rebels and the Shepherds, by which the rebels were completely re-subdued and the Jebusites again driven out to the very bounds of Syria.

Either on his way down the Nile, or shortly afterward, Setî-Menephtah visited at Abû Simbel a colossal statue of his grandfather, Rameses II., and inscribed upon one side of it the purpose of his pilgrimage, which was:

> In order to render homage to the one who had given him valor.

This was a marked reflection upon his father; but let that pass. At the same time, perhaps, he engraved a tablet on the rock there to commemorate his victories over foreigners — quite likely the very foreigners thus chased back to Syria; in which, as reproduced in illustration 8, he is seen dispatching an Asiatic with a heavy mace, the god Amen-Ra standing by in the act of giving him a scimiter, the legend describing him as

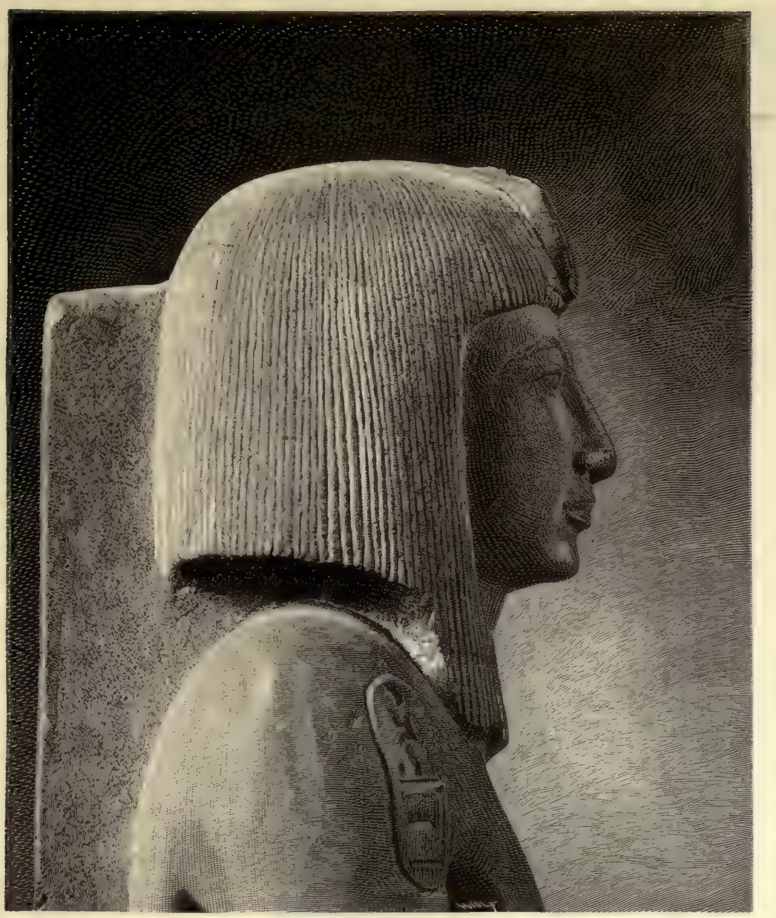
> Warlike and valiant, like the goddess Ament.

Also the door-post of his sepulcher, inscribed while he was living, praises him as

> The Defender of Egypt, and the Chastiser of the Libyans.

Upon this tablet, as elsewhere, we find that he had already begun to use the double cartouch, Ra-user-kheperu Mer-amen, and Setî Mer-en-ptah. No doubt this was done by agreement between his father and himself. When they came to take their departure from Ethiopia, the very attempt of which depended on the lead and chivalry of the son, the latter, both by the father's desire and by the consent of the army, must have become regent, and probably a regent in more than the usual sense of the word. The father remained real king and retained the throne,— he was to be consulted on all important questions, his wish was to be law, his will supreme, his indorsement was essential as to policy,— but the son was to execute. Moreover, by the results of that brilliant march to the sea the son had earned a share in the dominion, and was entitled to participation in the government of the emancipated country.

Then, too, Setî-Menephtah was the first-born son of his father, the heir-apparent or crown-prince; no brother existed to become a rival; and the cartouches were to belong to him soon by virtue of sole possession of the throne. He was then physical strength itself, the very synonym of health, waking into the morning of life: no cloud marred the horizon, nothing, thought he or his father,—nothing on earth or in heaven,



9. PORTRAIT-STATUE OF SETÎ-MENEPHTAH. (FROM THE MONUMENT IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.)

whether of men or from the gods,— could prevent his wearing the double crown of Egypt alone in the near future. Such was his destiny — in universal human expectation.

Under this arrangement two years passed serenely away. Setî as regent and prospective king pursued the occupations of war by securing the country against the Libyans on the west, and by fortifying the Fountains of Water on the east. He cultivated the arts of peace by fostering authors, both of poetry and of literature, and sculptors, who carved him in stone with exceptional skill and elegance. Their three renowned statues of him now embellish the museums of London, Paris, and Turin. From the first of these illustration 9 is taken, showing us, as successfully as any modern artist could hope to do, just how this distinguished young warrior looked. He carried a frank brow rising just off the line of the nose, a gracefully curved eyebrow, a broad eyelid, a large pensive eye, the arched nose of the Rameses, full lips, and a delicately molded chin. Altogether his face was singularly genial and winning. Apparently he was inclined to muse, and smile when his thoughts were far away, as if he were gazing on some vision, either of beauty that engaged his soul or of loveliness that wakened emotions of the heart. Or was he dreaming of the Elysian Fields, that seemed to tempt him hence?

At Thebes he built a little temple, carved the walls of sanctuaries and pylons with bas-reliefs and hymns, set up doorways, obelisks, sphinxes, and stelæ, and even began his own sepulchral chambers on the west of the Nile. But the last date he placed upon any of his works was that of the second year of his executive reign, or when he was about twenty years of age.

Meanwhile, the children of Israel? Their interval of respite from toil was over, and the return of the task-master renewed their bondage with tenfold severity. If they had been concerned in the recent protest against that oppression which Egypt laid upon foreign races who kept their ethnic caste and faith, as a consequence their slavery was made more

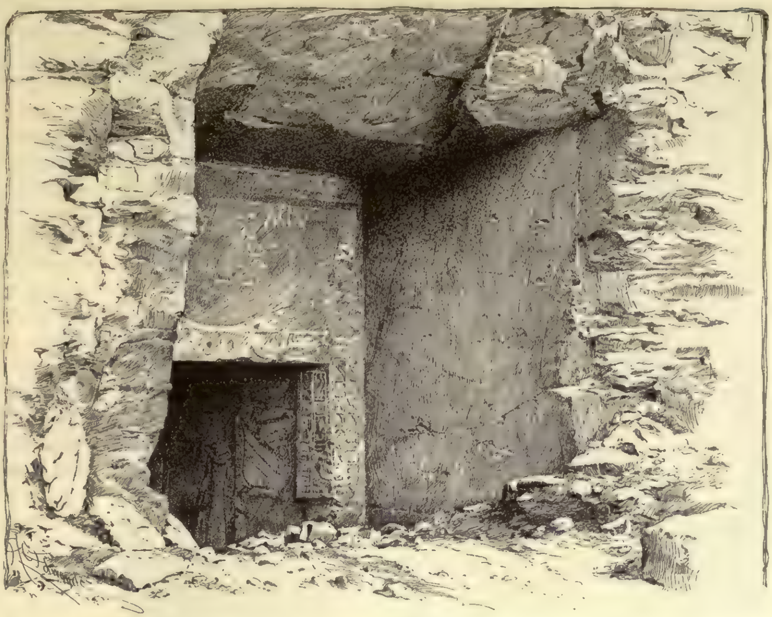
10. SETÎ-MENEPHTAH AS REGENT. (FROM THE STATUE IN THE TURIN MUSEUM. AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH BY CAVRE G. B. BERRA.)

onerous than before. And such seems to have been the case, causing an outcry from the sufferers that ascended unto heaven; a cry that brought Jehovah down to visit his people and declare, "I know their sorrows."

To royal father and son a cloud now rose on the horizon. A new commotion was visible among the servile Hebrews. One man, about equal in age to the venerable Menephtah, joined by another, his brother somewhat younger and just returned from Midian, were observed to be going round among the bondmen advising them to rest from their burdens and inciting them to some sort of concerted movement. Presently they ventured into the presence of the monarch himself, and announced their proposal to be no less than freedom — withdrawal of their entire community from Egypt, or, in the words of the deity of their worship, "Thus saith the Lord, the God of Israel, Let my people go."

What? "To get up out of the land?" Why, that was the very aim Rameses had sought to defeat by rigorous service, together with the drowning Nile, eighty years ago, and the very contingency Menephtah had guarded against seventeen years ago by strengthening the walls and garrisons of Heliopolis. Naturally these two representatives of the Hebrews were told that the proposition could not be thought of. "Wherefore do ye, Moses and Aaron, loose the people from their works? get you unto your burdens."

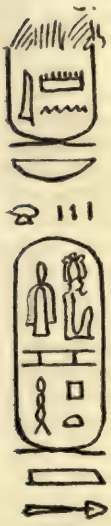
We cannot follow the contention step by step. Enough that the king proved to be stubborn beyond all influence, that the cloud grew portentous and broke in a storm of disorders without parallel in natural history, and that this series of marvels culminated in an unprecedented tragedy. In the dead of night the spiritual God of Israel, whom Menephtah "knew not," went out into the midst of Egypt and left not a single house in which there was not one dead, "from the first-born of Pharaoh that sat on his throne unto the first-born of the captive that was in the dungeon"; and "even unto the first-born of the maid-



II. ENTRANCE TO THE TOMB OF SETÎ-MENEPHTAH. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY EMIL BRUGSCH BEY.)

servant behind the mill." Those words disclose an exigency just then obtaining — that a regent shared the throne with the king; they show that this regent (10) was the king's first-born son; they imply with great exactness that conjunction of circumstances to which we have been independently led; in short, they define Setî-Menephtah to the very letter.

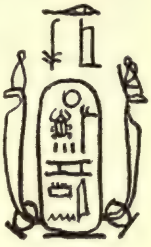
The God of Israel could make no exception; had he done so, even the tenth plague would have failed of its purpose. Therefore this singular child on whom the hopes of the empire and the dynasty centered, this fearless and accomplished warrior who had redeemed his country, this unfolding flower of humanity whom to regard was to commend, to love, to celebrate, must be sacrificed to soften the heart of an obdurate father. When he fell asleep that fatal night he woke in those scenes, so far away yet so close at hand, on which he had been wont to brood and dream by day.



12.

Where Setî-Menephtah was at the moment is not clear from the sacred narrative: he may have been at Zoan or at Raamses, where he had commanded the cavalry of the army. If at the former, the horror-stricken father knew the worst immediately; if at the latter, the warning he had received from Moses, together with dire analogy all around, told him the heartrending truth as well as messengers could have told him. Though the country was in confusion, the embalmers would be in duty bound first to minister their last offices unto the king's son; and when at length the imposing ceremonies were over, hands of genuine grief laid a fallen favorite to repose in the gloom of that sepulcher he himself had already started in the valley of the Tombs of the Kings (11). This he had opened at the very end of the valley and foot of the mountain. The chamber in which the casket of stone was to stand, the intended final resting-place of its excavator, had not been reached. It was on account of such unfinished design that, early in the present century, Champollion wrote:

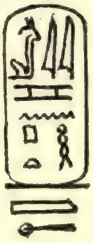
> This poor sepulchral hall was only a corridor in the plan, whose extremity lies still in rough rock; and it became the room of the sarcophagus, or the funeral chamber, by the accident of the death of the Pharaoh.[1]



14.

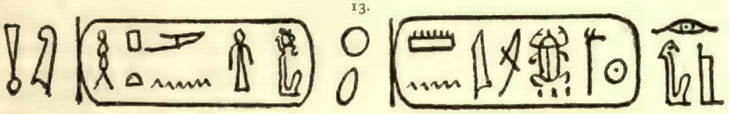
"Accident"? Yes, rather a most unexpected, sudden, shocking, inscrutable providence.

In this beginning of a royal tomb some portions of that sarcophagus, in the rosy granite of Syene, were found lying scattered upon the floor; one (12), from the lower part of the lid carved in effigy, retained the cartouche concluding a legend upon its surface; another (13), upon



15.

13.



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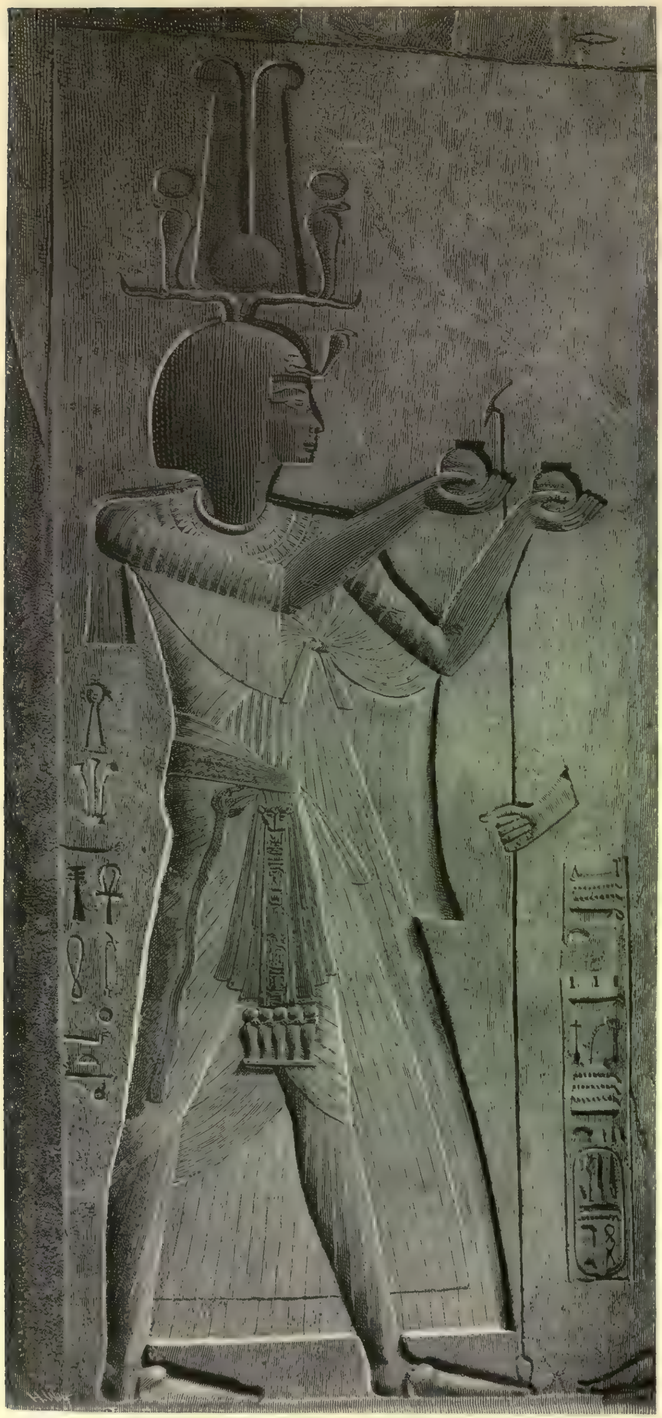
[1] "Notices Descriptives," Vol. I., p. 463.



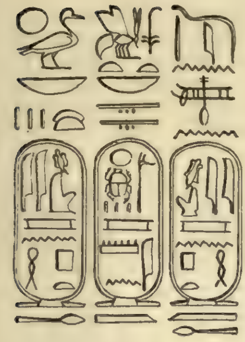
16. BAS-RELIEF OF SETÎ-MENEPHTAH. (FROM A CAST IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.)

the edge of the lid, preserved a similar record entire, both testifying to the *decease* of Setî-Menephtah; where the hands folded upon the breast the prenominal cartouch (14) was carved, surmounted by the symbols of "the Osiris royal," signifying identity with Osiris now, "Thy Spirit is that of Osiris"; and the nominal cartouch (15) concluded an inscription in the same apartment running along the platform of the wall on the right.

Yet, though the royal sarcophagus has been broken to pieces, and the royal mummy has disappeared, happily the image of the prince on the throne, thus cut down without warning, had not long before been carefully imprinted upon the wall of the corridor, just inside the entrance. Turning again to the notes of Champollion:

> First corridor, wall on the left, second tableau, sculptured but not painted, and as fresh as if it had just left the hand of the sculptor: the king Menephtah III., coiffé and wearing the atef-crown, offers wine to the god Nefer-tum.

Once more the same Providence that had occasion to deal so severely with both father and son has with extraordinary care shielded from harm this bas-relief of the son all through the centuries, in order that we might see him exactly as he was in life (illustration 16). This figure, regarding either design or engraving, is a masterpiece of beauty. Nothing from antiquity can exceed it in natural form and attitude: more of life, spirit, and sweet expression could scarcely be thrown into stone. The artist who conceived and wrought this gem had real genius, and carried his technical skill to the highest point of attainment. His fine appreciation of spiritual traits underlying physical features, and his delicate power of bringing them out of the wall, were simply marvelous. How full of youthlike tenderness all these lineaments; how noble that carriage; how bright the look of that eye, and flitting the smile upon that almost girlish cheek; how replete with hope the countenance,



17.

as the offerer of wine holds out his cups to the god! The graver of this iconograph knew how to soften rock, away back in those days of high antiquity.

Yet our object lies outside of all this. The lesson we are to learn from these lines is, that this royal ruler was very young when he died. Underneath the royal cartouches memorializing the personage of this relief, the signs for *deceased*, "ma-kheru," are not only present, they are repeated (17): their date, therefore, must be very nearly that of his death. Had this cavo-rilievo been sculptured any length of time before his death, these signs for *deceased* would be absent. Inasmuch as in this instance there was no need to make the subject younger than he was actually, or more divine, Setî-Menephtah could not have been more than twenty years of age when he was brought low instantly, here to be committed to his "eternal home." A portrait-statue of Setî-Menephtah in middle life or in old age does not exist.

In this light we begin to recognize the true relation of Setî-Menephtah to his father and his true position in time. Under the name of Setî II., he is generally supposed to have been chronologically the successor of his father, and the two years of his reign are generally assumed to have been years of sole authority. On the contrary, the above-related natural version of his brief career is indicated by the monuments to be the right one: let us no longer neglect or misjudge their testimony.

A deep mystery always has hung over the death of Pharaoh's son. Who was he? How old may he have been? Left he absolutely no trace behind?

I venture to assert that his disappearance will ever continue to be completely shrouded in darkness so long as we fail to give proper heed to the light of the monuments. And I invite attention to the fact that the antiquities of Egypt, the best among authorities, stand ready to teach us:

1. That Setî-Menephtah was the first-born son of his father. 2. That his father lived to an advanced age. 3. That the son's administration was merely one of regency in behalf of his father. 4. That the son died early, before his father died.

It follows that Setî-Menephtah corresponds to the biblical (1) First-born son (2) of a living Pharaoh, (3) who sat on his throne, (4) but died suddenly, before his father died. Both the Egyptian monuments and the Hebrew Scriptures describe a situation embracing four distinct premises: the four premises are identical in both accounts; the logical conclusion, therefore, must be that they relate to the same personage, for, in the nature of things, two series of such identical particulars would not occur apart once in many ages.

Let us give a few moments to the careful study of the following contemporary Egyptian monuments:

1. *Some Mural Tablets in the Grottoes of Gebel Silsilis.* Menephtah imitated his father in having pictures of his family circle drawn upon ever-enduring rock.

One of these tablets presents to us the group of Menephtah, Isi-nefer-t, and Nehesi. It is graven on the west wall of the Grand Speos, or Temple hewn out of a mountain, and (Champollion, "Monuments," II., cxiv.) exhibits King Menephtah in the ceremony of offering an image of the divinity Ma to the god Amen-Ra and the goddess Maut: he is attended by his wife

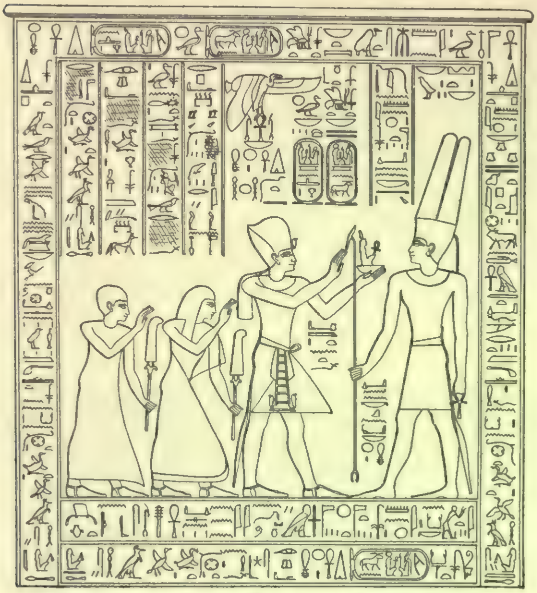
R.A.Muller Sc.

18. PORTRAIT OF NEHESI, THE PRIME MINISTER. (FROM A STATUE IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.)

the Queen Isi-nefer-t, and by an officer named Nehesi. The latter is explained by adjacent hieroglyphs to be

> Viceroy over the Two Lands, Fan-bearer at the right of the King, Chief over the priests of all the gods, having admittance to the King's presence, knowing his counsel, Mayor of the city and Governor of the Nome, pa-Nehesi *deceased.*

His office, therefore, was equivalent to that of Privy Councilor and Prime Minister. A sitting statue of him now in London (illustration 18) reveals the fact that he had served in a similar capacity under Rameses II., so that he simply held over in both duty and rank under King Menephtah, by whom he was evidently greatly esteemed; but he had passed away prior to the date of this sculpture—the second year in the reign of Menephtah. Isi-nefer-t wears the vulture-head-dress of maternity, but as yet her offspring was too young to be brought into this scene of worship.



19. KING MENEPHTAH, HIS ROYAL SON, AND NEHESI. (FROM LEPSIUS'S "DENKMÄLER.")

A second tablet presents to us the group of King Menephtah, his royal son, and Nehesi. As outlined in illustration 19, it depicts Menephtah again tendering an image of Ma to the deity Amen-Ra; as before, the Privy Councilor to his Majesty, Nehesi *deceased,* finds his place last in the series; now, however, the middle place, immediately behind Menephtah, is occupied, not by Isi-nefer-t the Queen, wife, and mother, but by

> Crown Prince of the Palace over the Two Countries, Chief of millions, Head over hundreds of thousands, He who stands in closest relationship to the good god, the Royal Son of his body begotten, beloved of him, of Royal [birth], the Chief of the Soldiers, the very great [Regent in behalf of] him.

Menephtah's Royal Son alive! By the time this rock-engraving was executed so many years had been added to the offspring of Isi-nefer-t that he began to be included in his parents' acts of devotion to the gods.

A third tablet presents to us the group of King Menephtah, Isi-nefer-t, Setî-Menephtah, and Nehesi (20). Its vignette embraces two scenes by means of two registers. In the lower register Menephtah offers an image of a sphinx to the deity Horus and the divinity Ma: here, as in the last tablet, he is attended by

> The Heir to the Throne, the Royal Scribe, the Chief of the Soldiers, the Royal Son of his body begotten, beloved of him,

who is closely followed by his *ka*—his "double," or "life"—and remotely by the Privy Councilor, the King's Lion, Nehesi *deceased.*

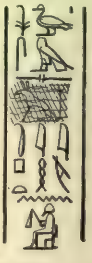
But we are impatient to learn the name of that royal son; will not this monument identify him for us at last?

Observe that in the upper register King Menephtah, offering once more an image of Ma to Amen-Ra and Ptah, is attended by the royal wife and mother, Queen Isi-nefer-t, followed by

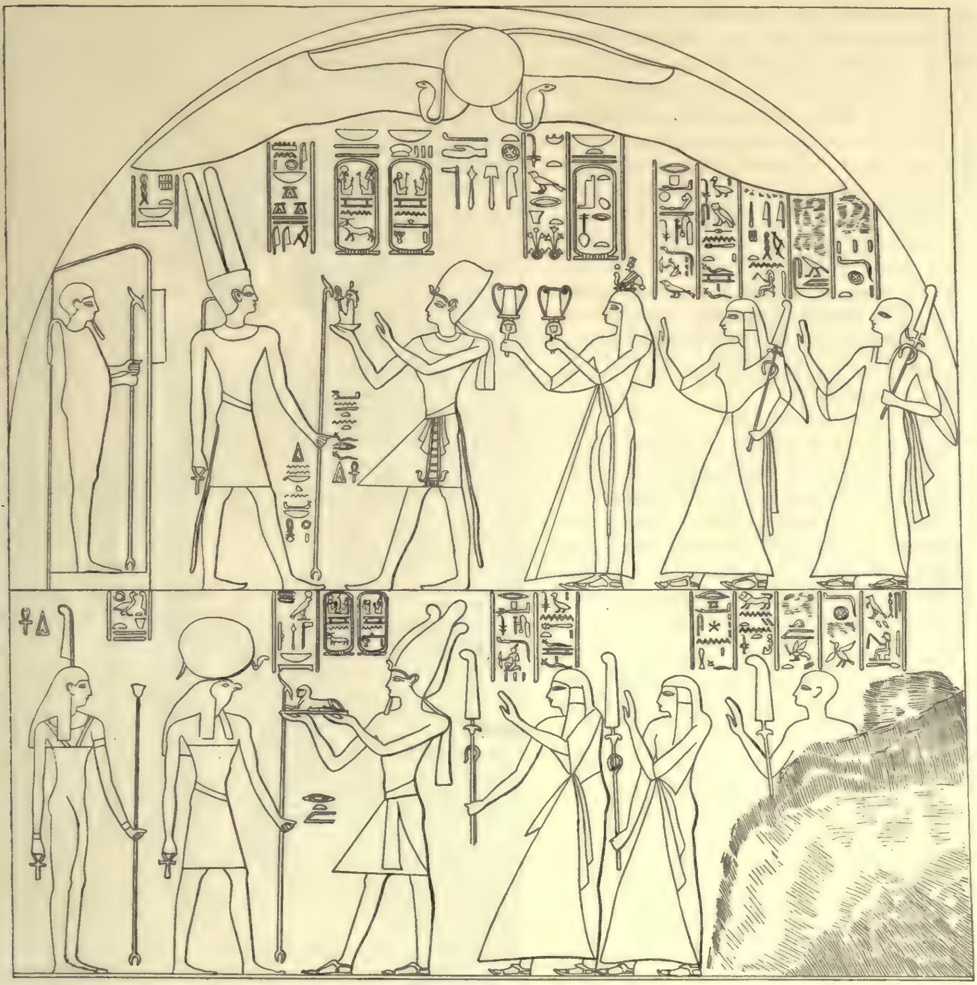
> The Heir to the Throne of the whole Land, the Royal Scribe, the Chief of the Soldiers, the great Royal Son (the *sam*) of his body begotten, beloved of him, [Set]ti-Mer-en-ptah *deceased.*

And last of all by Nehesi. In other terms, this royal son of Menephtah was his only son; as only son and heir to the throne, he was his eldest son; as only son and eldest son, he was his "first-born"; the name of this first-born son was Setî-Menephtah, and at the era of this rock-engraving he was already dead! Menephtah and Isi-nefer-t both survive. They are still reigning, and performing the religious duties of king and queen; but they are childless. The scene represented is one in which their beloved offspring, the *sam* or priest of Ptah, Setî-Menephtah, did engage in, with them, until quite recently; but the acknowledgment is made that he does so in person no longer—"the late Setî-

21.



Seti Mienptah



20. VIGNETTE OF MURAL TABLET AT GEBEL SILSILIS. (FROM CHAMPOLLION'S "MONUMENTS.")

Menephtah." He is retained in the group because he was so dearly loved, and because there was no brother to be put in his place. At the beginning of Setî's name, over the back of his head, the figure of the god Set was defaced by iconoclasts some time after the death of both son and father. Champollion, deeming the obliterated character to be no part of the name, read what was spared as Ptah-Amen:

> This stela teaches us that the wife of this Pharaoh was called *Isénofré*, as his mother was, and that his eldest son was called *Phthamen*. ("Letters," p. 156.)

But Dr. Richard Lepsius detected the sign under its disfigurement, and correctly reproduced it in his *Königsbuch:*

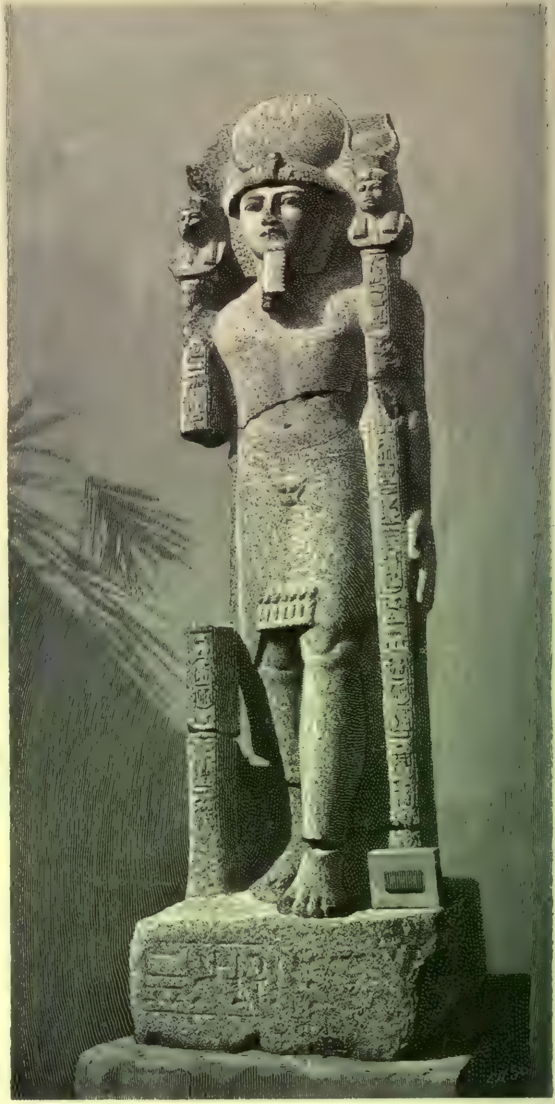
> The Royal Son, the *sam*, Setî-Menephtah (21).

Even if there was no other proof, this monument is quite sufficient of itself to establish the fact that Setî-Menephtah's rule occurred during the lifetime of his father, and that his father, King Menephtah, continued to reign after the son had ceased to help him rule.

This last tablet states that King Menephtah's object in going up the Nile to Silsilis, above Thebes, at this epoch was with pride to publish in the Upper Country the achievement of having reared a temple in honor of the god Amen-Ra at Heliopolis, in the Lower Country. The other monuments which deserve our attention as pertaining to Setî-Menephtah were originally all stationed at Zoan in Lower Egypt.

2. *The Sides of a Statue of Rameses.* This statue is a standing image of Rameses II. holding within his arms two standards, the one on

the right-hand side terminating in a head of the goddess Maut, the other in a head of the goddess Hathor (illustration 22). It was a colossus, between eleven and twelve feet high, carved out of syenite. It has lost its atef-crown, but, cared for now in the Palace of Gizeh, it retains the solar disk, the peculiar wig, the false beard, the kilt hanging from the belt by means of a lion-headed clasp and ending in a row of hooded asps. It was sculptured in fairly good style; but round upon the left side the statue carries an irrelevant supplement, executed in a very different and rather bad manner (23).



22. RAMESES II. AS REGENT. (FROM THE MONUMENT IN THE PALACE OF GIZEH. PHOTOGRAPHED BY SEBAH.)

Sketched in slight relief, a prince has not yet put off the recurved side-lock as a badge of infancy; he wears the leopard-robe as a badge of that order of priests of Ptah at Memphis called *sam;* and he shows by the plume in his hand that he enjoyed the high rank of Fan-bearer at the right of the king. The inscription identifies this young prince as

> The Heir to the Throne over the Upper and Lower Countries, the Royal Scribe, the Chief of the Soldiers, great Royal Son, Meren-ptah *deceased.*

Round on the right side of the statue this inscription occurs in more complete form (24):

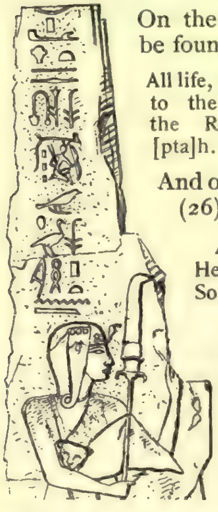
> All life, permanence, purity, and health to the Heir of the Throne over the Two Lands, the Royal Scribe, the Chief of the Soldiers, great Royal Son, the *sam*, . . . [Mer-]en-ptah *deceased.*

On the left standard may be found (25):

> All life, stability, and health to the Heir of the Throne, the Royal Son, Mer-en-[pta]h.

And on the right standard (26):

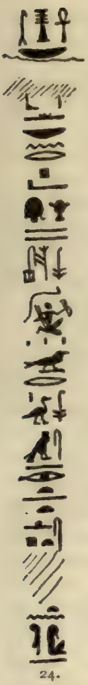
> All victory and might to the Heir to the Throne, the Royal Son, Mer-en-ptah *deceased.*



23. LATER SCULPTURE UPON LEFT SIDE OF RAMESES STATUE. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY EMIL BRUGSCH BEY.)

How singular! Who was this royal son "Menephtah *deceased*" when a prince? Was it Menephtah, son of Rameses II.? Impossible; for that Menephtah lived to be king, and to attain nearly as great an age as the illustrious Sesostris. Furthermore, this colossus embodies Rameses II. at early manhood, while yet a regent under his father Setî I.: whereas, until long after this stage of life, Khamus was heir to the throne, not Menephtah. Besides, the style of the new figure is so unlike that of the colossus that it must be referred to another hand at a later period.

The solution is not far to seek. This bas-relief pictures Menephtah the son of King Menephtah; and, as we have just seen, the father had no other son bearing his name save Setî-Menephtah. All these titles are precisely those of Setî-Menephtah in the third tablet at Silsilis, particularly the sacerdotal "*sam*" and the military "Chief of the Soldiers." It must



24.

have been the son of Rameses II., Menephtah, when king, who was the author of this meager bas-relief upon his father's statue, and this fully accounts for its misplacement and poor quality. It is a work of pathos: he did it with a trembling hand, for the Heir to his Throne — his hope, his dependence, his joy, his lovely boy — was dead.

Why, then, did he not insert Setî before the "Menephtah" of these inscriptions?

At that time, and for the people of all Egypt in those days, it was wholly unnecessary. Everybody understood who was meant without it.

3. *The Sides of a Statue of Menephtah.* Of course Menephtah must needs imitate his father Rameses in all things, and among all things in setting up a similar image of himself. His was not so much of a colossus perhaps, being scarcely ten feet high, but it was cut of equally fine pale rose-granite of Syene. The standards he tipped with the images of the gods after whom he was named, the right with Ptah-Tutanen, the left with Amen. He assumed a similar wig, upon which an atef-crown was placed; he put on the conventional beard; and from his belt he let fall an apron displaying his own titles with the same ornaments his father had used. This statue was discovered by Mariette Bey in the course of his excavations at San nearly thirty years ago, who describes what he saw and read on the sides of the statue in the following terms:

> Upon the left side of the base there has been afterwards cut the figure, standing erect, of a personage holding an ostrich plume in his hand. The legend reads: "The Heir upon the throne of Seb (formula designating the heir to the crown), the Governor of the Two Countries for his father, the Royal Son Seti-meri-en Ptah, *the justified.*"[1]

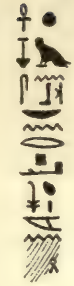
As in the third tablet of Silsilis, so in the present legend, the full or double name, Setî-Menephtah, appears: its author or engraver did not leave the "Setî" out this time.

But how remarkably alike these side-scenes upon the statues of the kings Rameses and Menephtah are! They must have been the work of one and the same author, and that author could not have been Rameses in this instance; he must, therefore, have been King Menephtah in both cases.

Compare now the two accounts — one recorded in the Scriptures, the other recorded on this Egyptian stone:

THE BIBLE.	THE MONUMENT.
The Lord smote	He who governed
The first-born of	Egypt,
Pharaoh,	In behalf of his
That sat on his	father:
throne.	Setî-Menephtah *deceased.*

The parallel is absolute. We have already found how Setî-Menephtah, supplying what his father lacked, became conqueror by force of arms, and then active governor of the land. The Egyptian epigraphist confesses all that the sacred narrator affirms, and surpasses him by revealing the full name of the smitten one.



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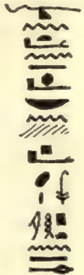


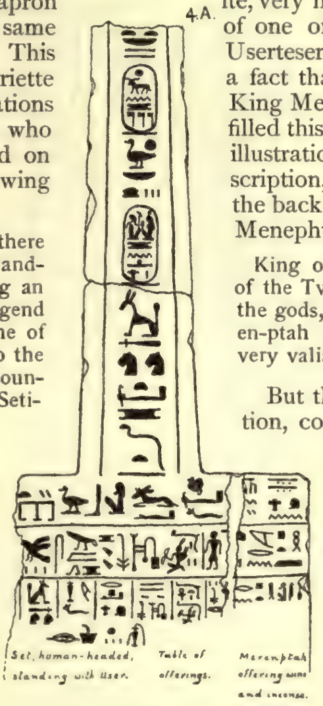
26.

4. *The Back of a Throne of Usertesen surviving at San.* To the open court of the Great Temple, Usertesen I., one of the earliest kings in the twelfth dynasty, contributed two colossi. They were seated figures, in black granite, very highly polished. Upon the back of one of these, still remaining at San, Usertesen had not engraved anything — a fact that did not escape the notice of King Menephtah, who at different times filled this field with inscriptions, copied in illustration 27. The first or vertical inscription, in large characters, covering the back of the pilaster, pertains to King Menephtah himself, and reads:

> King of Upper and Lower Egypt, Lord of the Two Countries Bai-en-ra Beloved of the gods, Son of Ra, Lord of Diadems, Mer-en-ptah Hotep-hi-ma, Beloved of Set the very valiant forever.

But the second or horizontal inscription, covering the back of the throne with small characters, does not pertain to King Menephtah, but to another person, the first two lines running:

> [Heir] to the double throne of Seb, inheriting the sovereignty of the Two Lands, Chief of officers, Administrator of the Upper and Lower Countries, the Royal Scribe, the Chief of the Soldiers, the Royal Son, Mer-en-ptah *deceased.*


4.A
Set, human-headed, standing with User.
Table of offerings.
Menephtah offering wine and incense.

27. BACK OF USERTESEN'S STATUE AND THRONE. (FROM TANIS I: EGYPT EXPLORATION FUND.)

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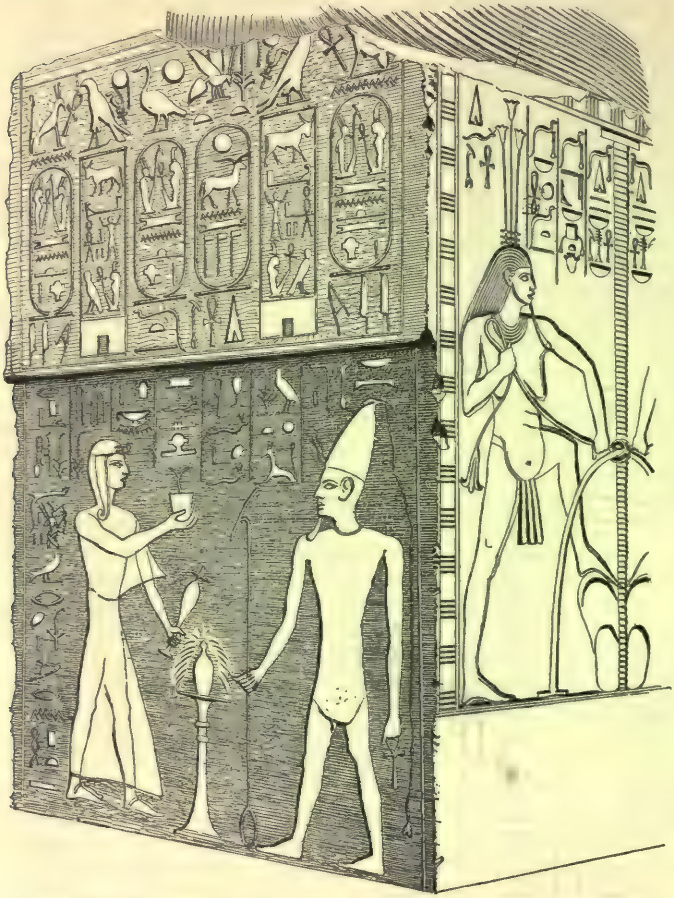
[1] "Notice des Principaux Monuments à Boulaq," p. 292.

And the last line describes the offering of incense and wine to the deity Set the very valiant by

> Sutek the very valiant: His loving Adorer, the Heir to the Throne over the Two Countries, the Royal Scribe, Chief Sealer, Chief Soldier, the Royal Son, Mer-en-ptah *deceased.*

The picture underlying these words, not reproduced by Mr. Petrie, but long ago described by Mariette Bey,

> Represents the adoration of Sutekh by a Prince named Menephtah.
>
> The god, clothed in Egyptian fashion, wears upon his head a pointed miter from which depends a kind of long waved ribbon ending in a fork, like the tail of the animal symbolical of Sutekh. This same fork is placed at the extremities of the two little horns with which the forehead of the god is armed.
>
> As to the other personage, he stands erect in the posture of adoration, and exhibits the grand costume of Egyptian princes, with the uræus upon his brow. . . . A fragment of inscription permits us still to read the formula, "Heir upon the throne of Seb," which distinguishes more particularly the prince named to succeed the reigning king. . . . The uræus which he bears upon his brow would seem to indicate that at this moment Prince Menephtah was already associated upon the throne with his father. ("Notice," etc., pp. 283, 284.)



28. BACK OF USERTESEN'S THRONE. (FROM THE MONUMENT IN THE BERLIN MUSEUM. FROM A SPECIAL PHOTOGRAPH BY G. NEUMANN.)

In thus speaking, Mariette refers to King Menephtah when a prince, and to the throne of Rameses II. But Menephtah the father is excluded from consideration by the twice-told tale "dead." Again the truth is, King Menephtah's son, Setî-Menephtah, is meant.

5. *The Back of a Throne of Usertesen removed to Berlin.* Because set up along an avenue the seated colossus of Usertesen I. just described required a mate for company on the opposite side of the way: the throne of this companion was, many years ago, carried away to Berlin, where it silently relates to every visitor its story of the tragedy enacted in Egypt centuries ago (28). Menephtah found the back of this second throne untouched in like manner; and the temptation to fill it up with the decorations of his own glory was too great for him to resist.

His first act was to cover nearly the whole of its surface with his titles and escutcheons in two series. In the course of time, however, he changed his mind: something happened that led him to recast a portion of his first work. His second act was, esteeming the lower set of titles as of least account, to chisel them away, thus lowering this portion of the back to the depth of two or three inches.

For what purpose?

To inscribe a new name and a new record there, more in the vein of his newly acquired mood. It was, for the most part, a repetition of what Mariette has described from the San throne. On the right we now look upon

> Sutekh, the great god, Lord of heaven.

And on the left we behold his worshiper, decked with the recurved lock of a prince and with the royal uræus, in the act of offering incense and a libation of wine to the god, the adjacent hieroglyphs describing him as

> His loving Adorer, his Son, beloved of him, rejoicing in his service, of Royal Birth, the Heir to the Throne, Royal Scribe, Chief of the Soldiers, great Royal Son, Mer-en-ptah *deceased*.

But all these titles are the peculiar distinctions of Setî-Menephtah. And it was only natural that *he* should be represented as professing relationship to, and delight in the service of, that god whose name he bore. The change that had befallen the father and reigning King Menephtah was the untimely death of his matchless son, so very dear to his heart and already exalted so near to his own rank and seat.

6. *The Tablet of Four Hundred Years.* All the foregoing monuments are, in some measure, introductory to, and serve as so many keys for unlocking the purpose of, the longest witness in this series. A double obscurity has always surrounded the Tablet of Four Hundred Years.

After discovering it within the inmost shrine of the Great Temple, under a heap of similar stelæ and mural inscriptions, for the most part broken to fragments, Mariette Bey concealed it on the site, near by, so they say; and when he died he carried the secret of its hiding-place with him into the other world.

But its subject-matter has always been a riddle. A confusion lurks under an evident combination—in its vignette of two unrelated pictures, and in its record of two unconnected stories, pertaining to two different persons.

Referring to illustration 29, the first of these occupies the left-hand side of the vignette *a*, and the first seven lines of the horizontal inscription. Here the vignette sketches an apotheosized forefather, Aa-peh-peh, under the form of the deity Sutekh, or Set, holding a scepter in one hand, the symbol of life in the other; wearing the white crown, rendered quite odd by a forked horn in front, and from its apex by a long waving streamer, likewise forked at the end. Here Rameses II. is the actor, as well as the epigraphist of this part of the tablet, identified by his cartouches and defined by the intermediate hieroglyphics as

> Giving wine to his beloved god that He may make him a giver of life.

The upper seven horizontal lines of the record explain the meaning of these sketches of god and king, and reveal the original simple purpose of the tablet to be, on the part of Rameses, to acknowledge and honor the Shepherd king Set Aa-peh-peh, who lived four hundred years before, as the father of Rameses' fathers: the great king hereby seeks to immortalize an act of ancestor worship. Literally, this part of the legend runs as follows:

> Line 1. The living Horus, the living Sun, the powerful Bull beloved of Ma, Lord of the Festivals of Thirty years like his father Ptah, King of Upper and Lower Egypt, Ra-user-ma Sotep-en-ra, Son of Ra, Rameses Mer-amen, Giver of life,
>
> 2. Lord of the Vulture and Uræus Diadems, Protector of Egypt, Chastiser of Provinces, Sun born of the gods, Possessor of Lands, the Hawk of gold, Rich in years, Greatest of the Victors,
>
> 3. King of Upper and Lower Egypt, Ra-user-ma Sotep-en-ra, Son of Ra, Rameses Mer-amen, Chieftain enriching the Lands with memorials of his name.
>
> 4. The sun has shone as the king liked, the king of Upper and Lower Egypt, Ra-user-ma Sotep-en-ra, Son of Ra, Rameses Mer-amen.
>
> 5. His Majesty ordered that a great Tablet of granite should be made in the great name of the Father of his fathers
>
> 6. (The King of Upper Egypt, Ra-mer-en-ma, Son of Ra, Mer-en-ptah-Setî, being firm and prosperous forever, like Ra every day)
>
> 7. In the Four Hundredth year, on the fourth day of the month Mesori, of the King of Upper and Lower Egypt, Set Aa-peh-peh, Son of Ra, beloved of him, Nubti Set, beloved of Harmakhis, who is forever and forever.

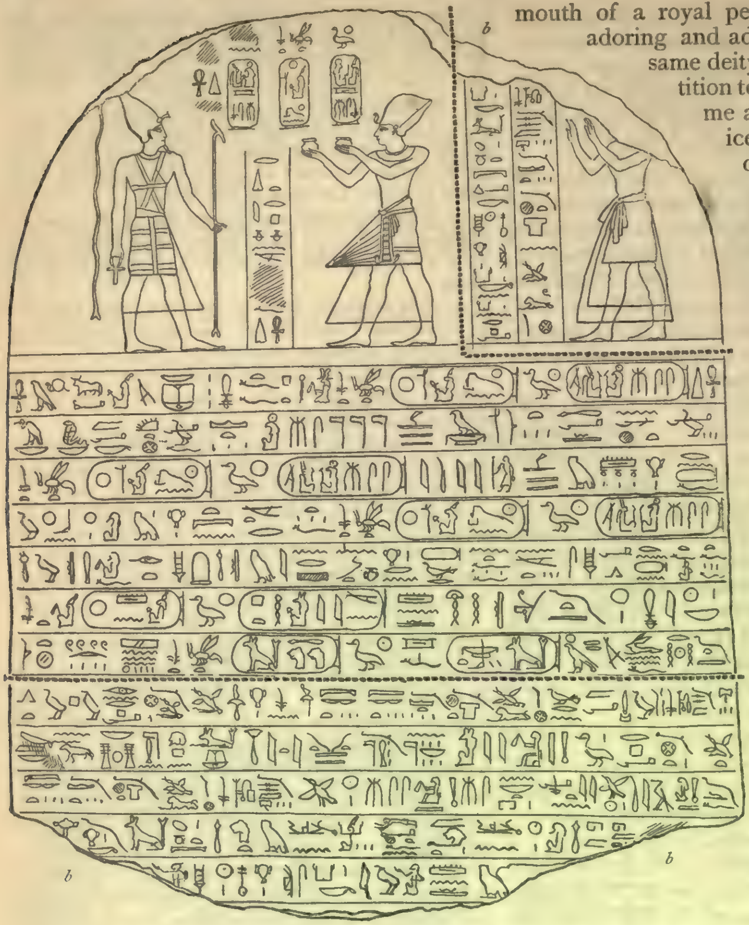
No regnal year of Rameses II. is supplied to serve as a date for the monument, because, as line 6 shows, the reign of Rameses had not yet begun; this stela was set up when he was acting as a regent only at Zoan, in Lower Egypt, while his father, Setî I., was still living at Thebes, in Upper Egypt, and continuing to rule as king firmly and prosperously over the land.

But the second personage is the one in whom our special interest lies: he is treated on the right-hand side of the vignette and in the lower portion of the horizontal inscription *b*, *b*. By a fracture of the slab his portrait and head are lost; but the two vertical lines of hieroglyphics expressing a petition in his behalf, addressed also to the deity Sutekh on the left, *a*, imperfectly read:

> . . . Thy service, O Set, son of Nut, Grant thou a long time in thy service to the *ka* of the Heir to the Throne, Royal Scribe, Commander of the Cavalry, Controller of Provinces, and Superintendent of the fortress-town Tsar-on-the-frontier.

Here the single fact that the prayer is offered for the benefit of the *ka* of the person prayed for would indicate that we have in these words a petition for the welfare of some one no longer in life. Who was he? Already we encounter some of the titles familiar as those belonging to the subject of our study; but the last five lines of the horizontal inscription offer many more:

> Line 8. Having come [before the god represented at *a* in the vignette]—
>
> The Heir to the Throne, Governor of the Nome, Fan-bearer at the King's right hand, Commander



29. THE TABLET OF FOUR HUNDRED YEARS. (FROM THE REVUE ARCHÉOLOGIQUE.)

of the Archers, Controller of Provinces, Superintendent of the fortress-town Tsar-on-the-frontier, Chief of the Matsu, Royal Scribe, Commander of the Cavalry,

9. The processional priest of the fête Bai-neb-tat, High-priest of Set, Officer of Uati, Ruler of Lands, Superintendent of the priests of all the gods, Prince Setî *deceased*, Son, Heir to the Throne, Mayor of the City, Governor of the Nome,

10. The Commander of the Archers, Controller of Provinces, Superintendent of the fortress-town Tsar-on-the-frontier, Royal Scribe, Commander of the Cavalry of Pa-Rameses, the Prince *deceased* born of the Lady of the House, Chantress superior of Ra, Princess *deceased*,—

He says:

11. Hail to thee, Set, son of Nut, valiant in the boat of millions of years, overthrowing enemies at the prow of the boat of Ra! Great are thy bellowings in . . .

12. . . . Grant thou me a long time in thy service to follow thy person. I have been placed in . . .

Here we have another prayer, an echo of the one written in the vignette, put into the mouth of a royal personage, represented as adoring and addressing one and the same deity with Rameses. Its petition to the deity Set, "Grant me a long time in thy service," reflects the cultus drawn upon the last monument, and recalls the words of its adorer of the same god, Sutekh, "Happy" or "Blessed in his service." This personage is plainly named the "Prince Setî *deceased.*" By such designation Setî I., the father of Rameses II., cannot be meant, because this Prince Setî, when alive, is said to have been commander of the cavalry stationed at Pa-Rameses, the biblical town Raamses built by the children of Israel for Rameses II., which therefore was not in existence in the days of Setî I., father of Rameses. Hence the "Prince Setî" must designate Setî II., the son of Menephtah the King. Setî I. also would be excluded by the anachronism involved in the office "Superintendent of the fortress-town Tsar-on-the-frontier," if this frontier fortress, Tsar, was the biblical town Zoan, shown with equal surety by its ruins to have been the creation of Rameses II. A superintendent of Zoan could be only a son or a grandson of Rameses the Great; and so, as his name was Setî, he must have been Setî-Menephtah.

Here, too, we have most of the titles belonging to Setî-Menephtah, already met with—"Heir to the Throne," "Son," "Prince"; and, in addition to these, he is said to have occupied many offices which together would be held only by one on the road to the throne—"Fan-bearer," "Royal Scribe," "Governor," "Commander," "Priest," etc. Indeed, he is declared to have been born of a royal wife, a "Princess," the "Lady of the House." In Egypt the right to the throne descended through the mother; accordingly the mother, from among whose sons the heir was to be selected, must be of the royal line. If the king married outside of a royal family the children were ineligible to the crown.

Here also we have apparently the last of King Menephtah's works. Since the tablets described under 1 of this series were placed on the walls of the Speos at Silsilis, this "Princess," the royal wife and mother, had departed; she, too, had gone before to recover her lost boy. The queen was no more, and the heir to the throne was not. What lament could be greater? These are the words of one bereaved indeed. Who inscribed those mortuary strokes? Manifestly, he who had both consort and prince to mourn—Menephtah the King, the desolate survivor. No possibility now remained of another heir or successor in his line to perpetuate his dynasty.

Either Menephtah found the parts of the vignette on the right and the bottom of the tablet (*b*, *b*) without tracing, or he made them so, and then he engraved them between his tears.

Such is the resolution of the "peculiarity," the incongruity, of the Tablet of Four Hundred Years. He who wrote his name upon several monuments of other rulers, his predecessors at Zoan,—he who bequeathed to us a statue composed of the body of Amen-em-hat and the face of Menephtah,—he it was who has caused us to puzzle over a tablet presenting the original worship of Rameses II., supplemented by an imitation of it imputed to Setî-Menephtah his son, who, because no longer with him on earth, was conceived to be entering the presence of an ancestral deity in the world of the gods. So overmastering was Menephtah's misery that he could not refrain from draughting and rehearsing the honors of his painfully absent child upon every monument, no matter whose, that offered an opportunity.

Upon three of these six memorials the youth referred to has been called Menephtah, upon two Setî-Menephtah, and upon one Setî: no argument is required to show that they all refer to one and the same individual.

Every one of the six, at its end, has confessed just such an unlooked-for death in youth as the Bible attributes to the first-born of Pharaoh and the tomb at Thebes concedes.

Four reasons ascribe the authorship of all these retrospective sketches to Menephtah the King.

First. He was the last survivor of the whole family.

Second. No one except Menephtah would have done such things: Amen-meses and Siphtah who followed, descendants of other or irregular lines, were usurpers, rivals, anti-kings, full of antagonism to the house of Menephtah. They would have struck out, effaced, covered up by their own cartouches and claims to the throne, had they done anything; whereas this sort of regretful work reveals the parental hand. Menephtah was now left a broken-down old man. The high expectation cherished two short years ago, that this vigorous youth would shortly become the sole wearer of Egypt's crown in spite of earth and heaven, the Lord had extinguished in a moment of time. The bright hope was blasted, and in its seat was bitter grief. The stricken father was beside himself: we can fairly hear him moan, not unlike David over Absalom, "O my son Menephtah, my son, my son Menephtah! would God I had died for thee, O Setî, my son, my son!" By day he sought him and by night he missed him. Stooping under the blow, his faltering limbs led him to those spots where his boy had lived, had fought, had worshiped. What wonder if, in this aberration of distress, this agony of loneliness, he should exhibit a weakness for wandering among the monuments of Zoan to picture on them the image that was ever before his eyes, and to remind the people,—who by no means needed to have their memory quickened,—in words that wept, of the lad who was once alive. He would have the world remember his loved one till the world itself should die.

Third. Whatever had been conferred on the son now reverted to the father. Setî-Menephtah had been real ruler and nominal sovereign; the plan that these were to be permanent and finally merge into kingship had been frustrated by a higher power. Both the crown and the government had fallen back wholly upon Menephtah; his reign was continuing as before, and, on account of the absence of other heirs, it must continue till he should die. Then the question must have arisen, How is Setî's brief regency, accompanied by his assumption of kingly prerogative, to be regarded? What would have been reckoned as part of another reign under the nineteenth dynasty could not now be counted. Officially it must be treated as if it had never happened, it must be recognized as such no longer; indeed, measures must be taken to show that he lived and died while yet a prince and not as a king. Accordingly he was represented on the monuments, after his death, just as Khamus was (illustration 3), a deceased prince, distinguished by the sidelock of a royal infant who had not reached the throne as sole ruler after the death of the king.

Fourth. The juxtaposition on the monuments 3, 4, and 5 above-described, of the cartouches and inscriptions of Menephtah the King to those of Setî-Menephtah the son, indicates synchronism.

To the six monumental witnesses of Setî-Menephtah's minority, already considered, another might be added from the papyri. Having been Chief of the Scribes, where now are his fellows? Have those whom he cherished in his court, and the poets who sought his favor when living, nothing to say of him when dying? Did no others in the realm share the heartache of the father?

They wrote his elegy, and voiced a universal wail when they sang

THE DIRGE OF SETÎ-MENEPHTAH.

O Fan-bearer at the right of the king,
Crown-prince in the grand hall of Seb,
Royal Scribe of truth!
Thy mouth and thy lips were full of health:
Thou wast in favor with the king all thy life.
O Horus, friend of things that are just!
Thou shalt dwell a thousand years on the earth,
Thou reposest upon the mountain
Whose mistress is on the west of Thebes, in the necropolis.
Thy soul is renewing itself among the living,
And mingling among the perfected spirits.
Descending into the divine bark, thou art not repulsed,
Thou passest even to the jaws of the tomb;
Thou art judged before the deity [Osiris;
Thou art *proclaimed righteous*].

Observe that the poets neither call him king nor imply that he had been such, but only "Fan-bearer" and "Crown-prince," and that after having passed the portal of the tomb and been weighed in the balance of the judgment hall of Osiris, they had no more to wish for him than all the beatitudes of the Egyptian Paradise. They assure him of a thousand years on earth by embalmment, which insured against a second death. And by "the living" they meant the departed, who were supposed scarcely to begin, and not to enjoy, life until they reached the Elysian Fields.

Menephtah, his father, owed his promotion to the throne not to personal merit, but to the removal of most of his elder brothers by death on the field of battle: it is safe to infer that he had kept himself far away from all such dangerous ground. On reaching the throne he had grown too old to learn how to wield the sword or to direct others in actual combat.

But he was an adept in the science of magic, and a believer in the great significance of dreams, visions, and the oracles of the gods. And whenever he was driven into a corner he managed to make superstition avail to extricate him without bodily harm.

When the Libyans, with their allies, were crossing his boundaries and marching on Memphis, he ought to have been at the head of the troops and in the forefront of the defensive works. But as the opposing expedition was about to set out, lo! by night he had a dream, which he naïvely related, to this effect:

> Then his Majesty saw in a dream as it were a statue of the god Ptah standing in front of him so as to prevent the king from advancing. It was as high as . . . and it said to him, "Remain where you now are"; and giving him a scimiter, "Put away anxiety from your heart."

Thereupon his Majesty asked, "What am I to do?" And the god replied, "Let the cavalry in great numbers advance in front of the infantry to the cultivated land in the defiles of the nome of Pa-ari-sheps." And so it was done: Menephtah, the incompetent king, trembling with fear, held back clinging to the bank of the Nile, while his army, commanded by his generals, sallied out and won the victory without him.

Later, the goddess Isis appeared to him in another dream, complaining that her temple had been demolished; and this led to that rebellion of his foreign population that drove him to Ethiopia.

From the face of the combined forces of rebels and Jebusites he turned back, as he professed because, forsooth, after a priest had prophesied they were to conquer Egypt and hold it thirteen years, to contend with them would be to fight against the gods; whence, also, the return from Ethiopia at the end of twelve years.

Such inexperience in warfare and such shrinking from exposure to personal harm has some bearing on what he would do in the Exodus at the crossing of the sea: analogy indicates at least a probability.

Had his son been living, the father, now about eighty years of age, certainly again would not have left the bank of the Nile. But the warrior Setî-Menephtah lay motionless on his bier in the palace; and the cavalry, requiring a leader, must now be led forth by the venerable king himself. Though blinded by the shadow of death, though bleeding from his fresh wound of bereavement, though frenzied with rage against those who had brought calamity on him, he made ready his chariot, and all the chariots of Egypt, "The Cavalry of Pa-Rameses," and his army, and pursued after escaping Israel. When Pharaoh drew nigh, the children of Israel were sore afraid.

Did he follow them into the midst of the sea, leading his forces after him?

If he did, it was the first time in all his life that he led an attack. Judging from his constitutional cowardice and his record of absence from every field of hostilities, we may be sure he would have had another revelation from heaven sooner than risk his person by such a collision in such a place. For this, too, his feebleness unfitted him, and recent events had unnerved him. Undoubtedly, having brought his host up to the fugitives, remaining in camp himself he sent his forces forward into the depths to bring Israel back.

And there, standing on the beach at the break of day, he saw the returning waters ingulf his troubled, baffled, mighty yet impotent hosts, and, as the day wore on, toss them up at his feet.

Why should we expect the father to perish with the son? For him to live was the greater penalty; shall the less be required? Imagine him, as he furtively fled back to Zoan, unattended by a single one of the gallant charioteers who rode out with him, utterly crushed under multiplied horrors, to linger and suffer out a retributive existence.

Just how long he continued to linger and suffer is unknown. His remaining days were devoted to the pardonable diversion of inscribing upon the monuments at Zoan mementos of him who was his pride, so darkly slain by the mysterious God of the Hebrews. For the sake of these we indulge no regrets that he was spared the sea. No doubt, too, during his last years he was diligently engaged in completing his sepulcher at Thebes. Though not to finish it entirely, he lived long enough to make it in extent and in style of decoration second only to the magnificent tomb of Setî I., his grandfather. Yet his mummy was not there as far back as classic times, when tourists from Italy and Greece left memoranda of pilgrimage in numbers on the spot.

Reference has been made to a single date recorded shortly before King Menephtah's decease. It was observed by Dr. Heinrich Brugsch at Thebes in 1853, and made note of as follows:

> Here we meet with the ruins of a temple belonging to the era of Amenhotep III., containing many cartouches of the kings both of earlier and later time; and the remnants of a statue of Menephtah Hotephima, carved out of black granite, with its inscription whose highest date may be the year 33, the lowest not less than the year 25 of this king. ("Reiseberichte," s. 194.)

As we have followed his career, the Exodus and the death of his son must have occurred in the twenty-second or the twenty-third year of his reign: accordingly, if he died in the twenty-fifth year of his reign, he had only two or three years more to live after those critical events; but if he endured to the thirty-third year of his reign, he had about ten to wear away. He must have been between eighty-five and ninety-five years old when at length he was rejoined to his idol.

After the crossing of the sea, Israel chanted words of a song familiar to us:

I will sing unto the Lord,
For he hath triumphed gloriously:
The horse and his rider hath he thrown into the sea.

Not long afterward, when the aged king died, a poem was composed by an Egyptian courtier, eulogistic in character, not familiar to us and deeply interesting as the contemporary elegy: at about the same time and over closely connected events the Hebrews sang a pæan of triumph, but the Egyptians,

THE DIRGE OF MENEPHTAH.

Amen gave thy heart pleasure,
He gave thee a good old age,
A lifetime of pleasure followed thee:
Blessed was thy lip, sound thine arm,
Strong thine eye to see afar.
Thou hast been clothed in linen;
Thou hast guided thy horse and chariot
Of gold with thy hand,
The whip in thy hand, yoked were the steeds;
The Syrians and the Negroes marched before thee.
A proof of what thou hast done —
Thou hast proceeded to thy boat of acacia wood,
A boat made of it before and behind;
Thou hast approached the Beautiful Tower
Which thou thyself made.
Thy mouth was full of wine, beer, bread, and flesh:
Cattle were slaughtered and wine opened.
The sweet song was made before thee:
The chief anointer anointed thee with balsam.
The superintendent of thy fields brought birds,
The fishermen brought fish;
Thy galleys came from Syria laden with good things;
Thy stable was full of horses;
Thy female slaves were strong.
Thine enemies were placed fallen:
Thy word no one opposed.
Thou hast gone before the gods, the victor, *the departed.*

It is often asserted that the Egyptians naturally would not confess a misfortune, and that their antiquities afford no trace of the first-born son of Pharaoh brought low under the last of those ten judgments which liberated Israel. But may not such statements themselves be fallible? As in the example of the Oppressor's daughter, may not the monumental concealment of his son's son, who died for the freedom of God's chosen people, be due rather to our dullness of vision? Is not their ingenuous testimony on record, and waiting only for our unerring discernment?

John A. Paine.

"ALBEMARLE" CUSHING.

JOY in rebel Plymouth town, in the spring of 'sixty-four,
  When the *Albemarle* down on the Yankee frigates bore,
With the saucy Stars and Bars at her main;
  When she smote the *Southfield* dead, and the stout *Miami* quailed,
And the fleet in terror fled when their mighty cannon hailed
  Shot and shell on her iron back in vain,
Till she slowly steamed away to her berth at Plymouth pier,
  And their quick eyes saw her sway with her great beak out of gear,
And the color of their courage rose again.

All the summer lay the ram,
  Like a wounded beast at bay,
While the watchful squadron swam
  In the harbor night and day,
Till the broken beak was mended, and the weary vigil ended,
  And her time was come again to smite and slay.

Must they die, and die in vain,
  Like a flock of shambled sheep?
Then the Yankee grit and brain
  Must be dead or gone to sleep,
And our sailors' gallant story of a hundred years of glory
  Let us sell for a song, selling cheap!

Cushing, scarce a man in years,
  But a sailor thoroughbred,
"With a dozen volunteers
  I will sink the ram," he said.
"At the worst 't is only dying." And the old commander, sighing,
  "'T is to save the fleet and flag — go ahead!"

. . . . .

Bright the rebel beacons blazed
  On the river left and right;
Wide awake their sentries gazed
  Through the watches of the night;
Sharp their challenge rang and fiery came the rifle's quick inquiry,
  As the little launch swung into the light.

Listening ears afar had heard;
  Ready hands to quarters sprung
The *Albemarle* awoke and stirred,
  And her howitzers gave tongue;
Till the river and the shore echoed back the mighty roar,
  When the portals of her hundred-pounders swung.

Will the swordfish brave the whale,
  Doubly girt with boom and chain?
Face the shrapnel's iron hail?
  Dare the livid leaden rain?
Ah! that shell has done its duty; it has spoiled the Yankee's beauty
  See her turn and fly with half her madmen slain!

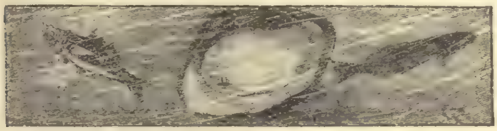
High the victors' taunting yell
Rings above the battle roar,
And they bid her mock farewell
As she seeks the farther shore,
Till they see her sudden swinging, crouching for the leap and springing
Back to boom and chain and bloody fray once more.

Now the Southron captain, stirred
By the spirit of his race,
Stops the firing with a word,
Bids them yield, and offers grace.
Cushing, laughing, answers, "No! we are here to fight!" and so
Swings the dread torpedo spar to its place.

Then the great ship shook and reeled
With a wounded, gaping side,
But her steady cannon pealed
Ere she settled in the tide,
And the Roanoke's dull flood ran full red with Yankee blood,
When the fighting *Albemarle* sunk and died.

Woe in rebel Plymouth town when the *Albemarle* fell,
And the saucy flag went down that had floated long and well,
Nevermore from her stricken deck to wave.
For the fallen flag a sigh, for the fallen foe a tear!
Never shall their glory die while we hold our glory dear,
And the hero's laurels live on his grave.
Link their Cooke's with Cushing's name; proudly call them both our own;
Claim their valor and their fame for America alone —
Joyful mother of the bravest of the brave!

James Jeffrey Roche.



THE POET.

HE 's not alone an artist weak and white
O'er-bending scented paper, toying there
With languid fancies fashioned deft and fair,
Mere sops to time between the day and night.
He is a poor torn soul who sees aright
How far he fails of living out of the rare
Night-visions God vouchsafes along the air;
Until the pain burns hot, beyond his might.
The heart-beat of the universal will
He hears, and, spite of blindness and disproof,
Can sense amidst the jar a singing fine.
Grief-smitten that his lyre should lack the skill
To speak it plain, he plays in paths aloof,
And knows the trend is starward, life divine.

Richard E. Burton.

THE HISTORY OF THE KARA POLITICAL PRISON.

WHEN Colonel Kononovich (Kon-on-o′vitch) resigned his position as governor of the Kara (Kah-rah′) penal establishment, in 1881, his place was taken by Major Potulof (Po′too-loff), who had previously been connected in some official capacity with the prison administration of the Nerchinsk (Ner′-chinsk) silver mines. Shortly after Potulof assumed command, all of the male political convicts, who then numbered about one hundred, were transferred to the new political prison erected by Colonel Kononovich at the Lower Diggings, where they were divided into gangs of twenty-five men each and shut up in four large kameras (kah′me-rahs). Their life, as described in letters surreptitiously written by some of them to their friends,[1] was hard and hopeless, but not absolutely intolerable. They were allowed to exercise every day in the court-yard, they were permitted to receive small sums of money from their friends, they had in the prison a fairly good library consisting of books purchased by them or sent to them from European Russia, and they could amuse themselves occasionally by working with carpenter's or blacksmith's tools in a small shop situated in one corner of the court-yard. On the other hand, they were living under very bad sanitary conditions; some of them were kept night and day in handcuffs and leg-fetters; two or three of them were chained to wheelbarrows; those who still had possession of their mental faculties were forced to listen constantly to the babbling or the raving of their insane comrades; they were no longer allowed to diversify their monotonous existence by work in the gold placers; they were deprived of the privilege of enrollment in the free command at the expiration of their terms of probation; they were forbidden to communicate with their relatives; and their whole world was bounded by the high serrated wall of the prison stockade. That their life was a terribly hard one seems to have been admitted, even by the most indifferent of Siberian officials. In March, 1882, Governor-General Anuchin (An-noo′-chin) made a "secret" report to the Tsar with regard to the state of affairs in Eastern Siberia, in the course of which he referred to the political convicts at Kara as follows:

> In concluding this part of my report [upon the prisons and the exile system], I must offer, for the consideration of your Imperial Majesty, a few words concerning the state criminals now living in Eastern Siberia. On the 1st of January, 1882, they numbered in all 430 persons, as follows:

a. Sent to Siberia by decree of a court and now	
1. In penal servitude	123
2. In forced colonization	49
3. In assigned residences [na zhitvo] . .	41
b. Sent to Siberia by administrative process and now	
1. In assigned residences [na zhitelstvo].	217
Total	430[2]

> All of the state criminals belonging to the penal-servitude class are held at the Kara gold mines under guard of a foot company of the Trans-Baikal [By-kahl′] Cossacks consisting of two hundred men. The sending of these criminals to work with the common convicts in the gold placers is impossible.[3] To employ them in such work in isolation from the others is very difficult, on account of the lack of suitable working-places, their unfitness for hard physical labor, and the want of an adequate convoy. If to these considerations be added the fact that unproductive hard labor, such as that employed in other countries merely to subject the prisoner to severe physical exertion, is not practiced with us, it will become apparent that we have no hard labor for this class of criminals to perform; and the local authorities who are in charge of them, and who are held to strict accountability for escapes, are compelled, by force of circumstances, to limit themselves to keeping such state criminals in prison under strict guard, employing them, occasionally, in work within the prison court, or not far from it. Such labor has not the character of penal servitude, but may rather be regarded as hygienic. Immunity from hard labor, however, does not render the lot of state criminals an easy one. On the contrary, complete isolation and constant confinement to their own limited circle make their life unbearable. . . . There have been a number of suicides among them, and within a few days one of them, Pozen, has gone insane. A number of others are in a mental condition very near to insanity. In accordance with an understanding that I have with the

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[1] I have in my possession a number of these letters, and many of the facts set forth in the following pages have been derived from them. Although the letters themselves must be regarded, of course, as *ex-parte* testimony, they were not intended to excite public sympathy, nor to affect public opinion, since it was not supposed by the writers that they would ever obtain publicity.

[2] It is a noteworthy fact, frankly admitted by the Governor-General, that out of 430 political offenders banished to Eastern Siberia, 217 — or more than half — had been sent there without trial, and without even a pretense of judicial investigation. I submit this officially stated fact for the attentive consideration of the advocates of a Russo-American extradition treaty.

[3] The Governor-General does not say why this was "impossible," nor does he try to explain the fact that although the politicals were constantly sent to the gold placers under Colonel Kononovich's management, no evil results followed, and not a single attempt was made to escape.

Ministry of the Interior, all sufferers from mental disorder will be removed, if possible, to hired quarters in the town of Chita [Chee'tah],[1] since there are in Siberia no regular asylums for the insane, and all the existing institutions of that kind in European Russia are full.[2]

It is a fact perhaps worthy of remark that the life of the political convicts at Kara, which Governor-General Anuchin describes as "unbearable," was made unbearable by the direct and deliberate action of the Government itself. Anuchin caused to be erected in front of the prison windows the high stockade that hid from the prisoners the whole outside world and turned their place of confinement into a huge coverless box; while the Minister of the Interior, apparently without the least provocation, abolished the free command, and ordered the "complete isolation" which resulted in the suicide and insanity that the Governor-General seems to deplore. The condition of the state criminals was not "unbearable" under the administration of Colonel Kononovich. It became unbearable as a consequence of the orders that forced the latter's resignation.

It was hardly to be expected that young and energetic men would quietly submit to a state of things that was officially recognized as "unbearable," and that was gradually driving the weakest of them to suicide or insanity. In April, 1882, less than a year after Colonel Kononovich's resignation, and less than a month after the delivery of Governor-General Anuchin's report to the Tsar, a few of the boldest and bravest of the state criminals at Kara made an attempt to escape by digging a tunnel under the prison wall. The excavation, which was made under the floor in one of the kameras, was not discovered; but owing to the marshy nature of the ground upon which the building stood, the hole quickly filled with water, and work in it was abandoned. It then occurred to some of the prisoners that they might escape by concealing themselves during the day in the small shop in one corner of the court-yard where they were allowed to work, and then scaling the stockade from its roof at night. The most serious difficulty in the way was the evening "verification." After supper every night the prisoners in all the cells were counted, and the men concealed in the workshop would be missed before it grew dark enough to render the scaling of the stockade reasonably safe. This difficulty the prisoners hoped to overcome by making dummies to take the places of the missing men in the kameras. It was not customary to waken prisoners who happened to be asleep at the time of the evening verification. The officer on duty merely included them in the count without disturbing them, and as he did not enter the dimly lighted cell, but made his count from the door, he was not likely to notice the difference between the figure of a dummy and the figure of a real man lying asleep on the platform with his face to the wall. If the proposed stratagem should succeed, the men who escaped were to make their way down the valley of the Amur (Ammoor') River to the Pacific Ocean, and there endeavor to get on board of some American whaling or trading vessel. In the mean time their comrades in the prison were to supply their places with dummies at every verification, in order to conceal their escape as long as possible and give them time enough to reach the coast before the inevitable hue and cry should be raised. Late one afternoon in April, when all necessary preparations had been made, two political convicts named Muishkin (Mwish'kin) and Khrushchef (Khroosh'cheff) concealed themselves in a large box in the prison workshop, and just before the time for the evening verification their places were taken by two skillfully constructed dummies in convict dress which were laid on the sleeping-platform in the cell that they had occupied. The substitution was not noticed by the officer who made the evening count, and at a late hour of the night Muishkin and Khrushchef crept out of the box in the workshop, climbed up on the roof, scaled the stockade without attracting the attention of the sentry, and stole away into the forest. A few days later two more men escaped in the same way, and at the end of two weeks the prison authorities were counting every night and morning no less than six dummies, while the six prisoners represented by these lay figures were far on their way towards the coast of the Pacific. Sometime in the course of the third week after the departure of Muishkin and Khrushchef two more dummies were laid on the sleeping-platforms in the prison kameras, and a fourth couple escaped. In getting away from the stockade, however, one of them unfortunately fell into a ditch or a pool of water, and the splash attracted the attention of the nearest sentry, who promptly fired his rifle and raised an alarm. In ten minutes the whole prison was in commotion. A careful count was made of the prisoners in all the kameras, and it was found that eight men were missing. A few days before this time a visit of inspection had been made to the prison by Mr. Galkin Vraskoi (Gal′kin Vrass′koy), chief of the Russian prison administration, and General Ilyashevich (Il-yah-shay′vitch), governor of the Trans-Baikal, and when the escape was discovered these high officials were on their way from Kara to Chita. In response to a summons from Major Potulof they hurried back to the Lower Diggings and personally superintended the organization of a thorough and widely extended search for the missing men. Telegrams were dispatched to all the seaport towns along the coast of the Pacific, as well as to all points on the Amur that could be reached by telegraph; descriptions and photographs of the fugitives were mailed to police officials throughout Eastern Siberia; orders were issued to arrest all suspicious or unknown persons; and searching parties of natives, stimulated by the promise of reward, scoured the forests in all parts of the Trans-Baikal. It was impossible, of course, for men who were unfamiliar with the country, who had neither guides, maps, nor compasses, and who were enfeebled by long imprisonment, to elude, for any great length of time, so persistent and far-reaching a pursuit. Although two of them, Muishkin and Khrushchef, made a journey of more than a thousand miles, and actually reached the seaport town of Vladivostok, every one of the fugitives was ultimately recaptured and brought back to Kara in handcuffs and leg-fetters.[1]

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[1] Up to the time of our visit to the mines, three years and a half later, this promised removal had not been made. Insane politicals were still living in the same kameras with their sane comrades, and intensifying, by their presence, the misery of the latter's existence. In East Siberian prisons generally we found little attention paid to the seclusion or care of demented convicts. In more than one place in the Trans-Baikal we were startled, as we entered a crowded prison kamera, by some uncared-for lunatic, who sprung suddenly towards us with a wild cry or with a burst of hysterical laughter. The reasons for this state of affairs are given, in part, by the Governor-General. There is not an insane asylum in the whole country, and it is easier and cheaper to make the prison comrades of a lunatic take care of him than to keep him in seclusion and provide him with an attendant. For educated political prisoners, who dread insanity more than anything else, it is, of course, terribly depressing to have constantly before them, in the form of a wrecked intelligence, an illustration of the possible end of their own existence.

[2] Report of Governor-General Anuchin to Alexander III., Chapter V., Section 3, under the heading of "Exile Penal Servitude and the Prison Department." A copy of this report is in my possession, and I intend, ultimately, to publish it in full. The original bears, as an indorsement, in the Tsar's handwriting, the significant words, "Grustnaya no ne novaya kartina" ["A melancholy but not a new picture"].

In the mean time the prison authorities at Kara were making preparations to "give the political convicts a lesson"[2] and "reduce the prison to order." This they purposed to do by depriving the prisoners of all the privileges that they had previously enjoyed; by taking away from them books, money, underclothing, bed-clothing, and every other thing not furnished by the Government to common criminals of the penal-servitude class; by distributing them in small parties among the common-convict prisons at Ust Kara, Middle Kara, and Upper Kara; and by subjecting them to what are known to Russian prisoners as "dungeon conditions" (kartsernoi polozhenie).[3] Anticipating, or pretending to anticipate, insubordination or resistance to these measures on the part of the politicals, Ilyashevich and Galkin Vraskoi concentrated at the Lower Diggings six *sotnias* of Cossacks, and after ten days of inaction, intended, apparently, to throw the prisoners off their guard, ordered a sudden descent upon the prison in the night. This unprovoked attack of an armed force upon sleeping and defenseless prisoners is known in the history of the Kara political prison as "the pogróm of May 11."[4] Three or four hundred Cossacks with bayoneted rifles marched noiselessly into the court-yard under direction of Lieutenant-Colonel Rudenko (Roo′den-ko), filled the prison corridor, and then, throwing open suddenly and simultaneously the doors of all the kameras, rushed in upon the bewildered politicals, dragged them from their sleeping-platforms, and proceeded with great roughness and brutality to search them, deprive them of their personal property, strip them of their clothing, and hale them out into the court-yard. All the remonstrances and protests of the sufferers were answered with insults; and when some of the more impetuous of them, indignant at the unprovoked brutality of the assault, armed themselves with boards torn up from the sleeping-platforms and made an attempt to defend themselves, they were knocked down and mercilessly beaten by the

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[1] The politicals who took part in this unsuccessful attempt to escape were Muíshkin, Khrushchéf, Bólomez, Levchénko, Yurkófski, Dikófski, Kryzhanófski, and Minakóf.

[2] This was the expression used by Major Potulof in speaking to me of the events that followed the escape. It is believed by many of the politicals at Kara that the prison authorities deliberately intended to provoke them to violence, in order, first, to have an excuse for administering corporal punishment, and, secondly, artificially to create a "boont," or prison insurrection, that would divert the attention of the Minister of the Interior from their (the officials') negligence in allowing eight dangerous criminals to escape.

[3] A prisoner living under "dungeon conditions" is deprived of money, books, writing materials, underclothing, bed-clothing, tobacco, and all other luxuries; he is not allowed to walk for exercise in the court-yard nor to have any communication with the outside world; and he must live exclusively upon black rye-bread and water, with now and then a little of the soup or broth thickened with barley, which is known to the political convicts as "balánda."

[4] The word "pogróm" has no precise equivalent in the English language. It means a sudden, violent, and destructive attack, like one of the raids made upon the Jews by infuriated peasants in Russian towns some years ago.

Cossacks with the butt-ends of their guns. Among the prisoners most cruelly maltreated were Voloshénko, Rodiónof, Kobyliánski, Bobókhof, and Orlóf. It is not necessary to go minutely into the details of this scene of cruelty and violence. I do not wish to make it out any worse than it really was, and for my purpose it is sufficient to say that before noon on the 11th of May, 1882, the bruised and bleeding political convicts, robbed of all their personal possessions and stripped of the boots and underclothing that they had bought with their own money and that they had previously been permitted to wear, set out in three parties, on foot and without breakfast, for the common-criminal prisons of Ust, Middle, and Upper Kara. They were guarded by convoys of from fifty to one hundred Cossacks, who had express instructions from Governor Ilyashevich not to spare the butt-ends of their guns. The party destined for Ust Kara, in which there was one man chained to a wheelbarrow, asked permission to stop and rest on the road, as they had had nothing to eat or drink that day and were marching a distance of fifteen versts (about ten miles). The soldiers of the convoy, however, refused to allow them to stop, and pricked them on with their bayonets. Thereupon the prisoners who were not handcuffed attacked the Cossacks with stones. An unequal contest followed, in the course of which the men who resisted were knocked down and beaten again with the butt-ends of guns, and all who were not already manacled had their hands tied securely behind their backs. Late in the afternoon, bruised, tired, hungry, and thirsty, they reached Ust Kara, and after being again carefully searched were shut up by twos in the dark and dirty "secret" cells [1] of the common-criminal prison, where they threw their weary bodies down on the cold, damp floors and congratulated themselves that the day was over. The parties sent respectively to the Amurski (Am-moor′skee) prison and the prison in Middle Kara had an experience similar to that of the Ust Kara party, except that they were not beaten by their guards. Before dark the hundred or more state criminals who had occupied the kameras of the political prison were distributed in small parties among the common-criminal prisons of Ust Kara, the Lower Diggings, Middle Kara, and Upper Kara; the long-term (bez sróchni) convicts were in both handcuffs and leg-fetters, and all were living under "dungeon conditions." In this manner Governor Ilyashevich and Mr. Galkin Vraskoi put down the "insurrection" (boont) that a hundred or more sleeping prisoners presumably would have raised when they awoke, taught the "insurgents" a valuable and much needed "lesson," and showed the Minister of the Interior how vigorously and successfully his subordinates could deal with a sudden and threatening emergency — and with sleeping men! The political prison had been "reduced to order," but it was the order that once "reigned in Warsaw."

For two months the political convicts lived under "dungeon conditions" in the cells of the common-criminal prisons, seeing little of one another and knowing nothing of what was happening in the outside world. Bad air, bad and insufficient food, and the complete lack of exercise soon began injuriously to affect their health; scurvy broke out among them, and in less than a month several of them, including Tikhonof (Tee′khon-off) and Zhukofski (Zhoo-koff′skee), were at the point of death,[2] and many more were so weak that they could not rise to their feet when ordered to stand up for verification. During all of this time the prison authorities had in their possession money belonging to these wretched convicts; but they would not allow the latter to use it, nor to direct its expenditure for the underclothing, bedding, and nourishing food of which the sick especially were in such urgent need. It was not until scurvy threatened to become epidemic that Major Khalturin (Khal-too′rin), a cruel gendarme officer from Irkutsk who had succeeded Major Potulof in the command of the political prison, consented to allow the prisoners to have bedding.

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[1] "Secret" cells in Siberian prisons are those intended for the solitary confinement of persons accused of murder or other capital crimes. They were not generally shown us in our visits to prisons, but I was permitted by Colonel Makofski to inspect the "secret" cells in the prison at Irkutsk (Eer-kootsk′). These had neither beds nor sleeping-platforms, and contained no furniture of any kind except a "parásha," or excrement bucket. The prisoners confined in them were forced to sleep without pillows or bed-clothing on the cold cement or stone floor, and during the day had either to sit on this floor or to stand. I saw men who had not yet been tried occupying such cells as these in the Irkutsk prison. If I had power to summon as witnesses the subordinate officials of the House of Preliminary Detention in St. Petersburg, I could prove, in a Russian court, that even in that show prison of the Empire there were "kartsers," or disciplinary cells, where there was not so much as a "parásha," and where the floors were covered with excrement. Of course Mr. Galkin Vraskoi and Mr. Kokovtsef (Ko-kov′tsef), the heads of the Russian prison administration, were not aware of this fact; but, nevertheless, it is a fact, unless both political prisoners and the prison officials themselves severally and independently lied to me. The political offender Dicheskulo (Dee-chess-kool′o) was put into such a cell as this after the riot in the house of Preliminary Detention that followed the flogging of Bogoliubof (Bo-go-lioo′-boff). I did not see the "secret" cells in the Kara prisons, but there is no reason to suppose that they were in any better condition than the kameras that I did see and that I have described. I do not mean to have the reader draw the sweeping and mistaken conclusion that all cells, or even all "secret" cells, in Russian prisons are of this kind, nor that the higher prison officials are in all cases responsible for such a state of affairs. All that I aim to do is to make plain the conditions under which educated and delicately nurtured political offenders in Russian prisons are *sometimes* compelled to live.

[2] Tikhonof died shortly afterwards.

In the women's prison at Ust Kara the state of affairs was little better. The women, of course, had had nothing whatever to do with the escape, nor with the artificially created "insurrection," but they had, nevertheless, to take their share of the consequences. The new commandant, Major Khalturin, believed in strict discipline with no favors; and he regarded the permission that had been tacitly given the women to wear their own dress instead of the prison costume as an unnecessary concession to a foolish and sentimental weakness. He therefore ordered that their own clothing be taken away from them, and that they be required to put on the convict garb. Some of the women were sick and unable to change their dress, others did not believe that the order would really be enforced, and they refused to obey it, and finally the overseer of the prison resorted to violence. The scene that ensued produced such an effect upon Madame Leschern that she attempted to commit suicide.

Outside the political prison at the Lower Diggings were living a number of women who had voluntarily come to the mines in order to be near their husbands. Previous to the escape and the "pogróm" these women had been allowed to have interviews with their imprisoned husbands once or twice a week, and had received from the latter small sums of money, with the help of which they contrived to exist. After the prison had been "reduced to order" and the political convicts had been subjected to "dungeon conditions," interviews between husbands and wives were no longer permitted; and as the prisoners' money was all held in the possession of the authorities, the unfortunate women and children were soon reduced almost to starvation. Vera Rogatchëf, wife of Lieutenant Dmitri Rogatchëf, a young artillery officer then in penal servitude, was brought to such a state of destitution and despair that she finally shot herself.

On the 6th of July, 1882, eight of the political convicts, who were regarded by the Government for some reason as particularly dangerous, were sent back in chains from Kara to St. Petersburg to be immured for life in the "stone bags" of the castle of Schlusselburg.[1] A few days later — about the middle of July — all the rest of the state criminals were brought back to the political prison at the Lower Diggings, where they were put into new and much smaller cells that had been made by erecting partitions in the original kameras in such a manner as to divide each of them into thirds. The effect of this change was to crowd every group of seven or eight men into a cell that was so nearly filled by the sleeping-platform as to leave no room for locomotion. Two men could not stand side by side in the narrow space between the edge of the platform and the wall, and the occupants of the cell were therefore compelled to sit or lie all day on the plank nares without occupation for either minds or bodies. To add to their misery, paráshas were set in their small cells, and the air at times became so offensive and polluted that, to use the expression of one of them in a letter to me, "it was simply maddening." No other reply was made to their petitions and remonstrances than a threat from Khalturin that if they did not keep quiet they would be flogged. With a view to intimidating them Khalturin even sent a surgeon to make a physical examination of one political, for the avowed purpose of ascertaining whether his state of health was such that he could be flogged without endangering his life. This was the last straw. The wretched state criminals, deprived of exercise, living under "dungeon conditions," poisoned by air laden with the stench of excrement-buckets, and finally threatened with the whip when they complained, could endure no more. They resolved to make that last desperate protest against cruelty which is known in Russian prisons as a "golodófka," or "hunger-strike." They sent a notification to Major Khalturin that their life had finally become unendurable, that they preferred death to such an existence, and that they should refuse to take food until they either perished or forced the Government to treat them with more humanity. No attention was paid to their notification, but from that moment not a mouthful of the food that was set into their cells was touched. As day after day passed the stillness of death gradually settled down upon the prison. The starving convicts, too weak and apathetic even to talk to one another, lay in rows, like dead men, upon the plank sleeping-platforms, and the only sounds to be heard in the building were the footsteps of the sentries, and now and then the incoherent mutterings of the insane. On the fifth day of the "golodófka" Major Khalturin, convinced that the hunger-strike was serious, came to the prison and asked the convicts to state definitely upon what terms they would discontinue their protest. They replied that the conditions of their life were unbearable, and that they should continue their self-starvation until the excrement-buckets were taken out of their cells, until they were permitted to have books and to exercise daily in the open air, until they were allowed to direct the expenditure of their money for better food and better clothing than were furnished by the Government, and until he (Khalturin) gave them a solemn assurance that none of them should be flogged. The commandant told them that the talk about flogging was nonsense; that there had never been any serious intention of resorting to the whip, and that, if they would end their strike, he would see what could be done to improve the material conditions of their life. Not being able to get any positive assurances that their demands would be complied with, the prisoners continued the "golodófka." On the tenth day the state of affairs had become alarming. All of the starving men were in the last stages of physical prostration, and some of them seemed to be near death. Count Dmitri Tolstoï, the Minister of the Interior, who had been apprised of the situation, telegraphed the commandant to keep a "skórbnoi leest," or "hospital sheet," setting forth the symptoms and condition of the strikers, and to inform him promptly of any marked change.[1] Every day thereafter a feldsher, or hospital steward, went through the cells taking the pulse and the temperature of the starving men. On the thirteenth day of the "golodófka" Major Khalturin sent word to the wives of all political convicts living at the Lower Diggings that they might have an interview with their husbands — the first in more than two months — if they would try to persuade them to begin taking food. They gladly assented, of course, to this condition, and were admitted to the prison. At the same time Khalturin went himself to the starving men and assured them, on his honor, that if they would end the hunger-strike he would do everything in his power to satisfy their demands. The entreaties of the wretched, heart-broken women and the promises of the commandant finally broke down the resolution of the politicals, and on the thirteenth day the first and most obstinate hunger-strike in the history of the Kara political prison came to an end.

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[1] These "dangerous" prisoners were Messrs. Géllis, Voloshénko, Butsínski, Paul Orlóf, Malávski, Popóf, Shchedrín, and Kobyliánski. Nothing is known with regard to their fate. Madame Géllis, the wife of one of them, whose acquaintance I made in the Trans-Baikal, told me that she was denied a last interview with her husband when he was taken away from Kara, that she never afterwards heard from him, and that she did not know whether he was among the living or the dead.

While these events were taking place, a young married woman about twenty-four years of age, named Maria Kutitonskaya (Koo-tee-ton′ska-ya), who had been condemned to penal servitude on account of her revolutionary activity in Odessa, finished her prison term in Kara and was sent as a forced colonist to a small village called Aksha (Ak-shah′), situated in the southern part of the Trans-Baikal on the frontier of Mongolia. She had been an eyewitness of the brutalities that attended the "reduction of the political prison to order" by Rudenko and Potulof; she had seen the "lesson" given to the political convicts with the butt-ends of guns; she had herself felt the shame and misery that impelled Madame Leschern and Mrs. Rogatchëf to attempt self-destruction; she was acquainted with the causes and history of the long and desperate hunger-strike that had just ended; and, stirred to the very depths of her soul by a feeling of intense indignation, she determined, as a last resort and at the cost of her own life, to assassinate General Ilyashevich, the governor of the Trans-Baikal, and thus call the attention of the world to the cruelties practiced by his authority, and in part under his direction, at the mines of Kara. She was at this time pregnant, and was aware of her condition; she knew that it would be impossible to escape after committing the crime that she contemplated; she knew that she was about to sacrifice her own life, and probably the life also of her unborn child; but so intense were the emotions aroused by all she had seen and known at Kara, that she was ready to commit murder, and to die for it, upon the chance that the deed and its investigation would give publicity to the wrongs and outrages that she and her companions had suffered. As soon as she could get together money enough for her traveling expenses after her arrival at Aksha, she bought a small, cheap revolver from a common-criminal colonist, ran away from her place of banishment, and, hiring horses from the peasants in the villages through which she passed, made her way towards Chita, which was the governor's place of residence. As it was not customary for young and attractive women to travel entirely alone in that part of the world, she was regarded with a good deal of interest and curiosity by the peasants, and just before she reached her destination she was arrested by a village official upon suspicion. She persuaded this man to take her to Chita and turn her over to the ispravnik, with whom she was personally acquainted. To the ispravnik she admitted frankly that she had run away from her place of exile, but said that in so doing she had not intended to escape, but merely to get an interview with the governor. After some conversation the ispravnik went with her to the governor's house, and leaving her in a reception room went to apprise Ilyashevich of her presence and her desire for an interview.

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[1] I have never been able to understand why a government that is capable, when irritated, of treating prisoners in this way should hesitate a moment about letting them die and thus getting rid of them. However, I believe it is a fact that in every case where political hunger-strikers have had courage and nerve enough to starve themselves to the point of death the authorities have manifested anxiety and have ultimately yielded. It is one of many similar inconsistencies in Russian penal administration. The Government seems to be sensitive to some things and brutally insensible to others. It prides itself upon its humanity in expunging the death penalty from its civil code, and yet it inflicts death constantly by sentences of courts-martial in civil cases. It has abolished the knout, but it flogs with the plet, which, according to the testimony of Russian officers, can be made to cause death in a hundred blows. It shrinks from allowing political convicts to die of self-starvation, and yet it puts them to a slow death in the "stone bags" of the castle of Schlusselburg. To the practical American intelligence it would seem to be safer, as well as more humane, to order political convicts out into the prison court-yard and have them shot, than to kill them slowly under "dungeon conditions." Society would not be half so much shocked and exasperated by summary executions as it now is by suicides, hunger-strikes, and similar evidences of intolerable misery among the political convicts in prison and at the mines.

"Have you searched her?" inquired the governor suspiciously.

"No," replied the ispravnik; "I did n't think of it."

"Never mind," said Ilyashevich. "What can a woman do?" And with these words he entered the reception room where Madame Kutitonskaya, with a cocked revolver hidden under a handkerchief in her right hand, was awaiting him. As he advanced to greet her she raised the revolver, and saying, "This is for the 11th of May,"[1] shot him through the lungs. The wound was not mortal, but he fell to the floor and was carried to a couch by some of the servants, while the ispravnik seized and disarmed Madame Kutitonskaya, caused her to be bound, and sent her under strong guard to the Chita prison. Her life there was a life of terrible loneliness and misery. She was put into a cold, dirty, "secret" cell, which the district architect of the Trans-Baikal described to me as "hardly long enough to lie down in or high enough to stand up in." Her own dress and underclothing were taken away from her, and in place of them she was given an old prison suit that had already been worn by a common convict and was full of vermin. She lived under strict "dungeon conditions," and for three months lay without bed-clothing on the bare floor. When, as a result of such hardships and privations, she became sick, and asked for straw to lay down on the planks where she slept, she was told by the chief of police, Mélnikof, that there was no straw for her. But for the food smuggled into her cell and the aid surreptitiously given to her by sympathetic common-criminal convicts in the same prison, she would undoubtedly have died before the meeting of the court appointed to investigate the case. After three months of this wretched existence she was tried by court-martial and sentenced to be hanged. Then, for another whole month, she lay under sentence of death, arguing with herself, through many long, sleepless nights, the question whether or not she should make known to the authorities her pregnant condition, which had not yet become apparent. She knew that an announcement of the fact that she was with child would, in accordance with the custom in such cases, secure a long reprieve if not a commutation of her sentence; but, on the other hand, life held no hope for her, and she believed that if she allowed herself to be hanged under such circumstances, the fact of her pregnancy, which would inevitably be discovered after her death, would intensify the feeling of horror that she hoped would be excited by the series of events which had led up to the catastrophe — would give to such events even greater publicity, and would inspire all lovers of humanity and justice with a deeper and bitterer hatred of the Government. The questions that tormented her most were, first, whether, if she allowed herself to be hanged without revealing her condition, she would not be the murderer of her unborn child, and, secondly, whether that child would die when she died, or would live for a time in her dead body. This last ghastly doubt seems to have been particularly harrowing to her in her morbid mental condition, but even in the face of such reflections she finally decided to allow herself to be hanged. Early in January, 1883, the Government, without reference to her condition, of which it was still ignorant, commuted her sentence to penal servitude for life[2] and sent her with a returning party of common-criminal exiles to the city of Irkutsk. Although it was midwinter, she was not provided with a sheepskin overcoat nor with felt boots, and she might have perished from cold on the road if the common criminals in the party had not taken pity upon her and furnished her with warm clothing at the expense of their own comfort. When she reached Irkutsk she was in such a condition that she had to be lifted out of her sleigh. As a result of this prolonged agony of mind and body, her child, a short time afterwards, was born dead in the Irkutsk prison. When we left Siberia in 1886 she was still living. All that I know of her life since that time is that it has ended.

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[1] The date of the "pogróm" in the Kara political prison.

[2] I was credibly informed, and in justice the fact should be stated, that this commutation of sentence was asked for by Governor Ilyashevich, whose life Madame Kutitonskaya had attempted. Whether he felt, upon reflection, some stirrings of pity and remorse, or whether he merely wished to make a showing of magnanimity in order to throw doubt upon the reports of his cruelty at the mines and break their effect, I do not know.

When one of my informants first knew Madame Kutitonskaya she was a happy, careless school-girl in Odessa, and no one would have ventured to predict that in less than ten years she would develop into a woman of such extraordinary energy, courage, self-control, and firmness of purpose. There are few things more remarkable in the records of heroism than the determination of Madame Kutitonskaya to allow herself to be hanged, with a child in her womb, in order that the horror of such an execution might stir the emotions of every man and woman who heard of it, and give wider publicity to the series of events of which it was the final outcome. Such, however, is the type of character that is forged in the furnace of oppression and tempered in the cold bath of solitary confinement.

The statements that I have made with regard to the events that led to the shooting of Governor Ilyashevich are based upon conversations with the political convicts who were actors in them, and upon three independently prepared accounts in manuscript of the escape, the "pogróm," and the hunger-strike. The story of the attempted assassination, and of Madame Kutitonskaya's life in prison, is from one of her letters, written after her arrival in Irkutsk. The brief transcript of her intentions, thoughts, and reflections while lying under sentence of death in Chita was obtained from an exiled lady who had many long talks with her in the Irkutsk prison, and whose acquaintance I subsequently made. The whole story, in its main outlines, is known to political exiles throughout Siberia, and I heard it in half a dozen different places. All the efforts that I dared make to get at the Government's side of the case were unsuccessful. The officials to whom I applied for information—with a few exceptions—either manifested such a disinclination to talk that I could not pursue the subject, or else made preposterous attempts to deceive me. A young surgeon in the Irkutsk prison whom I questioned about Madame Kutitonskaya was so frightened that he got rid of me as soon as possible and never dared return my call. The ispravnik of Nerchinski Zavod (Ner′chin-skee Zah-vod′), who went to Kara with some of the recaptured fugitives after the escape, described the political convicts to me as "lofki moshenniki" (clever rogues) who were not deserving of either sympathy or respect. Most of them, he said, were "priests' sons, or seminarists who had been expelled from school." Lieutenant-Colonel Novikof (No′vee-koff), who was for three years or more commander of the Cossack battalion at the mines of Kara, assured me that the political convicts were mere "malchishki" (miserable insignificant boys), without any definite aims or convictions; that out of one hundred and fifty of them that he had known at Kara only three or four had any education, and that Madame Kutitonskaya's attempt to assassinate Governor Ilyashevich was "a mere crazy freak"—that "she did n't know herself what she did it for." The attentive reader will see that I have had no difficulty in making my choice between such preposterous statements as these and the clear, coherent, and detailed narratives of the political convicts themselves. If my history of the Kara political prison is one-sided, it is simply because the other side either refused to give me information, or was too ignorant to state its own case with any show of plausibility.

How far from the real truth were the statements made to me by officials with regard to the character of the political convicts at Kara I purpose to show by giving brief biographies of three or four of the men and women who took an active part in the series of events that I have tried to describe, or who were identified with the later history of the political prison. One of the ablest and most distinguished of them was Anna Pavlovna Korba (Kor-bah′), whose portrait, made from a photograph taken before her exile, will be found on page 741. She was the daughter of a Russian nobleman named Paul Mengart, and was born in the province of Tver, near Moscow, in 1849. She was carefully educated under the direction of her mother, a cultured and deeply religious woman, and at the early age of eighteen or nineteen she was married to a Swiss gentleman residing in Russia named Victor Korba. Her beauty and accomplishments made her greatly sought after in society, her husband was wealthy and was proud of her social success, and for a time she lived the life of a woman of the great world. This life, however, could not long satisfy a young girl of bright mind and serious character, and in 1869, when she was only twenty years of age, she made an attempt to fit herself for something better. A school for the higher education of the daughters of the nobility was opened about that time in connection with a boys' college in St. Petersburg, and Madame Korba at once enrolled herself as a student, with the intention of finally completing her education in one of the institutions for women at Zurich or in Paris. In 1870 her husband failed in business: she was forced to abandon the hope of finishing her collegiate training abroad, and a short time afterwards went with her husband to reside in the small provincial town of Minsk, where he had obtained employment. Here she began her career of public activity by organizing a society and raising a fund for the purpose of promoting popular education and aiding poor students in the universities. Of this society she was the president. In 1877 the Russo-Turkish war broke out and opened to her ardent and generous nature a new field of benevolent activity. As soon as wounded Russian soldiers began to come back from Bulgaria, she went into the hospitals of Minsk as a Sister of Mercy, and a short time afterwards put on the uniform of the International Association of the Red Cross, and went to the front and took a position as a Red Cross nurse in a Russian field hospital beyond the Danube. She was then hardly twenty-seven years of age. What she saw and what she suffered in the course of that terrible Russo-Turkish campaign can be imagined by those who have seen the paintings of the Russian artist Verestchagin. Her experience had a marked and permanent effect upon her character. She became an enthusiastic lover and admirer of the common Russian peasant, who bears upon his weary shoulders the whole burden of the Russian state, but who is cheated, robbed, and oppressed, even while fighting the battles of his country. She determined to devote the remainder of her life to the education and the emancipation of this oppressed class of the Russian people. At the close of the war she returned to Russia, but was almost immediately prostrated by typhus fever contracted in an overcrowded hospital. After a long and dangerous illness she finally recovered and began the task that she had set herself; but she was opposed and thwarted at every step by the police and the bureaucratic officials who were interested in maintaining the existing state of things, and she gradually became convinced that before much could be done to improve the condition of the common people the Government must be overthrown. She soon afterwards became a revolutionist, joined the party of "The Will of the People," and participated actively in all the attempts that were made between 1879 and 1882 to overthrow the autocracy and establish a constitutional form of government. On the 5th of June, 1882, she was arrested and thrown into the fortress of Petropavlovsk, and some months later was tried before the Governing Senate upon the charge of being a terrorist. At the end of the trial she was asked if she had any last words to say in her own defense, and she replied as follows:

"I do not admit my guilt. I will, however, admit that I belong to the revolutionary party, —the party of the Will of the People,—and that I believe in its principles and share its views. As for an organization that chooses and prefers a path of bloodshed, I do not know any such organization, and I doubt whether any such organization exists. Such a party may arise in time, if the revolutionary movement extends, but if I be living when the time comes, I will not belong to it. If the party of the Will of the People adopts the policy of terror, it is not because it prefers terrorism, but because terrorism is the only possible method of attaining the objects set before it by the historical conditions of Russian life." These are sad and fateful words, and they bear a prophecy of terrible calamity: "Gentlemen—Senators! You are well acquainted with the fundamental laws of the Russian Empire. You are aware that no one has a right to advocate any change in the existing Imperial form of Government, or even to think of such a thing. Merely to present to the Crown a collective petition is forbidden—and yet the country is growing and developing, the conditions of social life are becoming day by day more and more complicated, and the moment approaches when the Russian people will burst through the barriers from which there is no exit."

The presiding judge, interrupting: "That is your personal opinion."

Madame Korba, continuing: "The historical task set before the party of the Will of the People is to widen these barriers and to obtain for Russia independence and freedom. The means for the attainment of these objects depend directly upon the Government. We do not adhere obstinately to terrorism. The hand that is raised to strike will instantly fall if the Government will change the political conditions of life. Our party has patriotic self-control enough not to take revenge for its bleeding wounds; but, unless it prove false to the Russian people, it cannot lay down its arms until it has conquered for that people freedom and well-being. As a proof that the aims of our party are wholly peaceful, I beg you to read the letter written to Alexander III. soon after the 1st of March.[1] You will see from it that we desire only reforms, but reforms that shall be sincere, complete, and vital."

Madame Korba's last words did not soften towards her the hearts of her judges, and of course she did not expect that they would. She was found guilty, and was sentenced to twenty years of penal servitude with deprivation of all civil rights, and forced colonization in Siberia for life at the expiration of her penal term. At the date of my last advices from the mines of Kara she was still living, but she was greatly broken, and there was little probability

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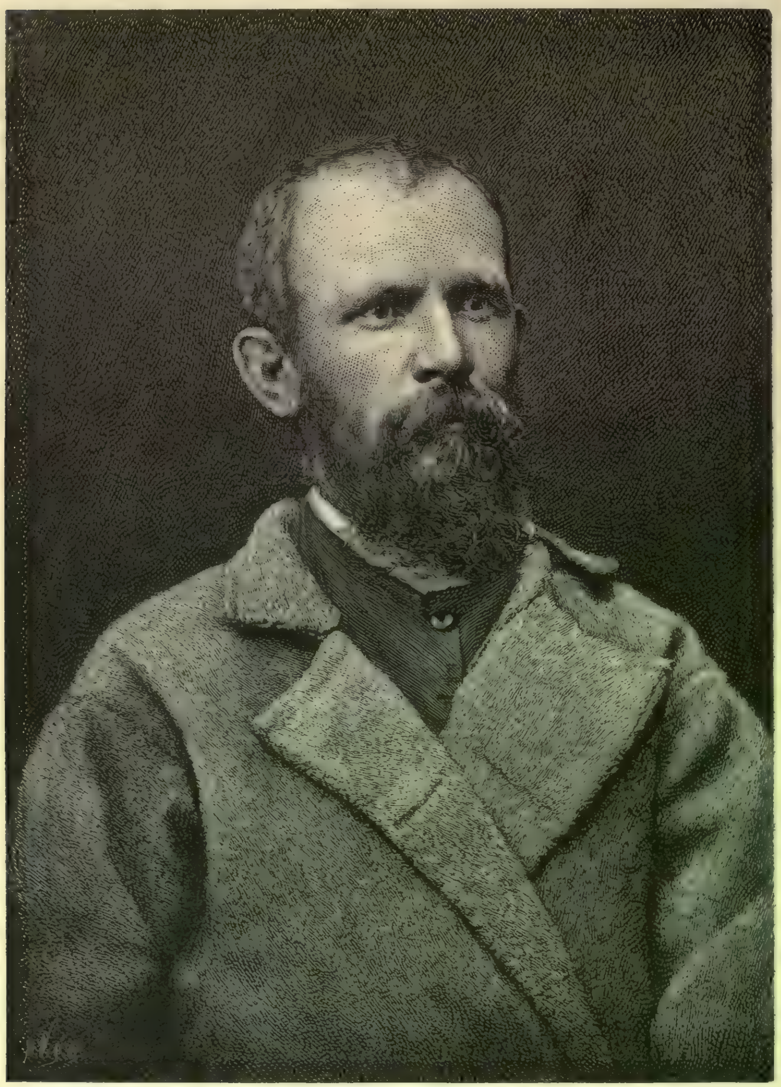
[1] The date of the assassination of Alexander II.

ANNA PAVLOVNA KORBA

that she would long endure the hardships and privations of penal servitude.

Among the male political convicts at the mines of Kara whose careers most interested me was Hypolyte Muishkin, whose portrait was engraved from a police photograph taken while he was in the fortress of Petropavlovsk. In the year 1864 a well-known author and political economist named Chernishefski (Cher-nee-shef'skee), whose famous novel "What is to be Done?" has recently been translated into English, was tried in St. Petersburg as a revolutionist and banished to Siberia. He was at first sent to the Alexandrofski central prison, near Irkutsk, but ultimately he was transferred to the small town of Villuisk (Vil-loo'isk), in the sub-arctic province of Yakutsk (Yah-kootsk'), where he lived many years under the strictest police surveillance. When the modern revolutionary movement began, in 1870, it was the dream of all the ardent young Russian revolutionists to rescue Chernishefski from Siberian exile and enable him to escape from the Empire to some place where he could continue his work unmolested. Several attempts were made to liberate him, but they all failed, and the project was finally abandoned as impracticable. In 1875 a young student in the Technological Institute at St. Petersburg named Hypolyte Muishkin conceived the idea of going to Siberia in the disguise of a captain of gendarmes and presenting himself boldly to the ispravnik in Villuisk with forged orders from the gendarmerie directing him (Muishkin) to take charge of the exile Chernishefski and carry him to St. Petersburg for incarceration in the castle of Schlusselburg. Such transfers of dangerous political exiles from Siberia to the Russian fortresses were not at that time uncommon, and Muishkin felt confident that he should accomplish his purpose. He went as a private traveler to Irkutsk, resided there several months, succeeded in getting into the corps of gendarmes as a sub-



HYPOLYTE MUISHKIN.

ordinate officer, and in a short time made himself so useful that he was generally trusted and was given the freedom of the office. He provided himself with the necessary blanks, filled them up with an order accrediting him as a gendarme officer intrusted with the duty of taking the exile Chernishefski to St. Petersburg, forged the signatures, affixed the proper seals, provided himself with the uniform of a captain of gendarmes, and then resigned his position in the gendarmerie upon the pretext that he had received news that made it necessary for him to return at once to European Russia. He disappeared from Irkutsk, and as soon as he deemed it prudent to do so he set out for Villuisk with the uniform of a gendarme officer in his satchel, and a forged order in his pocket directing the ispravnik of Villuisk to turn over the exile Chernishefski to him for conveyance to St. Petersburg. Muishkin was an accomplished conspirator, an eloquent talker, and a man of fine personal presence, and when he presented himself in the uniform of a gendarme officer to the ispravnik at Villuisk he was received at first with unquestioning deference and respect. He stated his business, said that it had been decided to imprison Chernishefski in the castle of Schlusselburg, and produced the order directing the ispravnik to turn over the distinguished exile to him for conveyance to St. Petersburg. The plot came very near succeeding, and probably would have succeeded if Muishkin had had money enough to bring with him two or three confederates in the disguise of soldiers or gendarmes and in the capacity of escort. It is very unusual for a commissioned officer to travel in Siberia without at least one soldier or Cossack to look after his baggage, to see about getting post-horses promptly, and to act generally in the capacity of body-servant. The absence of such a man or men was especially noticeable and unusual in this case, for the reason that Muishkin was to take charge of an important and dangerous political offender. This absence of an escort was the first thing that excited the ispravnik's suspicion. It seemed to him very strange that a gendarme officer should be sent there after Chernishefski without a guard of two or three soldiers to help him take care of the dangerous prisoner, and the more he thought about it the more suspicious the whole affair appeared to him. After a night's reflection he decided not to turn over Chernishefski to this gendarme officer without the sanction of the governor of the province, who resided in Yakutsk, and at breakfast the next morning he told Muishkin that Governor Chernaiyef (Cher-ny′yef) was his — the ispravnik's — immediate superior, and that without an order from the governor he did not feel justified in surrendering an exile of so much importance as the political economist Chernishefski. He proposed, therefore, to send a courier to Yakutsk with Muishkin's papers, and to await the return of this courier before taking any action.

"Very well," replied Muishkin coolly. "I did not suppose that it would be necessary to obtain the consent of the governor before complying with the orders of the imperial police; but if such consent is indispensable, I will go to Governor Chernaiyef myself and get it."

When Muishkin set out for Yakutsk, the ispravnik, whose suspicions had meanwhile grown stronger, said to him, "It is not proper for an officer of your rank to travel about without any escort, and if you will permit me to do so I will send with you a couple of Cossacks." Muishkin could not object, and the Cossacks were sent — the ispravnik instructing them that they were on no account to lose sight of this gendarme officer, because there was something suspicious about him, and it was not certain that he really was what he pretended to be. As soon as Muishkin had gone the ispravnik wrote a letter to the governor, apprising him of his suspicions, and sent it by another Cossack, with directions to get ahead of Muishkin if possible and deliver it before the latter reached his destination. The Cossack overtook Muishkin on the road, and in the course of conversation among the soldiers the fact transpired that the third Cossack had a letter from the ispravnik to the governor. Muishkin knew then that the game was lost, and at the first favorable opportunity he attempted to escape by dashing suddenly into the woods. The Cossacks, in pursuance of their instructions, endeavored to keep him in sight; but he drew his revolver, fired at them, wounded one of them, and finally made his escape. For nearly a week he wandered around in the great primeval forests that border the river Lena; but at last, half dead from cold, hunger, and exhaustion, he was captured. After some months of imprisonment in Irkutsk he was sent under strong guard to St. Petersburg and was there thrown into the fortress of Petropavlovsk. For nearly three years he lay in a bomb-proof casemate of the Trubetskoi (Troo-bet-skoy′) bastion awaiting trial, and all that I know of this part of his life I learned from an exile in Siberia who occupied a cell in the fortress near him. This gentleman said that Muishkin was often delirious from fever, excitement, or the maddening effect of long solitary confinement, and that he frequently heard his cries when he was put into a strait-jacket or strapped to his bed by the fortress guard.

In October, 1878, Muishkin was finally tried with "the 193" before a special session of the Governing Senate. All of the political prisoners brought to the bar on the occasion of this famous trial insisted that the public should be admitted to hear the proceedings, and that they — the prisoners — should be allowed to have their own stenographer. The Government refused to accede to either of these demands, and, as a consequence, most of the politicals refused to make any defense or to take any part in the proceedings. At the end of the trial Muishkin, when asked if he had any last words to say, made a fiery speech denouncing the secrecy of the trial and declaring that they did not desire nor expect to escape punishment, but thought they had a right to ask that they be tried in open court and that their case be laid before the people through the press. As soon as Muishkin began to attack the Government he was ordered by the presiding judge to be silent, and when he refused, and insisted upon his right to be heard, the gendarmes were directed to remove him from the courtroom. The last words he uttered before he was choked into silence and dragged out were: "This court is worse than a house of ill-fame; there they sell only bodies, but here you prostitute honor, and justice, and law!" For his original offense, aggravated by this outrageous insult to the court, Muishkin was sentenced to ten years of penal servitude with deprivation of all civil rights, and was shortly afterwards incarcerated in the central convict prison at Kharkoff (Khar-koff′). I have not space for

MADAME KAVALSKAYA.

even the briefest description of the sufferings of the political convicts in that prison. The story has been written by one of them and published surreptitiously in Russia under the significant title, " Last Words over the Coffin of Alexander II." I hope sometime to translate and republish this document, and I need only say now that I have the names of six politicals who went insane in that prison during the short time that it was used as a place of confinement for such offenders. Muishkin was put into a small cell in the lower story that had formerly been occupied by the distinguished political Prince Tsitsianof (Tsit-see-an′off). His courage and energy soon led him to meditate plans of escape, and before the end of the first year he had made a dummy to lie in his place on the sleeping-platform, and with only his hands and a small piece of board had dug a tunnel out under the prison wall, disposing of the earth that he removed by packing it into a space between the floor of his cell and the ground. He had also made himself a suit of clothing to put on in place of the prison costume after he should make his escape. Prince Tsitsianof, who had occupied the cell before him, was a scientist, and during his term of imprisonment had been allowed to have some large maps. These maps had been left as old rubbish on the oven, and Muishkin had soaked the paper off from the muslin on which they were mounted and had made out of the cloth a shirt and a pair of trousers. His preparations for escape were virtually complete, and he was only waiting for a favorable opportunity, when one of the prison officials came to his cell at an unusual hour to speak to him. Muishkin happened to be down in his tunnel, while the dummy was lying in his place on the bed as if he were asleep. The official soon discovered that the lay figure was not the prisoner, an alarm was raised, the mouth of the tunnel was found, and Muishkin was dragged out like a rat from its hole. He was then put into another cell, from which escape was impossible. At the expiration of two or three months, fearing that he was about to become insane, he determined to do something for which he would be shot. He asked and obtained permission to attend service in the prison church one Sunday, and while there contrived to get near the governor of the prison; and as the latter turned around, after kissing the cross in the hands of the priest, Muishkin struck him in the face. For this offense he would, under ordinary circumstances, have been shot; but just at that time the attention of the Minister of the Interior was attracted to the Kharkoff central prison by the large number of deaths and cases of insanity among the politicals, and Professor Dobroslavin (Do-bro-slah′vin), a sanitary expert from St. Petersburg, was sent to the prison to make an investigation. He reported that it was not fit for human habitation, said that the cases of death and insanity among the political convicts were not surprising, and recommended that all the prisoners of that class

MADAME BOGOMOLETS.

be removed. In the face of this report it was presumed that Muishkin was insane, or at least in an abnormal mental condition, at the time when he struck the governor of the prison, and he was not even tried for the offense. Shortly afterwards he was sent, with all his fellow-prisoners, to the mines of Kara. While they were in the city of Irkutsk on their way to the mines, one of the party, a man named Leo Dmokhofski (Dmo-khoff′skee), died. All the convicts in the party were permitted to attend the funeral in the prison church, and at the conclusion of the brief services Muishkin felt impelled to say a few words over the body of his comrade. He referred to the high moral character of the dead man and his lovable personality, quoted a verse from the Russian liberal poet Nekrassof (Ne-krass′off), and said, "Out of the ashes of this heroic man, and of other men like him, will grow the tree of liberty for Russia." At this point he was stopped by the chief of police and at once taken back to his cell. For making what was regarded as a revolutionary speech within the sacred precincts of a church and in the presence of the "images of the Holy Saints of the Lord" he was condemned to fifteen years more of penal servitude. In talking to me about Muishkin, some of his comrades described him as "a born orator who never made but two speeches in his life; one of them cost him ten years of penal servitude, and the other fifteen." Muishkin himself said, after reaching the mines of Kara, that there was only one thing in his life which he regretted, and that was his speech over the dead body of his comrade Dmokhofski in Irkutsk. The world could not hear it, it did no good, it was merely the gratification of a personal impulse, and it added so many years to his term of penal servitude that, even if he should live out that term, he would be too old, when finally released, to work any more for the cause of Russian freedom.

Muishkin was one of the first of the eight prisoners who escaped from the Kara political prison in April, 1882, and he was recaptured, as I have said, in the seaport town of Vladivostok, to which American vessels come every summer. In 1883 he was sent back to St. Petersburg with a party of other "dangerous" politicals and incarcerated in the castle of Schlusselburg. He was shot there in 1885 for striking the prison surgeon.

In January, 1882, about three months before the escape of the eight convicts from the political prison at Kara, two married women, Madame Kavalskaya (Kah-vahl′ska-ya) and Madame Bogomolets (Bo-go-mo′lets), escaped from prison while passing through Irkutsk on their way to the mines. They were recaptured before they could get out of the city, and when they were brought back to their cells they were subjected to the customary personal search. These searches are always made by men, even when the prisoners are women, but in most cases they are conducted with decency and with the forms of respect. On this occasion, however, Colonel Soliviof (Sol-o-vee-off′), an adjutant of the Governor-General, and a man of disreputable personal character, who happened to be in the prison when Madame Kavalskaya and Madame Bogomolets were brought back, conducted the search himself, and in the course of it not only insulted the women but caused them to be stripped naked in his presence. He then had the audacity to go to a kamera in which were confined a number of male political convicts and boast of his exploit, remarking contemptuously, "Your political women are not much to look at." Among the convicts in the cell was a school-teacher named Shchedrin (Shched-rin′) who, exasperated beyond endurance by the recital and the insulting taunt, sprung towards Soliviof, and, calling him a "despicable coward and liar," struck him in the face. For this insult to an officer, and for an attempt that he had made to escape, Shchedrin, upon his arrival at Kara, was chained to a wheelbarrow. In July, 1882, he, with the other "dangerous" political convicts named on page 736, was sent to St. Petersburg to be incarcerated in the castle of Schlusselburg. He was not released from the wheelbarrow, even when put into a vehicle; but as the roads were rough, and as he was

SHCHEDRIN.

A RELIGIOUS SERVICE AT AN OROZHÁNNI ENCAMPMENT.

constantly being bruised by the jolting of the barrow against him, it was finally found necessary to unchain him and lash the wheelbarrow on behind. Lieutenant-Colonel Vinokurof (Vin-o-koor′off), inspector of exile transportation for Western Siberia, told me that he saw Shchedrin, with the wheelbarrow still lashed to his vehicle, passing through the province of Tobolsk.

After the hunger-strike in the Kara political prison in the summer of 1882 the life of the prisoners became a little more tolerable. They were again allowed to have books, money, and some warm clothing of their own, and they were permitted to walk two hours a day in the court-yard. The sanitary conditions of their life, however, continued to be very bad, little attention was paid to the sick, and the death rate was abnormally high.[1]

Between the resignation of Colonel Kononovich in 1881 and the appointment of Captain Nikolin in 1885 there were seven changes of commandment[1] and the prison was managed in a hit-or-miss sort of way, according to the caprice of the man who was at the head of it. At one time the prisoners were allowed books, daily walks, money, and communication with their relatives, while at another time all these privileges were taken away from them. The partitions that were erected in the kameras to reduce the size of the cells in 1882 were removed in 1884. The free command, which was abolished in 1881, was reëstablished in 1885. With every new officer there was a change in the regulations, and official whim or impulse took the place that should be occupied only by law. The best of the commandants, according to the testimony of the prisoners, was Burlei. Khalturin was brutally cruel, Shubin was a man of little character, and Manaiyef was not only a drunkard, but a thief who destroyed hundreds of the prisoners' letters and embezzled nineteen hundred rubles of money sent to them by their relatives and friends in European Russia. All of these officers were from the gendarmerie in Irkutsk. On the 16th of January, 1884, the political prison was put under the exclusive control of the imperial police, and early in 1885 Captain Nikolin was sent from St. Petersburg to take command of it.

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[1] I have not been able to obtain a complete list of the prisoners who died, committed suicide, or went insane in the Kara political prison between 1879 and 1886, but I know of the following cases:

Deaths (all except one from prison consumption): Ishutinof, Krivoshein, Zhukof, Popeko, Madame Lissofskaya, Tikhonof, Rogatchëf, Dr. Veimar, Miss Armfeldt, and Madame Kutitonskaya. *Suicides:* Semyonofski (shot himself), Rodin (poisoned himself), Uspenski (hanged himself). *Insane:* Matveivich, Zubkofski, Pozen, and Madame Kavalskaya (the last named recovered). At the time of our visit to the mines eight out of the eleven women in the women's political prison were sick.

PEASANTS THRESHING OUT GRAIN ON THE ICE.

Every word that Colonel Kononovich said to Assistant Minister of the Interior Durnova

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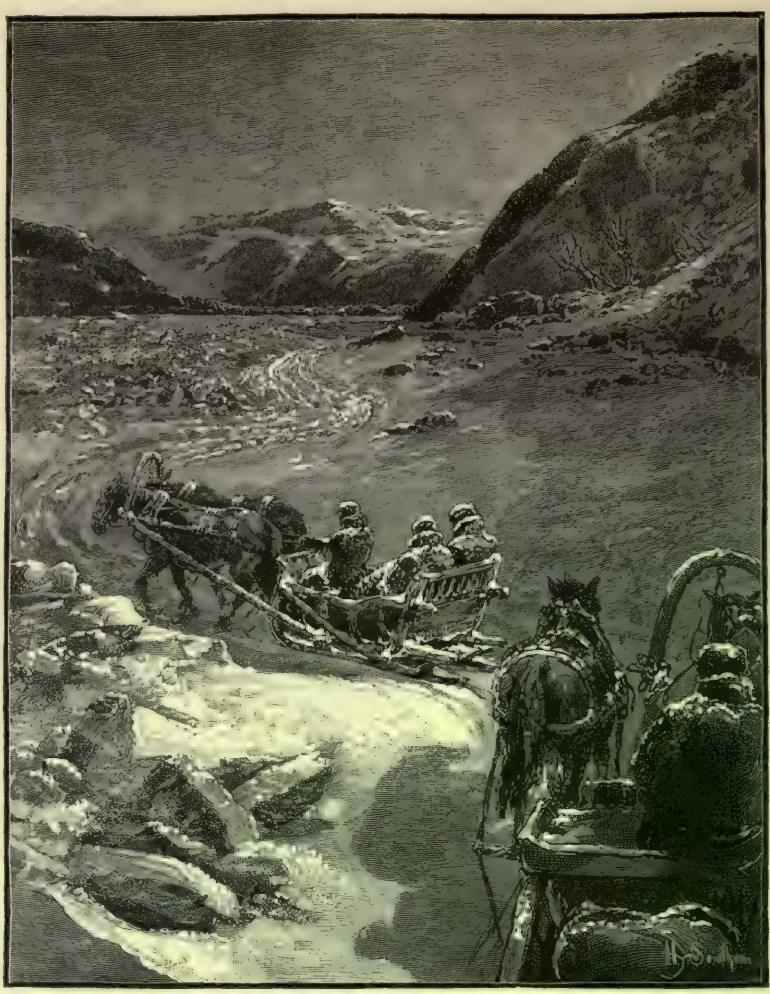
[1] Kononovich, Potulof, Khalturin, Burlei, Shubin, Manaiyef, Burlei (a second time), and Nikolin.



RETURNING FROM KARA ON THE ICE OF THE SHILKA RIVER.

in 1881 with regard to the management of the political prison was shown by the subsequent course of events to be true. The Government forced an honest and humane man to resign and sent, one after another, half a dozen cruel or incapable men to take his place, and it reaped, in tragedies and scandals, the harvest that might have been expected. It is still pursuing, as I shall show in a subsequent paper, the same course, and it may look for the same results. It is sowing the wind, and sometime, in the not distant future, it will reap the whirlwind.

On the 12th of November, Mr. Frost and I, with glad hearts, turned our faces at last homeward. As we drove, with Major Potulof, out of the dreary settlement known as the Lower Diggings, two political convicts in long gray overcoats, who were walking towards the prison at a distance of one hundred and fifty or two hundred yards from the road, saw and recognized us, and as we passed they stopped, removed their caps, and made towards us what the Russians call a "waist bow"—a bow so low that the body is bent at right angles from the waist. It was their last mute farewell to the travelers who had shown them sympathy and pity, and it is the last remembrance I have of the mines of Kara.

We spent that night in the house of the overseer of the Ust Kara prison at the mouth of the river, and on the following morning remounted our horses for another ride across the mountains to Stretinsk (Stray'tinsk). Major Potulof opened a bottle of white Crimean wine after we had climbed into our saddles, and, pouring out a glassful for each of us and for himself, said, "Here 's to the beginning of a journey to America!" We drank the stirrup-cup with bright anticipations of a return to home and friends, thanked Major Potulof for his kindness and hospitality, promised to apprise him by telegraph of our safe arrival at Stretinsk, and rode away into the mountains.

The country lying along the Shilka in the vicinity of Kara is inhabited, away from the river, only by a tribe of half-wild nomads, known to the Russians as "Orozhánni." They acknowledge allegiance to the Russian Government, pay taxes, and are nominally Christians; but they rarely come into the Russian settlements, unless brought there by a desire to exchange their furs or reindeer for knives, kettles, or tobacco. The Russian priest at Kara visits them from time to time to conduct religious services, and the picture of an Orozhánni encampment during one of these services, on page 746, is from a photograph made and given to me by a political exile in Nerchinsk.

For two days after leaving Kara we rode on horseback across the rugged, forest-clad mountains that skirt the river Shilka, suffering constantly from cold, hunger, and fatigue. On the third day we reached Boti (Bo-tee′), the village from which we had taken our horses, and found most of the population engaged in threshing out grain with flails on the ice. The peasants manifested great pleasure at seeing us, and said we had been gone so long that they had almost given us up for lost. The excitement and anxiety of our life at Kara and the hardships of our ride across the mountains in a temperature below zero had so exhausted my strength that when we reached Boti my pulse was running at 120 and I could hardly sit in the saddle. I should not have been able to ride on horseback another day. Fortunately we found the river at Boti solidly frozen and were able to continue our journey in sledges on the ice. Late on the night of November 16, tired, half-starved, and deadly cold, we reached the town of Stretinsk and found food, shelter, and rest in the little cabin of the young peasant Zablikof (Zah′blee-koff), where we had left most of our baggage when we set out on horseback for the mines of Kara.

George Kennan.

ATTALIE BROUILLARD.

BY GEORGE W. CABLE,

Author of "The Grandissimes," "Bonaventure," etc.

IN EIGHTEEN FIFTY-FIVE.

THE strange true stories we have thus far told have all been matter of public or of private record. Pages of history and travel, law reports, documents of court, the testimony of eye-witnesses, old manuscripts and letters, have insured to them the full force and charm of their reality. But now we must have it clearly and mutually understood that here is one the verity of which is vouched for stoutly, but only by tradition. It is very much as if we had nearly finished a strong, solid stone house and would now ask permission of our underwriters to add to it at the rear a small frame lean-to.

It is a mere bit of lawyers' table-talk, a piece of after-dinner property. It originally belonged, they say, to Judge Collins of New Orleans, as I believe we have already mentioned; his by right of personal knowledge. I might have got it straight from him had I heard of it but a few years sooner. His small, iron-gray head, dark, keen eyes, and nervous face and form are in my mind's eye now, as I saw him one day on the bench interrupting a lawyer at the bar and telling him in ten words what the lawyer was trying to tell in two hundred and fifty.

That the judge's right to this story was that of discovery, not of invention, is well attested; and if he or any one else allowed fictitious embellishments to gather upon it by oft telling of it in merry hours, the story had certainly lost all such superfluities the day it came to me as completely as if some one had stolen its clothes while it was in swimming. The best I can say is that it came unmutilated, and that I have done only what any humane person would have done—given it drapery enough to cover its nakedness.

To speak yet plainer, I do not, even now, put aside, abridge, or alter a single *fact;* only, at most, restore one or two to spaces that indicate just what has dropped out. If a dentist may lawfully supply the place of a lost tooth, or an old beau comb his hair skillfully over a bald spot, then am I guiltless. I make the tale not less, and only just a trifle more, true; not more, but only a trifle less, strange. And this is it:

In 1855 this Attalie Brouillard—so called, mark you, for present convenience only—lived in the French quarter of New Orleans; I think they say in Bienville street, but that is no matter; somewhere in the *vieux carré* of Bienville's original town. She was a worthy woman; youngish, honest, rather handsome, with a little money—just a little; of attractive dress, with good manners, too; alone in the world, and—a quadroon. She kept furnished rooms to rent — as a matter of course; what would she do?

Hence she was not so utterly alone in the world as she might have been. She even did what Stevenson says is so good, but not so easy, to do, "to keep a few friends, but these without capitulation." For instance there was Camille Ducour. That was not his name; but as we have called the woman A. B., let the man be represented by C. D.

He, too, was a quadroon; an f. m. c.[1] His personal appearance has not been described to us, but he must have had one. Fancy a small figure, thin, let us say, narrow-chested, round-shouldered, his complexion a dull clay color spattered with large red freckles, his eyes small, gray, and close together, his hair not long or bushy, but dense, crinkled, and hesitating between a dull yellow and a hot red; his clothes his own and his linen last week's.

He is said to have been a shrewd fellow; had picked up much practical knowledge of the law, especially of notarial business, and drove a smart trade giving private advice on points of law to people of his caste. From many a trap had he saved his poor clients of an hour. Out of many a danger of their own making had he safely drawn them, all unseen by, though not unknown to, the legitimate guild of judges, lawyers, and notaries out of whose professional garbage barrel he enjoyed a sort of stray dog's privilege of feeding.

His meetings with Attalie Brouillard were almost always on the street and by accident. Yet such meetings were invariably turned into pleasant visits in the middle of the sidewalk, after the time-honored Southern fashion. Hopes, ailments, the hardness of the times, the health of each one's "folks," and the condition of their own souls could not be told all in a breath. He never failed, when he could detain her no longer, to bid her feel free to call on him whenever she found herself in dire need of a wise friend's counsel. There was always in his words the hint that, though he never had quite enough cash for one, he never failed of knowledge and wisdom enough for two. And the gentle Attalie believed both clauses of his avowal.

Attalie had another friend, a white man.

JOHN BULL.

This other friend was a big, burly Englishman, forty-something years old, but looking older; a big pink cabbage-rose of a man who had for many years been Attalie's principal lodger. He, too, was alone in the world.

And yet neither was he so utterly alone as he might have been. For he was a cotton buyer. In 1855 there was no business like the cotton business. Everything else was subservient to that. The cotton buyer's part, in particular, was a "pretty business." The cotton *factor* was harassingly responsible to a whole swarm of planter patrons, of whose feelings he had to be all the more careful when they were in his debt. The cotton *broker* could be bullied by his buyer. But the *buyer* was answerable only to some big commercial house away off in Havre or Hamburg or Liverpool, that had to leave all but a few of the largest and most vital matters to his discretion. Commendations and criticisms alike had to come by mail across the Atlantic.

Now, if a cotton buyer of this sort happened to be a bachelor, with no taste for society, was any one likely to care what he substituted, out of business hours, for the conventional relations of domestic life? No one answers. Cotton buyers of that sort were apt to have very comfortable furnished rooms in the old French quarter. This one in Attalie's house had the two main rooms on the first floor above the street.

Honestly, for all our winking and tittering, we know nothing whatever against this person's private character except the sad fact that he was a man and a bachelor. At forty-odd, it is fair to suppose, one who knows the world well enough to be the trusted agent of others, thousands of miles across the ocean, has bid farewell to all mere innocence and has made choice between virtue and vice. But we have no proof whatever that Attalie's cotton buyer had not solemnly chosen virtue and stuck to his choice as an Englishman can.

All we know as to this, really, is that for many years here he had roomed, and that, moved by some sentiment, we know not certainly what, he had again and again assured Attalie that she should never want while he had anything, and that in his will, whenever he should make it, she would find herself his sole legatee. On neither side of the water, said he, had he any one to whom the law obliged him to leave his property nor, indeed, any large wealth; only a little money in bank — a very indefinite statement. In 1855 the will was still unwritten.

There is little room to doubt that this state of affairs did much interest Camille Ducour — at a distance. The Englishman may have known him by sight. The kind of acquaintance he might have had with the quadroon was not likely to vary much from an acquaintance with some unknown neighbor's cat on which he mildly hoped to bestow a pitcher of water if ever he caught him under his window.

Camille mentioned the Englishman approvingly to three other friends of Attalie, when, with what they thought was adroitness, they turned conversation upon her pecuniary welfare. They were Jean d'Eau, a slumberous butcher; Richard Reau, an embarrassed baker; and one —— Ecswyzee, an illiterate but prosperous candlestick-maker. These names may sound inexact, but *can you prove* that these were not their names and occupations? We shall proceed.

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[1] Free man of color.

These three simple souls were bound to Attalie by the strong yet tender bonds of debit and credit. She was not distressingly but only interestingly "behind" on their well-greased books, where Camille's account, too, was longer on the left-hand side. When they alluded inquiringly to her bill, he mentioned the Englishman vaguely and assured them it was "good paper to hold," once or twice growing so extravagant as to add that his (Camille's) own was hardly better!

The tradesmen replied that they had n't a shadow of doubt. In fact, they said, their mention of the matter was mere jest, etc.

DUCOUR'S MEDITATIONS.

THERE were a few points in this case upon which Camille wished he could bring to bear those purely intellectual — not magical — powers of divination which he modestly told his clients were the secret of all his sagacious advice. He wished he could determine conclusively and exactly what was the mutual relation of Attalie and her lodger. Out of the minutest corner of one eye he had watched her for years.

A quadroon woman's lot was a hard one; any true woman would say that, even while approving the laws and popular notions of necessity that made that lot what it was. The law, popular sentiment, public policy, always looked at Attalie's sort with their right eye shut. And according to all the demands of the other eye Camille knew that Attalie was honest, faithful. But was that all; or did she stand above and beyond the demands of law and popular sentiment? In a word, to whom was she honest, faithful; to the Englishman merely, or actually to herself? If to herself actually, then in case of his early death,—for Camille had got a notion of that, and had got it from Attalie, who had got it from the Englishman,—what then? Would she get his money, or any of it? No, not if Camille knew men — especially white men. For a quadroon woman to be true to herself and to her God was not the kind of thing that white men — if he knew them — rewarded. But if the case was not of that sort, and the relation was what he *hoped* it was, and according to his ideas of higher law it had a right to be, why, then, she might reasonably hope for a good fat slice — if there should turn out, after all, to be any fat to slice.

Thence arose the other question — had the Englishman any money? And if so, was it much, or was it so little as to make it hardly worth while for the Englishman to die early at all? You can't tell just by looking at a man or his clothes. In fact, is it not astonishing how quietly a man — of the quiet kind — can either save great shining stacks of money, or get rid of all he makes as fast as he makes it? Is n't it astonishing? Being a cotton buyer did not answer the question. He might be getting very large pay or very small; or even none. Some men had got rich without ever charging anything for their services. The cotton business those days was a perfectly lovely business — so many shady by-paths and circuitous labyrinths. Even in the law — why, sometimes even he, Camille Ducour, did not charge anything. But that was not often.

Only one thing was clear — there ought to be a written will. For Attalie Brouillard, f. w. c., could by no means be or become the Englishman's legal heir. The law mumbled something about "one-tenth," but for the rest answered in the negative and with a black frown. Her only chance — but we shall come to that.

All in a tremor one day a messenger, Attalie's black slave girl, came to Camille to say that her mistress was in trouble! in distress! in deeper distress than he could possibly imagine, and in instant need of that wise counsel which Camille Ducour had so frequently offered to give.

"I am busy," he said, in the creole-negro *patois*, "but — has anybody — has anything happened to — to anybody in Madame Brouillard's house?"

"Yes," the messenger feared that "*ce Michié qui poté soulié jaune* — that gentleman who wears yellow shoes — is ill. Madame Brouillard is hurrying to and fro and crying."

"Very loud?"

"No, silently; yet as though her heart were breaking."

"And the doctor?" asks Camille, as he and the messenger are hurrying side by side out of Exchange alley into Bienville street.

"—— was there yesterday and the day before."

They reach the house. Attalie meets her counselor alone at the top of the stairs. "*Li bien malade*," she whispers, weeping; "he is very ill."

"—— wants to make his will?" asks Camille. All their talk is in their bad French.

Attalie nods, answers inaudibly, and weeps afresh. Presently she manages to tell how the sick man had tried to write, and failed, and had fallen back exclaiming, "Attalie — Attalie — I want to leave it all to you — what little — " and did not finish, but presently gasped out, "Bring a notary."

"And the doctor?"

"—— has not come to-day. Michié told the doctor if he came again he would kick him downstairs. Yes, and the doctor says whenever a patient of his says that he stops coming."

They reach the door of the sick man's bedchamber. Attalie pushes it softly, looks into the darkened chamber and draws back, whispering, "He has dropped asleep."

Camille changes places with her and looks in. Then he moves a step across the threshold, leans forward peeringly, and then turns about, lifts his ill-kept forefinger, and murmurs while he fixes his little eyes on hers:

"If you make a noise, or in any way let any one know what has happened, it will cost you all he is worth. I will leave you alone with him just ten minutes." He makes as if to pass by her towards the stair, but she seizes him by the wrist.

"What do you mean?" she asks, with alarm.

"Hush! you speak too loud. He is dead."

The woman leaps by him, slamming him against the banisters, and disappears within the room. Camille hears her loud, long moan as she reaches the bedside. He takes three or four audible steps away from the door and towards the stairs, then turns, and darting with the swift silence of a cat surprises her on her knees by the bed, disheveled, unheeding, all moans and tears, and covering with passionate kisses the dead man's — hands only!

To impute moral sublimity to a white man and a quadroon woman at one and the same time and in one and the same affair was something beyond the powers of Camille's small soul. But he gave Attalie, on the instant, full credit, over credit it may be, and felt a momentary thrill of spiritual contagion that he had scarcely known before in all his days. He uttered not a sound; but for all that he said within himself, drawing his breath in through his clenched teeth, and tightening his fists till they trembled, "Oho-o! — Aha! — No wonder you postponed the writing of your will day by day, month by month, year in and year out! But you shall see, my fine Michié White man — dead as you are, you shall see — you 'll see if you shan't! — she shall have the money, little or much! Unless there are heirs she shall have every picayune of it!" Almost as quickly as it had flashed up, the faint flicker of moral feeling died out; yet the resolution remained. He was going to "beat" a dead white man.

PROXY.

Camille glided to the woman's side and laid a gentle yet commanding touch upon her.

"Come, there is not a moment to lose."

"What do you want?" asked Attalie. She neither rose nor turned her head, nor even let go the dead man's hand.

"I must make haste to fulfill the oft-repeated request of my friend here."

"*Your* friend!" She still knelt, and held the hand, but turned her face, full of pained resentment, upon the speaker behind her. He was calm.

"Our friend; yes, this man here. You did not know that I was his secret confidential adviser? Well, that was all right; I told him to tell no one. But now I must carry out his instructions. Madame Brouillard, this man wished to leave you every cent he had in the world."

Attalie slowly laid her lips on the big cold hand lying in her two hot ones and let the silent tears wet all three. Camille spoke on to her averted form:

"He may never have told you so till to-day, but he has often told me. 'I tell you, Camille,' he used to say, 'because I can trust you: I can't trust a white man in a matter like this.' He told you? Yes; then you know that I speak the truth. But one thing you did not know; that this intention of his was the result of my earnest advice.— Stop! Madame Brouillard — if you please — we have no time for amazement or questions now; and less than none for expressions of gratitude. Listen to me. You know he was always afraid he would die some day suddenly? Yes, of course; everybody knew that. One night — our meetings were invariably at night — he said to me, 'Camille, my dear friend, if I should go all of a sudden some day before I write that will, *you know what to do*.' Those were his exact words: 'Camille, my dear friend, *you know what to do*.'" All this was said to the back of Attalie's head and neck; but now the speaker touched her with one finger: "Madame, are your lodgers all down town?"

She nodded.

"Good. And you have but the one servant. Go tell her that our dear friend has been in great suffering but is now much better, quite free from pain, in fact, and wants to attend to some business. Send her to Exchange alley, to the office of Eugene Favre. He is a notary public" — He murmured some further description. "Understand?"

Attalie, still kneeling, kept her eyes on his in silence, but she understood; he saw that.

"She must tell him," he continued, "to come at once. But before she goes there she must stop on the way and tell three persons to come and witness a notarial act. Now whom shall they be? For they must be white male residents of the parish, and they must not be insane, deaf, dumb, blind, nor disqualified by crime. I will tell you: let them be Jean d'Eau—at the French market. He will still be there; it is his turn to scrub the market to-day. Get him, Richard Reau, and old man Ecswyzee. And on no account must the doctor be allowed to come. Do that, Madame Brouillard, as quickly as you can. I will wait here."

But the kneeling figure hesitated, with intense distress in her upturned face: "What are you going to do, Michié Ducour?"

"We are going to make you sole legatee."

"I do not want it! How are you going to do it? How?"

"In a way which he knows about and approves."

Attalie hid her shapely forehead again on the dead hand. "I cannot leave him. Do what you please, only let me stay here. Oh! let me stay here."

"I see," said Camille, with cold severity, "like all women, you count the foolish sentiments of the living of more value than the reasonable wish of the dead." He waited a moment for these words to take effect upon her motionless form, and then, seeing that—again like a woman—she was waiting and wishing for compulsion, he lifted her by one arm. "Come. Go. And make haste to get back again; we are losing priceless time."

She went. But just outside the door she seemed to halt. Camille put out his freckled face and turtle neck. "Well?"

"O Michié Ducour!" the trembling woman whispered, "those three witnesses will never do. I am in debt to every one of them!"

"Madame Brouillard, the one you owe the most to will be the best witness. Well? What next?"

"O my dear friend! what is this going to cost?—in money, I mean. I am so afraid of lawyers' accounts! I have nothing, and if it turns out that he has very, very little— It is true that I sent for you, but—I did not think you—what must you charge?"

"Nothing!" whispered Camille. "Madame Brouillard, whether he leaves you little or much, this must be for me a labor of love to him who was secretly my friend, or I will not touch it. He certainly had something, however, or he would not have tried to write a will. But, my dear madame, if you do not right here, now, stop looking scared, as if you were about to steal something instead of saving something from being stolen, it will cost us a great deal. Go. Make haste! That 's right!—Ts-s-st! Hold on! Which is your own bedroom, upstairs?—Never mind why I ask; tell me. Yes; all right! Now, go!—Ts-s-st! Bring my hat up as you return."

She went downstairs. Camille tiptoed quickly back into the death chamber, whipped off his shoes, ran to a small writing-table, then to the bureau, then to the armoire, trying their drawers. Locked they were, every one. He ran to the bed and searched swiftly under pillows and mattresses—no keys. Never mind. He wrapped a single sheet about the dead man's form, stepped lightly to the door, looked out, listened, heard nothing, and tripped back again.

And then with all his poor strength he lifted the bulk, still limp, in his arms, and with only two or three halts in the toilsome journey, to dash the streaming sweat from his brows and to better his hold so that the heels should not drag on the steps, carried it up to Attalie's small room and laid it, decently composed, on her bed.

Then he glided downstairs again and had just slipped into his shoes when Attalie came up hastily from below. She was pale and seemed both awe-struck and suspicious. As she met him outside the door grief and dismay were struggling in her eyes with mistrust, and as he coolly handed her the key of her room indignation joined the strife. She reddened and flashed:

"My God! you have not, yourself, already?"

"I could not wait, Madame Brouillard. We must run up now, and do for him whatever cannot be put off; and then you must let me come back, leaving my hat and shoes and coat up there, and—you understand?"

Yes; the whole thing was heartless and horrible, but—she understood. They went up.

THE NUNCUPATIVE WILL.

In their sad task upstairs Attalie held command. Camille went and came on short errands to and from the door of her room, and was let in only once or twice when, for lifting or some such thing, four hands were indispensable. Soon both he and she came down to the door of the vacated room again together. He was in his shirt sleeves and without his shoes; but he had resumed command.

"And now, Madame Brouillard, to do this thing in the very best way I ought to say to you at once that our dear friend—did he ever tell you what he was worth?" The speaker leaned against the door-post and seemed to concern himself languidly with his black-rimmed finger-nails, while in fact he was watching Attalie from head to foot with all his senses and wits. She looked grief-stricken and thoroughly wretched.

"No," she said, very quietly, then suddenly burst into noiseless fresh tears, sank into a chair, buried her face in her wet handkerchief, and cried, "Ah! no, no, no! that was none of my business. He was going to leave it all to me. I never asked if it was little or much."

While she spoke Camille was reckoning with all his might and speed: "She has at least some notion as to whether he is rich or poor. She seemed a few minutes ago to fear he is poor, but I must try her again. Let me see: if he is poor and I say he is rich she will hope I know better than she, and will be silent. But if he is rich and she knows it, and I say he is poor, she will suspect fraud and will out with the actual fact on the spot." By this time she had ceased, and he spoke out:

"Well, Madame Brouillard, the plain fact is he was—as you may say—poor."

She looked up quickly from her soaking handkerchief, dropped her hands into her lap, and gazing at Camille through her tears said, "Alas! I feared it. That is what I feared. But ah! since it makes no difference to him now, it makes little to me. I feared it. That accounts for his leaving it to me, poor *milatraise*."

"But would you have imagined, madame, that all he had was barely three thousand dollars?"

"Ah! three thousand—ah! Michié Ducour," she said between a sob and a moan, "that is not so little. Three thousand! In Paris, where my brother lives, that would be fifteen thousand francs. Ah! Michié Ducour, I never guessed half that much. Michié Ducour, I tell you—he was too good to be rich." Her eyes stood full.

Camille started busily from his leaning posture and they began again to be active. But, as I have said, their relations were reversed once more. He gave directions from within the room, and she did short errands to and from the door.

The witnesses came: first Jean d'Eau, then Richard Reau, and almost at the same moment the aged Ecswyzee. The black maid led them up from below, and Attalie, tearless now, but meek and red-eyed, and speaking low through the slightly opened door from within the Englishman's bed-chamber, thanked them, explained that a will was to be made, and was just asking them to find seats in the adjoining front room, when the notary, aged, bent, dark-goggled, and as insensible as a machine, arrived. Attalie's offers to explain were murmurously waved away by his wrinkled hand, and the four men followed her into the bed-chamber. The black maid-of-all-work also entered.

The room was heavily darkened. There was a rich aroma of fine brandy on its air. The Englishman's little desk had been drawn up near the bedside. Two candles were on it, unlighted, in small, old silver candlesticks. Attalie, grief-worn, distressed, visibly agitated, moved close to the bedside. Her sad figure suited the place with poetic fitness. The notary stood by the chair at the desk. The three witnesses edged along the wall where the curtained windows glimmered, took seats there, and held their hats in their hands. All looked at one object.

It was a man reclining on the bed under a light covering, deep in pillows, his head and shoulders much bundled up in wrappings. He moaned faintly and showed every sign of utmost weakness. His eyes opened only now and then, but when they did so they shone intelligently, though with a restless intensity, apparently from both pain and anxiety.

He gasped a faint word. Attalie hung over him for an instant, and then turning quickly to her maid, who was lighting the candles for the notary and placing them so they should not shine into the eyes of the man in bed, said:

"His feet—another hot-water bottle."

The maid went to get it. While she was gone the notary asked the butcher, then the baker, and then the candlestick-maker if they could speak and understand English, and where they resided. Their answers were satisfactory. Then he sat down, bent low to the desk, and wrote on a blank form the preamble of a nuncupative will. By the time he had finished, the maid had got back and the hot bottle had been properly placed. The notary turned his goggles upon the reclining figure and asked in English, with a strong creole accent:

"What is your name?"

The words of the man in the bed were an inaudible gasp. But Attalie bent her ear quickly, caught them, and turning repeated:

"More brandy."

The black girl brought a decanter from the floor behind the bureau, and a wine-glass from the washstand. Attalie poured, the patient drank, and the maid replaced glass and decanter. The eyes of the butcher and the baker followed the sparkling vessel till it disappeared, and the maker of candlesticks made a dry swallow and faintly licked his lips. The notary remarked that there must be no intervention of speakers between himself and the person making the will, nor any turning aside to other matters; but that merely stopping a moment to satisfy thirst without leaving the room was not a vitiative turning aside and would not be, even if done by others besides the party making the will. But here the patient moaned and said audibly, "Let us go on." And they went on. The notary asked the patient's name, the place and date of his birth, etc., and the patient's answers were in every case whatever the Englishman's would have been. Presently the point was reached where the patient should express his wishes unprompted by suggestion or inquiry. He said faintly, "I will and bequeath"—

The servant girl, seeing her mistress bury her face in her handkerchief, did the same. The patient gasped audibly and said again, but more faintly:

"I will and bequeath — some more brandy."

The decanter was brought. He drank again. He let Attalie hand it back to the maid and the maid get nearly to the bureau when he said in a low tone of distinct reproof:

"Pass it 'round." The four visitors drank.

Then the patient resumed with stronger voice. "I will and bequeath to my friend Camille Ducour"—

Attalie started from her chair with a half-uttered cry of amazement and protest, but dropped back again at the notary's gesture for silence, and the patient spoke straight on without hesitation — "to my friend Camille Ducour, the sum of fifteen hundred dollars in cash."

Attalie and her handmaiden looked at each other with a dumb show of lamentation; but her butcher and her baker turned slowly upon her candlestick-maker, and he upon them, a look of quiet but profound approval. The notary wrote, and the patient spoke again:

"I will everything else which I may leave at my death, both real and personal property, to Madame Attalie Brouillard."

"Ah!" exclaimed Attalie, in the manner of one largely, but not entirely, propitiated. The maid suited her silent movement to the utterance, and the three witnesses exchanged slow looks of grave satisfaction. Mistress and maid, since the will seemed to them so manifestly and entirely finished, began to whisper together, although the patient and the notary were still perfecting some concluding formalities. But presently the notary began to read aloud the instrument he had prepared, keeping his face buried in the paper and running his nose and purblind eyes about it nervously, like a new-born thing hunting the warm fountain of life. All gave close heed. We need not give the document in its full length, nor his creole accent in its entire breadth. This is only something like it:

"Dthee State of Louisiana," etc. "Be h-it known dthat on dthees h-eighth day of dthee month of May, One thousan' h-eight hawndred and fifty-five, dthat I, Emile Favre, a not-arie pewblic een and for dthe State of Louisiana, parrish of Orleans, duly commission-ed and qualeefi-ed, was sue-mon-ed to dthe domee-ceel of Mr. [the Englishman's name], Number [so-and-so] Bienville street; . . . dthat I found sayed Mr. [Englishman] lyingue in heez bade in dthee rear room of dthee second floor h-of dthee sayed house . . . at about two o'clawk in dthee h-afternoon, and beingue inform-ed by dthee sayed Mr. [Englishman] dthat he *diz*-i-red too make heez weel, I, sayed not-arie, sue-mon-ed into sayed bed-chamber of dthe sayed Mr. [Englishman] dthe following nam-ed wit*nes*ses of lawfool h-age and residents of dthe sayed cittie, parrish, and State, to wit: Mr. Jean d'Eau, Mr. Richard Reau, and Mr. V. Deblieux Ecswyzee. That there *up*-on sayed Mr. [Englishman] being seek in bodie but of soun' mine, which was *hap*parent to me not-arie and dthe sayed wit*nes*ses by heez lang-uage and h-actions then and there in dthe presence of sayed wit*nes*ses *dic*tated to me not-arie dthe following as heez laz weel and tes*tam*ent, wheech was written by me sayed not-arie as *dic*tated by the sayed Mr. [Englishman], to wit:

"My name ees [John Bull]. I was born in," etc. "My father and mother are dade. I have no chil'ren. I have never had annie brawther or seester. I have never been marri-ed. Thees is my laz weel. I have never made a weel befo'. I weel and *bick*weath to my fran' Camille Ducour dthe sawm of fifteen hawndred dollars in cash. I weel h-everything else wheech I may leave at my daith, both real and personal property, to Madame Attalie Brouillard, leevingue at Number," etc. "I appoint my sayed fran' Camille Ducour as my testamentary exe*cu*tor, weeth-out bon', and grant heem dthe seizin' of my h-estate, h-and I dir-ect heem to pay h-all my juz debts.

"Thees weel and testament as thus *dic*tated too me by sayed *tes*tator and wheech was wreeten by me not-arie by my h-own han' jus' as *dic*tated, was thane by me not-arie rade to sayed Mr. [Englishman] in an au*dib*le voice and in the presence of dthe aforesayed three wit*nes*ses, and dthe sayed Mr. [Englishman] *dic*lar-ed that he well awnder-stood me not-arie and per*sev*er-ed een *dic*laring the same too be his laz weel; all of wheech was don' at one time and place weethout in*ter'*uption and weethout turningue aside to other acts.

"Thus done and passed," etc.

The notary rose, a wet pen in one hand and the will — with his portfolio under it for a tablet — in the other. Attalie hurried to the bedside and stood ready to assist. The patient took the pen with a trembling hand. The writing was laid before him, and Attalie with a knee on the bed thrust her arm under the pillows behind him to make a firmer support.

The patient seemed to summon all his power to poise and steady the pen, but his hand shook, his fingers loosened, and it fell upon the document, making two or three blots there and another on the bed-covering, whither it rolled. He groped faintly for it, moaned, and then relaxed.

"He cannot sign!" whispered Attalie, piteously.

"Yes," gasped the patient.

The notary once more handed him the pen, but the same thing happened again.

The butcher cleared his throat in a way to draw attention. Attalie looked towards him and he drawled, half rising from his chair:

"I t'ink — a li'l' more cognac" —

"Yass," murmured the baker. The candlestick-maker did not speak, but unconsciously wet his lips with his tongue and wiped them with the back of his forefinger. But every eye turned to the patient, who said:

"I cannot write — my hand — shakes so."

The notary asked a formal question or two, to which the patient answered "yes" and "no." The official sat again at the desk, wrote a proper statement of the case, and then read it aloud. The patient gave assent, and the three witnesses stepped forward and signed. Then the notary signed.

As the four men approached the door to depart the baker said, lingeringly, to Attalie, smiling diffidently as he spoke:

"Dat settin' still make a man mighty dry, yass."

"Yass, da 's true," said Attalie.

"Yass," he added, "same time he dawn't better drink much *water* dat hot weader, no." The butcher turned and smiled concurrence; but Attalie, though she again said "yass," only added good-day, and the maid led them and the notary downstairs and let them out.

MEN CAN BE BETTER THAN THEIR LAWS.

An hour later, when the black maid returned from an errand, she found her mistress at the head of the stairs near the Englishman's door, talking in suppressed tones to Camille Ducour, who, hat in hand, seemed to have just dropped in and to be just going out again. He went, and Attalie said to her maid that he was "so good" and was going to come and sit up all night with the sick man.

The next morning the maid — and the neighborhood — were startled to hear that the cotton buyer had died in the night. The physician called and gave a certificate of death without going up to the death chamber.

The funeral procession was short. There was first the carriage with the priest and acolytes; then the hearse; then a carriage in which sat the cotton buyer's clerk,— he had had but one,— his broker, and two men of that singular sort that go to everybody's funeral; then a carriage occupied by Attalie's other lodgers, and then, in a carriage bringing up the rear, of course, were Camille Ducour and Madame Brouillard. She alone wept, and, for all we have seen, we yet need not doubt her tears were genuine. Such was the cortége. Oh! also, in his private vehicle, driven by himself, was a very comfortable and genteel-looking man, whom neither Camille nor Attalie knew, but whom every other attendant at the funeral seemed to regard with deference. While the tomb was being sealed Camille sidled up to the broker and made bold to ask who the stranger was. Attalie did not see the movement, and Camille did not tell her what the broker said.

Late in the next afternoon but one Camille again received word from Attalie to call and see her in all haste. He found her in the Englishman's front room. Five white men were sitting there with her. They not only looked amused, but plainly could have looked more so but for the restraints of rank and station. Attalie was quite as visibly frightened. Camille's knees weakened and a sickness came over him as he glanced around the group. For in the midst sat the stranger who had been at the funeral, while on his right sat two, and on his left two, men, the terror of whose presence we shall understand in a moment.

"Mr. Ducour," said the one who had been at the funeral, "as friends of Mr. [Englishman] we desire to express our satisfaction at the terms of his last will and testament. We have had a long talk with Madame Brouillard; but for myself, I already knew his wish that she should have whatever he might leave. But a wish is one thing; a will, even a nuncupative will by public act, is another and an infinitely better and more effective thing. But we wish also to express our determination to see that you are not hindered in the execution of any of the terms of this will, whose genuineness we, of course, do not for a moment question." He looked about upon his companions. Three of them shook their heads gravely; but the fourth, in his over-zeal, attempted to say "No," and burst into a laugh; whereupon they all broadly smiled, while Camille looked ghastly. The speaker resumed:

"I am the custodian of all Mr. [Englishman's] accounts and assets. This gentleman is a judge, this one is a lawyer,— I believe you know them all by sight,— this one is a banker, and this one — a — in fact, a detective. We wish you to feel at all times free to call upon any or all of us for advice, and to bear in mind that our eyes are ever on you with a positively solicitous interest. You are a busy man, Mr. Ducour, living largely by your wits, and we must not detain you longer. We are glad that you are yourself to receive fifteen hundred dollars. We doubt not you have determined to settle the affairs of the estate without other remuneration, and we not merely approve but distinctly recommend that decision. The task will involve an outlay of your time and labor for which fifteen hundred dollars will be a generous, a handsome, but not an excessive remuneration. You will be glad to know there will still be something left for Madame Brouillard. And now, Mr. Ducour,"— he arose and approached the pallid scamp, smiling benevolently,— "*remember* us as your friends, who will *watch* you"— he smote him on the shoulder with all the weight of his open palm —"with no *ordinary* interest. Be assured you shall get your fifteen hundred, and Attalie shall have the rest, which — as Attalie tells me she has well known for years — will be about thirty thousand dollars. Gentlemen, our dinner at the lake will be waiting. Good-day, Mr. Ducour. Good-day, Madame Brouillard. Have no fear. Mr. Ducour is going to render you full justice, — without unnecessary delay,— in solid cash."

And he did.

G. W. Cable.

Jufrow van Steen

WHEN Mynheer van Steen in Sippken spoke of the great De Keyser of Rotterdam he seemed to melt together in abject humility. There were two things about which he grew almost poetic: a young herring of the first precious batch, young, unsophisticated, tender, for which his Majesty of Holland gives a gratuity of five hundred guilders, and — Mynheer de Keyser.

Such a herring nestling beside a pickled onion brought tears to his eyes, and he would say, as he gulped down the tenderest part, "If Mynheer de Keyser were only here!" It was understood if the illustrious man ever did come to Sippken the festivities would be worthy of the distinguished visitor and of Mynheer van Steen, who was great not only in the grocery business and as a tobacco grower, but he was besides Burgomeister of Sippken. It was Mynheer de Keyser who bought his tobacco and sold him his groceries, and in his day Nicodemus de Keyser had turned his guilders to so good an account that Van Steen grew quite faint in the contemplation of that rather unsteady signature, representing, as it did, fabulous wealth.

Mevrouw van Steen had faded out of the world after bringing Jufrow Mettje into existence, the only change for Mynheer being that in future he played his nightly games of cards with his sister, Aunt Jetta. They played for a penny a game, and when he had bad cards he lost his temper, but Aunt Jetta was always placid. Never was the purple bow stirred that rested lightly on the parting of her brown front.

Early in life Aunt Jetta had resigned herself to playing cards with her brother and listening to glowing accounts of how Mynheer de Keyser would be received should he ever come to Sippken.

"How I long to see him!" Mynheer cried with enthusiasm. For forty years he had lived and trusted the great man simply by mail. "A man so rich must be good and wise," he exclaimed; and he meant it, did Mynheer van Steen. The good, the true, and the beautiful were all represented to him by his ideal of Mynheer de Keyser.

One day Mynheer received a joyful shock. It made the sheet of letter-paper in his hand rattle, for the illustrious De Keyser, after certain orders relative to tobacco, added, without false sentiment, postage being dear, that having heard much of the charms of Jufrow Mettje van Steen and being lonely in his big house on the Boompjes Graacht, he would do himself the honor of offering her his hand in marriage.

Mynheer sank back in his leathern arm-chair in ecstasy; then he rang a hand-bell, and Aunt Jetta appeared.

"Mynheer de Keyser —"

"Dear me, dead?" Aunt Jetta suggested placidly.

"Dead!" Here he laughed. "Well, hardly. Prepare yourself for joyful news. Jetta, Mynheer de Keyser desires to marry again."

"Marry again?" Aunt Jetta repeated, and flushed.

"Marry, yes, marry. Be joyful — he wishes to marry our Mettje."

Aunt Jetta folded her hands and was distinctly icy in her joy.

"AUNT JETTA FOLDED HER HANDS AND WAS DISTINCTLY ICY IN HER JOY."

"Call Mettje!" And Mynheer strode along the polished floor until his felt slippers flapped up and down in agitation.

"How sweet it sounds! — Mevrouw de Keyser. Some day — yes, some day I may hope to say to him, 'Nicodemus.' There, call Mettje. Imagine her joy."

"Joy! Humph! Think of his age. Joy? Seventeen and seventy! Well, hardly."

So short did Mynheer stop in his career that for a second his coat-tails lay outspread in the air.

"Jetta, a De Keyser has no age. He is always beautiful, good, and young. As long as he lasts he is always a princely match. If he had only one leg — in fact, no legs — he would still be more than desirable. Mynheer has, God be praised! all his faculties, and therefore — Jetta, don't stand staring; call Mettje."

Mettje looked in at the door and gave a doubtful glance at the family group.

"If, child, you had a wish granted to you, what should it be?" Mynheer asked solemnly, and beat time with his forefinger on Mynheer de Keyser's letter.

Mettje leaned her slim back against the door and considered.

"There are two things."

"But, my dearest child, it can be but one thing."

"Very well, then" — with a sign of resignation: "as much apple-sauce as I can possibly eat."

"My innocent child! I knew you would not venture. There, prepare yourself for exceeding joy. A part of this letter relates to you. I will read it: how simple, yet how impressive! 'The last invoice of tobacco was hardly up to —' No, that is n't it. 'Five hundred pounds of better quality.' I am so agitated, I really can't find it. In short, Mettje, he does you the honor to offer you his hand in marriage."

"What?" Jufrow van Steen cried and laughed until her brown eyes glistened with tears. "Marry me? I marry Mynheer de Keyser? Why then I shall have to call him — ha! ha! — Nicodemus."

"True," her father assented respectfully. To him there could be nothing ludicrous about a De Keyser.

"How old is Mynheer?" she asked with sudden gravity.

"Well — in the prime of life, child: seventy or thereabouts."

"He might live ten or fifteen years longer, eh, papa?"

"Twenty," her papa assented briskly.

"Ah, dear me! that is just the trouble."

"What — what? Trouble! You — you don't dare to say, suggest — where is your joy? where is your gratitude?"

"As for joy, papa, no matter about that"; and Mistress Mettje shrugged her pretty shoulders. "You can say to him, please, that Jufrow van Steen is deeply grateful, and having no choice whatever in the matter she accepts his offer with — with temperate rapture."

Mynheer's suitable and respectful reply was forwarded to Rotterdam by "Trekschuit" (canal-boat) at the rate of about six miles a day, which is as fast as the wings of love can in Holland carry a declaration of passion.

II.

A HUNDRED years ago it was a matter of some expense to send a letter; therefore Mynheer van Steen sensibly prefaced his answer with certain business commissions, after which he expressed his joy at the honor Mynheer conferred on the Van Steen family by desiring to marry Mistress Mettje.

It was young Laurens de Keyser who carelessly broke open the five ponderous seals that hid so much information; then he whistled so long and so loud that the nine other clerks paused in the scratching of their several goose-quills to look up in marked disapproval. The truth was that the only son of De Keyser was a black sheep, criminally indifferent to the whole East India trade. Instead of writing at his desk he preferred to stroll along the canals, his hands in his breeches pockets, his cocked hat on the back of his head, gathering information from every vagabond in Rotterdam. Slowly and stately Mynheer de Keyser's great merchantmen sailed down the Boompjes Graacht and anchored at his very front door, and the sight of strange creatures all nimbleness, earrings, and grins, and the pungent smell of the sea, suggesting unknown lands, filled Laurens de Keyser's mind with wild longings for — he hardly knew what.

"Let me see the world, father, sow my wild oats, come back and be a worthy progenitor of the De Keysers," Laurens urged. This being an innovation on family traditions, young Laurens staid where he was, and became a thorn in Mynheer's flesh.

Instead of writing in the ponderous ledgers, he drew fantastic pictures of young females on the precious office paper — young females not without interest to the other clerks, but at sight of whom Mynheer de Keyser and his head bookkeeper shuddered. If it be added that Laurens owned a guitar and sang songs which made the respectable echoes of the old house moan and quake to have to perpetuate anything so lively, it will be acknowledged that as a De Keyser he was a failure.

He smiled as he folded up Mynheer's letter and murmured, "A nice young person you must be, Mistress Mettje." Then full of visions of compromise he knocked at his father's door.

"What do you want, Laurens? More money, more time for idleness, eh?"

The great De Keyser sat in a cubby-hole surrounded by dusty shelves laden with fly-blown bottles of ancient samples of everything under heaven. Mynheer sat at a shabby desk beside a window that had an unwashed view of brick area, and one other chair constituted the furniture of this apartment.

"THE GREAT DE KEYSER SAT IN A CUBBY-HOLE."

"By no means, father. Here is a letter from Mynheer van Steen."

"About what?"

"Herrings, currants, brown sugar, and" — here Laurens looked encouragingly at his father — "well, yes, and love."

"Love? What do you mean?"

"Just what I say. Now, father, let us take it easily and comfortably." And to begin Laurens sat himself astride the chair, folded his arms on the back, and smiled.

"It seems, my dear father, while I am pining for freedom you are seeking bondage — every one to his taste! It is not every son who would gracefully, nay joyously, receive a new mother, but I will do so if —"

"If what?"

"If you will let me go away from here. Give me a little freedom. I have never seen

METTJE.

the world. I know nothing, I hear nothing. In a general way, I suppose, God made the world for a De Keyser to trade in, and he made people for a De Keyser to trade with. But, father," he added confidingly, "I am so deadly tired of being a De Keyser; I should like a change."

"And this is the son I have brought into the world!" was all Mynheer could utter.

Laurens nodded and sighed. "I wish sometimes you had brought some one else into the world."

"And you dare to suggest a bargain with me? Your freedom for mine, indeed! I wish you to understand that if I choose to marry again you have nothing whatever to say about it."

"But, father, if I go away you will have plain sailing, and if I stay she might draw comparisons — and, after all, father, you have been younger."

"Younger! That I have lived to see this day!"

"I am very glad of it, I am sure, but supposing that Mevrouw should fall in love with — me?"

Mynheer turned livid with rage. "Go to the devil! Leave my house! I can get on without you; see if you can get on without me!"

"Do you really mean it, father?" And Laurens rose to his feet.

"Go to the devil!"

"Ultimately perhaps, but I mean to stop at one or two places on the way. Good-by, father"; and young Laurens stepped briskly over the threshold and departed from out of the presence of Mynheer.

III.

THERE had been times of great public commotion in Sippken. The Spaniards in their day had clattered over the highway, and Duke Alva had passed a night in the old town house in the market-place; but even these circumstances were not so remarkable as to see a young and able-bodied man sitting on a milking-stool in the meadow sketching one of Mynheer van Steen's cows. That any one should do anything but milk a cow was so absurd that the cow was apparently struck by it, for she paused in the chewing of her cud to contemplate the artist. In this she was joined by a small urchin sent to recover the milking-stool, followed by the dairy-maid, a buxom wench in clogs, and on her head a tight, white cap with gold ornaments dangling against her temples.

"Quick, Peter, fetch the Jufrow," she whispered in open-mouthed wonder.

The message reached Mistress Mettje thus: "Quick, Jufrow! something is happening to Brigitta the cow in the meadow."

Mynheer was just taking his afternoon nap when Mettje roused him:

"Father, come down to the meadow; something has happened to our Brigitta." And before he could ask a question she was gone.

Mynheer yawned grievously, took down a rusty old sword, put on his cocked hat, and passed majestically through the kitchen garden to the meadow where danger threatened Brigitta the cow.

"What are you doing to my cow, young man?" he asked, heroically. For the first time the villain looked up at sight of Mynheer and his drawn sword.

"Making a picture of her—if you don't mind."

"Picture of a cow? Bless my soul, what nonsense! What 'll you do with it, eh?"

"Look at it, Mynheer."

"Look at the picture of a cow! What for? You can't cook it or milk it."

"Perhaps I might sell it."

"Sell it! Who 'd buy a picture of a cow when he can buy a real one? Listen, Mettje, sell a picture of a cow!" And here he laughed loud and long, while the artist turned hastily about and discovered three hitherto unperceived critics — a small urchin, a fat servant, and the very sweetest young maid in the world, who gazed at him in the most charming surprise. He had a glimpse of brown eyes and chestnut hair, all gold in the ripples, a silver-gray gown dashed with blush-roses, a narrow black velvet about the white throat, and a full sleeve that showed the fairest round arm.

To be laughed at in her presence was not to be borne. He sprung to his feet, kicked over the milking-stool, clutched his sketch, and with a hasty "Pardon my trespassing, Mynheer" turned away just as Mynheer added, with renewed enjoyment:

"Mettje, paint a cow; sell a painted cow! O Nicodemus de Keyser, what would you say to this?"

The artist of the cow turned to catch a last glimpse of young Mettje. He saw the dimple fade out of her cheek, and she sighed.

"Mettje! Sippken! Mynheer de Keyser, to be sure," he thought, filled with wonder and resentment. "Are you Mynheer van Steen?" he asked with sudden interest.

"Truly. I am Hendrick van Steen, Burgomeister of Sippken, young man. But I don't think you have done Brigitta any lasting harm; so do not be alarmed."

"Then you must know old De Keyser of Rotterdam."

"I know the great Mynheer de Keyser," he replied solemnly, resenting the familiarity of this painter of cows. "May I ask who you are, sir?"

"Well, I — I am his son's very — yes, his very dearest friend."

"A very unworthy young man he is, I have heard — Mettje, don't pull at my coat. Still, he is a De Keyser. As such he will be related to us some day through my daughter Mettje here, the promised wife of Mynheer de Keyser."

The artist of the cow bowed low and Mettje blushed and dropped a shy courtesy, while the dairy-maid admired this slim and limber young Mynheer.

"And what may your name be, young man?"

"My name, Mynheer? Oh, yes, I — I quite forgot. It is Zachary Jansen of Rotterdam, at your service."

It appeared that Zachary Jansen had a letter of introduction to Mynheer from Laurens De Keyser, and he brought it to him the very next day. "He is my best and dearest friend, and any kindness you may show to him you show to me," the letter read.

Sippken was a sleepy, prosperous Dutch town eddying about a grass-grown market-place where stood the town pump. The canal that flowed through Sippken to Rotterdam was bordered on each side by a neat row of linden trees and the tidiest of houses, each with a different gable and all having green front doors and brass knockers. An occasional canal-boat, pulled by a heavy, plodding horse, touched the stillness with a suggestion of life. A sybarite could yearn for no greater comfort than to sail on a *trekschuit* with its cozy cabin, lace curtains to the windows, plants on the sills, easy chairs on deck, and a faint line of smoke curling out of a chimney to promise culinary possibilities.

"SELL A PICTURE OF A COW!"

"Haste hastens life," Mynheer liked to say; nevertheless as a rich Dutch merchant he set up a canal-boat of his own with a big, philosophic horse to trundle it down the stream, and so resigned himself to travel at the rate of a mile an hour and hoped it might not be tempting Divine Providence. However, Mynheer had never dallied with the Fates farther than six miles beyond Sippken. On that occasion, well wrapped up, with a glass of hot grog at his elbow, a bottle of gin on the table, a pipe in his mouth, and a box of hot charcoal under his feet, so had he traveled down the canal all alone to Arndt. Having seen that the rest of the world was a good deal like Sippken he returned and never again succumbed to wild yearnings for change; but it was owing to his heroic energy that he was unanimously chosen Burgomeister of Sippken in the face of no less a rival than Nicholas de Groot.

IV.

ZACHARY JANSEN was invited to visit Mynheer van Steen, and old Jaspar went over to the "Blue Elephant" to fetch his belongings. He returned with a varied collection, among them even a guitar tied with blue ribbons, which caused considerable consternation to the maid who did the chamberwork: even Mettje was perplexed until Aunt Jetta explained. Out of the ashes of remembrance she produced a faint glow.

JASPAR.

"I once knew a young Mynheer who played on just such a thing under my window," she sighed.

"What for?" Mettje asked in surprise.

"To tell me, my dear child, that—ah—that he loved me."

"Does playing on that always mean that a young Mynheer is in love?" Mettje spoke with evident anxiety.

"Yes, nearly always."

"Why did he play outside of the window? He might have taken cold."

"He never did recover." And Aunt Jetta sighed heavily.

"Of what, poor aunt?"

"You see, child, your grandfather was deaf, a man of violent passion, sudden purpose, and he lived only for his tulips. One night he thought he heard something move among them—"

"Dear Aunt Jetta!"

"He turned the watering-pot on them—on him. He was drenched—he died."

"From the shock, dear Aunt Jetta, that night?"

"Not quite." Aunt Jetta heaved a sigh. "It was thirty years after, but I always felt sure it was the cause of his death." And she dusted the guitar and felt a gentle interest in young Zachary.

"I wonder if any one has played before Billa's window?" Mettje mused.

Billa de Groot was her dearest friend and the most enterprising young person in Sippken. She had been to Rotterdam, from which she brought fashions that made Sippken groan. One day a coffin-shaped box came by canal-boat and was borne into the De Groot house. Immediately after awful sounds broke the stillness, so that worthy burghers in passing paused and shook their heads. It was said that these sounds had a great deal to do with defeating Nicholas de Groot's heart desire to be Burgomeister of Sippken.

Mynheer de Groot had little to say in his own house, and that saved him a great deal of exertion. He liked to smoke his long clay pipe, sit at the window and watch the canal-boats pass, and he rejoiced to think that he was not in one. Mynheer was not so grateful for what he had in life as for what he avoided. Sometimes when he had the energy he wished some one would kindly marry Jufrow Billa and take her and her piano away; and just when it did seem to him as if no one would relieve him of Billa, the maid one afternoon ushered Mynheer van Steen into the sitting-room.

"What?" Mynheer de Groot murmured.

"Yes," said Mynheer van Steen. Then there was a long pause during which Billa's father took a short nap, from which he was aroused by these extraordinary words: "Will you bestow on me the hand of Jufrow Billa? I shall be very lonely if ever Mettje gets married."

"Do you mean it?" Mynheer de Groot asked tremulously. Mynheer van Steen to marry Billa—and the piano. "My dear friend, my dearest friend, take her, and God bless you"; and he spoke hurriedly for the first time in his life. Then it occurred to them to notify Jufrow Billa of her good fortune.

The piano was still sounding overhead. The two old gentlemen shuddered at the harmonies, and Mynheer gazed at the bold suitor with a wan smile.

"Don't be alarmed. I have no fear. We will change all that. The late Mevrouw van Steen obeyed me like a—a lamb."

Mynheer de Groot vanished, the piano stopped with a crash, but in hardly more than a moment he reappeared, quivering, undone; even his lower lip trembled.

"What ails you? Where is your daughter?"

"My dear, dear friend." Here he dropped into the nearest chair and groaned.

"What—speak out."

"It—it—cannot be."

"What are you talking about?"

"Billa — dear God in heaven, that I should have to say it! Billa — will — not."

What, he, Hendrik van Steen jilted—tossed aside by a fool of a girl?

Mynheer spoke never a word more, but he seized his cocked hat and cane, slammed the door behind him and vowed vengeance, and the first thing he did was to be elected Burgomeister of Sippken in opposition to Nicholas de Groot.

V.

Mynheer Zachary was a great acquisition, and he made himself infinitely agreeable. As he had great tact and unlimited spare time, he talked with Mynheer about investments, herrings, and De Keyser; with Aunt Jetta about poetry and cooking (for she loved both); and he helped Jufrow Mettje to water the plants and cut the fruit in the kitchen garden.

Dare to say there is no sentiment in a kitchen garden! Did not Mettje sit on the bench under a peach tree and stare at a fat yellow pumpkin and feel that her heart was breaking?

Strange to say, every afternoon before this, while the Burgomeister took his afternoon nap and Aunt Jetta's front reposed on a bust without features, Mettje with her garden basket on her arm met Zachary in the kitchen garden and he helped her to gather — the vegetables. No sentiment, indeed! Why, a field of vegetables is as full of poetry as the desolate moors. O Teltower turnips and tender carrots, Brussels sprouts, poetry of cabbage, melons in golden ripeness, and great black grapes with a purple blush! Pumpkins heavy but precious, yellow pears mellowing in the sun, and peaches as rosy as Mettje's cheeks. No sentiment, indeed! There was even shadow to bring the sunlight into relief, for Mettje's heart was heavy for Zachary. Well, Zachary did not come.

Mynheer van Steen, who abhorred music, was awakened the very next afternoon by the tinkle of a guitar. At first he thought it was an aggressive fly, but at last he traced the obnoxious sound to Mynheer Zachary's chamber overhead, and when that sinner strolled in for his afternoon cup of tea Mynheer remarked that he should advise his young friend to cultivate the acquaintance of Billa de Groot, as she made just the same damnable noise.

Then the awful secret was divulged, and Mettje heard it.

"Jufrow de Groot, my old friend from Rotterdam? I have seen her very often since I came here. She played to me yesterday afternoon."

Here Mettje's hand shook so as she passed the tea-cup to Zachary that it played a tune of its own on the saucer. So while she had waited in vain in the kitchen garden he was leaning over that dreadful box on spindle legs and gazing into Billa's eyes!

Here Mettje hid behind the tea-kettle and was very wretched. Just then Zachary asked for more tea, and as he held out his cup he tried very artfully to touch her slim fingers with his own. I do not say that he had never before succeeded, only this time Mettje drew herself up with great dignity. But when she returned the cup he looked so reproachfully, so beseechingly at her, that she wished she had taken firmer hold of the saucer even at the risk of meeting the hurried touch of his hand, for it fell with a crash and inundated the tea-caddy, the cookies, the dish of rock-candy, and the sacred tea-cloth, and just then the maid came in with a letter which she placed at Mynheer's side on the window-sill. Then like a crack of doom sounded his voice:

"Mettje, my child, rejoice. Mynheer de Keyser is coming next week. In the meantime he sends you the expression of his profound esteem."

With one accord Mettje's eyes met Zachary's. She forgot her anger and pain, everything but that this was the end, and the roses faded out of her cheeks and her lips trembled.

"Aha, young man, you will meet Mynheer under particularly pleasing circumstances. He shall help you at my recommendation." And all day long Mynheer went about the house murmuring, "Nicodemus, Nicodemus de Keyser, my son-in-law." He put his nose into every pot and pan, and was discovered shining the little mirror in the guest room with the tail of his dressing-gown. In short, his one thought was to make everything worthy of the illustrious advent of Nicodemus de Keyser.

In the midst of the expectant joy young Zachary's face wore a look of profound gloom, so that at last the Burgomeister remonstrated.

"What ails you, young man? Be happy; Mynheer de Keyser is coming."

Here Zachary groaned, and leaned against the table and played a tattoo on the shining mahogany. "The truth is, I must go away."

"Oh, is that all?"

"All!"

"Well, you could not expect to stay forever: the best of friends must part." At this juncture Mynheer burst into a gruff "Haw! haw!" while Zachary stared at him in surprise.

"Young man, do you think that I am a fool? Don't you suppose I know that something ails you? Shall I guess?"

"Guess!"

"Think I am blind, eh? Well, not of late years! Young man, you are — ha! ha! — in love."

"In love, Mynheer?"

"Such things have happened before — it 's no crime." And here he wagged his old head.

"You are right"; and Zachary appeared resigned. "I am in love."

"So while she played 'Bang, bang, bang' and you 'Twang, twang, twang,' Cupid flew between, eh? Why to Heaven, you fool, don't you speak to her — marry her?"

Zachary seated himself in the nearest chair and contemplated his worthy friend.

"Marry her? That 's not so easy."

"Does n't she know?"

Zachary shook his head.

"Of course she knows; I thought so. Then, in Heaven's name, of what are you afraid?"

"Well, of — her father."

"Of her father? A nice lover you! Don't be a milksop! There, we 'll speak without sentiment. I know the young person, and I have reason to believe that her father is dying to get rid of her. He loves her, of course, but still she is too lively for him. Here is your chance."

"But, Mynheer, I have neither money nor position."

"Bah! He has enough for all. Listen. What is done cannot be undone."

"I know, but I do not see the connection."

"She is his only child; he will forgive her even if she marries you against his will. He must relent — I will intercede." And Mynheer slapped his honest breast.

"I AM NICODEMUS DE KEYSER."

Zachary leaned back and gazed at him with sparkling eyes.

"So you advise me to — to —"

"I advise nothing. All I say is, the inevitable cannot be undone, and he will relent."

"But the going — that is not so easy."

"Listen, Zachary. I will give you a proof of my friendship. You shall have my *trekschuit*, Jaspar, and the horse whenever you wish. Jaspar shall ask no questions; he rarely speaks, and he never thinks."

"My more than father! Who would have thought to find so much sentiment in so serious a man?"

"Sentiment? I believe you. Wait until you see the *trekschuit* and the little cupboards for rum and gin, and a charcoal stove. Nothing wanting — all my own inventions. True sentiment remembers that man must eat and drink. God bless you, my boy. The boat shall be ready whenever you are."

This being a true history, I must confess that no sooner was Zachary in the corridor than he seemed to shake to pieces with suppressed laughter, while on the other side of the door Mynheer sank back in his arm-chair and roared until the tears rolled down his fat cheeks.

"And so the piano was too much for you, Nicholas de Groot? Now we shall see how you like that other damnable instrument; and this time, Mynheer, it is—ha! ha!—forever."

The next day Zachary confided to his benevolent friend that he was ready.

"Ah, you sly dog, when do you want the *trekschuit?* You see I am a man of my word."

"At five o'clock to-morrow morning."

"Five o'clock!" Mynheer cried in dismay. "Why, old Jaspar never got up at five o'clock in his life. He could n't and he would n't."

"Shall my life's happiness wreck on old Jaspar?" Zachary demanded with some resentment.

"Why at five? Make it nine."

"We shall get no start. If we go at five no one but you will know, and when they miss us about ten o'clock, why, don't you see there is n't a horse in Sippken fast enough to overtake us?"

"That is true. I will do more. I will bribe Jaspar: he shall have a new snuff-box. But one thing I cannot do: I cannot see you off."

"God forbid!" Zachary cried in alarm. "That would n't do at all."

"Well, then, God be with you! We 've all been young in our day. Aha, you sly rogue, you!"

VI.

THE eventful day dawned like any other day except that Mettje had a headache, so Aunt Jetta said. Mynheer shook his head in disapproval and ate his breakfast in silence. He ate five meals in marked displeasure, and after a hearty supper he and Aunt Jetta sat down for their nightly game of cards.

"I am glad, Jetta, when Mynheer de Keyser takes the child off my hands," he cried irritably.

"Did it ever occur to you that Mynheer is a little old for Mettje?"

"Old? Jetta, do you want to make me angry?" And down he flung his cards.

"Yes, old," Aunt Jetta repeated stoutly. "There, take up your cards and play."

"I tell you a De Keyser is never old."

"Very well, then; he has been younger. She will never love him."

"Love—love? Did I ever love Mevrouw? Never! But did n't we live in peace and comfort?"

"You did."

"Will you hold your tongue, Jetta?"

"There, yes, I 'll stop. Take up your cards and play."

Mynheer obeyed, though boiling with rage; but as he had good cards the wrath in his face gave way to a look of pleasing excitement, in the midst of which some one knocked with the knocker against the front door.

"Some one to see Mynheer," the maid announced briefly.

"This is no time to come. Can't see any one." And Mynheer did not even look up from his cards.

"Shall I tell him to wait, Mynheer?"

"Tell him to go to the devil. No, tell him to wait. I am busy just now."

"He looks accustomed to waiting," the handmaid volunteered, and departed. Mynheer played on. Half an hour passed, the luck began to turn, and Mynheer lost his temper. The door opened once more. "If you please, Mynheer, he is still waiting. He would be glad if—"

"Get out! Tell him pretty soon. Impudent beggar. Beggar, is n't he?"

"Probably, Mynheer. He is shabby enough."

"Tell him to come to-morrow," Mynheer commanded petulantly, and continued to play until there came another knock at the door.

"Come in, and be hanged!" he roared, and dashed his cards on the table until everything shook.

On the threshold appeared a little old man in shabby clothes, faded and snuff-strewn. He held a cocked hat under his arm, and he looked inquiringly at Mynheer.

"How dare you disturb me? What do you want? Did n't I tell you to come to-morrow? Am I to have no peace in life—am I always to be pestered? What—what—who—who?" Mynheer gasped, deprived of breath.

The little ancient man came a step nearer. "I am anxious to speak to you. I have something of importance to say and to find out—"

"The old story!" Mynheer cried, in unrepressed scorn. "What is your name?"

"Pardon my forgetfulness. I forgot—as people always know me. I am Nicodemus de Keyser of Rotterdam."

Mynheer van Steen was prostrated. Even Aunt Jetta stared at the stranger quite aghast.

"I came sooner than you expected for certain reasons."

"Heavenly powers!" moaned Mynheer van Steen. Here he revived, leaped to his feet, flung his arms about the struggling visitor, and kissed him on the top of his wig.

"Nicodemus de Keyser, the great, the rich De Keyser, so to receive a De Keyser!" Whereupon he thrust him into his own armchair, placed a cricket under his feet, then with a flash of inspiration he cried:

"Call Mettje. She is longing to see Mynheer. Hurry, Jetta!"

"Hendrik, do not forget that she is ill," Aunt Jetta remonstrated, and folded her hands on her knees; but the great De Keyser interposed shortly, "First disagreeables, then pleasures. Sit down, Mynheer; you make me nervous. I have reasons for coming without notice and not giving my name. You may know that I have a son."

Mynheer bowed with respectful commiseration.

"He has run away. We parted in anger. He was traced to Sippken. Has he been here? I must see him — speak to him."

"No, he has not been here; only a very pleasing young friend of his who brought me a warm letter of introduction from your son. To be recommended by a De Keyser is sufficient; this humble abode has been his home for three weeks. Perhaps you may know him — Zachary Jansen of Rotterdam."

"Never heard of him. Where is he now?"

"Ha! ha! a sly young dog. I have reason to believe that he has gone on a pleasure excursion, in what I guess to be rather pleasant company. You understand, Mynheer; but boys will be boys — ha, ha!"

"Describe this reprobate to me, you old fool!" Mynheer de Keyser roared.

Mynheer van Steen quaked. A terrible illumination broke upon him, and it was Aunt Jetta who placed a neat silhouette before Mynheer de Keyser.

"That is Zachary: he had it cut for me at the 'kirmess' last week," she explained.

"As I thought — my son."

Mynheer van Steen grew faint with rage as he thought how he had helped Jufrow de Groot to a De Keyser, no matter how unworthy.

"And is it this young man who is taking a country excursion with — oh!" the indignant father cried, and strode up and down the room.

"Call Mettje! She must come, Jetta; I tell you she must come," Mynheer cried. He would lighten the blow by producing a counter attraction. "Yes, you shall see Mettje! Forget this wretched young man. I will fetch her."

"Hendrik, consider she is ill." And Aunt Jetta barred the way.

"Let me pass!"

"Then in God's name!" And the old lady sunk into the nearest chair and grasped the arms for support.

"Something awful is going to happen. O Mynheer de Keyser! consider, be merciful. She was too young for you."

"What are you all talking about! Are you all mad?" But before she could explain Mynheer burst into the room, an open letter in one hand and a dripping candle in the other.

"Mynheer de Keyser," was all he could say as he fell into a chair and dropped the candle on the floor. "Read."

"My dear father," Mynheer de Keyser read, "forgive me — I love him — I cannot live without him — when this reaches you I — I shall be the happiest girl in Holland, for I shall be the wife of Laurens de Keyser."

"Mynheer van Steen, how is this? You knew that my son had eloped with your daughter?"

"Oh no, no!" Mynheer groaned. "It is a horrible mistake. I thought — I had reason to think he loved Jufrow de Groot. It was she I suspected — and she has been missing all day"; and he held his head in his hands and rocked to and fro.

Just then Jaspar looked cheerfully in at the door. "I 've come back, Mynheer. Mynheer Zachary sends his love and his best thanks. He said it was the happiest day of his life; so did the Jufrow."

"Jufrow — what Jufrow?"

"Why, Jufrow Mettje, of course."

"Blockhead! And you let your master's daughter run away in a boat with this villain and you did n't try to bring her back, even if — if you had to knock him down?"

This was too much for old Jaspar.

"Did n't you tell me to take no notice?" he demanded in righteous resentment. "Did you not say to me, 'Whatever you see or hear, Jaspar, don't be surprised. Don't ask questions, don't notice the young folks. It is all right.' And I will say it was pretty hard not to be surprised when I saw Mynheer Zachary lift Jufrow Mettje into the boat. She was all rosy red and ready to cry, but young Mynheer kissed her and I heard him say: 'It 's all your dear father's doing. If it had n't been for him we never should have got away. So you see it is God's will, Mettje.' So she wiped her eyes and was very happy."

"It 's all a lie!" Mynheer shouted, but Jaspar's composure was not to be ruffled.

"And, if you please, here 's a letter from Mynheer Zachary," he added, and departed.

The letter was addressed to Mynheer de Keyser when he should arrive in Sippken.

"Later, Mynheer, you will explain to me your connection with this wretched affair," he said sternly, and then he opened the letter.

My dear father [Laurens wrote], you were very unwise not to take my advice. Had you granted me my wish, Mettje, instead of being my dear wife, as she will be when this reaches you, would have been my revered mother. If you knew my enchanting Mettje you would understand that I prefer her in her present character. You must know I strayed to Sippken out of sheer idleness, and I was besides curious to see the young person who was willing to be my step-mother. The first thing I did was to fall in love with her. It is not my fault: it is Mettje's, and even you will forgive when you see her. After all, she remains in the family, and that is a great thing. Above everything thank Mynheer van Steen for the happiness he has conferred upon us. Without his aid Mettje and I would still be pining in Sippken, and instead we are sitting side by side in the snuggest cabin in the world, and Mettje's head is on my shoulder. O father, if you could only see the roses in Mettje's cheeks! Tell Mynheer that the cupboards were all he described—he was too thoughtful! The gin was particularly good — good as the advice and help of Jufrow de Groot, which, next to his own, helped to support Mettje and me in this trial. Had I not already chosen Mettje, I might have followed his excellent counsel and taken Jufrow de Groot, but even Mettje thought we'd best not change our plans. It is the loveliest morning that ever dawned—made just for Mettje and me. As soon as I have sealed this letter I shall send it back by Jaspar and the boat. Father, don't say that I did not warn you! I said she might fall in love with me—and I have just asked her. She looked up at me with her brown eyes and then she hid her sunny head on my breast and said—Father, pray forgive the blots, for I dropped the pen to—no matter! You were once young yourself and courted Mevrouw, my dear mother, and you know how it is. Forgive me, and some day open your heart again. You have had your romance, probably; forgive me mine. If you only knew what I have to live for now you would believe me when I say that from this day I shall be another man.

LAURENS DE KEYSER.

Mynheer de Keyser slowly folded the letter and gazed in profound scorn at the Burgomeister. The pause that followed was simply appalling, but Aunt Jetta broke it.

"Mynheer de Keyser," she began quite calmly, "believe me you have escaped a great misfortune. What did you, an old man, want of a young wife? She would have ruined the last of your life. Be grateful that your son saw her before it was too late for you both. You cannot be heart-broken, for you have never seen my niece. To be sure, your son has run away with a pretty girl, but under other circumstances this marriage would have been satisfactory to you. Therefore take my advice, forgive and forget. Return to Rotterdam and receive those children with open arms, and rejoice that your son has chosen the wife of his heart. As for you, brother,"—and Aunt Jetta turned sharply upon him where he sat crushed and subdued,—"you seem the victim of a mistake. I will not try to guess why you wished the charming Billa to run away with a young man of whom you know nothing. As it was Mettje, however, who went instead, I will tell you that I also helped her to escape from a fate an older person would have welcomed." Here Aunt Jetta courtesied and Mynheer de Keyser bowed low. "Consider that, as Laurens says, she remains in the family; and so if Mynheer will graciously forgive, you certainly should, for," Aunt Jetta concluded dryly, "it was all your fault."

"If Mynheer de Keyser will forgive," the Burgomeister faltered.

"After all," said the great De Keyser, "it might have been worse, for I shall not have to worry in future about getting him married. Your sister," he concluded, in an admiring undertone, "is a very sensible person."

Indeed, in the course of a week he found her so much to his taste that when he returned to Rotterdam it was in company with a new Mevrouw de Keyser. To be sure, not the one he went in search of; but, as he said with great satisfaction to Laurens, when that young man returned from his wedding journey with Mevrouw Mettje, it was all right, for they had remained in the family. Thereupon he pinched Mettje's cheeks until the child glowed like a peach, and he pinched his own Mevrouw de Keyser's until she glowed like a winter apple. In the course of time Mynheer Laurens became a famous merchant, and he ended as Burgomeister of Rotterdam. From being slim he grew portly, and when he was in good humor he liked to talk of his travels. The best journey he had ever taken was, he always declared, on a *trekschuit*. "Eh, Mevrouw Mettje?" he would cry, and to her last day Mevrouw always hung her head and blushed.

"What is your opinion, Mettje? Were you ever sorry?"

"No, Mynheer—if you were not."

Anna Eichberg King.

The End

THE OLD BASCOM PLACE.

BY JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS,

Author of "Days and Nights with Uncle Remus," "Free Joe," etc.

IV.

THERE was one individual in Hillsborough who did not give the cold shoulder to Judge Bascom on his return, and that was the negro Jesse, who had been bought by Major Jimmy Bass some years before the war from Merriwether Bascom, a cousin of the Judge. Jesse made no outward demonstration of welcome; he was more practical than that. He merely went to his old master with whom he had been living since he became free, and told him that he was going to find employment elsewhere.

"Why, what in the nation!" exclaimed Major Bass. "Why, what 's the matter, Jess?"

The very idea was preposterous. In the Bass household the negro was almost indispensable. He was in the nature of a piece of furniture that holds its own against all fashions and fills a place that nothing else can fill.

"Dey ain't nothin' 't all de matter, Marse Maje. I des took it in my min', like, dat I 'd go off some'r's roun' town en set up fer myse'f," said Jesse, scratching his head in a dubious way. He felt very uncomfortable.

"Has anybody hurt your feelin's, Jess?"

"No, suh! Lord, no suh, dat dey ain't!" exclaimed Jesse, with the emphasis of astonishment. "Nobody ain't pester me."

"Ain't your Miss Sarah been rushin' you roun' too lively fer to suit your notions?"

"No, suh."

"Ain't she been a-quarrelin' after you about your work?"

"No, Marse Maje; she ain't say a word."

"Well, then, Jess, what in the name of common sense are you gwine off fer?" The major wanted to argue the matter.

"I got it in my min', Marse Maje, but I dunno ez I kin git it out straight." Jesse leaned his cane against the house, and placed his hat on the steps, as if preparing for a lengthy and elaborate explanation. "Now den, hit look dis way ter me, des like I 'm gwine ter tell you. I ain't nothin' but a nigger, I know dat mighty well, en nobody don't hafter tell me. I 'm a nigger, en you a white man. You 're a-settin' up dar in de peazzer, en I 'm a-stan'in' down yer on de groun'. I been wid you a long time; you treat me well, you gimme plenty vittles, en you pay me up when you got de money, en I hustle roun' en do de bes' I kin in de house en in de gyarden. Dat de way it been gwine on; bofe un us feel like it all sati'factual. Bimeby it come over me dat maybe I kin do mo' work dan what I been a-doin' en git mo' money. Hit work roun' in my min' dat I better be layin' up somepin' n'er fer de ole 'oman en de chillun."

"Well!" exclaimed Major Bass with a snort. It was all he could say.

"En den ag'in," Jesse went on, "one er de ole fambly done come back 'long wid his daughter. Marse Briscoe Bascom en Miss Mildred dey done come back, en dey ain't got nobody fer ter he'p um out no way; en my ole 'oman she say dat ef I got any fambly feelin' I better go dar whar Marse Briscoe is."

For some time Major Jimmy Bass sat silent. He was shocked and stunned. Finally Jesse picked up his hat and cane and started to go. As he brushed his hat with his coat-sleeve his old master saw that he was rigged out in his Sunday clothes. As he moved away the major called him:

"Oh, Jess!"

"Suh?"

"I allers knowed you was a durned fool, Jess, but I never did know before that you was the durndest fool in the universal world."

Jesse made no reply, and the major went into the house. When he told his wife about Jesse's departure, that active-minded and sharp-tongued lady was very angry.

"Indeed, and I 'm glad of it," she exclaimed as she poured out the major's coffee; "I 'm truly glad of it. For twenty-five years that nigger has been laying around here doing nothing, and we a-paying him. But for pity's sake I 'd 'a' drove him off the lot long ago. You may n't believe it, but that nigger is ready and willing to eat his own weight in vittles every week the Lord sends. I ain't sorry he 's gone, but I 'm sorry I did n't have a chance to give him a piece of my mind. Now, don't you go to blabbing it around, like you do everything else, that Jesse has gone and left us to go with old Briscoe Bascom."

Major Bass said he would n't, and he did n't, and that is the reason he expressed surprise when Joe-Bob Grissom informed him that Jesse was waiting on the old Judge and his daughter. Major Jimmy was talkative and fond of gossip, but he had too much respect for his wife's judgment and discretion to refuse to toe the mark, even when it was an imaginary one.

The Bascom family had no claim whatever on Jesse, but he had often heard his mother and other negroes boasting that they had once belonged to the Bascoms, and his fondness for the family was the result of both tradition and instinct. He had that undefined and undefinable respect for people of quality that is one of the virtues, or possibly one of the failings, of human nature. The nearest approach to people of quality, so far as his experience went, was to be found in the Bascom family, and he had never forgotten that he had belonged to an important branch of it. He held it as a sort of distinction. Feeling thus, it is no wonder that he was ready to leave a comfortable home at Major Jimmy Bass's for the privilege of attaching himself and his fortunes to those of the Judge and his daughter. Jesse made up his mind to take this step as soon as the Bascoms returned to Hillsborough, and he made no delay in carrying out his intentions.

Early one morning, not long after Judge Bascom and his daughter had settled themselves in the modest little house which they had selected because the rent was low, Mildred heard some one cutting wood in the yard. Opening her window blinds a little, she saw that the ax was wielded by a stalwart negro a little past middle age. Her father was walking up and down the sidewalk on the outside with his hands behind him, and seemed to be talking to himself.

A little while afterwards Mildred went into the kitchen. She found a fire burning in the stove, and everything in noticeably good order, but the girl she had employed to help her about the house was nowhere to be seen. Whereupon the young lady called her —

"Elvira!"

At this the negro dropped his ax and went to the kitchen.

"Howdy, Mistiss?"

"Have you seen Elvira?" Mildred asked.

"Yes 'm, she wuz hangin' roun' yer when I come roun' dis mornin'. I went in dar, ma'm, en I see how de kitchen wuz all messed up, en den I sent her off. She de mos' no 'countest nigger gal what I ever laid my two eyes on. I 'm name' Jesse, ma'm, en I use' ter b'long ter de Bascom fambly when I wuz a boy. Is you ready fer breakfus, Mistiss?"

"Has my father — has Judge Bascom employed you?" Mildred asked. Jesse laughed as though enjoying a good joke.

"No 'm, dat he ain't! I des come my own se'f, kaze I know'd in reason you wuz gwine ter be in needance er somebody. Lord, no 'm, none er de Bascoms don't hafter hire me, ma'm."

"And who told you to send Elvira away?" Mildred inquired, half vexed and half amused.

"Nobody ain't tell me, ma'm," Jesse replied. "When I come she wuz des settin' in dar by de stove noddin', en de whole kitchen look like it been tored up by a harrycane. I des shuck her up, I did, en tell her dat if dat de way she gwine do, she better go 'long back en stay wid her mammy."

"Well, you are very meddlesome," said Mildred. "I don't understand you at all. Who is going to cook breakfast?"

"Mistiss, I done tell you dat breakfus is all ready en a-waitin'," exclaimed Jesse in an injured tone. "I made dat gal set de table, en dey ain't nothin' ter do but put de vittles on it."

It turned out to be a very good breakfast, too, such as it was. Jesse thought while he was preparing it that it was a very small allowance for two hearty persons. But the secret of its scantiness cropped out while the Judge and his daughter were eating.

"These biscuits are very well cooked. But there are too many of them. My daughter, we must pinch and save; it will only be for a little while. We must have the old Place back; we must rake and scrape, and save money and buy it back. And this coffee is very good, too," he went on; "it has quite the old flavor. I thought the girl was too young, but she 's a good cook — a very good cook indeed."

Jesse, who had taken his stand behind the Judge's chair, arrayed in a snow-white apron, moved his body uneasily from one foot to the other. Mildred, glad to change the conversation, told her father about Jesse.

"Ah, yes," said Judge Bascom, in his kindly, patronizing way; "I saw him in the yard. And he used to belong to the Bascoms? Well, well, it must have been a long time ago. This is Jesse behind me? Stand out there, Jesse, and let me look at you. Ah, yes, a likely negro; a very likely negro indeed. And what Bascom did you belong to, Jesse? Merriwether Bascom! Why, to be sure; why, certainly!" the Judge continued with as much animation as his feebleness would admit of. "Why, of course, Merriwether Bascom. Well, well, I remember him distinctly. A rough-and-tumble sort of man he was, fighting, gambling, horse-racing, always on the wing. A good man at bottom, but wild. And so you belonged to Merriwether Bascom? Well, boy, once a Bascom always a Bascom. We 'll have the old Place back, Jesse, we 'll have it back: but we must pinch ourselves; we must save."

Thus the old Judge rambled on in his talk. But no matter what the subject, no matter how far his memory and his experiences carried him away from the present, he was sure to return to the old Place at last. He must have it back. Every thought, every idea, was subordinate to this. He brooded over it and talked of it waking, and he dreamed of it sleeping. It was the one thought that dominated every other. Money must be saved, the old Place must be bought, and to that end everything must tend. The more his daughter economized the more he urged her to economize. His earnestness and enthusiasm impressed and influenced the young girl in a larger measure than she would have been willing to acknowledge, and unconsciously she found herself looking forward to the day when her father and herself would be able to call the Bascom Place their own. In the Judge the thought was the delusion of old age, in the maiden it was the dream of youth; and pardonable, perhaps, in both.

Their hopes and desires running thus in one channel, they loved to wander of an evening in the neighborhood of the old Place—it was just in the outskirts of the town — and long for the time when they should take possession of their home. On these occasions Mildred, by way of interesting her father, would suggest changes to be made.

"The barn is painted red," she would say. "I think olive green would be prettier."

"No," the Judge would reply; "we will have the barn removed. It was not there in my time. It is an innovation. We will have it moved a mile away from the house. We will make many changes. There are hundreds of acres in the meadow yonder that ought to be in cotton. In my time we tried to kill grass, but this man is doing his best to propagate it. Look at that field of Bermuda there. Two years of hard work will be required to get the grass out."

Once while the Judge and his daughter were passing by the old Place they met Prince, the mastiff, in the road. The great dog looked at the young lady with kindly eyes, and expressed his approval by wagging his tail. Then he approached and allowed her to fondle his lion-like head, and walked by her side, responding to her talk in a dumb but eloquent way. Prince evidently thought that the young lady and her father were going in the avenue gate and to the house, for when they got nearly opposite, the dog trotted on ahead, looking back occasionally, as if by that means to extend them an invitation and to assure them that they were welcome. At the gate he stopped and turned around, and seeing that the fair lady and the old gentleman were going by, he dropped his bulky body on the ground in a disconsolate way and watched them as they passed down the street.

The next afternoon Prince made it a point to watch for the young lady; and when she and her father appeared in sight he ran to meet them and cut up such unusual capers, barking and running around, that his master went down the avenue to see what the trouble was. Mr. Underwood took off his hat as Judge Bascom and his daughter drew near.

"This is Judge Bascom, I presume," he said. "My name is Underwood. I am glad to meet you."

"This is my daughter, Mr. Underwood," said the Judge, bowing with great dignity.

"My dog has paid you a great compliment, Miss Bascom," said Francis Underwood. "He makes few friends, and I have never before seen him sacrifice his dignity to his enthusiasm."

"I feel highly flattered by his attentions," said Mildred, laughing. "I have read somewhere, or heard it said, that the instincts of a little child and a dog are unerring."

"I imagine," said the Judge, in his dignified way, "that instinct has little to do with the matter. I prefer to believe"— He paused a moment, looked at Underwood, and laid his hand on the young man's stalwart shoulder. "Did you know, sir," he went on, "that this place, all these lands, once belonged to me?" His dignity had vanished, his whole attitude changed. The pathos in his voice, which was suggested rather than expressed, swept away whatever astonishment Francis Underwood might have felt. The young man looked at the Judge's daughter and their eyes met. In that one glance, transitory though it was, he found his cue; in her lustrous eyes, proud yet appealing, he read a history of trouble and sacrifice.

"Yes," Underwood replied, in a matter-of-fact way. "I knew the place once belonged to you, and I have been somewhat proud of the fact. We still call it the Bascom Place, you know."

"I should think so!" exclaimed the Judge, bridling up a little; "I should think so! Pray what else could it be called?"

"Well, it might have been called Grasslands, you know, or The Poplars, but somehow the old name seemed to suit it best. I like to think of it as the Bascom Place."

"You are right, sir," said the Judge with emphasis; "you are right, sir. It is the Bascom Place. All the powers of earth cannot strip us of our name."

Again Underwood looked at the young girl, and again he read in her shining but apprehensive eyes the answer he should make.

"I have been compelled to add some conveniences — I will not call them improvements — and I have made some repairs, but I have tried to preserve the main and familiar features of the Place."

"But the barn there; that is not where it should be. It should be a mile away — on the creek."

"That would improve appearances, no doubt; but if you were compelled to get out at four or five o'clock in the morning and see to the milking of twelve or fifteen cows, I dare say you would wish the barn even nearer than it is."

"Yes, yes, I suppose so," responded the Judge; "yes, no doubt. But it was not there in my time — not in my time."

"I have some very fine cows," Underwood went on. "Won't you go in and look at them? I think they would interest Miss Bascom, and my sister would be glad to meet her. Won't you go in, sir, and look at the old house?"

The Judge turned his pale and wrinkled face towards his old home.

"No," he said, "not now. I thank you very much. I — somehow — no, sir, I cannot go now."

His hand shook as he raised it to his face, and his lips trembled as he spoke.

"Let us go home, daughter," he said after a while. "We have walked far enough." He bowed to young Underwood, and Mildred bade him good-bye with a troubled smile.

Prince went with them a little way down the street. He walked by the side of the lady, and her pretty hand rested lightly on the dog's massive head. It was a beautiful picture, Underwood thought, as he stood watching them pass out of sight.

"You are a lucky dog," he said to Prince when the latter came back, "but you don't appreciate your privileges. If you did you would have gone home with that lovely woman." Prince wagged his tail, but it is doubtful if he fully understood the remark.

V.

One Sunday morning as Major Jimmy Bass was shaving himself, he heard a knock at the back door. The major had his coat and waistcoat off and his suspenders were hanging around his hips. He was applying the lather for the last time, and the knocking was so sudden and so unexpected that he rubbed the shaving-brush in one of his eyes. He began to make some remarks which, however appropriate they may have been to the occasion, could not be reported here with propriety. But in the midst of his indignant monologue he remembered that the knocking might have proceeded from some of Mrs. Bass's lady friends who frequently made a descent on the premises in that direction for the purpose of borrowing a cupful of sugar or coffee in a social way. These considerations acted as powerful brakes on the conversation that Major Bass was carrying on with some imaginary foe. Holding a towel to his smarting eye, he peeped from his room door and looked down the hall. The back door was open, but he could see no one.

"Who was that knocking?" he cried. "I 'll go one eye on you anyways."

"'T ain't nobody but me, Marse Maje," came the response from the door.

"Is that you, Jess?" exclaimed the major. "Well, pleg-take your hide to the pleg-taked nation! A little more an' you 'd 'a' made me cut my th'oat from year to year; an' as it is, I 've jest about got enough soap in my eye fer to do a day's washin'."

"Is you shavin' yourse'f, Marse Maje?" asked Jesse, diplomatically.

"That I am," replied the major with emphasis. "I allers was independent of white folks, an' sence you pulled up your stakes an' took up wi' the quality I 'm about independent of the niggers. An' it 's mighty quare to me," the major went on, "that you 'd leave your high an' mighty people long enough fer to come a-bangin' an' makin' me put out my eyes. Why, ef I 'd 'a' had my razor out, I 'll be boun' you 'd made me cut my th'oat, an' much good may it 'a' done you."

"Name er goodness, Marse Maje," protested Jesse, "what make you go on dat a-way? Ef I 'd 'a' knowed you wuz busy in dar I 'd 'a' set out yer in de sun en waited twel you got thoo."

"Yes," said the major in a sarcastic but somewhat mollified tone, "you 'd 'a' sot out there an' got to noddin', an' then bimeby your Miss Sarah would 'a' come along an' ketched you there, an' I 'll be boun' she 'd 'a' lammed you wi' a chunk of wood; bekaze she don't 'low no loafin' in the back yard sence you been gone. I don't know what you come fer," the major continued, still wiping the lather out of his eye, "an' nuther do I keer; but sence you are here you kin come in an' finish shavin' me, fer to pay fer the damage you 've done."

Jesse was apparently overjoyed to find that he could be of some service. He bustled around in the liveliest manner, and was soon mowing the major's fat face with the light but firm touch for which he was noted. As he shaved he talked.

"Marse Maje," he said, "does you know what I come fer dis mornin'?"

"I 've been tryin' to think," replied the major; "but I could n't tell you ef I was a-gwine to be hung fer it. You are up to some devilment, I know mighty well, but I wisht I may die ef I 've got any idee what it is."

"Now, Marse Maje, what make you talk dat a-way?"

"Oh, I know you, Jess, an' I 've been a-knowin' you a mighty long time. Your Miss Sarah may n't know you, Jess, but I know you from the groun' all the way up."

Jesse laughed. He was well aware that the major's wife was the knowing one of that family. He had waited until that excellent lady had issued from the house on her way to church, and it was not until she was out of sight that he thought it safe to call on the major. Even now, after he had found the major alone, the negro was somewhat doubtful as to the propriety of explaining the nature of his business; but the old man was inquisitive.

"Oh, yes, Jess!" the major went on, after pausing long enough to have the corner of his mouth shaved — "oh, yes! I know you, an' I know you 've got somethin' on your min' right now. Spit it out."

"Well, I 'll tell you de trufe, Marse Maje," said Jesse, after hesitating for some time; "I tell you de Lord's trufe, I come yer atter somepin' ter eat."

Major Bass caught the negro by the arm, pushed the razor carefully out of the way, and sat bolt upright in the chair.

"Do you mean to stan' up there, you triflin' rascal," the major exclaimed, "an' tell me, right before my face an' eyes, that you 've come a-sneakin' back here atter vittles? Why n't you stay where the vittles was?" Major Bass was really indignant.

"Wait, Marse Maje; des gimme time," said Jesse, nervously strapping the razor on the palm of his hand. "Des gimme time, Marse Maje. You fly up so, suh, dat you git me all mixed up wid myse'f. I come atter vittles, dat the Lord's trufe; but I ain't come atter 'em fer myse'f. Nigger like me don't stay hongry long roun' whar folks know 'em like dey does me."

"Well, who in the name of reason sent you then?" asked the major.

"Nobody ain't sont me, suh," said Jesse.

"Well, who do you want 'em fer?" insisted the major.

"Marse Judge Bascom en Miss Mildred," replied Jesse, solemnly.

Major Jimmy Bass fell back in his chair in a state of collapse, overcome by his astonishment.

"*Well!*" he exclaimed as soon as he could catch his breath. "Ef this don't beat the Jews an' the Gentiles, the Scribes an' the Pharisees, then I ain't a-settin' here. Did they tell you to come to this house fer vittles?"

"No, suh; *dat* dey ain't—*dat* dey ain't! Ef Miss Mildred wuz ter know I went anywhar on dis kin' er errun' she 'd mighty nigh have a fit."

"Well, *well*, WELL!" snorted the major.

"I des come my own se'f," Jesse went on. He would have begun shaving again, but the major waved him away. "Look like I 'bleege' ter come. You 'd 'a' come yo'se'f, Marse Maje, druther dan see dem folks pe'sh deyse'f ter deff. Dey got money, but Marse Judge Bascom got de idee dat dey hafter save it all fer ter buy back de ole Place. Dey pinch deyse'f day in en day out, en yistiddy when Miss Mildred say she gwine buy somepin' fer Sunday, Marse Judge Bascom he say no; he 'low dat dey mus' save en pinch en buy back de ole home. I done year him say dat twel it make me plum sick. An' dar dey is naturally starvin' deyse'f.

"Miss Mildred," continued Jesse, "got de idee dat her pa know what he talkin' 'bout; but 'twix' you en me, Marse Maje, dat ole man done about lose his min'. He ain't so mighty much older dan what you is, but he mighty feeble in his limbs, en he mighty flighty in his head. He talk funny, now, en he don't talk 'bout nothin' skacely but buyin' back de ole Place."

"Jess," said Major Bass in the smooth, insinuating tone that the negro knew so well, and that he had learned to fear, "ain't I allers treated you right? Ain't I allers done the clean thing by you?"

"Yes, Marse Maje, you is," said the negro with emphasis.

"Well, then, Jess, what in the name of Moses do you want to come roun' me wi' such a tale as this? Don't you know I know you clean through? Why n't you come right out an' say you want the vittles fer yourself? What is the use of whippin' the devil 'roun' the stump?"

"Marse Maje," said Jesse, solemnly, "I 'm a-tellin' you de Lord's trufe." By this time he had begun to shave the major again.

"Well," said Major Bass, after a pause, during which he seemed to be thinking, "suppos'n' I was to let myself be took in by your tale, an' suppos'n' I was to give you some vittles, what have you got to put 'em in?"

"I got a basket out dar, Marse Maje," said Jesse, cheerfully. "I brung it a purpose."

"Why, tooby shore, tooby shore!" exclaimed the major, sarcastically. "Ef you was as fore-handed as you is fore-thoughted you would n't be a-runnin' roun' beggin' vittles from han' to mouth. But sence you are here you 'd better make haste; bekaze ef your Miss Sarah comes back from church and ketches you here, she 'll kick up a purty rippit."

The major was correct. As he and Jesse went into the pantry Mrs. Bass entered the front door. Flinging her bonnet and mantilla on a bed, she went to the back porch for a drink of water. The major heard her coming through the hallway, and, by a swift gesture of his hand, cautioned Jesse to be quiet.

“I ’ll vow if the place ain’t left to take care of itself,” Mrs. Bass was saying. “Doors all open, chickens in the dining-room, cat licking the churn-dasher, and I ’ll bet my existence that not a drop of fresh water has been put in the house bucket since I left this morning. Everything gone to rack and ruin. I can’t say my prayers in peace at home, and if I go to church one Sunday in a month there ain’t no satisfaction in the sermon, because I know everything ’s at loose ends on this whole blessed place. And if you ’d go up the street right now, you ’d find Mr. Bass a-setting up there at the tavern with the other loafers, a-giggling and a-snickering and a-dribbling at the mouth like one possessed.”

“WELL, WHO IN THE NAME OF REASON SENT YOU THEN?”

The major, in the pantry, winced visibly at this picture drawn true to life, and as he attempted to change his position he knocked a tin vessel from one of the shelves. He caught at it, and it fell to the floor with a loud crash.

“The Lord have mercy!” exclaimed Mrs. Bass. “Is Satan and all his imps in the pantry, a-tearing down and a-smashing up things?” Not being a timid woman, she hastened to investigate. The sight she saw in the pantry struck her speechless. In one corner stood the major, holding up one foot as if he was afraid of breaking something, and vainly trying to smile. In another corner stood Jesse, so badly frightened that very little could be seen of his face except the whites of his eyes. The tableau was a comical one. Mrs. Bass did not long remain speechless.

“Mr. Bass!” she exclaimed, “what under the shining sun are you doing colloguing with niggers in my pantry? If you want to collogue with niggers, why, in the name of common sense, don’t you take ’em out to the barn? What are you doing in there, anyhow? For mercy’s sake! have you gone stark-natural crazy? And if you ain’t, what brand-new caper are you trying to cut up?”

“Don’t talk so loud, Sarah,” said the major, wiping the cold perspiration from his face. “All the neighbors ’ll hear you.”

“And why should n’t they hear me?” exclaimed Mrs. Bass. “What could be worse than for me to come home from church in the broad daylight and find you penned up in my pantry, arm-in-arm with a nigger? What business have you got with niggers that you have to take ’em into my pantry to collogue with 'em? I 'd a heap rather you 'd 'a' taken 'em in the parlor — a heap rather."

Then Mrs. Bass's eyes fell on the basket Jesse had in his hand, and this added to her indignation.

"I believe in my soul," she went on, "that you are stealing the meat and bread out of your own mouth to feed that nigger. If you ain't, what is the basket for?"

"Tut, tut, Sarah, don't you go on so; you 'll make yourself the laughin'-stock of the town," said the major in a conciliatory tone.

"And what 'll you be?" continued Mrs. Bass, relentlessly; "what 'll you be — a-honeyin' up with buck niggers in my pantry in the broad open daytime? Maybe you 'll have the manners to introduce me to your pardner. Who is he anyhow?" Then Mrs. Bass turned her attention to the negro.

"Come out of my pantry, you nasty, trifling rascal! Who are you?"

"'T ain't nobody but me, Miss Sa'ah," said Jesse as he issued forth.

"You!" she exclaimed. "You are the nigger that was too biggity to stay with 'em that raised you up and took care of you, and now you come back and try to steal their bread and meat! Well! I know the end of the world ain't so mighty far off."

Mrs. Bass sank into a chair, exhausted by her indignation. Then the major took the floor, so to say, and showed that if he could be frightened by his wife, he could also, at the proper time, show that he had a will of his own. He explained the situation at some length, and with an emphasis that carried conviction with it. He made no mention of Jesse in his highly colored narrative, but left his wife to infer that while she was at church praying for peace of mind and not having her prayers answered to any great extent, he was at home engaged in works of practical charity. Nothing could have been finer than the major's air of injured innocence, unless it was Jesse's attitude of helpless and abandoned humiliation. The result of it was that Mrs. Bass filled the basket with the best she had in the house, and Jesse went home happy.

VI.

As for the Bascoms, they seemed to be getting along comfortably in spite of the harrowing story that Jesse had told to Major Jimmy Bass and to others. As a matter of fact, the shrewd negro had purposely exaggerated the condition of affairs in the Bascom household. He had an idea that the fare they lived on was too common and cheap for the representatives of such a grand family, forgetting, or not knowing, the privations they had passed through. The Judge insisted on the most rigid economy, and Mildred was at one with him in this. She was familiar with the necessity for it, but she could see that her father was anxious to push it to unmeasurable lengths. It never occurred to her, however, that her father's morbid anxiety to repossess the Bascom Place was rapidly taking the shape of mania. This desire on the part of Judge Bascom was a part of his daughter's life. She had heard it expressed in various ways ever since she could remember, and it was a part, not merely of her experience, but of her growth and development. She had heard the matter discussed so many times that it seemed to her nothing but natural that her father should one day realize the dream of his later years and reoccupy the old Place as proprietor.

Judge Bascom had no other thought than this. As he grew older and feebler, the desire became more ardent and overpowering. While his daughter was teaching her school, with which she had made quite a success, the Judge would be planning improvements to be added to his old home when he should own it again. Not a day passed — unless, indeed, the weather was stormy — that he did not walk in the neighborhood of the old Place. Sometimes he would go with his daughter, sometimes he would go alone, but it was observed by those who came to be interested in his comings and goings that he invariably refused to accept the invitation of Mr. Underwood to enter the house or to inspect the improvements that had been made. He persisted in remaining on the outside of the domain, content to wait for the day when he could enter as proprietor. He was willing to accept the position of spectator, but he was not willing to be a guest.

The culmination came one fine day in the fall, and it was so sudden and so peculiar that it took Hillsborough completely by surprise, and gave the people food for gossip for a long time afterwards. The season was hesitating as to whether summer should return or winter should be introduced. There was a hint of winter in the crisp morning breezes, but the world seemed to float summerwards in the glimmering haze that wrapped the hills in the afternoons. On one of these fine mornings Judge Bascom rose and dressed himself. His daughter heard him humming a tune as he walked about the room, and she observed also, with inward satisfaction, that his movements were brisker than usual. Listening a little attentively, she heard him talking to himself, and presently she heard him laugh. This was such an unusual occurrence that she was moved to knock at his door. He responded with a cheery "Come in!" Mildred found him shaved and dressed, and she saw that there was a great

"JESSE WAS CALLED IN TO BRUSH THE JUDGE'S HAT AND COAT."

change in his appearance. His cheeks, usually so wan and white, were flushed a little and his eyes were bright. He smiled as Mildred entered, and exclaimed in a tone that she had not heard for years:

"Good-morning, my daughter! And how do you find yourself this morning?"

It was the old manner she used to admire so when she was a slip of a girl — a manner that was a charming combination of dignity and affection.

"Why, father!" she exclaimed, "you must be feeling better. You have positively grown younger in a night."

The Judge laughed until his eyes sparkled. "Yes, my dear, I am feeling very well indeed. I never felt better. I am happy, quite happy. Everything has been made clear to me. I am going to-day to transact some business that has been troubling me a long time. I shall arrange it all to-day — yes, to-day."

The change that had come over her father was such a relief to Mildred that she asked him no questions. Now, as always, she trusted to his judgment and his experience. Jesse, however, was more critical. He watched the Judge furtively and shook his head.

"Mistiss," he said to Mildred when he found an opportunity, "did you shave master?"

"Why, what a ridiculous question!" she exclaimed. "How could I shave him? It makes me shiver merely to touch the razors."

"Well, Mistiss," Jesse insisted, "ef I ain't shave him, en you ain't shave him, den who de name er goodness is done gone en done it?"

"He shaved himself of course," Mildred said. "He is very much better this morning. I noticed it the moment I saw him. I should think you could see it yourself."

"I seed somepin' nuther wuz de matter," said Jesse. "Somepin' 'bleege' ter be de matter when I put him ter bed las' night des like he wuz a baby, ma'm, en now yer he is gwine roun' des ez spry ez de nex' one. Yessum, somepin' 'bleege' ter be de matter. Yistiddy his han's wuz shakin' same like he got de polzy, ma'm, en now yer he is shavin' hisse'f; dat what rack my min'."

"Well, I hope you are glad he is so well, Jesse," said Mildred in an injured tone.

"Oh, yessum," said Jesse, scratching his head. "Lor', yessum. Dey ain't nobody no gladder dan what I is; but it come on me so sudden, ma'm, dat it sorter skeer me."

"Well, it does n't frighten me," said Mildred. "It makes me very happy."

"Yessum," replied Jesse, deferentially. He made no further comment; but after Mildred had gone to attend to her school duties he made it his business to keep an eye on the Judge, and the closer the negro watched, the more forcibly was he struck by the great change that a night had made in the old man.

"I hear talk 'bout folks bein' conjured inter sickness," Jesse said to himself, "but I ain't never hear talk 'bout dey bein' conjured so dey git well."

Certainly a great change had come over Judge Bascom. He stood firmly on his feet once more. He held his head erect, as in the old days, and when he talked to Jesse his tone was patronizing and commanding, instead of querulous and complaining. He seemed to be very fastidious about his appearance. After Mildred had gone to her school, Jesse was called in to brush the Judge's hat and coat and to polish his shoes. The Judge watched this process with great interest, and talked to the negro in his blandest manner. This was not so surprising to Jesse as the fact that the Judge persisted in calling him Wesley; Wesley was the Judge's old body-servant who had been dead for twenty years. It was Wesley this and Wesley that so long as Jesse was in the room, and once the Judge asked how long before the carriage would be ready. The negro parried this question, but he remembered it. He was sorely puzzled an hour afterwards, however, when Judge Bascom called him and said:

"Wesley, tell Jordan he need not bring the carriage around for me. I will walk. Jordan can bring your mistress when she is ready."

"Well," exclaimed Jesse, when the Judge

disappeared in the house, "dis bangs me! What de name er goodness put de ole man Jerd'n in his min', which he died endurance er de war? It 's all away beyant me. Miss Mildred oughter be yer wid her pa right now, yit, ef I go atter her, dey ain't no tellin' what he gwine do."

Jess cut an armful of wood, and then made a pretense of washing dishes, going from the kitchen to the dining-room several times. More than once he stopped to listen, but he could hear nothing. After a while he made bold to peep into the sitting-room. There was nobody there. He went into the Judge's bedroom; it was empty. Then he called—"Marster! oh, Marster!" but there was no reply. Jesse was in a quandary. He was not alarmed, but he was uneasy.

"Ef I run en tell Miss Mildred dat Marster done gone som'ers," he said to himself, "she 'll des laugh en say I ain't got no sense; en I don't speck I is, but it make my flesh crawl fer ter hear folks callin' on dead niggers ter do dis en do dat."

Meanwhile the Judge had sallied forth from the house, and was proceeding in the direction of the Bascom Place. His step was firm and elastic, his bearing dignified. The acquaintances whom he met on his way stopped and looked after him when they had returned his Chesterfieldian salutation. He walked rapidly, and there was an air of decision in his movements that had long been lacking. At the great gate opening into the avenue of the Bascom Place the Judge was met by Prince the mastiff, who gave him a hospitable welcome, and gravely preceded him to the house. Miss Sophie, Mr. Underwood's maiden sister, who was sitting in the piazza, engaged on some kind of feminine embroidery, saw the Judge coming, too late to beat a retreat, so she merely whipped behind one of the large pillars, gave her dress a little shake at the sides and behind, ran her hands over her hair, and appeared before the caller cool, calm, and collected.

"Good-morning, madam," said the Judge in his grand way, taking off his hat.

"Good-morning, sir," said Miss Sophie. "Have this chair?"

"No, no," said the Judge, smiling blandly, and waving his hand. "I prefer my own chair—the large rocker with the cushion, you know. It is more comfortable."

Somewhat puzzled, Miss Sophie fetched a rocker. It had no cushion, but the Judge seemed not to miss it.

"Why, where are the servants?" he asked, his brows contracting a little. "I could have brought the chair."

"Mercy!" exclaimed Miss Sophie, "if I were to sit down and expect the negroes to wait on me, I 'd have a good many disappointments during the day."

"Yes," said the Judge, "that is very true; very true. Where is Wesley?"

"I 'm sure I don't know," Miss Sophie replied. "Is he a white man or a negro?"

"Wesley?" exclaimed the Judge. "Why, he 's a nigger; he 's my body-servant."

"Is n't this Judge Bascom?" Miss Sophie inquired, regarding him curiously.

"Yes, certainly, madam," responded the Judge.

"Well, I 've seen a negro named Jesse following you and your daughter about," said Miss Sophie. "Perhaps you are speaking of Jesse."

"No, no," said the Judge. "I mean Wesley—or, maybe you are only a visitor here. Your face is familiar, but I have forgotten your name."

"I am Francis Underwood's sister," said Miss Sophie, with some degree of pride.

"Ah, yes!" the Judge sighed—"Francis Underwood. He is the gentleman who has had charge of the place these several years. A very clever man, I have no doubt. He has done very well, very well indeed; better than most men would have done. Do you know where he will go next year?"

"Now, I could n't tell you, really," Miss Sophie replied, looking at the Judge through her gold-rimmed eyeglasses. "He did intend to go North this fall, but he 's always too busy to carry out his intentions."

"Yes," said Judge Bascom; "I have no doubt he is a very busy man. He has managed everything very cleverly here, and I shall wish him well wherever he goes."

Miss Sophie was very glad when she heard her brother's step in the hall; not that she was nervous or easily frightened, but there was something in Judge Bascom's actions, something in the tone of his voice, some suggestion in his words, that gave her uneasiness, and she breathed a sigh of relief when her stalwart brother made his appearance.

Francis Underwood greeted his guest cordially—more cordially, Miss Sophie thought, than circumstances warranted; but the beautiful face of Mildred Bascom was not stamped on Miss Sophie's mind as it was on her brother's.

"I am sorry to put you to any inconvenience," said the Judge, after they had talked for some time on commonplace topics—"very sorry. I have put the matter off until at last I felt it to be a solemn duty I owed my family to come here. Believe me, sir," he continued, turning to the young man with some emotion—"believe me, sir, it grieves me to trouble you in the matter, but I could no longer postpone coming here. I think I understand and appreciate your attachment —"

"Why, my dear sir," cried Francis Underwood in his heartiest manner, "it is no trouble at all. No one could be more welcome here. I have often wondered why you have never called before. Don't talk about trouble and inconvenience."

"I think I understand and appreciate your attachment for the Place," the Judge went on as though he had not been interrupted, "and it embarrasses me, I assure you, to be compelled to trouble you now."

"Well," said Francis Underwood, with a hospitable laugh, "if it is no trouble to you, it certainly is none to me. As my neighbors around here say, when I call on them, 'Just make yourself at home.'"

Judge Bascom rose from his chair trembling. He seemed suddenly to be laboring under the most intense excitement.

"My home?" he almost shrieked — "make myself at home! In God's name, man, what can you mean? It *is* my home! It has always been my home! Everything here is mine — every foot of land, every tree, every brick and stone and piece of timber in this house. It is *all* mine, and I will have it! I have come here to assert my rights!"

He panted with passion and excitement as he looked from Francis Underwood to Miss Sophie. He paused, as if daring them to dispute his claims. Miss Sophie, who had a temper of her own, would have given the Judge a piece of her mind, but she saw her brother regarding the old man with a puzzled, pitying expression. Then the truth flashed on her, and for an instant she felt like crying. Francis Underwood approached the Judge and led him gently back to his chair.

"Now that you are at home, Judge Bascom," he said, "you need not worry yourself."

"I tell you it is *mine!*" the Judge went on, beating the arm of his chair with his clenched fist; "it is mine. It has always been mine, and it will always be mine."

Francis Underwood stood before the old man, active, alert, smiling. His sister said afterwards that she was surprised at the prompt gentleness with which her brother disposed of what promised to be a very disagreeable scene.

"Judge Bascom," said the young man, swinging himself around on his boot heels, "as your guest here, allow me to suggest that you ought to show me over the place. I have been told you have some very fine cows here."

Immediately Judge Bascom was himself again. His old air of dignity returned, and he became in a moment the affable host.

"As my guests here," he said, smiling with pleasure, "you and the lady are very welcome. We keep open house at the Bascom Place, and we are glad to have our friends with us. What we have is yours. I suppose," he went on, still smiling, "some of our neighbors have been joking about our cows. We have a good many of them, but they don't amount to much. They have been driven to the pasture by this time, and that is on the creek a mile and a half from here. I wonder where Wesley is! I think he is growing more worthless every year. He ought to be here with my daughter. The carriage was sent for her some time ago."

"I will see if he is in the yard," said Underwood, and his sister followed him through the hall.

"Mercy!" Miss Sophie exclaimed when they were out of hearing; "does the old Judge purpose to swarm and settle down on us?" She had an economical turn of mind. "What in the world is the matter with him?"

"I pity him from the bottom of my heart," said Francis Underwood, "but I am sorrier for his daughter. Everything seems to be blotted out of his mind except the notion that he is the owner of this Place. We must humor him, sister, and we must be tender with the daughter. You know how to do that much better than I do."

Miss Sophie frowned a little. The situation was a new and trying one, but she had been confronted with emergencies before, and her experience and her strong common sense stood her in good stead now. With a woman's promptness she decided on a line of action at once sympathetic and effectual. The buggy was ordered out and young Underwood went for a physician.

Then, when he had returned, Miss Sophie said he must go for the daughter, and she cautioned, with some severity of manner, as to what he should say and how he should deport himself. But at this Francis Underwood rebelled. Ordinarily he was a very agreeable and accommodating young fellow, but when his sister informed him that he must fetch Mildred Bascom to her father, he pulled off his hat and scratched his blonde head in perplexity.

"What could I say, sister?" he protested. "How could I explain the situation? No; it is a woman's work, and you must go. It would be a pretty come-off for me to go after this poor girl and in a fit of awkwardness frighten her to death. It is bad enough as it is. There is no hurry. You shall have the carriage. It would never do for me to go; no one but a woman knows how to be sympathetic in a matter of this kind.

"I never knew before that you were so bashful," said Miss Sophie, regarding him keenly. "It is a recent development."

"It is not bashfulness, sister," said Underwood, coloring a little. "It is consideration. How could I explain matters to this poor girl? How could I prevail on her to come here without giving her an inkling of the situation, and thus frighten her, perhaps unnecessarily?"

"Perhaps you are right," said Miss Sophie, who, as an experienced spinster, was not always ready to make concessions of this kind. "At any rate I 'll go for Miss Bascom, and I think I can manage it without alarming her; but the matter troubles me. I hope the poor old Judge will not be a dangerous guest."

"There is not the slightest fear of that," said Francis Underwood. "He is too feeble for that. When I placed my hand on his shoulder just now he was all of a tremble. He is no stronger than a little child, and no more dangerous. Besides, the doctor is with him."

"Well," said Miss Sophie with a sigh, "I 'll go. Women are compelled to do most of the odd jobs that men are afraid to take up; but I shiver to think of it. I shall surely break down when I see that poor child."

"No," said her brother, "you will not. I know you too well for that. We must humor this old man, and that will be for me to do; his daughter must be left to you."

(To be concluded in the next number.) *Joel Chandler Harris.*

SAINT-MÉMIN'S PORTRAIT OF MARSHALL.[1]

THE fine engraving of Chief-Justice Marshall's portrait which embellishes the present number of this magazine is made from a crayon by Saint-Mémin taken in March, 1808, when the Chief-Justice was at the zenith of his powers, in the fifty-third year of his age. It is probably the most exact presentation of his face and bust that was ever made. Saint-Mémin was peculiarly gifted in the art of making accurate likenesses. He was a native of Dijon, the capital of ancient Burgundy, and was the last male descendant of a distinguished and honorable family named Févret, the ordinary surname of Saint-Mémin being undoubtedly taken from some family estate, as was the custom in France. His full name was Charles Balthazar Julien Févret de Saint-Mémin. He was born March 12, 1770, his father being a counselor of the Parliament of Dijon, and his mother a beautiful and wealthy creole of San Domingo. He had a natural genius for design and the finer mechanic arts; and though bred at a military school in Paris and destined for the army, he could not resist the temptation to cultivate his favorite pursuits. His regiment (of the Guards) being re-formed on the breaking out of the Revolution, he with the other officers was discharged from service, and soon after the family was obliged to seek safety by retiring to Switzerland. Saint-Mémin, however, joined the army of the princes, which was hovering on the Rhine, and while there still employed himself in making sketches of its beautiful scenery. After the disbandment of this army, he and his father conceived the project of going to San Domingo in order to look after Madame Saint-Mémin's property, and to avoid the accusation of being emigrants from the territory of France. They went by way of Holland, England, Canada, and the United States, and arrived at New York in 1793. There they found many fugitives from San Domingo, whose reports rendered aid from that quarter very doubtful — although the father finally sailed for the island, but took the fever immediately upon landing and died. Young Saint-Mémin was thus thrown upon his own resources, and for a while boarded with a fellow-countryman who had sought an asylum in America. Struck with the beauty of New York and its harbor and the surrounding scenery, he made a most accurate sketch of it, which was greatly admired, and he was advised to have it engraved and offered to the public. He obtained an introduction to the public library, where by the aid of the encyclopedia he mastered the principles of engraving and made a highly finished copper-plate of his sketch. So successful was this his first effort in that line that he was advised to devote himself to the art of making and engraving portraits. Chrétien, in 1786, had invented an instrument which he denominated the "physionotrace," by which the profile outline of a face could be taken with mathematical precision, both as to figure and dimensions. Saint-Mémin constructed such an instrument for himself and employed it with great success, filling in the outline with crayon, generally black on a pink ground. His portraits were greatly admired for their faithfulness, and became very much in vogue. He executed no less than 818 from 1793 to 1810, visiting for the purpose most of the Atlantic cities from New York to Charleston. For the moderate sum of thirty-three dollars he furnished to each sitter a full-sized portrait of the bust, a copper-plate of the same engraved in miniature (reduced from the portrait by another instrument called a "pantograph"), and twelve proofs.

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[1] The other portraits of Chief-Justice Marshall which have come to my knowledge are the following:

1. A silhouette by Saint-Mémin in possession of Mrs. M. L. Smith, residing near the Alexandria Seminary.

2. An elaborate half-length portrait was taken by Rembrandt Peale in 1825, and was presented to Chief-Justice Chase by the New York Bar Association, and by him bequeathed to the Supreme Court of the United States, and is now in the robing-room of the court at the Capitol. Although a fine painting, this portrait has not been recognized as a good likeness by those who knew the Chief-Justice.

3. A full-length portrait was taken by Hubard, a French artist, at Richmond, 1830, and is considered by the Marshall family as an excellent likeness. It is now in Washington and Lee University at Lexington, Va.

4. A full-length miniature in a sitting posture by the same artist is at Markham, Va., in possession of the family of the late Edward C. Marshall, and a replica at Leedstown, Va., belongs to the family of James K. Marshall.

5. A portrait taken by Henry Inman at Washington in 1831, from which many copies have been taken and engravings made — among others, the bank-note engraving made by the Bureau of Engraving and Printing. The original is in possession of the Philadelphia Law Association.

6. A very fine portrait by Jarvis, formerly owned by Hon. I. E. Morse of New Orleans, now by Mr. Justice Gray of the United States Supreme Court.

7. A full-length portrait by Harding, owned by the Boston Athenæum, a replica of which is in the Harvard Law School.

8. A large painting, representing the Chief-Justice at full length, seated, was made some years since by a Mr. Washington, not from life, but as an eclectic portrait from several others, and is now in the court-house at Warrenton, Va. A copy of it made ten or twelve years since by Mr. Brooke of Washington was purchased by Congress, and is now in the robing-room of the Supreme Court. Of course it cannot have much value as a portrait, whatever may be its merits as a painting.

These miniatures were of medallion size, circular in form and about two inches in diameter, with the face nearly the size of a quarter-dollar. He kept two or three proofs for his own portfolio, and after his return to France in 1814 he made up two complete sets, which after his death (which occurred in 1852) were sent to this country for sale. One of them is in the possession of the Corcoran Art Gallery in Washington; the other was purchased by Mr. Elias Dexter of New York, who photographed the engravings and published them with an introduction containing a memoir of Saint-Mémin and a short biographical sketch of the persons whose portraits are contained in the collection. The memoir is merely a translation of an address before the Academy of Dijon made by M. Guignard after Saint-Mémin's decease. During the latter portion of his life, from 1817 to 1852, he was Director of the Museum of Dijon, one of the most valuable depositories of works of art in France.

The original portrait of Chief-Justice Marshall of which the accompanying engraving is a copy is owned by Mr. Thomas Marshall Smith of Baltimore, whose mother was a daughter of the Chief-Justice's eldest son, and the portrait has always remained in the family. It is regarded by them as the very best likeness ever taken of their honored ancestor. Mr. Smith has recently allowed a full-sized photograph of it to be taken by Rice of Washington for the Supreme Court, reserving the copyright. The engraving in THE CENTURY is made from this excellent photograph, and, with the exception of the dozen miniatures struck off by Saint-Mémin, is the only engraving ever made from the portrait.

John Marshall is one of those purely American characters of whom we may well be proud. Born on the 24th of September, 1755, in Fauquier County, Va., a region then comparatively new, he enjoyed few of the educational facilities which existed in the older portions of the State. This was made up, however, in great degree, by one of the happiest and most intellectual of homes. His father, Colonel Thomas Marshall, was an intimate friend and old schoolmate of Washington, and was associated with him in the surveys of the Fairfax estates, which embraced a large portion of northern and north-western Virginia. His mother was Mary Keith, daughter of the Episcopal clergyman of the parish, and educated in the choicest English literature of that day. The home was a constant and regularly organized school. The best English poets and historians were made as familiar as household words, and the mathematical and other sciences were not neglected. Mr. Justice Story, who probably had it from the Chief-Justice himself, relates that at the age of twelve John, who was the eldest of the children, had transcribed the whole of Pope's "Essay on Man" and some of his "Moral Essays," and had committed to memory many of the most interesting passages of that poet. When he had become sufficiently advanced a private tutor was procured to initiate him into the mysteries of classical lore. Rev. James Thompson, an Episcopal clergyman from Scotland, was employed for this duty. At fourteen John was sent to Westmoreland County to attend the school of Rev. Mr. Campbell, where his father and Washington had been students and where he staid for a year. He then returned home and continued his classical studies under Mr. Thompson. His outdoor recreations were hunting and fishing, of which he was exceedingly fond. At eighteen he began the study of law by reading Blackstone's Commentaries, then a new book. But soon the Revolution broke out and Thomas Marshall and his son John joined the troops raised by Virginia, the former as colonel of a regiment, the latter as lieutenant in a different regiment, and both served in the field the greater portion of the war, John being promoted to a captaincy in 1777. He was at the battles of Trenton, Germantown, Monmouth, Stony Point, and nearly all the important engagements of the army of Washington's immediate command. Though so young, being only twenty when the war began, he became exceedingly popular with his brother officers, as well as with his men, and his sound common sense and good judgment led to his often being selected to decide disputes between them and also to act as judge-advocate. He was thus brought into personal contact with General Washington and Colonel Hamilton, who afterwards became his warmest friends. At this time he is described as being the picture of health, six feet high, straight, slender, of dark complexion, with a round face and piercing black eye, and a countenance beaming with intelligence and good nature. He had an upright but not high forehead, terminated in a horizontal line by a mass of raven-black hair, and his temples were fully developed, indicating strong memory and great power of combination.

Being sent home at the close of 1779 to aid in raising new recruits, he had an opportunity, of which he availed himself, to attend the law lectures of George Wythe (afterwards Chancellor) and those of Professor (afterwards Bishop) Madison on natural philosophy. This was all the collegiate education he ever enjoyed. When the courts were opened, after the capture of Cornwallis, he began the practice of law, and in January, 1783, married Mary Willis Ambler, with whom he lived in devoted affection for nearly fifty years. He now took up his permanent residence in Richmond, where he continued to reside the remainder of his life. It was not long before he became a leader of the Virginia bar. His wonderful strength of logic and clearness of statement made him almost irresistible in argument, and his industry and faithfulness in the discharge of his duties secured him a very large practice. He was frequently sent to the legislature, which, as he lived at the capital, he could attend without material prejudice to his business; and he was as eminent in debate on important political questions as he was at the bar. In the latter sphere his services were sought in all the important causes of the day, many of which involved public questions growing out of the war and its attendant consequences. Among other clients he was employed by the celebrated Beaumarchais to sue the State of Virginia for supplies furnished during the war, and obtained a large judgment against the State under a law at that time existing which allowed such suits. He was one of the leading counsel in the great case of the debts due to British subjects which had been paid to the State during the war under a statute authorizing such payments to be made. In the department of public law he became especially proficient, and probably had no superior in the country.

In his political views Marshall was firm and decided. He was always in favor of a Federal Government clothed with adequate power to maintain itself and the national dignity and credit, and when the new Constitution was proposed he was one of its most ardent supporters. Being elected to the State convention which met in 1788 to consider its adoption, his calm and powerful arguments interposed a successful resistance to the fiery eloquence of Patrick Henry, who was opposed to the Constitution. His services in finally securing its ratification were second only to those of Madison himself. After the Federal Government was organized he was ever the powerful champion of Washington's administration, both in the legislature and in popular assemblies. He sustained the financial and other measures of the first Congress, by which the Government was made a reality and set in motion. He defended Jay's treaty, and compelled its opponents to abandon the charge of unconstitutionality. In 1797 General Marshall, as he was then called, was sent by President Adams, with Gerry and Pinckney, to France, and in the diplomatic contest with the corrupt and insolent Directory of that day he defended the dignity of his country in one of the ablest of state papers. On his return, in 1798, he was received with the enthusiastic approbation of all parties. His progress from New York to Richmond was an ovation.

Marshall hoped now to be permitted to devote himself to his profession. But this could not be. He had become too important a personage to be allowed to retire from public life. At the earnest personal entreaty of Washington, who was deeply interested in the success of the Federal or Constitutional party, Marshall consented to run for Congress, and was elected, though his district (Richmond) was anti-Federal in its sympathies. In the session of 1799–1800 he made that memorable speech in which he so ably sustained the action of the Executive in delivering up to the British Government, under the treaty of 1794, Nash (*alias* Robbins), who was charged with piracy and murder committed on a British vessel. It was confessed by the Republican leaders that this speech could not be answered. It is still referred to as a conclusive exposition of the public law on the subject of international obligations in regard to the extradition of criminals.

On the disruption of Mr. Adams's Cabinet, in May, 1800, General Marshall was nominated, first as Secretary of War, and then as Secretary of State. He served in the latter office during the remainder of Adams's administration, and his state papers are characterized by all his wonted clearness and power of argument. In November, 1800, Chief-Justice Ellsworth, then in Europe, resigned, and Marshall, though still holding the office of Secretary of State, was appointed in his place. It was to him an unsolicited and unexpected honor. The President first offered the place to Mr. Jay, its former occupant, but then near the close of his term as governor of New York. Mr. Jay declined the offer, desiring to retire from public life. The President meeting Marshall, who had suggested some name for the office, announced his determination to appoint a plain Virginia lawyer named John Marshall. The latter was so surprised and confused by this announcement that for a moment he could not utter a word.

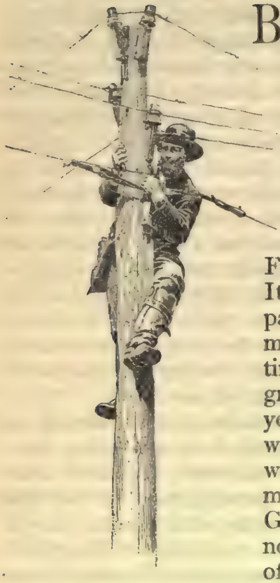
The great office to which Marshall was now elevated was held until his death, which occurred on the sixth day of July, 1835, in the eightieth year of his age. He believed himself to be better fitted for the judicial function than for any other vocation. It was the great object of his ambition. He told his son that when President Adams told him that he had decided to nominate him as Chief-Justice it was the happiest moment of his life. He felt his power. He was conscious of the spirit that was in him. And yet he was one of the most modest of men. A consciousness of power is not inconsistent with true modesty. "Let me repeat it," says Lavater, "he only is great who has the habits of greatness; who, after performing what none in ten thousand could accomplish, passes on, like Samson, and '*tells neither father nor mother of it.*'" Quiet, simple, and unassuming, Marshall was inherently great; and though conscious of his power, he did not regard it as exceptional, but as all in the ordinary course.

It is needless to say that Marshall's reputation as a great constitutional judge is peerless. The character of his mind and his previous training were such as to enable him to handle the momentous questions to which the conflicting views upon the Constitution gave rise with the soundest logic, the greatest breadth of view, and the most far-seeing statesmanship. He came to the bench with a reputation already established — the reputation not only of a great lawyer, but of an eminent statesman and publicist; and under his lead the Supreme Court lost none of the prestige which it had enjoyed under Jay and Ellsworth. This was a matter of consequence at a period when so much depended upon the public confidence in the decisions of this tribunal upon the questions of constitutional construction which agitated the public mind. The result answered the requirements of the situation. It may truly be said that the Constitution received its final and permanent form from the judgments rendered by the Supreme Court during the period in which Marshall was at its head.

With a few modifications, superinduced by the somewhat differing views on two or three points of his great successor, and aside from the new questions growing out of the late civil war and the recent constitutional amendments, the decisions made since Marshall's time have been little more than the application of the principles established by him and his venerated associates. It must be confessed that the business of the Supreme Court at that period allowed more time for elaborate argument and judicial deliberation than at present. It has increased since Marshall's time more than sevenfold. Against forty-two cases reported in January term, 1835, more than three hundred were reported in October term, 1887. Another advantage enjoyed by the old court was the selectness and distinguished ability of its bar. Dexter, Webster, Pinckney, Ogden, Wood, Binney, Sergeant, Ingersoll, Taney, Livingston, and many others of almost equal fame are frequently named as counsel. The system of railroads and the consequent ease of communication with all parts of the country now enable the local counsel to argue their own cases, and have had the effect of lessening the elevated and eclectic character of the arguments made before the Supreme Court of the United States.

Joseph P. Bradley.

TELEGRAPHING IN BATTLE.



BEFORE 1861 the value of the military telegraph had not been demonstrated. Crude experiments had been made, with poorly equipped lines, in the Crimea, in India, and by France, Spain, and Italy in different campaigns, while the Germans possessed a distinct military telegraph organization as yet untested; but it was on the very route where Morse's first message, "What hath God wrought!" announced the benefits of his invention to the arts of peace that the telegraph was to begin its first practical use in war. The outbreak of the mob in Baltimore on the 19th of April, 1861, culminated in the destruction of railroads, bridges, and telegraphs, and for a time Washington was isolated from the North. In this emergency the Administration called upon Thomas A. Scott of the Pennsylvania Railroad to aid the military operations of General Butler in re-opening communication. Taking with him Andrew Carnegie and four of his best telegraphers, Mr. Scott attacked the problem with amazing energy. Rails were relaid, bridges rebuilt, wires restrung, as if by magic; and as the nation poured its defenders towards Washington, the genius of Scott, aided by the sagacity of these assistants, guided the long trains of volunteers safely to their destination. Reaching Washington after the accomplishment of this mission, the telegraph corps was enlarged to connect important stations, as the navy yard and the arsenal, with the War Department, and to run lines to Arlington, Chain Bridge, and other outposts. The names of the four pioneers of the service were David Strouse, D. Homer Bates, Samuel Brown, and Richard O'Brien. Strouse soon succumbed to the hardships of the new service, and went home to die: he sleeps by the Juniata. Of the three others, Bates served at the War Department and Brown and O'Brien at the front throughout the war. Thus informally began the career of the corps, which grew to number more than 1000 experts, which constructed 15,000 miles of line in the field, transmitted millions of important dispatches, regulated the movements of distant armies, as those of Grant, Sherman, and Thomas, and, in short, made it possible to move vast forces as a unit over a wide territory. It will be remembered that in 1861 telegraphy was not twenty years old, and that the art of rapid operating by sound was still younger. Most of those who responded to the call for operators to serve in the field were in their teens, but they were enthusiastic, already trained to the faithful performance of duty, and ready to face danger when necessary. At Great Falls, an outpost on the Maryland side of the Potomac, the pickets were one day withdrawn, and simultaneously the Confederates began to shell the telegraph office. As steps, porch, and roof were successively shot away, the operator, Ed. Conway, reported progress to the War Department, adding that his office would "now close for repairs," and withdrew with his instrument as the enemy crossed the river.

With McDowell's advance to Bull Run, in 1861, lines were extended to Alexandria, Fairfax Station, and Fairfax Court House. Aided by a line of couriers, the progress of the first battle of Bull Run was reported to the War Department by operators at the front, who were among the last to leave the field.

They soon became veterans. A gorgeous uniform which had marked the gilt-edged, brass-button period of the telegraph service, and which had not sufficiently distinguished the operators from major-generals, was discarded, and the corps settled down to the exigencies of its novel situation, sharing the dangers and privations of the troops, keeping up communication night and day, and faithfully guarding the important military secrets intrusted for transmission.

It might be supposed that Southern sympathizers would have endeavored to interrupt Government communication by telegraph when it could so easily be done by cutting wires and cables, or by connecting them with each other or with the ground. As a matter of fact, lines in Washington were interrupted by cross connections made with fine copper wire which could not be seen from the ground; but these were so quickly detected by electrical tests and the lines were so well guarded that such attempts became too dangerous and ceased.

As we advanced southward whole sections

of wire would sometimes be torn down at night by bushwhackers and carried into the woods, and the work of repair often proved extremely hazardous. A favorite point for such exploits on the part of the Confederates was the line between Fort Monroe and Newport News. They being camped at Yorktown, and our videttes, after the Big Bethel affair, only extending to Hampton, they could strike the exposed line anywhere from there to Newport News. This they usually did at night. On one occasion, early in 1862, the chief operator at Fort Monroe went out to repair such a break, accompanied by an escort of infantry. Being well mounted he left the troops out of sight, found the wire torn down near Newport News, repaired it, and returned rapidly towards Hampton. As he passed the New Market road he received simultaneously a bullet through his coat and an order to halt from a party of cavalry charging down upon him from the direction of Yorktown. Disregarding both bullet and order, he spurred his horse forward and succeeded in reaching his escort, who poured a volley into his pursuers which caused them to wheel and retreat as rapidly as they had come.

It was on this line that the operator at Newport News reported from his point of view the phases of the fight between the *Merrimac* and our wooden ships, while shells from the former and her consorts burst around him at short range. Amid the reverberations of the heavy broadsides from our ships, which shook the massive ramparts of Fort Monroe, the writer read to the assembled officers, from the click of the instrument, this terse description: "The *Merrimac* steers straight for the *Cumberland*." "The *Cumberland* gives her a broadside." "The *Merrimac* keels over." "She seems to be sinking." A pause. "No; she comes on again." "She has struck the *Cumberland* and poured a broadside into her." "God! the *Cumberland* is sinking." Another pause and then: "The *Cumberland* has fired her last broadside." Next day the historic combat of the iron-clads occurred, and though largely within view from our ramparts, it was similarly bulletined by the same steady hand from Newport News.

Telegraphic operations began in West Virginia almost contemporaneously with those about Washington, and materially aided General McClellan in his campaign in that quarter. Operations in other States will be noted further on. By the close of the first year of the war over a thousand miles of line had been built with the armies in the different departments; the telegraph having proved itself invaluable in the strategic movement of troops in the field, and equally essential to the efficiency of the commissariat and the prompt transportation of quartermasters' supplies.

A new era was now begun by the appointment of Colonel Anson Stager as general superintendent of all military telegraphs, with Thomas T. Eckert, afterwards Assistant Secretary of War, in immediate charge of the Department of Virginia and North Carolina, and later with other competent telegraphers in charge of the departments of West Virginia, Ohio, the Cumberland, Missouri, Tennessee, the South, and the Gulf. In these several departments material was accumulated, operators employed, and construction corps organized to build and operate lines in the field with efficiency and dispatch, so that every army, whether moving or fighting, should act in harmony with the rest.

Preparatory to McClellan's peninsular campaign a line was carried from Washington via Wilmington along the eastern shore of Delaware, Maryland, and Virginia to Cape Charles and Cherrystone Inlet, whence communication was completed to Fort Monroe, first by dispatch-boats and afterwards by cable. The first attempt to lay this cable resulted in the wreck of the vessel containing it on Cape Henry, where the whole party narrowly escaped capture. A second attempt proved successful and placed McClellan in direct communication with the War Department, by a line of about two hundred miles in length. On this single wire, during McClellan's campaign, throbbed and pulsed the hurried orders for supplies, entreaties for reënforcements, fateful lists of killed and wounded, news of victory and defeat — all the tidings of glory and of horror which pertain to war.

At Cherrystone, Eastville, Cape Charles, and northward the military telegraphers enjoyed a holiday, faring on luscious oysters, shooting wild ducks, lazily riding with a cavalry escort over the line, wherein was just sufficient danger from guerrillas to give zest to life; while across the bay at the front the boys were working their instruments under fire in the trenches around Yorktown, keeping McClellan in constant communication with his generals and with Fort Monroe and Washington.

The telegraph not only worked through sea and land, but sought to establish communication in cloud-land, carrying a light wire skyward by balloon near Washington, at Pohick Church, Va., and several times on the Peninsula. Before Yorktown the operator in the clouds telegraphed to headquarters the position of Confederate intrenchments and the effect of our fire, assisting to regulate the range of our guns.

One of the first of our army to enter Yorktown was operator Lathrop, who hurried to the Confederate telegraph tent to try the Richmond wire, and was blown to pieces by an ingeniously placed torpedo of the enemy. After Yorktown the construction party always kept the main line up with the troops as they marched, and the branches to corps headquarters when they halted, stringing the wire on poles or trees as the needs of the march required. The Count of Paris attests that the generals were surprised and delighted to find the telegraph at hand at the end of each day's march, giving them communication with one another and with the base of operations. The instruments of slight resistance and currents of small electro-motive force employed on the well-insulated lines of to-day would not have recorded signals, nor have overcome the "escapes" of our field lines of that time. We used "relays" of great resistance, and nitric acid batteries of the strongest kind. The operators at the front, too, were experts. Seated under fire, on a stump or a cracker-box, while troops and artillery swept by, they would send or take thousands of words of military orders, at the rate of forty words per minute, without an error. From the battle of Williamsburg to that of Fair Oaks and in the Seven Days' fighting the telegraph assisted largely in handling the several corps of the Army of the Potomac. At Gaines's Mill, Porter obtained reënforcements at the critical juncture through the promptness of his operator, who tapped the wire as our line of battle receded, and transmitted the necessary dispatches under a heavy fire which killed several of his mounted messengers.

The inner history of this campaign can best be read in the pregnant telegrams of McClellan and the Administration, found in the Official Records. These dispatches, and all succeeding ones of importance throughout the war, were transmitted over the wires in cipher, the keys of which were held only by confidential telegraph operators and were not permitted to be revealed even to commanding generals. The principle of the cipher consisted in writing a message with an equal number of words in each line, then copying the words up and down the columns by various routes, throwing in an extra word at the end of each column, and substituting other words for important names and verbs. This code was frequently changed to insure secrecy, as when a cipher operator was captured. The reader who may be curious on this subject is referred to Plum's "History of the Military Telegraph," which contains a full exposé of both the Union and the Confederate cryptographs. The Confederate ciphers were always easily solved by our experts, sharing, as they did, the faults of all ciphers constructed on an alphabetical system, while it is believed that no instance is known of the enemy having been able to decipher a telegram in one of our ciphers. When the Army of the Potomac was recalled from the James, our lines were taken down as far back as Williamsburg. South of the James we had communication with Norfolk by cable from Fort Monroe, through Hampton Roads and thence to Suffolk, on the Nansemond. At Norfolk, in 1862, the chief operator was offered by a committee twenty thousand dollars in gold, the freedom of the Confederacy, and passage to England by blockade runner if he would anticipate a telegram expected from Mr. Lincoln granting a reprieve to a citizen condemned for shooting a Union officer. The offer was made on the day preceding that fixed for the execution and was indignantly rejected.

During 1862 nearly four thousand miles of line was built over the wide territory occupied by our forces. Of this nearly half was taken down or abandoned as the necessities of the conflict dictated; over a million important telegrams were transmitted. As much more line was constructed in the field in 1863, and again 1500 miles was abandoned, while about 2,000,000 dispatches were transmitted; and from 1863 to the close more than 6000 miles of line was built and about 5,000,000 dispatches were forwarded. While the Army of the Potomac was engaged on the Peninsula the telegraphic situation nearer Washington consisted of three principal lines radiating thence to McDowell at Fredericksburg, to Manassas Junction, extended via the Manassas Gap road to Strasburg, and a line via Harper's Ferry to Winchester, following Banks to Strasburg.[1]

In the retreat of Banks from Strasburg, Jackson captured both his telegraphers. One of them, while detained at Winchester to send important messages after our rear-guard had passed, finding himself surrounded, destroyed his dispatches, broke his instruments, and surrendered. Three other operators, while pushing forward a reconnaissance by locomotive on the Manassas Gap route, were captured by Jackson's men, who obstructed the track in their front and rear.

In Pope's Virginia campaign of three weeks his essential telegraph lines formed a triangle, its base extending from Washington along the Virginia side of the Potomac to Aquia Creek and Fredericksburg, its sides from the latter point to Culpeper Court House, and from Washington via the Orange and Alexandria Railroad to the same point, whence a single wire accompanied him to the battlefield of Cedar Mountain and beyond. In the retrograde movement as soon as he uncovered the apex of the telegraph triangle at Culpeper he lost the Fredericksburg wire, which became more inaccessible the farther he receded on the Orange and Alexandria route, while "Jeb" Stuart rode in and cut the line in his rear at Manassas Junction, capturing our operator, who was shot while attempting to escape. Thus was Pope entirely isolated, while Washington seemed as completely cut off from knowledge of his movements or of Jackson's as it was from the North on the 20th of April, 1861. Again the telegraphers plunged into the work of re-opening communication, this time at far greater hazard. Pushing out on the Orange and Alexandria and Manassas Gap roads, by locomotive or by hand-car, they concealed themselves in woods and cliffs, observing the movements of the enemy's forces and of our own, and giving all the definite information which reached the Administration at that time. The field operators with Pope, too, finding their usual occupation gone, became independent scouts, reconnoitering the country and tapping the wires wherever reached to obtain information of the enemy or to communicate news to the War Department. The earliest advices of the second battle of Bull Run, like those of the first, were given by the operators, two of them riding direct from the battlefield to the nearest line and telegraphing their own description of it to the President, who personally thanked them by telegraph. In such hazardous work a number were wounded or captured.

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[1] This was exclusive of the Fort Monroe line, the civil lines northward, and a network of short wires connecting fortifications and outposts.

On one occasion an operator started out from Fairfax Station on a hand-car propelled by three contrabands to attempt to restore the line so that Pope's operators could communicate his whereabouts. Finding the line cut beyond Pohick Bridge, he spliced it and got signals from both directions. While so engaged a party of guerrillas emerged from the woods to the track and surrounded him. Bidding the negroes stand fast, he dictated a swift message over the line, which was being repeated back to him and copied as the Confederate leader leaned over his shoulder and read the significant words: "Buford has sent back a regiment of cavalry to meet the one from here and guard the line. If you are molested we will hang every citizen on the route." The instrument ceased ticking as the operator firmly replied, ". . — . —" (O. K.). A painful pause ensued. The Confederate might have suspected a ruse if at the moment a gleam of sabers had not shone in the direction of Fairfax Court House. Hastily starting for the woods, the leader exclaimed, "Come home, boys; these yere ain't *our* niggers"; and they disappeared, while the hand-car, as if driven by forty contraband power, sped rapidly rearward. Pope's wires were not well guarded at any time.

TELEGRAPH CAMP, BRANDY STATION, ORANGE AND ALEXANDRIA RAILROAD (ON THE LINE BETWEEN WASHINGTON AND CULPEPER).

Later in the war, in attempting to re-open this line for Sheridan, via the Manassas Gap road to Front Royal, a railroad and telegraph party while proceeding by locomotive were ambushed and five of them killed.

In the Antietam campaign McClellan had a line to Hagerstown looped via Poolesville to Point of Rocks, whence a branch extended to Harper's Ferry. Stuart cut this loop as Lee advanced, and an attempt to restore it proving disastrous to the telegraph party, Harper's Ferry remained isolated until captured. Five military operators surrendered with the troops at that point, but they escaped and at Antietam joined their comrades, who had pushed the line to the battlefield of South Mountain and on through Boonesboro' and Keedysville.

The electric tongue which had aided him on the Peninsula and in Maryland now proclaimed McClellan's victory at Antietam and again became the messenger of his humiliation. The telegraph corps revered "Little Mac," both in person and in military genius. Perhaps none knew better than some of its members the extent and scope of his plans or had more confidence in their success. The orders for his withdrawal from the James were reluctantly transmitted, and on his removal from the command of the Army of the Potomac, in November, his chief operator telegraphed, "We are all grieved at McClellan's removal. The whole army, from major-generals down to foot orderlies, feel it. Old soldiers of the regulars wept like boys when he left."

Burnside's lines in the Fredericksburg campaign were the same as Pope's had been in August, but were less extended and less exposed. Three of the operators were captured at their posts, one of whom escaped by his wits and the others joined the considerable delegation of the corps already in captivity, where they suffered the usual horrors of Libby, Belle Isle, and Andersonville, and whence they communicated by many ingenious devices with their friends. A brass button by the hands of an exchanged prisoner would contain a cipher dispatch on tissue paper. A ring carved from bone and marked with a few Morse characters told us of our captured comrades.

A FIELD EXPEDIENT.

From the beginning of the war there had been some friction between the telegraph and the signal corps. Early in 1861 the chief signal officer assumed control of the telegraph in Butler's department, from which he was immediately relieved by the Secretary of War. In 1863 he was again in the field with thirty cumbrous "magneto" machines, intended to operate a dial telegraph. The system was operated by the signal officers in the Chancellorsville campaign, and, proving inefficient, it was turned over to the telegraphers, who discarded the machines and worked with Morse instruments the short lines laid by the signal corps. Had Major Myer then had the telephone, he would have succeeded. It will undoubtedly be used with Morse telegraphy in future wars;[1] but the antiquated system introduced, and expected to be worked by officers unfamiliar with electricity, resulted in disastrous failure. Had the telegraphic field not been thus divided, and had General Hooker ordered the necessary lines, he would probably have had better control of his forces, particularly of Sedgwick's corps.

A swift glance southward and westward, without regard to chronological order, may indicate the value of the telegraph in other fields than the Potomac.

Military lines were not required in North Carolina until 1863, when they connected Morehead City, New Berne, Bachelor's Creek, and outposts. General Palmer credited the telegraph with having apprised him of the approach of Pickett's force against New Berne in February, 1864, and with enabling him promptly to concentrate his forces to meet the attack.

Three of his operators died of yellow fever. Plum says: "On the pay-rolls, which alone indicate that these men were in the service of their country, is written opposite their names, 'Discharged.' An eternal discharge, indeed."[2] Yet that epitaph comprises all of rank, reward, or pension ever tendered an operator of the military telegraph, or his family, by the United States.

In the same region, in March, 1865, the writer ran the line along with the troops in General Schofield's advance on Kinston and Goldsboro', lying in Gum Swamp — where the enemy struck us — two days and nights with the relay to his ear, transmitting dispatches. The signal corps cooperated handsomely, and ten picked cavalrymen rode right and left under fire with the dispatches. A whole regiment of ours was captured almost beside us.

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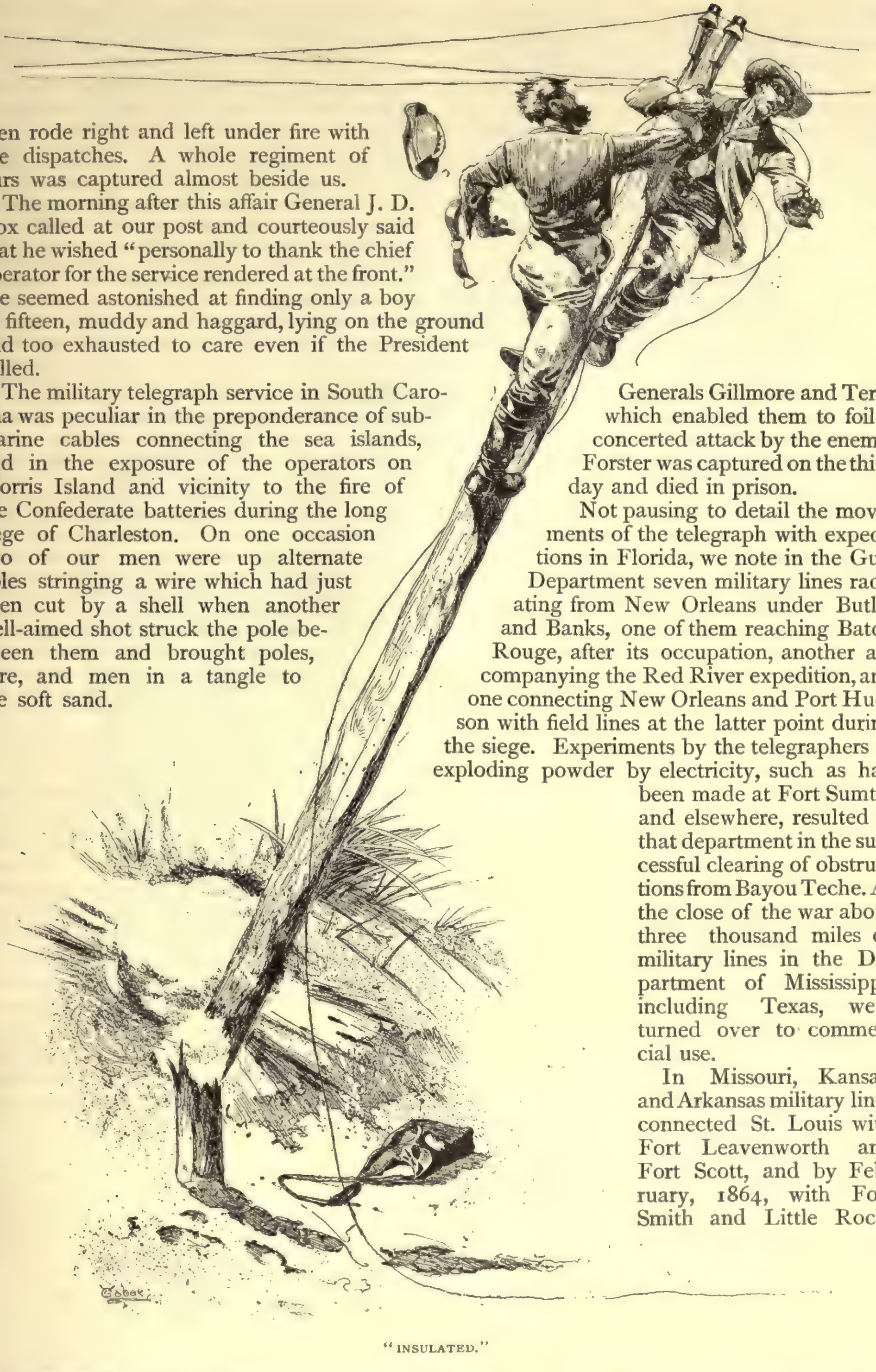
[1] The hand 'phone is a sensitive instrument for Morse telegraphy.

[2] "History of the Military Telegraph."

The morning after this affair General J. D. Cox called at our post and courteously said that he wished "personally to thank the chief operator for the service rendered at the front." He seemed astonished at finding only a boy of fifteen, muddy and haggard, lying on the ground and too exhausted to care even if the President called.

The military telegraph service in South Carolina was peculiar in the preponderance of submarine cables connecting the sea islands, and in the exposure of the operators on Morris Island and vicinity to the fire of the Confederate batteries during the long siege of Charleston. On one occasion two of our men were up alternate poles stringing a wire which had just been cut by a shell when another well-aimed shot struck the pole between them and brought poles, wire, and men in a tangle to the soft sand.



"INSULATED."

In September, 1863, a Union operator named Forster tapped the Charleston and Savannah line near Pocotaligo and sent information to Generals Gillmore and Terry which enabled them to foil a concerted attack by the enemy. Forster was captured on the third day and died in prison.

Not pausing to detail the movements of the telegraph with expeditions in Florida, we note in the Gulf Department seven military lines radiating from New Orleans under Butler and Banks, one of them reaching Baton Rouge, after its occupation, another accompanying the Red River expedition, and one connecting New Orleans and Port Hudson with field lines at the latter point during the siege. Experiments by the telegraphers in exploding powder by electricity, such as had been made at Fort Sumter and elsewhere, resulted in that department in the successful clearing of obstructions from Bayou Teche. At the close of the war about three thousand miles of military lines in the Department of Mississippi, including Texas, were turned over to commercial use.

In Missouri, Kansas, and Arkansas military lines connected St. Louis with Fort Leavenworth and Fort Scott, and by February, 1864, with Fort Smith and Little Rock, from which point three wires radiated to important posts. In March, 1864, three of our builders were killed by guerrillas on the Fort

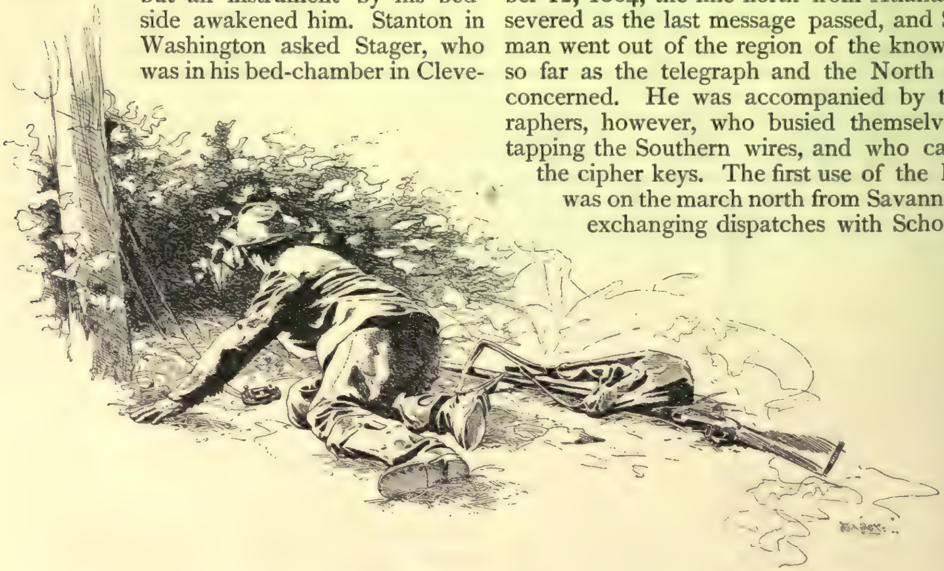
Smith line. By 1865 these lines aggregated seventeen hundred miles.

In Tennessee about a thousand miles of lines were constructed for Halleck's and Grant's operations. These, in 1862, connected St. Louis with Forts Henry and Donelson when captured, thence reaching to Nashville and on to Bowling Green, Kentucky. Nashville was connected with Decatur, Alabama, and other points. In the Shiloh campaign Buell carried a line from Nashville with him, meeting midway one from Grant, who was at Pittsburg Landing, so that Grant, Buell, and Halleck were in telegraphic communication on the eve of the unexpected battle of Shiloh. This must have been a source of reliance to Grant when the fight actually opened. During the siege of Vicksburg field lines connected Grant with all his forces, and the telegraph gave timely notice of Johnston's movements.

When Rosecrans was defeated at Chickamauga and retreated to Chattanooga, where Grant sent him timely aid; and in the concentration of Sherman and Hooker with Thomas, which culminated in the victory of Chattanooga, the telegraph was of incalculable service.

About this time Longstreet besieged Burnside at Knoxville and Grant sent Sherman swiftly to the rescue. Plum says: "After Grant had driven Bragg from Missionary Ridge he received dispatches from the advance office at Tazewell, notifying him that Burnside could not hold out longer than December 1. Secretary Stanton telegraphed for Colonel Stager to 'come to the key.' Stager had retired, but an instrument by his bedside awakened him. Stanton in Washington asked Stager, who was in his bed-chamber in Cleveland, Ohio, to forward news to Burnside by the most trusty means. The colonel instantly called up the chief operator in Louisville, Kentucky, and the latter the operators at four separate points nearest to Burnside. Thus it happened that in the dead of night four telegraphers, each with a cipher message notifying Burnside of the approach of Union troops, started on their perilous journey from four separate points." Some of them reached Burnside, and he held out until his army was saved. The episode has not been immortalized nor its heroes rewarded.

While Sherman was preparing his army to start from Chattanooga in the Atlanta campaign the military telegraph spread a network of additional wires in Tennessee for his use, some of them extending into Alabama and Georgia and accompanying him to Atlanta. In his "Memoirs" he says: "There was perfect concert of action between the armies in Virginia and Georgia in all 1864; hardly a day intervened when General Grant did not know the exact state of facts with me, more than fifteen hundred miles off, as the wires ran." The operations of Sherman's telegraph in the advance on Atlanta were similar to those with the Army of the Potomac on the Peninsula. For instance, in front of Kenesaw, when about to hurl his whole force on Johnston's center, he says: "In order to oversee the whole and be in close communication with all parts of the army, I had a space cleared on top of a hill to the rear of Thomas's center, and had the telegraph wires laid to it." Sherman further says, speaking of the telegraph on the battlefield, "This is better far than the signal flags and torches." November 12, 1864, the line north from Atlanta was severed as the last message passed, and Sherman went out of the region of the knowable, so far as the telegraph and the North were concerned. He was accompanied by telegraphers, however, who busied themselves in tapping the Southern wires, and who carried the cipher keys. The first use of the latter was on the march north from Savannah in exchanging dispatches with Schofield,



TAPPING A WIRE.

LIGHT FIELD SERVICE.

who on the taking of Wilmington sent his dispatches in cipher by Lieutenant Cushing of the navy, who had already distinguished himself for reckless bravery. Cushing, going up the Cape Fear River in a steam launch, met Sherman's scouts near Fayetteville. Thus Sherman was informed of successful coöperation in North Carolina, and the cipher code permitted full explanation of plans of campaign between Grant, Schofield, and Sherman.

It also enabled us later, at Raleigh, to communicate over the Confederate wires with General James H. Wilson at Macon, Georgia, pending the negotiations for the surrender of Johnston.

Meantime the telegraph served Thomas in retreat and defense — covering his front during the siege of Nashville with watchful sentinels, reporting his condition daily to Grant, and bringing constant messages from City Point and Washington.[1]

Taking up the electric thread with the Army of the Potomac, in 1864, Badeau attests that when Grant crossed the Rapidan in the final campaign he moved synchronously by telegraph Sherman in Georgia, Crook in the Valley, and Butler on the Peninsula, and received responses from each before night, while all the remaining forces of the Union were placed on the alert by the same agency. In addition to

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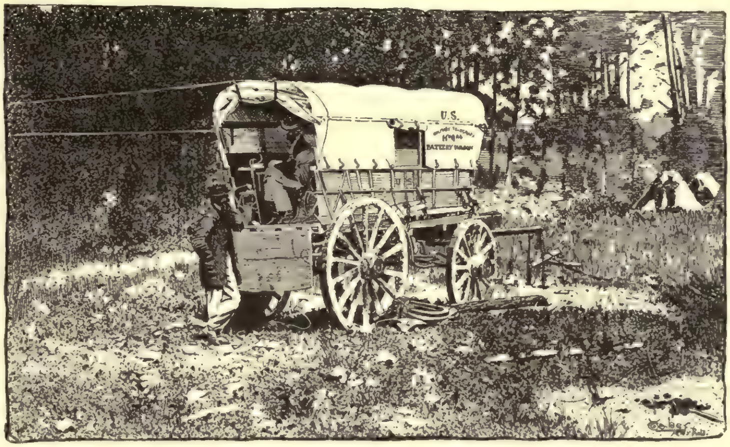
[1] For an account of the Western service the reader is referred to Plum's History, already quoted, to which the writer is much indebted for details of the Western departments.

UNITED STATES MILITARY TELEGRAPH CONSTRUCTION CORPS.

the main line, via the Orange and Alexandria road, accompanying Grant, keeping him in direct communication with Washington, General Eckert had at this time perfected a field telegraph system somewhat on the mountain howitzer plan. Reels of insulated cable, strong enough to resist cannon-wheels, were carried on the backs of mules paying out the wire over the field, where it was raised on lances or on trees, while compact portable electric batteries were transported in ambulances constructed for the purpose. This system was found efficient on the battlefield and at Spotsylvania Court House, where at one time operators and cable were within the enemy's lines, and in subsequent battles it was thoroughly tested. Throughout the remainder of the war General Grant received almost daily reports by telegraph from all the armies in the field, and issued his orders, in cipher, over our wires to all his lieutenants in pursuance of one comprehensive plan. With Butler's coöperative move up the Peninsula went the telegraph to Gloucester Point, West Point, and White House on the Pamunkey; and when this feint on the York was followed by the real attack on the other side of the Peninsula, the telegraph was pushed up the James as rapidly as possible; so that when Grant swung around Richmond he was met at White House and at City Point by these electric nerves. Before Grant's arrival wires were run from Bermuda Hundred to Point of Rocks, on the left bank of the Appomattox, under fire from the enemy's batteries on the right bank, to Butler's headquarters, midway between that point and Broadway Landing, and to W. F. Smith's and Gillmore's corps. A line was run down the south bank of the James from City Point to Fort Powhatan, and another was pushed across from Jamestown Island to Yorktown, whence it completed connection by McClellan's old wire to Fort Monroe and Washington. These links were then united by a submarine cable from Jamestown Island to Fort Powhatan, some nineteen miles in the James River, and a short one across the Appomattox. The James River cable was necessitated by the incursions of guerrillas on both banks. Facilities for the manufacture of telegraph cable in this country being then deficient, a portion of the original Atlantic cable was used. It never worked well, and in September, William Mackintosh, with a construction party of ten men and an infantry escort of one hundred, made an attempt to replace the cable by a land line on the south bank, which resulted in the capture of all but two of the party, six six-mule teams, and twenty miles of wire. The party had camped at night on a tidal creek below City Point, expecting to start out in the morning, all but "Mack" and the colored cook preferring the right bank on account of its being higher ground. About daybreak the contraband heard firing and roused Mack, who thought it was only his escort killing pigs for breakfast. The old cook started to make a fire and fry some bacon, but a bullet whistling near his head demoralized him and he took to the woods. Mack then saw the raiders on the opposite bank of the creek and heard them shouting to him to surrender. Fortunately the tide was in, and while they were crossing he secured his horse and set off amid a shower of bullets, closely pursued by the Confederates.[1] The chase was kept up for a mile by augmenting parties of cavalry who had forded the creek higher up, and was stopped only when the pursuers were confronted by a regiment of our men, who poured a volley into them and emptied a number of saddles. Mackintosh thus escaped a third term in Libby prison, he having been twice before captured and exchanged. A week after the capture of the telegraph party a "climber," barefoot and tattered, found his way back to our lines. When asked where his shoes were, he replied, "The ribils schkarred me out of me boots."

In Butler's advance on the Petersburg and Richmond Railroad, 7th of May, a line was carried along with the column to within sight of that road, and worked until Beauregard struck us at Drewry's Bluff, on the 16th, when General Butler ordered his chief operator to "bring the line within the intrenchments." In these trenches, one night, Maynard Huyck was awakened from sleep, not by the familiar voice of his instrument, but by the shriek of a Whitworth bolt, a six-pound steel shell, which passed through the few clothes he had doffed, then ricochetted, and exploded beyond. Congratulating himself that he was not in his "duds" at the moment, the boy turned over and slept through the infernal turmoil of an awakening cannonade until aroused by the gentle tick of the telegraph relay. We used no "sounders" in those days at the front.



FIELD TELEGRAPH — BATTERY WAGON.

In illustration of the sensibility of hearing acquired by the military operators for this one sound, the writer may be pardoned another personal incident. At Norfolk, in April, 1863, he happened to be alone in charge of the telegraph when Longstreet with a large force laid siege to Suffolk. In the emergency he remained on duty, without sleep, for three days and nights, repeating orders between Fort Monroe and the front. Towards morning on the third night he fell asleep, but was roused by the strenuous calls of the fort and asked why he had not given "O. K." for the messages just sent. He replied that none had been received. "We called you," said the operator at the fort; "you answered, and we sent you two messages, but you failed to acknowledge them." The dispatches were repeated and forwarded, when on taking up a volume of Scott's novels, with which he had previously endeavored to keep awake, the writer was astonished to find the missing telegrams scrawled across the printed page in his own writing, some sentences omitted, and some repeated. It was a curious instance of somnambulism.

During the siege of Petersburg every salient point on the front of the armies of the Potomac and James was covered with the wires radiating from Grant's headquarters at City Point. One circuit, crossing the Appomattox, took in the intrenchments on the Bermuda Hundred front, the Tenth Corps' headquarters. Later it crossed the James at Deep Bottom by cable, included the "Crow's Nest," Dutch Gap, headquarters Army of the James, Fort Harrison when captured, and eventually Weitzel's headquarters and Kautz's cavalry on our extreme right. The second circuit followed up the south bank of the Appomattox to our advanced works, and running to the left connected Smith, Hancock, Burnside, and Warren, Sheridan on his arrival, and other commands as they arrived or were shifted on this important field as the tide of battle ebbed and flowed, pushing farther to the left as Grant, throughout the winter and spring, deployed his forces to envelop Lee's right, until the line reached the Weldon railroad and beyond. Thus all our forces in front of Richmond and Petersburg — a semicircle of thirty miles of intrenchments — were manipulated in concert by the hand of General Grant.

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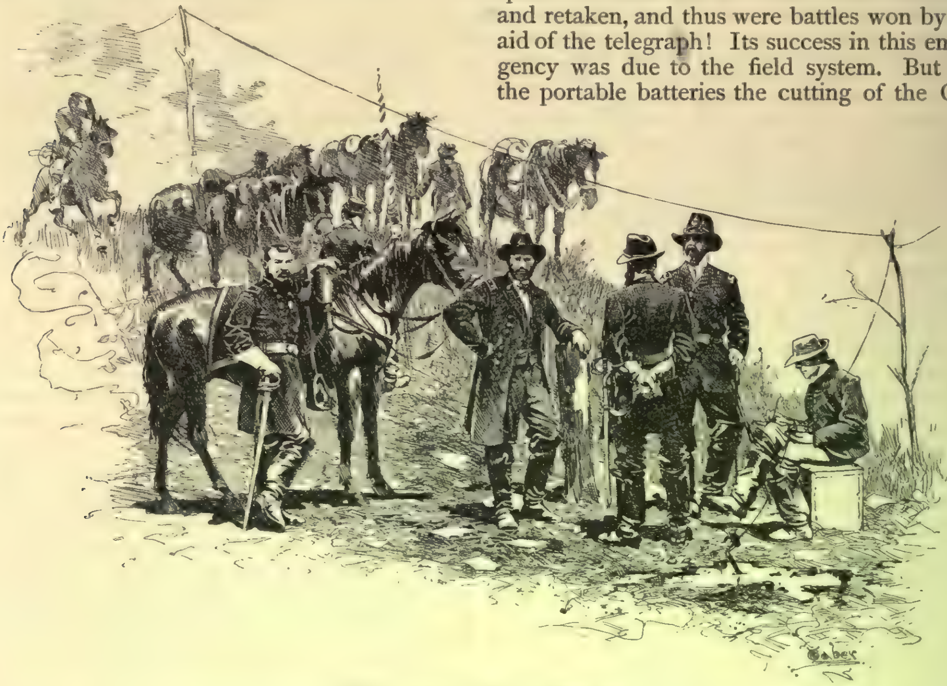
[1] This proved to be Hampton's famous "cattle raid," than which there stands nothing bolder or more curious in the annals of such exploits. It originated in a telegraphic episode, General Hampton's operator, Gaston, having lain six weeks in the woods, with his instrument connected by fine wire to our line. All that he heard of importance was in cipher, except one message mentioning that 2586 beeves, to feed our army, would be landed at Coggin's Point for pasture. Hampton got them all but one lame steer. Doubtless the hungry "Johnnies" blessed the operator who neglected to put that message in cipher. The other dispatches which Gaston copied were sent to Richmond, but were never deciphered.



GENERAL GRANT AND HIS OPERATOR.

The result of battles sometimes hung on the continuity of a slender wire, as when on March 25, 1865, the Confederates under Gordon attacked and carried Fort Stedman and cut the wire to City Point. The capture occurred about 5 A. M. According to General Humphreys, who has described this campaign, General Parke, then commanding the Ninth Corps, which received the attack, telegraphed at 5:30 A. M. to General Webb the loss of the fort. Webb immediately replied that Meade was at City Point, and he (Parke) in command. At 6:15 Humphreys, commanding the Second Corps, on Parke's left, received the news also by telegraph that the enemy had "broken our right, taken Stedman, and were moving on City Point." Parke ordered Warren up with the Fifth Corps, the Ninth assaulted, and the fort was recaptured by eight o'clock. Promptly the telegraph was repaired and flashed the news to Grant and Meade, who as quickly projected the Second and the Ninth Corps against the enemy, capturing his intrenched picket line, a position of immense subsequent advantage, inflicting a loss of 4000 men, and losing 2000 in the whole operation. Thus the cutting of the wire by Gordon removed Meade from control, placed Parke in command, gave him three corps and empowered him to assault, while its repair restored Meade, regulated the assault, enabling Grant to use his whole force as a unit, and secured an advance by our forces, all within the space of a few hours. Thus were forts lost and retaken, and thus were battles won by the aid of the telegraph! Its success in this emergency was due to the field system. But for the portable batteries the cutting of the City Point current would have rendered the rest of the circuit useless.

In the final pursuit and capture of Lee's army all authorities unite in attesting the efficiency of the telegraph corps. In the rush of fifty miles from Petersburg to Appomattox, Grant, Meade, and all the corps of both the Potomac and James armies, except Sheridan's, were kept connected. Our men found poles standing on the South-side road, which materially facilitated our advance with the army. Where the retreat of the Confederates had been too rapid to destroy wires these were spliced to ours and used, turning the enemy's telegraph against himself, an operation which we were able to make on an extended scale in the North Carolina campaign.

The President at this time was at City Point, and later in Petersburg and Richmond, and to him Grant telegraphed the phases of the conflict, beginning with Sheridan's victory at Five Forks and ending with Lee's surrender. Meantime, over the wire pushed forward north of the James sped the message, "Richmond is fallen."

Sherman had reached Goldsboro'; and Schofield, advancing by two routes from the coast, overcoming all obstacles, had built railroads and telegraphs to meet and supply him, and now he was advancing to Raleigh. Johnston surrendered, and at last over the military line which has been traced began to flow a tide of commercial dispatches, transmitted by the military telegraphers, Schofield's operators at Raleigh taking the business from Columbia and the south, rushing it over the Raleigh and Gaston wire, sixty messages an hour to Petersburg, whence northward flew the silent harbingers of peace. It was the first link to bind the North and the South together again.

It may surprise the reader to learn that, beyond the commendation of Lincoln, Stanton, Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, and all the higher officers, the military telegraphers — except a few heads of departments, who were commissioned and promoted from captains up to brigadier-generals — have never received any recognition for their great services. Though suffering captivity, wounds, and all of the hardships of the troops, the members of the corps cannot tell their children that they were soldiers, nor hail their brother veterans of the Grand Army of the Republic as comrades. They were merely "civilians" who faithfully performed dangerous and harassing military duty with boyish enthusiasm, and some of whom have survived to learn that republics are ungrateful, or at least forgetful. Uncle Sam, who has been more generous to his veterans than any potentate of history, has forgotten them. Their widows and orphans receive no pensions.

Once a year the survivors of the corps from all parts of the Union meet to renew old acquaintance, cemented by the electric spark over leagues of wire. Many of them never met in the field, but they knew each other well by telegraph, and can still recognize the touch of a comrade's hand on the "key" a thousand miles away.

The experience of this country, which demonstrated the value of a military telegraph, induced the immediate organization of such corps, but on a more strictly military basis, in all European armies.[1]

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[1] See Lieutenant Von Treuenfeldt's "Kriegs-Telegraphie," and "Die Kriegstelegraphie" of Captain Bucholtz.

J. Emmet O'Brien.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

Ballot Reform Progress.

THE record of ballot reform legislation for the current year is one of most encouraging progress. At the beginning of the year only one State, Massachusetts, had such a law on its statute books. At its close, the legislatures of nine States had passed comprehensive measures closely resembling that of Massachusetts, seven of which were approved and became laws and two of which were defeated by executive vetoes. The States which have these, all of which are to go into effect in the near future, are, given in the order of enactment: Massachusetts, Indiana, Montana, Rhode Island, Wisconsin, Tennessee, Minnesota, and Missouri. The two States which lost theirs through vetoes are New York and Connecticut. New York has been deprived in this way twice in succession, both times by the same governor. In Connecticut a so-called secret ballot law was hurriedly passed on the last day of the session, and was approved by the governor. It is in no sense an application of the Australian system, and there is considerable doubt as to whether it will accomplish much real reform in practice. It is, however, a step in advance.

When the agitation for ballot reform was started by the discussions of the Commonwealth Club of New York City in the spring of 1887, there was no law embodying the principles of the Australian system to be found in any part of the United States. A bill proposing a partial application of that system was discussed that winter in the Michigan legislature, and finally passed one house, but it failed in the other house. Later in the spring of 1887 the Wisconsin legislature passed a law, applying only to the city of Milwaukee, in which some of the Australian principles, notably those providing for an absolutely secret ballot, were embodied. The committee appointed by the Commonwealth Club to draft a bill for presentation to the New York legislature spent a great deal of time during the autumn and early winter of 1887 in devising a simple and comprehensive scheme for applying the Australian system to American election methods. They completed their work in time to have their bill presented to the New York legislature soon after its assembling in January, 1888. This bill has served as the model for all subsequent measures, and while the eight laws now in existence differ from it in details, its underlying principles are to be found without modification in all of them. It was used in 1888 as the basis for the Massachusetts law, which, with the exception of a very excellent law passed by the Kentucky legislature and applying exclusively to the city of Louisville, was the only advance made by the reform during that year. The New York legislature passed the Commonwealth Club bill, but Governor Hill vetoed it.

The discussions aroused in New York and Massachusetts on the pending measures called the attention of the whole country to the subject. A valuable demonstration of the practicability of the reform was furnished by elections in Milwaukee and Louisville, for in both instances the new system worked with such smoothness and success as to command the praise of its most strenuous opponents. This helped forward the movement, but a far more vigorous impulse was given to it by the revelations which were made after the presidential election concerning the unprecedented use of money for the purchase of votes by both political parties. These awoke the public conscience in all parts of the country, and caused a general demand for some ballot system which would secure a secret and untrammeled vote. When the State legislatures came together in January last, there was scarcely one of them which did not have before it in some form a measure for a change in existing ballot systems. The Australian method was the favorite everywhere, partly because it had stood the test of experience in Australia for 30 years, in England for 18 years, and in Canada for 16 years, and partly because discussion of it had made the public to some extent familiar with its principles.

The result of the legislative year's work was the seven laws which we have enumerated. In Maine, Michigan, Ohio, Illinois, and several other States similar laws were considered but were not passed. The seed sown by the discussions of them is certain, however, to bear fruit in the near future. The leading principles of the eight laws which we now have are the same in all. They are:

1. An exclusively official ballot, printed and distributed at the public expense. The names of all candidates for all offices are to be placed upon these ballots, and none others are to be received or counted.

2. Absolute secrecy in voting. Every voter is required to take his ballots and retire alone with them to a compartment where, free from observation or espionage of any kind, he must mark them to indicate the candidates for whom he wishes to vote. There is slight variation in the methods prescribed by the different laws for this marking. In Indiana the voter is to make the mark with an official stamp, furnished for the purpose; in Missouri he must erase from the ballot all names except those for which he wishes to vote; and in Massachusetts, Montana, Rhode Island, Wisconsin, Tennessee, and Minnesota he must indicate his choice by an X opposite the name of each candidate for whom he wishes to vote. In three of the laws, those of Indiana, Missouri, and Tennessee, the names of candidates are grouped under party titles, but in the others they follow the order in which the nominations are received by the officer in charge of the printing, with the politics indicated after each name.

3. Ample provision for independent nominations. All the laws contain careful provision whereby a specified number of voters can, by agreeing upon an independent candidate, and by making his nomination in writing to the official printer of the ballots, have his name placed upon the ballots on equal terms with those of the regular candidates.

It is easy to see at a glance what a momentous gain for honest elections has been secured by the engrafting of these three principles upon our electoral system. The printing and distributing of ballots at the public expense, and the prohibition of all others, takes away all excuse for assessments upon candidates, and drives from the polls all the ticket-peddlers, watchers, and political workers of all kinds. There will be nothing for them to do outside and about the polls, they are forbidden to congregate near the polls, and they are not allowed inside. Thus we are rid at once of the chief excuse for raising money for corrupt purposes at the polls, and of the ability to use it, even if raised, with any certainty that the receivers of it will carry out their part of the corrupt bargain at the ballot-boxes. By having an absolutely secret ballot we are rid of espionage and intimidation of all kinds. The ward "boss" cannot follow his henchmen to the polls to see if they vote according to orders, or according to the terms of a "deal." The bulldozing employer cannot intimidate his employees to vote in accordance with his interests, but must leave them to vote in accordance with their own free will.

Possibly the greatest gain of all will be found in time to be that secured through independent nominations. This is the straightest and deadliest blow which has been struck at the dictatorial caucus system. Henceforth in eight States, any body of men, though a mere handful, can get their candidates' names upon the ballots and can have them distributed at the polls on equal terms with those of the regular parties. Every caucus will thus have hanging over its deliberations the threat of a formidable and easily organized independent movement in case its own nominations are not satisfactory. Heretofore the most effective obstacle to an independent ticket has been the difficulty and expense of getting it distributed at the polls.

Eight Hours a Day.

AGITATION is by no means a thing to be condemned off-hand. The justification of it rests on the same basis as that of any other advocacy: its ground of defense is that no other agency will take pains to defend its client; that opposing forces have their advocates who will bring out the best points on their behalf; and that this particular client should also have its advocate, to bring out the strong points of its case, leaving the balance of justice to be ascertained by those to whom that duty properly belongs. It will certainly not be asserted that any of our "trusts," or pools, or associations of manufacturers, or other employers, will make as hearty and persistent efforts as a labor organization would make to state and make clear the reasons or provocations for a troublesome and expensive strike. Nor, on the other hand, is it the primary business of the labor organization to maintain the cause of any but its own members. The case will be best understood and decided by the general public and by the parties interested when each side has been presented fully by those who feel its justice most keenly and know most about it, provided the presentation has been made in a spirit of fairness and of willingness to compromise. Even then some points will be imperfectly understood, but substantial justice can in no other way be so closely reached.

Every man, then, who is interested in industrial discussion has a right to protest against the spirit in which some industrial disputes are settled. A settlement into which either side brings personal rancor, or in which either side yields only perforce after a mismanaged struggle, with the reservation of an intention to try it again at the earliest opportunity or to gain the wished-for end by treachery and indirection, is no settlement at all. The employer who abandons a lock-out, but takes every subsequent opportunity to discharge "agitators," whom he regards as troublesome, will find, when he next has need of public sympathy, that he has alienated it. And there is no more real excuse for the labor agitator who, after a complete exposure of his failure to understand the circumstances through which he has undertaken to be the guide of his fellows, refuses to admit his mistake, but seeks some new ground upon which to prepare a second failure.

It is not quite a misnomer to give the name of "discussion" to a strike. The essence of the strike is that it is a clumsy means of testing truth. With some philosophical differences as to the source from which wages are paid, there is a pretty general agreement as to the manner in which the rate of wages is fixed. One distinguished writer on the subject has even gone for his text to the summing up of an intelligent workman, who said: "When I see two bosses running after one man, I know that wages are going to be high; when I see two men running after one boss, I know that wages are going to be low." All this means that supply and demand have the same influence on the price of labor as on the price of corn. But man has found no means of ascertaining the "visible supply" of labor in any trade as he has in the case of corn: corn remains corn and cannot become wheat or oats, but the man who is a shoemaker to-day may be a farmer or a horse-car driver to-morrow. How then is the possible labor supply to be ascertained? The workman says: "The supply of labor in our trade is sufficiently short to justify a ten per cent. increase of wages." The employer denies it. In the dearth of statistics, how is the controversy to be decided? The strike furnishes a clumsy mode of decision. The men suspend their work, and the employer attempts, by engaging new men, to justify his contention that the supply of labor was not "short."

It must be evident that it is unskilled labor which is at the greatest disadvantage in such a mode of coming to conclusions. This is the class of labor, therefore, which is most interested in finding some reasonable substitute for the strike and lockout rather than in contriving new pretexts or methods for either. The strike of the car-drivers in Brooklyn and New York last winter, for example, was successful only in showing that, for every hundred men who had struck, at least five times the number, of equal or superior capacity, were waiting to take their places. Having demonstrated this unwelcome state of affairs, what were rational men to do next? The circumstances could be changed only by sheer violence; and the city government was not to be counted as a passive but as an active neutral; it was not to leave the struggle to the arbitrament of violence, but intended to protect property as well as life. The men were wisest, then, in yielding to circumstances and again seeking their old work.

What are we to think, then, of the wisdom of guides who contemn circumstances and seek only for new reasons or methods for strikes? Yet the "lesson" which a leading labor journal drew from the failure of the street-car strike was as follows:

> The state should appoint boards of arbitration to which all grievances could be referred, and enact laws to enforce the decisions of the arbitrators. Reduce the hours of labor to eight per day, and establish a minimum rate of wages. Attach a penalty for working overtime, and give an opportunity to labor to the vast army of industrious idle men who flood the larger American cities at the present time. This would render strikes unnecessary, as an employer would think twice before allowing his work to stop when he did not know where to look for men. The employer reaps all the benefit of the competition in labor under present methods.

The two branches of this proposal are apt to seem plausible, even to men presumed to be educated. And yet the first, that of compulsory arbitration, really amounts to either a stoppage of production or the reintroduction of slavery. If the arbitration is made compulsory on the employer alone, production must stop, for the scheme would be merely a legal confiscation of the property of the employer, who, if he is sane, will go out of business. In the second place, the decision of the arbitrators can be enforced on the employer through his property: if he refuses to obey, his property can be sold by the sheriff. The workman has, roughly speaking, no property on which to levy, unless his labor be accounted his property. Compulsory arbitration for workmen, then, means compulsory labor, and that always has in it something of the principle of slavery. The state could not afford even to permit workmen to consent to its admission.

The second part of the proposal, the struggle for "eight hours a day," is founded on the notion that if less work is done in eight than in ten hours there will be just so much work left for those now unemployed; while the consequent employment of previously idle men will prevent an employer from filling the places of strikers, and will guard against a decrease of wages. If the proposal were that every man should work with one hand tied behind him, for the same purpose, the naked folly of it would need no demonstration. Any man could estimate for himself the effects on the industry and prosperity of the community or nation, and could see that, instead of providing work for the unemployed, the practical result would be the decrease of work, through the ruin of industries which have now but the narrowest margin of profit to rely upon. And yet where is the essential difference between the two proposals, except that this reason for an eight-hour day is solemnly put out as an "economic" proposition?

There are more respectable reasons for the eight-hour day, which are entitled to argument. But the reason above assigned is rather the dense obstinacy which attempts to retain or regain a discredited leadership by cozening the victims into treading again the same old road to ruin.

OPEN LETTERS.

The Centenary of Fenimore Cooper.

MOST appropriate is it that the first literary centenary which we are called upon to commemorate one hundred years after the adoption of the Constitution that knit these States into a nation should be the birthday of the author who has done the most to make us known to the nations of Europe. In the first year of Washington's first term as President, on the fifteenth day of September, 1789, was born James Fenimore Cooper, the first of American novelists and the first American author to carry our flag outside the limits of our language. Franklin was the earliest American who had fame among foreigners; but his wide popularity was due rather to his achievements as a philosopher, as a physicist, as a statesman, than to his labors as an author. Irving was six years older than Cooper, and his reputation was as high in England as at home; yet to this day he is little more than a name to those who do not speak our mother tongue. But after Cooper had published "The Spy," "The Last of the Mohicans," and "The Pilot," his popularity was cosmopolitan; he was almost as widely read in France, in Germany, and in Italy as in Great Britain and the United States. Only one American book has ever since attained the international success of these of Cooper's — "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and only one American author has since gained a name at all commensurate with Cooper's abroad — Poe. Here in these United States, we know what Emerson was to us and what he did for us and what our debt is to him; but the French and the Germans and the Italians do not know Emerson. When Professor Boyesen visited Hugo some ten years ago he found that the great French lyrist had never heard of Emerson. I have a copy of "Evangeline" annotated in French for the use of French children learning English at school; but whatever Longfellow's popularity in England or in Germany, he is really but little known in France or Italy or Spain. With Goethe and Schiller, with Scott and Byron, Cooper was one of the foreign forces which brought about the Romanticist revolt in France, profoundly affecting the literature of all Latin countries. Dumas owed almost as much to Cooper as he did to Scott; and Balzac said that if Cooper had only drawn character as well as he painted "the phenomena of nature, he would have uttered the last word of our art."

In his admirable life of Cooper, one of the best of modern biographies, Professor Lounsbury shows clearly the extraordinary state of affairs with which Cooper had to contend. Foremost among the disadvantages against which he had to labor was the dull, deadening provincialism of American criticism at the time when "The Spy" was written; and as we read Professor Lounsbury's pages we see how bravely Cooper fought for our intellectual emancipation from the shackles of the British criticism of that time, even more ignorant then and more insular than it is now. Abroad Cooper received the attention nearly always given in literature to those who bring a new thing; and the new thing which Cooper annexed to literature was America. At home he had to struggle against a belief that our soil was barren of romance — as though the author who used his eyes could not find ample material wherever there was humanity. Cooper was the first who proved the fitness of American life and American history for the uses of fiction. "The Spy" is really the first of American novels, and it remains one of the best. Cooper was the prospector of that little army of industrious miners now engaged in working every vein of local color and character, and in sifting out the golden dust from the sands of local history. The authors of "Oldtown Folks," of the "Tales of the Argonauts," of "Old Creole Days," and of "In the Tennessee Mountains" were but following in Cooper's footsteps — though they carried more modern tools. And when the desire of the day is for detail and for finish, it is not without profit to turn again to stories of a bolder sweep. When the tendency of the times is perhaps toward an undue elaboration of miniature portraits, there is gain in going back to the masterpieces of a literary artist who succeeded best in heroic statues. And not a few of us, whatever our code of literary esthetics, may find delight, fleeting though it be, in the free outline drawing of Cooper, after our eyes are tired by the niggling and cross-hatching of many among our contemporary realists. When our pleasant duty is done, when our examination is at an end, and when we seek to sum up our impressions and to set them down plainly, we find that chief among Cooper's characteristics were, first, a sturdy, hearty, robust, outdoor and open-air wholesomeness, devoid of any trace of offense and free from all morbid taint; and, secondly, an intense Americanism — ingrained, abiding, and dominant. Professor Lounsbury quotes from an English magazine of 1831 the statement that to an Englishman Cooper appeared to be prouder of his birth as an American than of his genius as an author — an attitude which may seem to some a little old-fashioned, but which on Cooper's part was both natural and becoming.

"The Spy" was the earliest of Cooper's American novels (and its predecessor, "Precaution," a mere stencil imitation of the minor British novel of that day, need not be held in remembrance against him). "The Spy," published in 1821, was followed in 1823 by "The Pioneers," the first of the "Leatherstocking Tales" to appear and by far the poorest; indeed it is the only one of the five for which any apology need be made. The narrative drags under the burden of overabundant detail; and the story may deserve to be called dull at times. Leatherstocking even is but a faint outline of himself as the author afterward with loving care elaborated the character. "The Last of the Mohicans" came out in 1826, and its success was instantaneous and enduring. In 1827 appeared "The Prairie," the third tale in which Leatherstocking is the chief character. It is rare that an author is ever able to write a successful sequel to a successful story, yet Cooper did more; "The

Prairie" is a sequel to "The Pioneers," and "The Last of the Mohicans" is a prologue to it. Eighteen years after the first of the "Leatherstocking Tales" had been published Cooper issued the last of them, amplifying his single sketch into a drama in five acts by the addition of "The Pathfinder," printed in 1840, and of "The Deerslayer," printed in 1841. In the sequence of events "The Deerslayer," the latest written, is the earliest to be read; then comes "The Last of the Mohicans"; followed by "The Pathfinder" and "The Pioneers"; while in "The Prairie" the series end. Of the incomparable variety of scene in these five related tales, or of the extraordinary fertility of invention which they reveal, it would not be easy to say too much. In their kind they have never been surpassed. The earliest to appear, "The Pioneers," is the least meritorious — as though Cooper had not yet seen the value of his material and had not yet acquired the art of handling it to advantage. "The Pathfinder," dignified as it is and pathetic in its portrayal of Leatherstocking's lovemaking, lacks the absorbing interest of "The Last of the Mohicans"; it is perhaps inferior in art to "The Deerslayer," which was written the year after, and it has not the noble simplicity of "The Prairie," in which we see the end of the old hunter.

There are, no doubt, irregularities in the "Leatherstocking Tales," and the incongruities and lesser errors inevitable in a mode of composition at once desultory and protracted; but there they stand, a solid monument of American literature, and not the least enduring. "If anything from the pen of the writer of these romances is at all to outlive himself, it is, unquestionably, the series of the 'Leatherstocking Tales,'" — so wrote the author when he sent forth the first collected and revised edition of the narrative of Natty Bumppo's adventures. That Cooper was right seems to-day indisputable. An author may fairly claim to be judged by his best, to be measured by his highest; and the "Leatherstocking Tales" are Cooper's highest and best in more ways than one, but chiefly because of the lofty figure of Leatherstocking. Mr. Lowell, when fabling for critics, said that Cooper had drawn but one new character, explaining afterward that

> The men who have given to *one* character life
> And objective existence, are not very rife;
> You may number them all, both prose-writers and singers,
> Without overrunning the bounds of your fingers,
> And Natty won't go to oblivion quicker
> Than Adams the parson or Primrose the vicar.

And Thackeray — perhaps recalling the final scene in "The Prairie," where the dying Leatherstocking drew himself up and said "Here!" and that other scene in "The Newcomes" where the dying Colonel drew himself up and said "Adsum!" — was frequent in praise of Cooper; and in one of the "Roundabout Papers," after expressing his fondness for Scott's modest and honorable heroes, he adds: "Much as I like these most unassuming, manly, unpretentious gentlemen, I have to own that I think the heroes of another writer — viz., Leatherstocking, Uncas, Hardheart, Tom Coffin — are quite the equals of Scott's men; perhaps Leatherstocking is better than any one in 'Scott's lot.' *La Longue Carabine* is one of the great prize-men of fiction. He ranks with your Uncle Toby, Sir Roger de Coverley, Falstaff — heroic figures all, American or British, and the artist has deserved well of his country who devised them."

It is to be noticed that Thackeray singled out for praise two of Cooper's Indians to pair with the hunter and the sailor; and it seems to me that Thackeray is fairer towards him who conceived Uncas and Hardheart than are the authors of "A Fable for Critics" and of "Condensed Novels." "Muck-a-Muck" I should set aside among the parodies which are unfair — so far as the red man is concerned, at least; for I hold as quite fair Mr. Harte's raillery of the wooden maidens and polysyllabic old men who stalk through Cooper's pages. Cooper's Indian has been disputed and he has been laughed at, but he still lives. Cooper's Indian is very like Mr. Parkman's Indian — and who knows the red man better than the author of "The Oregon Trail"? Uncas and Chingachgook and Hardheart are all good men and true, and June, the wife of Arrowhead, the Tuscarora, is a good wife and a true woman. They are Indians, all of them; heroic figures, no doubt, and yet taken from life, with no more idealization than may serve the maker of romance. They remind us that when West first saw the Apollo Belvedere he thought at once of a Mohawk brave. They were the result of knowledge and of much patient investigation under conditions forever passed away. We see Cooper's Indians nowadays through mists of prejudice due to those who have imitated them from the outside. "The Last of the Mohicans" has suffered the degradation of a trail of dime novels, written by those apparently more familiar with the Five Points than with the Five Nations. Cooper begat Mayne Reid, and Mayne Reid begat Ned Buntline and "Buffalo Bill's First Scalp for Custer" and similar abominations. But none the less are Uncas and Hardheart noble figures, worthily drawn, and never to be mentioned without praise.

In 1821 Cooper published "The Spy," the first American historical novel; in 1823 he published "The Pioneers," in which the backwoodsman and the red man were first introduced into literature; and in 1824 he published "The Pilot," and for the first time the scene of a story was laid on the sea rather than on the land, and the interest turned wholly on marine adventure. In four years Cooper had put forth three novels, each in its way road-breaking and epoch-making: only the great men of letters have a record like this. With the recollection before us of some of Smollett's highly colored naval characters we cannot say that Cooper sketched the first real sailor in fiction, but he invented the sea tale just as Poe invented the detective story — and in neither case has any disciple surpassed the master. The supremacy of "The Pilot" and "The Red Rover" is quite as evident as the supremacy of "The Gold Bug" and "The Murders in the Rue Morgue." We have been used to the novel of the ocean, and it is hard for us now to understand why Cooper's friends thought his attempt to write one perilous and why they sought to dissuade him. It was believed that readers could not be interested in the contingencies and emergencies of life on the ocean wave. Nowadays it seems to us that if any part of "The Pilot" lags and stumbles it is that which passes ashore: Cooper's landscapes, or at least his views of a ruined abbey, may be affected at times, but his marines are always true and always captivating.

Cooper, like Thackeray, forbade his family to authorize or aid any biographer — although the American novelist had as little to conceal as the English. No doubt Cooper had his faults, both as a man and as an author. He was thin-skinned and hot-headed. He let himself become involved in a great many foolish quarrels. He had a plentiful lack of tact. But the man was straightforward and high-minded, and so was the author. We can readily pardon his petty pedantries and the little vices of expression he persisted in. We can confess that his "females," as he would term them, are indubitably wooden. We may acknowledge that even among his men there is no wide range of character; Richard Jones (in "The Pioneers") is first cousin to Cap (in "The Pathfinder"), just as Long Tom Coffin is a half-brother of Natty Bumppo. We may not deny that Cooper's lighter characters are not touched with the humor that Scott could command at will; the Naturalist (in "The Prairie"), for example, is not alive and delightful like the Antiquary of Scott.

In the main, indeed, Cooper's humor is not of the purest. When he attempted it of malice prepense it was often laboriously unfunny. But sometimes, as it fell accidentally from the lips of Leatherstocking, it was unforced and delicious (see, for instance, at the end of chapter xxvii. of "The Pathfinder," the account of Natty's sparing the sleeping Mingos and of the fate which thereafter befell them at the hands of Chingachgook). On the other hand Cooper's best work abounds in fine romantic touches — Long Tom pinning the British captain to the mast with the harpoon, the wretched Abiram (in "The Prairie") tied hand and foot and left on a ledge with a rope around his neck so that he can move only to hang himself, the death grip of the brave (in "The Last of the Mohicans") hanging wounded and without hope over the watery abyss — these are pictures fixed in the memory and now unforgetable.

Time is unerring in its selection. Cooper has now been dead nearly two-score years. What survives of his work are the "Sea Tales" and the "Leatherstocking Tales." From these I have found myself forced to cite characters and episodes. These are the stories which hold their own in the libraries. Public and critics are at one here. The wind of the lakes and the prairies has not lost its balsam and the salt of the sea keeps its savor. For the free movement of his figures and for the proper expansion of his story Cooper needed a broad region and a widening vista. He excelled in conveying the suggestion of vastness and limitless space and of depicting the human beings proper to these great reaches of land and water — the two elements he ruled; and he was equally at home on the rolling waves of the prairie and on the green and irregular hillocks of the ocean.

Brander Matthews.

"Strange True Stories of Louisiana."

A CIRCUMSTANCE presently to be mentioned requires me to review and extend my inquiry into the character of the old manuscript from which I have translated the story of Alix de Morainville.

In the chapter called "How I got them" (CENTURY MAGAZINE, November, 1888), I suggested that the name De Morainville might be a convenient fiction of Alix herself, well understood as such by Françoise and Suzanne. I may still repeat the obvious fact that an assumed name does not vitiate the truth of the story; although discoveries made since, which I am still investigating, offer probabilities that, after all, the name is genuine.

I also gave some reasons for my belief that the manuscript is old. The total absence of quotation-marks from its many conversational passages either identified it with a time when such things were not universal and imperative as they now are, or else indicated a cunning pretense of age. But there were so many proofs that it had lain for many years filed among old papers that the theory of a cunning pretense had no room. One leaf had been torn first and written on afterward; another had been written on first and part of it torn away and lost or destroyed afterward. The two rents, therefore, must have occurred at different times; for the one which mutilates the text is on the earlier page and surely would not have been left so by the author at the time of writing it, but only by some one careless of it, and at some time between its completion and the manifestly later date, when it was so carefully bestowed in its old-fashioned silken case and its inner wrapper of black paper. So an intention to deceive, were it supposable, would have to be of recent date.

Now let me show that an intention to deceive could not be of recent date, and at the same time we shall see the need of this minuteness of explanation. Notice, then, that the manuscript comes directly from the lady who says she found it in a trunk of her family's private papers. A prominent paper-maker in Boston has examined it and says that, while its age cannot be certified to from its texture, its leaves are of three different kinds of paper, each of which might be a hundred years old. But, bluntly, this lady, though a person of literary tastes and talent, who recognized the literary value of Alix's *history*, esteemed original documents so lightly as to put no value upon Louisa Cheval's thrilling letter to her brother, and to prize this Alix manuscript only because, being a simple, succinct, unadorned narrative, she could use it, as she could not Françoise's long, pretty story, for the foundation of a nearly threefold expanded romance; and this, in fact, she had written, copyrighted, and arranged to publish when our joint experience concerning Françoise's manuscript at length readjusted her sense of values, and she sold me the little Alix manuscript at a price still out of all proportion below her valuation of her own writing, and counting it a mistake that the expanded romance should go unpreferred and unpublished.

But who, then, wrote the smaller manuscript? Madame found it, she says, in the possession of her very aged mother, the daughter and namesake of Françoise. Surely she was not its author; it is she who says she burned almost the whole original draft of Françoise's "Voyage," because it was "in the way and smelt bad." Neither could Françoise have written it. Her awkward handwriting, her sparkling flood of words and details, and her ignorance of the simplest rules of spelling, make it impossible. Nor could Suzanne have done it. She wrote and spelled no better at fifty-nine than Françoise at forty-three. Nor could any one have imposed it on either of the sisters. So, then, we find no intention to deceive, either early or recent. I translated the manuscript, it went to press, and I sat down to eat, drink, and revel, never dreaming that the brazen water-gates of my Babylon were standing wide open.

For all this time two huge, glaring anachronisms were staring me, and half a dozen other persons, squarely in the face, and actually escaping our notice by their serene audacity. But hardly was the pie — I mean the magazine — opened when these two birds began to sing. Was n't that — interesting? Of course Louis de la Houssaye, who in 1786 "had lately come from San Domingo," had *not* "been fighting the insurgents" — who did not revolt until four or five years afterward! And of course the old count, who so kindly left the family group that was bidding Madelaine de Livilier good-bye, was not the Prime Minister Maurepas, who was *not* "only a few months returned from exile," and who was *not* then "at the pinnacle of royal favor"; for these matters were of earlier date, and this "most lovable old man in the world" was n't any longer in the world at all, and had not been for eight years. He was dead and buried.

And so, after all, fraudulent intent or none, *this* manuscript, just as it is, could never have been written by Alix. On "this 22d of August, 1795," she could not have perpetrated such statements as these two. Her memory of persons and events could not have been so grotesquely at fault, nor could she have hoped so to deceive any one. The misstatements are of later date, and from some one to whom the two events were historical. But the manuscript is all in one simple, undisguised, feminine handwriting, and with no interlineation save only here and there the correction of a miswritten word.

Now in translating madame's "Voyage de ma Grand'mère," I had noticed something equivalent to an interlineation, but added in a perfectly unconcealed, candid manner, at the end of a paragraph near the close of the story. It had struck me as an innocent gloss of the copyist, justified in her mind by some well-credited family tradition. It was this: "Just as we [Françoise and Alix] were parting, she [Alix] handed me the story of her life." But now I thought it well to ask my friend to explain this gloss. I had already called her attention to the anachronisms, and she was in keen distress, because totally unable to account for them. But my new inquiry flashed light upon her aged memory. She explained at once that, to connect the two stories of Françoise and Alix, she had thought it right to impute these few words to Françoise rather than for mere exactness to thrust a detailed statement of her own into a story hurrying to its close. My question called back an incident of long ago and resulted first in her rummaging a whole day among her papers, and then in my receiving the certificate of a gentleman of high official standing in Louisiana that, on the 10th of last April (1889), this lady, in his presence, took from a large trunk of written papers, variously dated and "appearing to be perfectly genuine," a book of memoranda from which, writes he, "I copy the following paragraph written by Madame S. de la Houssaye herself in the middle of the book, on page 29." Then follows in French:

> JUNE 20, 1841.— M. Gerbeau has dined here again. What a singular story he tells me. We talked of my grandmother and Madame Carpentier, and what does M. Gerbeau tell me but that Alix had not finished her history when my grandmother and my aunt returned, and that he had promised to get it to them. "And I kept it two years for want of an opportunity," he added. How mad Grandmamma must have been! How the delay must have made her suffer!

Well and good! Then Alix did write her story! But if she wrote for both her "dear and good friends," Suzanne and Françoise, then Françoise, the more likely, would have to be content, sooner or later, with a copy. This, I find no reason to doubt, is what lies before me. Indeed, here (italicized by me) are signs of a copyist's pen: "Mais helas! *il desesperoit* de reussir quand' *il desespe* rencontra," etc. Is not that a copyist's repetition? Or this: "— et lui, mon mari apres tout se fit mon *mari m* domestique." And here the copyist misread the original: "Lorsque le maire entendit les noms et les *personnes* prenoms de la mariée," etc. In the manuscript personnes is crossed out, and the correct word, prenoms, is written above it.

Whoever made this copy it remains still so simple and compact that he or she cannot be charged with many embellishments. And yet it is easy to believe that some one with that looseness of family tradition and largeness of ancestral pride so common among the Creoles, in half-knowledge and half-ignorance should have ventured aside for an instant to attribute in pure parenthesis to an ancestral De la Houssaye the premature honor of a San Domingan war; or, incited by some tradition of the old Prime Minister's intimate friendship with Madelaine's family, should have imputed a gracious attention to the wrong Count de Maurepas, or to the wrong count altogether.

I find no other theory tenable. To reject the whole matter as a forgery flies into the face of more incontestable facts than the anachronisms do. We know, without this manuscript, that there was an Alix Carpentier, daughter of a count, widow of a viscount, an *emigrée* of the Revolution, married to a Norman peasant, known to M. Gerbeau, beloved of Suzanne and Françoise, with whom they journeyed to Attakapas, and who wrote for them the history of her strange life. I hold a manuscript carefully kept by at least two generations of Françoise's descendants among their valuable private papers. It professes to be that history — a short, modest, unadorned narrative, apparently a copy of a paper of like compass, notwithstanding the evident insertion of two impossible statements whose complete omission does not disturb the narrative. I see no good reason to doubt that it contains the true story of a real and lovely woman.

G. W. Cable.

NORTHAMPTON, MASS., June 21, 1889.

BRIC-À-BRAC.

Reflections.

THE wages of righteousness are earned by the job, not by the day.

YOU may pull the ox out of the mire on the Sabbath day, but don't push him into the mire for the purpose of pulling him out.

BLUE blood should assert itself without the help of a placard.

LIFE is a half-way house, and each guest should take contentedly the room to which he is assigned.

THE back-log without the small sticks will never heat the room.

J. A. Macon.

The Dog Stealer's Story.

I 'M willin' to talk if you 're all on the square,
An' it is n't some kind of a sham.
I 'm the best hand with dogs thar is in the line!
Better hang for a sheep than a lamb.

Yes, '*t is* a mean trade, so I lay out to be
'Bout as mean as they make 'em, yer know;
But only jest once hev I ever *felt* mean —
Well, it happened a long time ago.

I was down on my luck, with nary a dog,
When I passed by a bone-yard one night,
The sun goin' down over back of the hills
Makin' things sorter shiny an' bright.

I heard a long howl an' looked over the fence,
An' in thar on a grave that was new
Sat a dog jest mournin' away like a man —
Feelin' worse than the most of 'em do!

Yer see, it 's my trade, so I went fur that dog,
But I did n't git on very fast;
Though I 've tackled all kinds that cur was the worst,
An' I had to play trumps, sir, at last.

One dodge never fails, an' he came 'gin his will,
But I tell yer, I felt like a hog,
For somehow it seemed a low kind of a trick,
A-persuadin' a dead feller's dog.

He came sorter whinin', his tail hangin' down,
An' he never got sot up ag'in.
I was good to him, Mister, treated him well,
But he pined hisself sickly an' thin.

Months later I come to the very same place,
An' that night, sir, the dog run away,
So I started out fur to go look him up —
I 'd a weakness fur him, I must say.

He 'd never forgot, nor took kindly to me,
But I kinder respected his sense,
An' so paddled after him, all in the dark,
Till I ran myself into a fence.

But the moon jest then wriggled out o' the clouds,
An' I saw the old place straight ahead,
An' that cuss of a dog! He crawled on the grave,
Gave a low sort of moan, an' lay — dead!

Well, I 'm never soft-hearted, but somehow I thought
He had stuck pretty well to his game,
An' if that dead feller was all that he thought
I guessed he 'd hev wanted the same.

So thar in the moonlight I dug him a grave
'T would take a good sexton to beat,
An' come away glad to be leavin' him thar,
Down, at last, at his old master's feet.

Well, my trotters will stop some day like the rest,
I suppose, an' I have n't a friend,
But sometimes I think I would like to lay down
Alongside o' them two in the end!

Thank yer, sir! You 're the sort! I 'll drink your good health.
Must be gettin' along while it 's light.
Your dog? A real Gordon! Hum! 'T is gettin' late —
Lemme sleep in your barn over night?

Maria Bowen Chapin.

Chloris and Corydon.

(A PASTORAL.)

CHLORIS, a maid of nimble feet,
Whose tongue was nimble too,
A shepherd,— Corydon, I weet,—
Come bashfully to woo.

He spake with awkward turn of head,
A-leaning on his crook;
"Now get thee hence," the maiden said,
"Thou hast a sheepish look!"

At this in lower tone he sighed,
"In love with thee I am":
And she with merry laughter cried,
"It is a pretty lamb!"

Then roared he out, a lion bold,
His love of many a day,
Until sweet Chloris, it is told,
Was glad to say him "Yea."

Thus maids in pastoral days were won,
Are still,— my tale is true:
For I was shepherd Corydon,
And Chloris,— that was *you!*

Clinton Scollard.

Song of a Blue-Bird's Egg.

ONE blue-bird's egg I eat;
Den itch dese foolish feet,
Paths day appear s' sweet,
I quit my home.

You blue-bird, I run
Whar yo' spry wings begun;
But my road 's nar done,
I 'bleged ter roam.

Blue-bird, yo' egg 's small,
Yit summer, spring, and fall
I wanders mid 'em all —
Never kin rest.

Dar th'oo de wrinkled corn,
Pass de place I wuz born,—
Ole massa's dinner-horn
Can't sound dis fur.

O my feet, lemme stay;
O my knees, give away;
O my feet, stop, I pray,
Nigh de ole place!

No! rain, nor hail, nor snow,
Dis nigger 'bleged ter go —
Hants day is callin' so
Fur 'crost de fiel'

By ev'y yaller crick,
In whar de woods air thick,
'Long whar de river 's slick,
Down stream day call.

Eli Shepperd.

The Apple.

THANKS for the apple. If thou carest,
What difference, I will tell to thee,
'Twixt me and Paris there may be:
He gave the apple to the fairest —
The fairest gave the fruit to me.

George Birdseye.

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MOLIÈRE.

(FROM A PICTURE IN THE COMÉDIE FRANÇAISE.)

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IN EAST-SIBERIAN SILVER MINES.

MR. FROST and I reached Stretinsk (Stray′tinsk) on our return from the mines of Kara (Kah-rah′) in a state of physical exhaustion that made rest an absolute necessity. Excitement, privation, and exposure, without sufficient food, to intense cold had so reduced my strength that I could not walk a hundred yards without fatigue, and the mere exertion of putting on a fur overcoat would quicken my pulse twenty or thirty beats. It did not seem to me prudent, in this weak condition, to undertake a ride of six hundred miles, in springless telegas (tel-lay′gas), through the wild and lonely region in which are situated the Nerchinsk (Ner′chinsk) silver mines. For three days, therefore, we rested quietly in the log-house of the young peasant Zablikof (Zah′blee-koff), on the bank of the Shilka (Shill′kah) River, eating all the nourishing food we could get, sleeping as much as possible, and bracing ourselves up with quinine and Liebig's extract of beef.

Sunday morning, finding my strength measurably restored, I walked across the ice of the river to the town of Stretinsk and called upon the zasedatel (zah-se-dat′el), or district inspector of police, for the purpose of obtaining horses. Through the greater part of the Nerchinsk silver-mining district regular post-roads are lacking; but we had received authority by telegraph from the governor of the province to ask the coöperation of the police in hiring horses from the peasants along our route, and I had letters of introduction to most of the police officials from Major Potulof (Po′too-loff). The zasedatel received me courteously, and at once made the necessary requisition for horses, but said he must warn me that an epidemic of small-pox prevailed in all the region between Stretinsk and the mines, and that it would be unsafe for us to sleep at night in the peasants' houses, or even to go into them for food. This unwelcome intelligence discouraged us more than anything that we had yet heard. The journey to the mines would involve hardship enough at best, and if, in a temperature that was almost constantly below zero, we could not enter a peasant's house to obtain food or shelter without risk of taking the small-pox, we should be between the horns of a very unpleasant dilemma. I was strongly tempted to proceed westward to the town of Nerchinsk and enter the mining district from that side; but such a course would greatly increase the distance to be traveled, and finding that Mr. Frost was willing to share with me the risk of infection, I finally decided to adhere to our original plan. Sunday afternoon we loaded our baggage into a small, shallow telega, lashed on behind a bag of frozen bread upon which we could not comfortably sit, and set out, with two horses and a ragged, low-spirited driver, for the Alexandrofski Zavod (Al-ex-an-drof′skee Zah-vod′) and the mine of Algachi (Al-gah-chee′).

The silver mines of Nerchinsk are not situated, as one might suppose them to be, at or near the town of Nerchinsk, but are scattered over a wild, desolate, mountainous region, thousands of square miles in extent, known as "The Nerchinsk Silver-mining District." This district is coterminous, on its southern side, with the frontier line of Mongolia, and occupies the greater part of the irregular triangle formed by the rivers Shilka and Argun (Argoon′) just above the point where they unite to form the Amur (Am-moor′). The existence of silver and lead ore in this region was known even to the prehistoric aborigines of Siberia, and traces of their primitive mining operations were found near the Argun by the first Rus-

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sian explorers of the country. In the year 1700 Greek mining engineers in the employ of the Russian Government founded the Nerchinski Zavod (Ner′chin-skee Zah-vod′), or Nerchinsk Works, near the Mongolian frontier, and before the end of the century shafts had been sunk in more than twenty places between the Argun and the Shilka, and eight zavods, or smelting-furnaces, had been constructed for the reduction of the ore. The mines were worked at first by peasants brought from other parts of Siberia and forcibly colonized at points where their labor was needed, but in 1722 their places were taken to some extent by hard-labor convicts deported from the prisons of European Russia. Since that time the mines have been manned partly by colonized peasants and partly by common criminals of the penal-servitude class. With the exception of Poles and a few of the Decembrist conspirators of 1825, political convicts have never been sent to the Nerchinsk silver-mining district. Thousands of Polish insurgents were transported thither after the unsuccessful insurrection of 1863,[1] but since that time political offenders as a rule have been sent to the mines of Kara.

Our first objective point, after leaving Stretinsk, was the Alexandrofski Zavod, or Alexander Works, distant in a south-westerly direction about one hundred and twenty-five miles. The "Works," from which the place originally derived a part of its name and all of its importance, were abandoned many years ago and gradually fell into ruins, but the village attached to them still lingers in a moribund condition and now sustains a small convict prison. As we wished to examine this prison, and as the Alexandrofski Zavod, moreover, was a convenient point of departure for the once famous but now abandoned mine of Akatui (Ak-ah-too′ee), we decided to make there a short stay. The weather when we left Stretinsk was cold and cloudy, with a raw wind from the north-east. The low, desolate mountains between which we traveled were whitened by a thin film of snow, but the road was bare and dry, and we were soon covered with dust thrown up by the wheels of our vehicle. By the time we had made the first stretch of twenty miles we were cold, tired, and hungry enough to seek rest and refreshment; but the village where we stopped to change horses had a deserted, pestilence-stricken appearance, and we did not even dare to alight from our telega. Cold and hunger were preferable to small-pox. Our driver tried to reassure us by declaring that the disease was of a mild type, but Mr. Frost expressed a fear that it might resemble Siberian vermin in being comparatively "mild" and harmless to natives but death to foreigners. When we reached the village of Kopun (Ko-poon′), at the end of the second stretch, it was beginning to grow dark, the mercury had fallen nearly to zero, and I was so deadly cold that I could hardly move my stiffened and benumbed limbs.

"I can't stand this any longer," I said to Mr. Frost. "One might as well get the small-pox as freeze to death. I 'm going to knock at the door of this house and ask whether they have the confounded disease or not. If they say they have n't, I 'm going in to warm myself and get something to eat."

I knocked at the door and it was opened by a pale-faced, weary-looking woman.

"Will you be kind enough to tell me whether you have small-pox in the house?" I inquired.

"Yes," she replied; "we have."

That was enough. I did not wait for particulars, but hastened back to the telega, and said to Mr. Frost that, as we seemed to be between the devil and the deep sea, I was going for the bread-bag. Another disappointment, however, awaited me. The loaves not only were frozen to the consistency of geodes, but were completely covered with dust and sand that had been thrown up by the wheels of the telega, and had sifted through the loose meshes of the homespun linen bag. I gave one of them to Mr. Frost, took another myself, and for three-quarters of an hour we sat there in the deepening twilight, shivering with the cold and gnawing frozen bread, while we waited for horses.

What we had to do was to warm and aerate with imagination the food that we could get, and congratulate ourselves upon having escaped the small-pox. I proposed, however, that we should sit on the bread throughout the next stretch, and thus protect it to some extent from dust and the refrigerating influence of an arctic climate. The proposition was approved and adopted, but the result was merely to exchange one sort of discomfort for another.

Horses were forthcoming at last, and after another long, cold, and dreary ride we reached, about nine o'clock at night, the comfortable station of Shelapugina (Shell-ah-poo′gin-ah), on the post-road between the town of Nerchinsk and the Nerchinski Zavod. I did not feel able to go any farther that day, and as the postmaster assured us that there had

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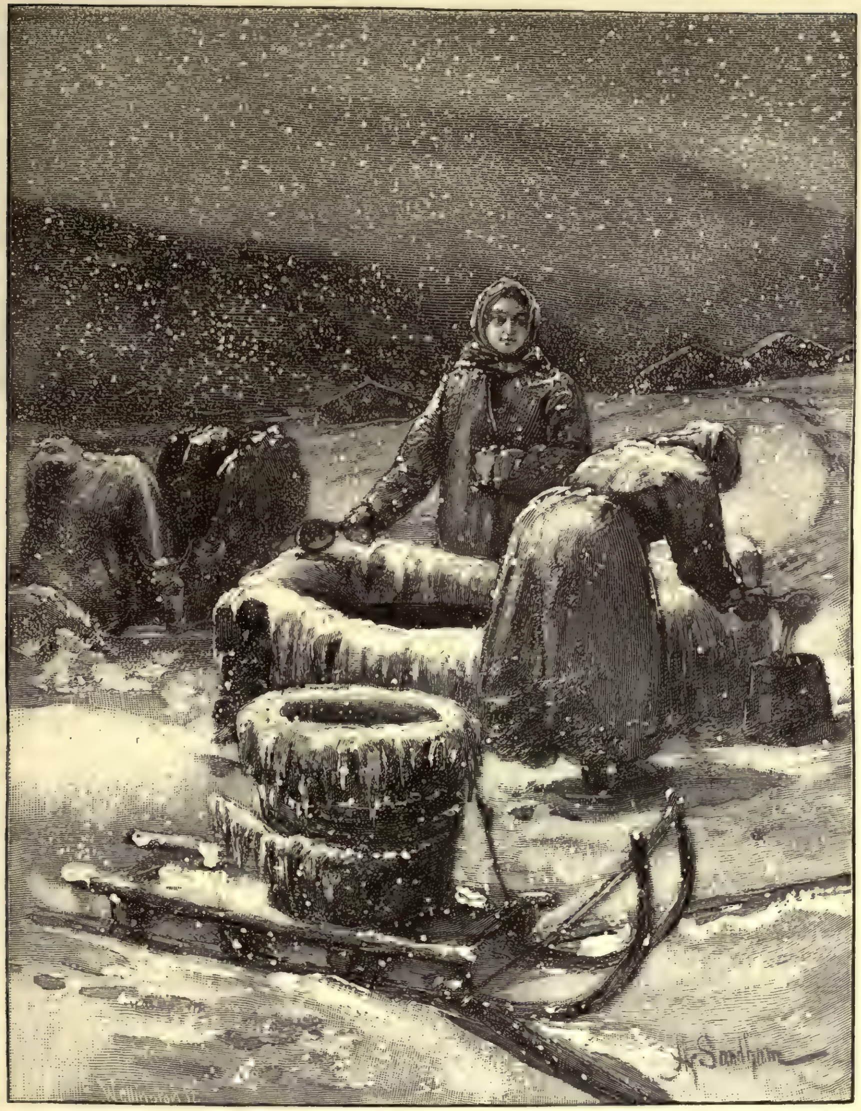
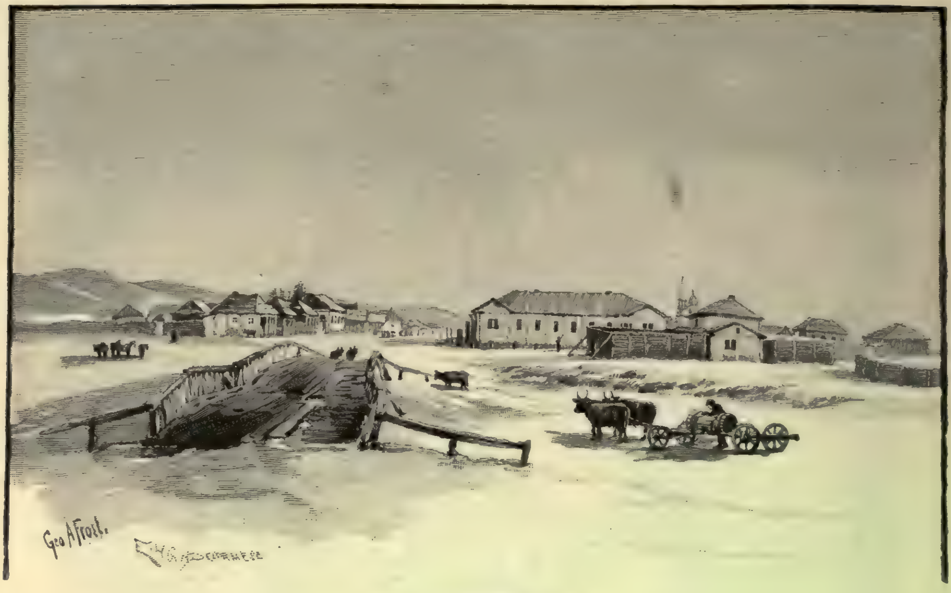
[1] According to Maximof, who had access to the official records, the number of Poles exiled to Siberia between the years 1863 and 1866 was 18,623. Of this number 8199 — including 4252 nobles — were sent to Eastern Siberia and 7109 of them were condemned to penal servitude. Nearly all of the last-named class went to the Nerchinsk silver mines. [Maximof, "Siberia and Penal Servitude," Vol. III., pp. 80, 81. St. Petersburg: A. Transhel, 1871.]



THE WELL AT ALGACHI.

never been a case of small-pox in the station, we brought in our baggage, drank tea, and, without removing our clothing, lay down as usual on our sheepskin overcoats upon the floor of the travelers' room. Monday morning, refreshed by a good night's sleep and a breakfast of tea, fresh bread, and fat soup, we resumed our journey and rode all day through shallow valleys, between low, treeless, and dreary-looking mountains, towards the Alexandrofski Zavod. The sky was clear and the sunshine inspiriting; but the mercury had fallen to fifteen degrees below zero, our horses were white and shaggy with frost, the jolting of our vehicle made it difficult to keep our furs wrapped closely about us, and we suffered severely all day from cold. About half-past six o'clock in the evening we stopped for an hour to drink tea in a village whose name, Kavwikuchigazamurskaya (Kah-vwee′koo-chee-gaz-ah-moor′skah-yah), seemed to me to contain more letters than the place itself had inhabitants. We met there a young technologist from St. Petersburg, who had been sent to the mines to teach the convicts the use of dynamite, and who was on his way home. He gave us a most gloomy account of life in the silver-mining district. The convict prisons, he said, were "the very worst in the Empire"; the officials were "cruel and incompetent"; the convicts were "ill-treated, beaten by everybody, with or without reason, forced to work



THE ALEXANDROFSKI ZAVOD.

when sick, and killed outright with explosives which the overseers were too ignorant or too careless to handle with proper precautions." He referred to the mining authorities with bitterness, as if his personal relations with them had been unpleasant; and, in view of that fact, it seemed to me prudent to take his statements with some allowance. I give them for what they may be worth in connection with my own later investigations.

Just before midnight on Tuesday we reached the village of Makarovo (Mah-kah′ro-vo), 112 miles from Stretinsk, and stopped for the night in what was known as the "zemski kvartir" (zem′skee kvar-teer′), a log-house occupied by a peasant family whose duty it was to give food and shelter to traveling officials. As soon as possible after drinking tea we went to bed, Mr. Frost lying on the floor, while I stretched myself out on a bench near one of the windows. The room was intolerably hot, the pine logs of the walls in the vicinity of the oven emitted a strong resinous odor, the air was close and heavy, and for a long time I could not get to sleep. I had just lost consciousness, as it seemed to me, when I was aroused by a loud and prolonged "Cock-a-doo-oo-dle-doo-oo!" which proceeded, apparently, from a point distant only a few inches from my head. Upon investigating this singular phenomenon I discovered that the space under the bench upon which I lay had been inclosed with slats and turned into a chicken-coop. A large cock, thinking, doubtless, that it must be near morning, had put his head out and up through the slats, and crowed lustily in my very ear. This performance he repeated, at short intervals, throughout the remainder of the night, so that, although I finally took a position as far away from him as possible on the floor, I could get little rest. I have slept in Siberian cabins with colts, dogs, cattle, and sheep, but one wakeful Shanghai rooster will make more disturbance in a small room at night than a whole ark-load of quadrupeds.

We reached the Alexandrofski Zavod at ten o'clock Tuesday morning and found it to be a dreary, dead-and-alive Siberian village of two or three hundred inhabitants, situated in the middle of a flat, uncultivated steppe, with a rickety, tumble-down bridge in the foreground, and low, bare, snow-covered mountains in the distance. The convict prison, to which we were conducted by the warden, Mr. Fomin, proved to be nothing more than a "bogadielnia" (bo-gah-dyel′nya), or infirmary, to which were sent hopelessly disabled and broken-down convicts from other parts of the Nerchinsk mining district. The main building, which is shown on the right of the bridge in the illustration on this page, is a one-story log structure of the usual Kara type, and contained, at the time of our visit, 137 prisoners. It had been standing, the warden said, about half a century, and its sanitary condition, as might have been expected, was bad. The floors were dirty, the air in the cells was heavy and vitiated, and the corridors were filled with the stench of privies and neglected parashas. In two of the kameras (kah′mer-ahs) we found lunatics living with their sane comrades. The hospital attached to the prison is small, but it was not overcrowded, and it seemed to me to be clean and in fairly good condition. The coarse linen on the cot beds was dirty, but the feldsher, or hospital-steward, said that this was not his fault. The supply of bed-linen was scanty, and he did the best he could with what was furnished him. He seemed to be very much gratified when I told him that his hospital, although small, impressed me as being the cleanest and best-managed institution of the kind that I had seen in the Trans-Baikal.

After having inspected the prison, Mr. Frost and I returned to Mr. Fomin's comfortable house, where we met the ispravnik of Nerchinski Zavod, a tall, well-built, good-looking man about forty years of age, who was making a tour of his district. He was very pleasant and communicative, talked with us frankly about the Nerchinsk mines, and said, without hesitation, that the Government's management of them was "clumsy, incompetent, and wasteful." He thought that it would be much better for the country if the whole Nerchinsk silver-mining district were thrown open to private enterprise. Many of the engineers in the employ of the Government were either corrupt or incapable, and the mines did not produce half as much silver as they ought. As an illustration of the existing state of affairs he referred to two gold placers in his district, which had been carefully examined by engineers of the Tsar's cabinet[1] and had been pronounced worthless. They had subsequently been sold or granted by the Tsar to private individuals, and had then produced 600 puds (poods), or more than 27,000 pounds of pure gold. The ispravnik intimated, although he did not explicitly say, that the Government engineers who examined the placers and declared them worthless were in league with the private individuals who desired to obtain title to them; and that the proceeds of this robbery of the Crown were shared by the parties to the corrupt agreement. I have no doubt that such was the case. The Tsar himself is constantly robbed and defrauded by the officials to whom he intrusts the management of his Siberian property.

THE OLD POLITICAL PRISON AT THE MINE OF AKATUI.

After a good dinner of soup, fish, roasted grouse, vegetables, and compote of fruits, with vodka and two or three kinds of wine, which Mr. Fomin set out in honor of his guests, the ispravnik, the warden, Mr. Frost, and I started with two troikas of horses for the mine of Akatui, which was distant about twelve miles. This mine had long before been abandoned by the Government and had filled with water; but I was particularly anxious to see how it was situated, partly because it had once been the most dreaded place of punishment in all Siberia, and partly because the Government was then making preparations to transport to it all of the political convicts at the mines of Kara. The road ran across the desolate steppe to the foot of a low mountain range six or eight miles north-west of the Zavod, and then entered a shallow valley between rounded and perfectly barren hills, about a thousand feet in height, whose snowy slopes limited the vision in every direction. As we ascended this valley the hills shut it in more and more closely, until, a mile and a half or two miles beyond the small village of Akatui, it became a secluded and inexpressibly dreary glen, where there were no signs of life except the stunted and leafless bushes which here and there broke the uniform whiteness of the snow-covered hills. It seemed to me that I had never seen a place so lonely, so cheerless, so isolated from all the living world. It might have been a valley among the arctic hills of Greenland near the Pole.

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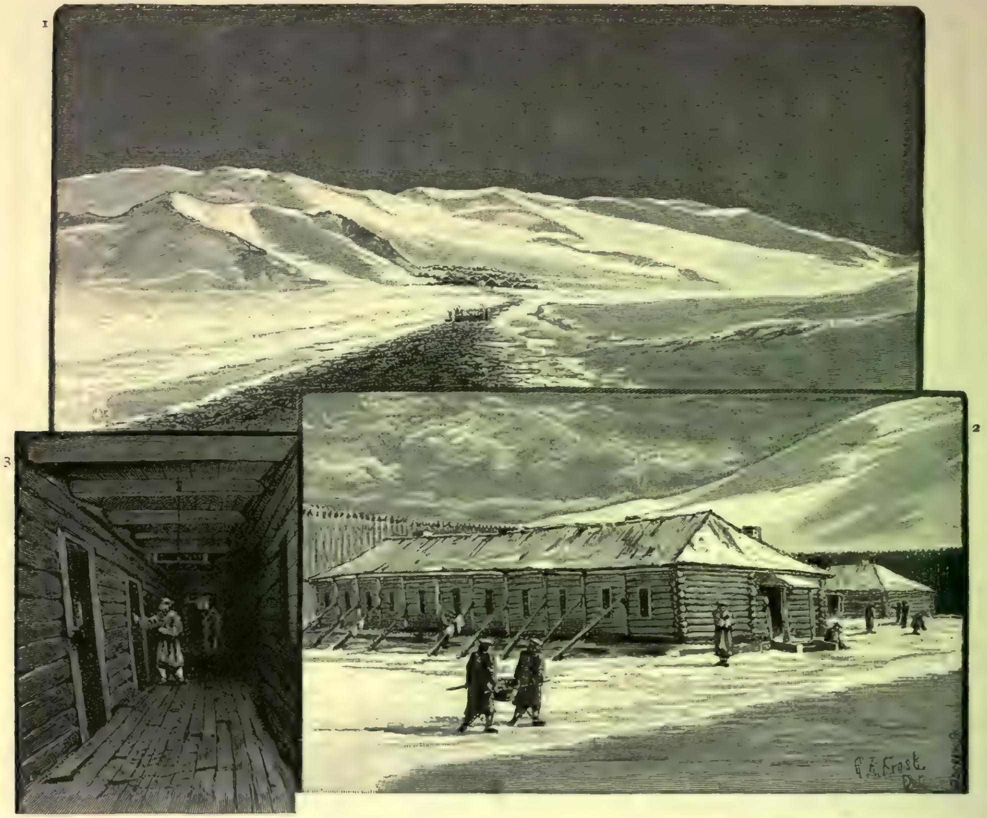
[1] Nearly all the mines in this part of the Trans-Baikal belong to the Tsar in person and are known as the "cabinet mines." How the Tsar acquired title to them I do not know. An educated Russian gentleman of my acquaintance began the compilation of a work that he intended to publish abroad under the title, "The Origin of the Wealth of the Romanofs," but he was sent to Siberia before he could complete his investigation.



1. THE VALLEY AND MINING SETTLEMENT OF ALGACHI. 2. THE PRISON AT ALGACHI. 3. THE PRISON CORRIDOR.

"Here is the old political prison," said the ispravnik; and as he spoke we stopped in front of a peculiar, half-ruined log building, which had once apparently been covered with stucco or plaster, and through the middle of which ran a high-arched gateway. On the flanks of this structure, and forty or fifty yards from it, stood two weather-beaten prisons of stuccoed brick, one of them roofless, and both gradually falling into ruins. It was evident that these prisons had once been surrounded by a stockade, and that the log building with the arched gateway was the corps-de-garde through which admission was had to the inclosure. The stockade, however, had long before disappeared, the iron gratings had been removed from the windows, and little remained to indicate to a careless observer the real nature of the ruins or the purposes that they had served. I alighted from my telega and entered the prison on the right of the corps-de-garde, thinking that I might discover a mural inscription left by some lonely and unhappy prisoner, or perhaps find one of the iron rings or staples in the wall to which refractory convicts were chained. Every scrap of iron, however, that could be used elsewhere had been stripped from the building; the floors had rotted away; the plaster had fallen; and nothing whatever remained to suggest to one's imagination the unwritten history of the gloomy prison, or bear witness to the cruelties and tragedies that had given to Akatui its evil fame. The prison on the left of the corps-de-garde was in a much better state of repair than the other, and would doubtless have repaid a careful examination; but its windows were fastened, its heavy plank doors were secured with padlocks, and the warden said he did not know where the keys were or how we could gain admission. The entrance to the mine of Akatui was on the hillside, five or six hundred feet above the bottom of the valley, and we could just see, in the deepening twilight, the outlines of a small tool-house that stood near the mouth of the shaft. At an earlier hour of the day I should have proposed to visit it; but the darkness of night was already gathering in the valley, the air was bitterly cold, and as the ispravnik and the warden seemed anxious to return to the Zavod I was obliged to content myself with such an examination of Akatui as could be made in the vicinity of the prisons. Lunin (Loon'in), one of the Decembrist conspirators of 1825, lived and died in penal servitude at this mine, and somewhere in the neighborhood lie buried many of the Polish patriots sent to Akatui after the insurrection of 1863. I was unable, however, to find their graves. The Russian Government does not take pains to perpetuate the memory of the political offenders whom it tortures to death in its Siberian prisons, and over the moldering bodies of most of them there is not so much as a mound. Since my return from Siberia a new prison has been erected in the dreary valley of Akatui, and to it are to be transported all of the political convicts from Kara. The intention of the Government is to pump the water out of the abandoned mine and set the politicals at work in its damp and gloomy galleries. The change, of course, will be for the worse. If there is in Siberia a more lonely, a more cheerless, a more God-forsaken place than Kara, it is the snowy, secluded valley of Akatui.

At a late hour Tuesday night we returned to the Alexandrofski Zavod, and about noon on Wednesday, after a refreshing night's sleep and a good breakfast, we set out for the mine of Algachi, distant about twenty-two miles. There was little, if any, change in the appearance of the country as we made our way slowly into the silver-mining district. One range of low, barren, round-topped mountains succeeded another, like great ocean swells, with hardly a sign of life or vegetation, except in the shallow haystack-dotted valleys. From the summit of the last divide that we crossed before reaching Algachi, the country, which we could see for thirty miles, looked like a boundless ocean suddenly frozen solid in the midst of a tremendous Cape Horn gale when the seas were running high. Far down in a snowy trough between two of these mighty surges we could just make out a little cluster of unpainted log-houses, which our driver said was the mining village of Algachi. I wondered, as we stopped for a moment on the summit to look at it, whether in all the world one could find a settlement situated in a more dreary and desolate spot. As far as the eye could see there was not a tree, nor a dark object of any kind, to break the ghastly whiteness of the rolling ocean of snowy mountains; and it was not hard to imagine that the village itself was nothing more than a little collection of floating driftwood, caught in the trough of the sea at the moment when the tremendous billows were suddenly turned to snow and ice. We descended the steep slope of the mountain to the village by a stony, zigzag road, entered a long, dirty, straw-littered street between two rows of unpainted wooden houses, passed through several herds of cattle that sheepskin-coated boys were driving in from pasture, and finally stopped, amid a crowd of curious idlers, in front of the "zemski kvartir," or official lodging-house, where we intended to spend the night. It was already five o'clock,—too late for a visit to the prison or an inspection of the mine,—and as soon as we had brought in our baggage and explained to the people of the house who we were, we set about the preparation of supper. Our resources were rather limited, but our peasant hostess furnished a steaming samovar with a little milk and butter, Mr. Frost produced, with triumph, a can of Californian preserved peaches, which he said he had bought in Stretinsk "for a holiday," and we thawed out and toasted on a stick, before a cheerful open fire, some of our frozen, sand-powdered bread. Altogether we made out so good a supper that Mr. Frost's imagination never once suggested to him the desirability of milk-toast, and we went to bed on the floor about nine o'clock—warm, comfortable, and happy.

Wednesday morning, after breakfast, we called upon Mr. Nesterof (Nes'ter-off), the resident mining engineer, and Lieutenant-Colonel Saltstein, the warden of the prison, for the purpose of getting permission to examine and investigate. Mr. Nesterof received us with generous Russian hospitality, insisted upon our taking a supplementary breakfast with him, and filled and refilled our glasses with vodka, cordial, Crimean wine, and Boston canned lemonade, until we feared that we should have to postpone our investigations indefinitely. Lieutenant-Colonel Saltstein, who lived in a large, comfortable house full of blossoming oleanders, geraniums, and abutilon, then declared that we must drink another bottle of wine and eat a third breakfast with him, and it was after one o'clock when we finally set out for the prison and the mine.

Lieutenant-Colonel Saltstein was a Finn by birth and spoke Russian badly and with a strong German accent, but he seemed to be honest and trustworthy, and talked to me with great frankness and good-humor.

"I am afraid," he said, as we drove through the village street, "that you will find our prison the worst you have ever seen. It is very old and in bad condition, but I can't do much to improve it. We are too far away from Peter" (St. Petersburg).

I replied reassuringly that I did not think it could be worse than the common-criminal prison at Ust Kara (Oost Kah-rah′), and said that I had had experience enough to understand some of the difficulties in the way of prison reform. He said nothing, but shook his head doubtfully, as if he thought that my experience would not be complete until I had examined the prison at Algachi. We presently stopped in front of a high log stockade, and, alighting from our vehicle, were received by a sentry with presented arms, and then admitted by the officer of the day to a spacious courtyard, in the middle of which stood the prison. It was a long, low, quadrangular building of squared logs, with a plain board roof, a small porch and a door at one end, and a long row of heavily grated windows. It seemed to me at first sight to be falling down. The wall on the side next to us had sunk into the ground until it was apparently two feet or more out of plumb, and, so far as I could see, nothing prevented it from giving way altogether except a row of logs braced against it at nearly a right angle on the side towards which it leaned. All of the walls, at some remote time in the past, had been covered with plaster or stucco and then whitewashed; but this superficial coating had fallen off here and there in patches, giving to the building a most dilapidated appearance. It was, manifestly, a very old prison; but exactly how old, Lieutenant-Colonel Saltstein could not tell me. For aught that he knew to the contrary it might have been standing since the opening of the mine in 1817. We entered the door at one end of the building and found ourselves in a long, dark, foul-smelling corridor, which was lighted only at the ends, and which divided the prison longitudinally into halves. Immediately to the left of the door as we entered was the pharmacy, and next to it a large square kamera used as a hospital or lazaret. In the latter were eight or ten low beds, upon which, under dirty, and in some cases bloody, sheets, were lying eight or ten sick or wounded convicts, whose faces were whiter, more emaciated, and more ghastly than any I had yet seen. Two or three of them, the warden said, had just been torn and shattered by a premature explosion of dynamite in the mine. The atmosphere of the lazaret, polluted by over-respiration, heavy with the fevered breath of the sick, and pervaded by a faint odor of liniment and drugs, was so insufferable that I was glad, after a quick glance about the room, to escape into the corridor. The first regular kamera that we examined was about twenty-two feet square and seven or eight feet high, with two windows, a large brick oven, and a plank sleeping-platform extending around three of its sides. There was no provision for ventilation, and the air was almost, if not quite, as bad as in the worst cells of the prisons at Ust Kara. I could breathe enough of it to sustain life, and that was all. The first thing that particularly attracted my attention, after I entered the kamera, was a broad band of dull red which extended around the dingy, whitewashed walls, just above the sleeping-platform, like a spotty dado of iron rust. Noticing that I was looking at it with curiosity, Lieutenant-Colonel Saltstein remarked, with a half-humorous, half-cynical smile, that the prisoners had been "trying to paint their walls red."

"What is it, any way?" I inquired, and stepping to one end of the sleeping-platform I made a closer examination. The dull red band at once resolved itself into a multitude of contiguous or overlapping blood-stains, with here and there the dried and flattened body of a bed-bug sticking to the whitewash. I had no further difficulty in guessing the nature and significance of the discoloration. The tortured and sleepless prisoners had been "trying to paint their walls red" by crushing bed-bugs with their hands, as high up as they could reach while lying on the nares, and in this way had so stained the dingy whitewash with their own blood that at a little distance there seemed to be a dado of iron rust around the three sides of the kamera where they slept. How many years this had been going on, how many thousand convicts had helped to "paint" those "walls red," I do not know; but I had suffered enough in Siberia myself from vermin fully to understand and appreciate the significance of that dull red band.

It is unnecessary to describe in detail the other kameras of this wretched prison. They were all precisely like the first one except that they differed slightly in dimensions. All were overcrowded, all were swarming with vermin, and the air in them was polluted almost beyond endurance. At the time of our visit the prison as a whole contained 169 convicts — about twice the number for which there was adequate air space.

At the first favorable opportunity I said to Lieutenant-Colonel Saltstein: "I cannot understand why you allow such a prison as this to exist. You have here 169 convicts. Only forty or fifty of them work in the mine; the rest lie all day in these foul cells in idleness. Why don't you take them out to the nearest forest, set them at work cutting timber, make them drag the logs to the village, and have them build a better and larger prison for themselves? They would be glad to do it, the expense would be trifling, and in a few months you would have here a prison fit for a human being to live in."

"My dear sir," he replied,[1] "I cannot send convicts into the woods without orders to do so. Suppose some of them should escape,— as they probably would,— I should be held responsible and should lose my place. I don't dare do anything that I have not been ordered to do by the Prison Department. The authorities in St. Petersburg are aware of the condition of this prison. I have reported on it year after year. As much as five years ago, after calling attention as urgently as I dared to the state of affairs, I received orders to consult with the district architect and draw up a plan and estimates for a new prison. I did so; but you know how such things go. Letters are two or three months in reaching St. Petersburg from here. When our plans and estimates finally get there they go to the Prison Department, where they have to take their turn with hundreds of other documents from hundreds of other prisons in all parts of the Empire. Perhaps for months they are not even looked at. Finally they are examined, and some decision is reached with regard to them. If they require an extraordinary expenditure of money they may have to go to the Minister of the Interior and the Minister of Finance, or await the making up of the budget for the next fiscal year. In any event twelve months or more elapse before their fate is finally determined. Somewhere and by somebody objection is almost sure to be made, either to the plans themselves, or to the amount of money that they require, and the documents are returned to us for modification or amendment in accordance with the suggestions of some official who knows little or nothing about our needs and circumstances. Thus, a year or more after the departure for St. Petersburg of our plans and estimates they come back to us for alteration. We alter them in such a way as to meet the views of our superiors and send them to St. Petersburg again. In the mean time the personnel of the Prison Department has perhaps changed. New officials have taken the places of the old; new ideas with regard to prisons and prison reform have become prevalent; and our modified plans and estimates, which would have satisfied the prison authorities of 1880, are found defective by the prison authorities of 1882. After the lapse of another period of sixteen or eighteen months the papers again come back to us for revision and alteration. And so it goes year after year. Plans and estimates for a new prison at the mine of Algachi have been in existence ever since 1880. Meanwhile they have twice been to St. Petersburg and back, and are now there for the third time. What are you going to do about it? Even when the erection of a new prison has been authorized, the work proceeds very slowly. It is now almost ten years since the Government actually began to build a new brick prison at the mine of Gorni Zerentui (Gor′nee Zer-en-too′-ee), and the carpenters have n't even got the roof on, to say nothing about floors."

"But," I said, "such a system is all wrong; there 's no sense in such management. What is the use of corresponding for years with indifferent officials in St. Petersburg about a matter that might be settled in twenty-four hours by the governor of the province, or even by a petty ispravnik? All over Eastern Siberia I have found miserable, decaying, tumble-down log prisons, and everywhere in such prisons I have seen able-bodied convicts living month after month in absolute idleness. The country is full of trees suitable for timber, you have plenty of labor that costs you nothing, every Russian peasant knows how to put up a log building — why don't you let your idle convicts build prisons for themselves?"

"We have n't a strong enough convoy here to guard convicts in the woods," said the warden; "they would escape."

"That is no reason," I replied. "It is easy enough for a government like yours to strengthen the convoy during the time that the timber is being cut; and suppose that a few of the prisoners do escape. From my point of view it would be better to let half of them escape than to keep them shut up in idleness in such a prison as this. Nobody yet has given me a satisfactory explanation of the fact that, although hundreds, if not thousands, of convicts lie idle for months or years in overcrowded and decaying log prisons, no attempt is made to utilize their labor in the erection of larger and better buildings."

The warden shrugged his shoulders in the significant Russian way, but did not pursue the subject. I have never seen any reason to change the opinion that I formed at Algachi with regard to this prison. As a place of confinement, even for the worst class of offenders, it was a disgrace to a civilized state, and the negligence, indifference, and incompetence shown by the Government in dealing with its admitted evils were absolutely inexcusable.

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[1] I do not pretend to quote Lieutenant-Colonel Saltstein's exact words, but I give accurately, I think, the substance of his statements.

After having thanked Lieutenant-Colonel Saltstein for his hospitality and for his courtesy in showing us the prison, Mr. Frost and I set out, with Mr. Nesterof, for the Algachi mine, which is situated about a mile from the village, on the northern slope of one of the great mountain waves that form the valley. The day was clear and pleasant, but very cold; the ground was everywhere covered with snow, and a most dreary arctic landscape was presented to us as we rode from the prison down into the valley. A few hundred yards from the village our attention was attracted to half a dozen dark objects — apparently animals of some kind — on the white slope of the adjacent hill.

"I verily believe," said Mr. Frost, after a prolonged stare at them, "that they 're camels!"

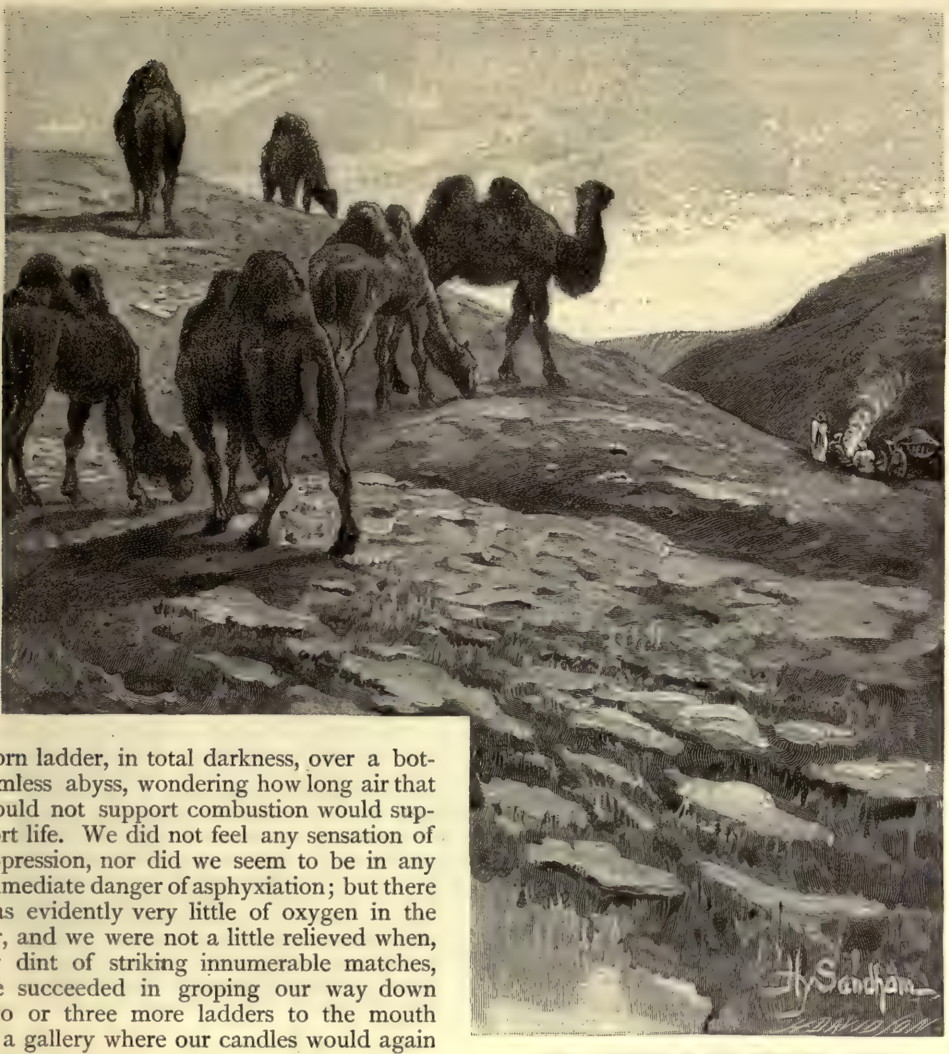
"Camels!" I exclaimed incredulously. "Who ever heard of camels at the mines of Nerchinsk? and how could they live in such a climate as this?"

As we drew nearer to them, however, it became evident that camels they were. To whom they belonged, whence they had come, and whither they were going I do not know; but it seemed strange enough to see a herd of great double-humped Bactrian camels nibbling the tufts of frost-bitten grass that appeared here and there above the snow in the foreground of that bleak, desolate, arctic landscape.

If we had expected to find at the mine of Algachi the buildings, the steam-engines, the hoisting machinery, and the stamp-mills that would have marked the location of an American mine, we should have been greatly disappointed. The mining-plant consisted of a powder-magazine, a roofed-over cellar used for the storage of dynamite, a shanty or two, and a small log tool-house which served also as a smithy, a repair shop, a crushing and sorting room, and a guard-house. In the building last mentioned half a dozen convicts, including two or three women, were breaking up ore with short hammers and sorting it into piles, an overseer was sharpening a drill on an old worn grindstone, and three or four soldiers were lounging on a low bench, over which, in a rack against the wall, hung their Berdan rifles. It was, without exception, the most feeble exhibition of mining activity that I had ever witnessed.

Mr. Nesterof did not seem inclined to go down into the mine with us, but turned us over to one of the convicts, who, he said, would show us all that there was to be seen. Meanwhile he himself would attend to some matters of business and await our reappearance. Our guide gave to each of us an unsheltered tallow candle, with a piece of paper wrapped around it, provided himself with a similar light, thrust half a dozen dynamite cartridges about as big as cannon firecrackers into the breast of his sheepskin coat in such a manner as to leave the long white fuses hanging out, and said that he was ready. We followed him out of the tool-house, ascended the mountain-side about a hundred yards, and entered through a narrow wooden door a low horizontal gallery the sides of which were timbered and upon whose inclined floor had been laid a rude wooden tramway. Stopping for a moment just inside the door to light our candles, we groped our way in a half-crouching attitude along the low gallery, our convict guide stumbling now and then over the loose planks in such a way as to suggest to my mind the idea that he would eventually fall down, bring the flame of his light into contact with the dangling fuses of his dynamite cartridges, and blow us all out of the tunnel like wads from a Fourth-of-July cannon. About 150 feet from the entrance we came to the black, unguarded mouth of the main shaft, out of which projected the end of a worn, icy ladder. Down this our guide climbed with practiced ease, shouting back at us a warning to be careful where we stepped, since some of the rungs were missing and the ladders were set diagonally parallel with one another at such an angle as to necessitate a long stride across the shaft from the bottom of one to the top of the next. We were not half as much afraid, however, of losing our foothold as we were of being blown into fragments by an accidental explosion of his dynamite cartridges. I still had a vivid remembrance of the ghastly forms lying under the bloody sheets in the prison hospital, and every time I looked down and saw the guide's candle swaying back and forth in close proximity to the white fuses that hung out of the breast of his sheepskin coat I could not help imagining the appearance that I should present when laid out for surgical treatment, or perhaps for burial, on one of those dirty prison cots.

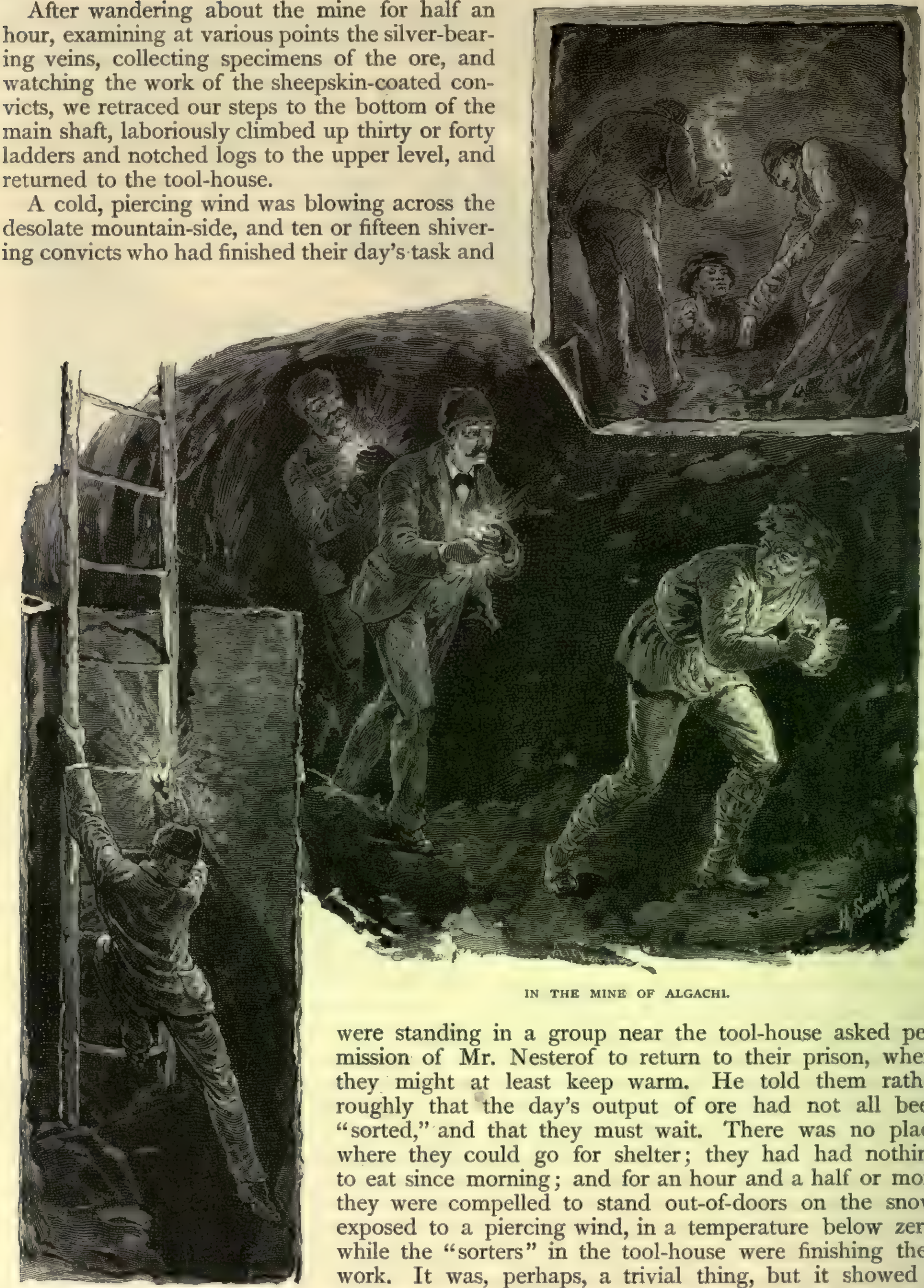
As we slowly descended into the depths of the mine, sometimes on ladders and sometimes on slippery notched logs, I became conscious of a peculiar, unpleasant odor, which I presumed to be due to a recent explosion of dynamite in one of the adjacent galleries. Our candles began to burn blue and finally went out altogether, matches could hardly be made to light, and we found ourselves clinging to a



CAMELS GRAZING IN THE SNOW NEAR THE ALGACHI MINE.

worn ladder, in total darkness, over a bottomless abyss, wondering how long air that would not support combustion would support life. We did not feel any sensation of oppression, nor did we seem to be in any immediate danger of asphyxiation; but there was evidently very little of oxygen in the air, and we were not a little relieved when, by dint of striking innumerable matches, we succeeded in groping our way down two or three more ladders to the mouth of a gallery where our candles would again burn. Along this gallery we proceeded for a hundred yards or more, clambering here and there over piles of glittering ore which convicts were carrying on small hand-barrows to one of the hoisting shafts. The temperature of the mine seemed to be everywhere below the freezing point, and in many places the walls and roof were thickly incrusted with frost-crystals, which sparkled in the candlelight as if the gallery were lined with gems. After wandering about hither and thither in a maze of low, narrow passages, we came to another shaft, and descended another series of worn, icy ladders to the deepest part of the mine. Here six or eight men were at work getting out ore and drilling holes in the rock for the insertion of blasting cartridges. Their tools and appliances were of the rudest, most primitive description, and the way in which the work was being carried on would have brought a contemptuous smile to the face of a Nevada miner. The air almost everywhere on the lower level had been exhausted of its oxygen and vitiated by explosives to such an extent that our candles went out almost as fast as we could relight them; but no adequate provision had been made for renewing the air supply. The only ventilating apparatus in use was a circular iron fan, or blower, which a single convict turned by means of a clumsy wooden crank. It made a loud rumbling noise that could be heard all over the lower part of the mine, but, as there were no pipes to it or from it, it was absolutely useless. It merely agitated the impure air a little in the immediate vicinity, and so far as desirable results were concerned the convict who operated it might as well have turned a grindstone.

After wandering about the mine for half an hour, examining at various points the silver-bearing veins, collecting specimens of the ore, and watching the work of the sheepskin-coated convicts, we retraced our steps to the bottom of the main shaft, laboriously climbed up thirty or forty ladders and notched logs to the upper level, and returned to the tool-house.



IN THE MINE OF ALGACHI.

A cold, piercing wind was blowing across the desolate mountain-side, and ten or fifteen shivering convicts who had finished their day's task and were standing in a group near the tool-house asked permission of Mr. Nesterof to return to their prison, where they might at least keep warm. He told them rather roughly that the day's output of ore had not all been "sorted," and that they must wait. There was no place where they could go for shelter; they had had nothing to eat since morning; and for an hour and a half or more they were compelled to stand out-of-doors on the snow, exposed to a piercing wind, in a temperature below zero, while the "sorters" in the tool-house were finishing their work. It was, perhaps, a trivial thing, but it showed a hardness and indifference to suffering on the part of the mining officials that went far to confirm the statements made to us by the young technologist from St. Petersburg. Mr. Nesterof seemed to be irritated by the very reasonable request of the half-frozen convicts as if it was an evidence of impudence and insubordination.

After watching for a few moments the breaking up and sorting of the ore in the tool-house we drove to the Pokrofski (Po-kroff'skee) mine, which was situated on the side of another bare mountain ridge about four miles farther to the north-westward. The country between the two mines was as dreary and desolate as any we had yet traversed. Not a tree nor a bush was to be seen in any direction, and the rolling, snow-clad mountains suggested in general contour the immense surges and mounds of water raised by a hurricane at sea. The buildings at the entrance to the mine consisted of a tool-house like that at the mine of Algachi, a magazine or storehouse, a few A-shaped shanties, in which lived the convicts of the free command, and two small prisons, one of which was apparently new. On the summit of a rocky ridge just over these buildings were two sentry-boxes, in each of which stood an armed soldier on guard. Mr. Frost, who was very tired, did not care to inspect any more mines, and taking a position on the snow near the tool-house he proceeded, with hands encased in thick gloves, to make a sketch of the scene, while Mr. Nesterof and I, under the guidance of a convict, descended the main shaft. The Pokrofski mine did not differ essentially from that of Algachi, except that it was not so extensive nor so deep. The air in it was damp and comparatively warm, water dripped from the roofs of the galleries into little pools here and there on the floors, and the ladders in the main shaft were slippery with mud. Why it should thaw in this mine and freeze in the mine of Algachi, only four miles away, I could not understand, nor did Mr. Nesterof seem to be able to give me a satisfactory explanation. In the mine of Algachi there was no water and the galleries for seventy-five or a hundred feet together were lined with frost-crystals and ice. In the mine of Pokrofski there was no ice at all and the shaft and galleries were dripping with moisture. The air in the Pokrofski mine seemed to be pure and our candles everywhere burned freely. Only a few men were at work, and they seemed to be engaged in hauling up ore in small buckets by means of a cable and a primitive hand-windlass.

THE POKROFSKI MINE.

J.F.Jungling Sc.

THE POKROFSKI PRISON.

After climbing up and down slippery ladders until I was covered with mud, and walking in a bent posture through low galleries until my back ached, I told Mr. Nesterof that I was satisfied, and we returned, tired and bathed in perspiration, to the tool-house. The convict who had accompanied us through the mine blew out his tallow candle, and without taking the trouble completely to extinguish the wick, laid it, still all aglow, in a small wooden box, which contained among other things a dynamite cartridge big enough to blow the whole tool-house into the air. I did not regard myself as naturally timorous or nervous, but when the convict shut down the lid of that box over the long glowing wick of a tallow candle and a dynamite cartridge with fuse attached, I had business out-of-doors. When I thought time enough had elapsed for the wick to go out, I reëntered the house, washed my muddy hands in the grindstone trough, inspected Mr. Frost's sketches, and asked Mr. Nesterof a long series of questions about the mines.

The silver-bearing veins or lodes in the mines of Algachi and Pokrofski vary in thickness from 12 or 14 inches to 5 or 6 feet. The ore, which has a bright glittering appearance, consists of silver and lead in the proportion of about 1 to 100, with a greater or less admixture of what the Russian miners call "zinkovi obmanka" (zink-o'vee ob-man'kah) or "zinc deceit." As the metal last named is much less fusible than lead, it becomes very troublesome in the reducing furnaces, and, so far as possible, the miners get rid of it by breaking up the ore into small pieces and discarding that part of it in which the zinc predominates. The work of crushing and sorting is performed by the weaker male convicts and the women, and is regarded as the lightest form of hard labor. It is about equivalent to breaking stones on the road with a heavy, short-handled hammer. Out of the mines of Algachi and Pokrofski, which are the most productive in the district, there are taken every year nearly 400 short tons of ore, which, when reduced, yields about 1440 pounds of silver, valued at $20,000, and 144,000 pounds of lead. The lead, owing to the expense of transportation to a market, is virtually worthless, and at the time of our visit nearly 2000 tons of it were lying at the Kutomarski (Koo-to-mar'skee) Zavod, where the ore from these mines for many years has been reduced. The average number of convicts employed in the two mines is 220, and each of them gets out 3600 pounds of ore a year, or about 10 pounds a day. These figures alone are enough to show how feebly and inefficiently the mines are worked. Until the early part of 1885 the convicts were sent down the shafts every day in the year with the exception of a few great church holy days, but since that time they have been allowed two days' rest a month, viz., the 1st and the 15th. They work by stents, or "tasks," which can be completed by able-bodied men in from eight to ten hours. They receive, in quantity and kind, substantially the same food and clothing that are given to the hard-labor convicts at the mines of Kara, and their maintenance costs the Government about $40 a year, or a little less than 11 cents a day per capita.

Regarded as places of punishment the Nerchinsk mines did not seem to me so terrible as they are often represented to be. It is not very pleasant, of course, to work eight or ten hours every day in a damp or icy gallery 300 feet underground; but even such employment is, I think, less prejudicial to health than unbroken confinement in a dirty, overcrowded, and foul-smelling convict prison. The mines are badly ventilated and the gases liberated in them by the explosives used are doubtless injurious; but there are no deadly fumes or exhalations from poisonous ores like cinnabar to affect the health of the laborers, and experience seems to show that the death rate is no higher among the convicts who go regularly every day into the mines than among those who lie idle day after day in the vitiated air of the prison kameras. If I were permitted to make choice between complete idleness in such a prison as that of Algachi or Ust Kara and regular daily labor in the mines, I should, without hesitation, choose the latter. So far as I could ascertain by careful inquiry among the convicts themselves, no one has ever been compelled to live and sleep in these mines day and night, and I believe that all the stories to that effect published from time to time are wholly imaginary and fictitious. The working force may occasionally have been divided into day and night gangs, or shifts, sent into the mines alternately, but the same men have never been required to remain there continuously for twenty-four hours. At the present time there is no night work and all of the convicts return to their prisons before dark, or in the short days of midwinter very soon after dark. I do not wish to be understood as saying that the life of Russian convicts at the Nerchinsk silver mines is an easy one, or that they do not suffer. I can hardly imagine a more terrible and hopeless existence than that of a man who works all day in one of the damp, muddy galleries of the Pokrofski mine, and goes back at night to a close, foul, vermin-infested prison like that of Algachi. It is worse than the life of any pariah dog, but at the same time it is not the sensationally terrible life of the fictitious convict described by Mr. Grenville Murray—the convict who lives night and day underground, sleeps in a rocky niche, toils in hopeless misery under the lash of a pitiless overseer, and is slowly poisoned to death by the fumes of quicksilver. Such things may be effective in a sensational drama, but they are not true. The worst feature of penal servitude in Siberia is not hard labor in the mines; it is the condition of the prisons.

When Mr. Frost, Mr. Nesterof, and I returned from the Pokrofski mine to the village of Algachi it was beginning to grow dark, and the village girls were watering their cows and filling their icy buckets at a curbed spring or well near the zemski kvartir. We drove to the house of Mr. Nesterof for dinner, spent an hour or two in conversation, and devoted the remainder of the evening to writing up note-books and completing sketches.

Friday morning, November 20, we bade Mr. Nesterof and Lieutenant-Colonel Saltstein good-bye, and set out with two horses, a small uncomfortable telega, and a fresh supply of

THE VILLAGE OF KADAIYA.

provisions for the village and mine of Kadaiya (Kah-dy′ya), distant from Algachi about ninety miles. The weather was still very cold, the road ran through the same dreary, desolate sea of snow-covered mountains that surrounds this mine of Algachi, and for two days we neither saw nor heard anything of particular interest. At half-past eleven o'clock Friday night, tired, hungry, and half frozen, we reached the village of Dono (Doh-noh′), forty-six miles from Algachi; Saturday afternoon we passed the Kutomarski Zavod, where we stopped for two or three hours to examine the smelting works; and early Sunday morning, after having traveled nearly all night at the expense of not a little suffering from cold and hunger, we finally reached the miserable, forlorn mining village of Kadaiya, found the zemski kvartir, and as soon as we could warm and refresh ourselves a little with tea went promptly to bed — Mr. Frost on top of the large brick oven, and I on the floor.

About ten o'clock Sunday forenoon we got up, somewhat rested and refreshed, and after a hasty and rather unsatisfactory breakfast of bread and tea went out into the broad, snowy, and deserted street of the village — Mr. Frost to make a sketch, and I to find the ustavshchik (oo-stav′shchik), or officer in charge of the mine.

The Kadainski mine, which is one of the oldest and most extensive silver mines in the Nerchinsk district, is situated on the side of a bold, steep, round-topped mountain about 300 yards from the village and 200 or 300 feet above it. It has been worked for more than a century and was at one time very productive; but the richest veins of ore in it have been exhausted, and it does not now yield nearly as much silver as the Pokrofski mine or the mine of Algachi.

The ustavshchik, whom I found at work in a log-house near the mine, and who seemed to be an intelligent and well-educated Siberian peasant, received me pleasantly but with some surprise, read my letters of introduction, expressed his willingness to show me everything that I desired to see, and in ten minutes we were on our way to the mine. In the tool-house, which stood over the mouth of the main shaft, I put on the outer dress of one of the convicts,— which I soon found to be full of vermin,— the ustavshchik donned a long, mud-stained khalat, a battered uniform cap, and a pair of heavy leather mittens, and providing ourselves with tallow candles we lowered ourselves into the black mouth of the Voskresenski (Voss-kre-sen′-skee) or Ascension shaft. After descending ten or twelve ladders, we reached, at a depth of about 120 feet, a spacious chamber from which radiated three or four horizontal galleries much wider and higher than any that I had seen in the mines of Pokrofski and Algachi. The floor of the chamber was covered with water to a depth of three or four inches and moisture was dripping everywhere from the walls. At a depth of 200 feet we reached another landing and entered the mouth of a very wide and high gallery leading away into the heart of the mountain. There had just been a blast somewhere in this part of the mine, and as we proceeded through the gallery filled with powder smoke I could see absolutely nothing except the faint glimmer of the ustavshchik's candle in the mist ahead. Guided by that, I stumbled along the uneven floor of the gallery, stepping now and then into a hole or splashing into a pool of water, and imagining for an instant that I had tumbled into an abandoned shaft. In one place we passed a very extensive excavation, out of which the ustavshchik said an immense body of ore had been taken as long ago as the middle of the last century. An immense area of roof had been left supported by quadrangular piles of crossed logs, which were so black from lapse of time that they were hardly recognizable as wood, and in many cases so soft that I could take pinches of rotten fiber out of them with my fingers. This part of the mine the ustavshchik said was regarded as very dangerous, and he did not think it prudent to go any farther. From the point where we turned to retrace our steps black, irregular caverns could still be seen stretching away in every direction — some upward, some horizontally, and some downward at a steep angle into an abyss of darkness. It was evident that the ore had been followed wherever it went and scooped out in the cheapest and most expeditious manner possible, without regard to safety, and with little attention to timbering. It was the most dangerous-looking place I had ever seen.

THE KADAINSKI MINE.

From these great caverns, of the time of Catherine II., we proceeded to the deepest part of the mine by descending a shaft cut through the solid rock at an angle of about forty-five degrees and not provided with ladders. A heavy and rusty chain had been festooned against one side by means of staples driven into holes drilled in the rock, and clinging to this chain we cautiously descended the shaft with a stream of water running ankle-deep around our legs and tumbling in cascades into the depths of the mine. On the lowest level that we reached a party of convicts was at work blasting out a new gallery with dynamite. A perpendicular climb of 300 or 400 feet up slippery ladders in another shaft brought us once more to the surface, and when, wet, muddy, and breathless, I stepped from the end of the last ladder upon the floor of the toolhouse I was so exhausted that I could hardly stand on my feet.

George Kennan.

MOLIÈRE AND SHAKSPERE.

BY C. COQUELIN, OF THE COMÉDIE FRANÇAISE.

EVERYTHING has been said about Molière, and in France he has been the object of the most extravagant theories. There is only one suggestion which no one has ventured: this is to deny that he is the author of his works. In England there is a school which declares that Shakspere was but a man of straw, and that the true poet of "Hamlet" and of "The Tempest" was the lord chancellor Bacon. We have not yet a school like this. Is an hypothesis of this sort impossible? Could we not, with equal likelihood, attribute the paternity of the "School for Wives" and "Don Juan" to the great Condé, for instance, to whom tradition already imputes at least one line of "Tartuffe"—

> Il est de faux dévots ainsi que de faux braves,—

and who was the avowed protector of Molière? He prided himself, as we know, on his wit and on his freedom of thought, and he was fond of the stage. Why may he not have had a hand in these plays? That would explain why this same "Tartuffe" was acted at his house in full long before it was revised; why it was at his house again that the revised version was first seen; and also why Molière left no manuscripts behind him.

It would not be difficult, I think, if some imaginative scholar would but undertake it, to establish this hypothesis as solidly as the famous Baconian theory; and it could be proved that Molière and Shakspere are but masks, just as it has been proved that Napoleon and Mr. Gladstone have never existed and that the first of these is a sun-myth and the second an old Breton deity — no doubt, the deity of eloquence!

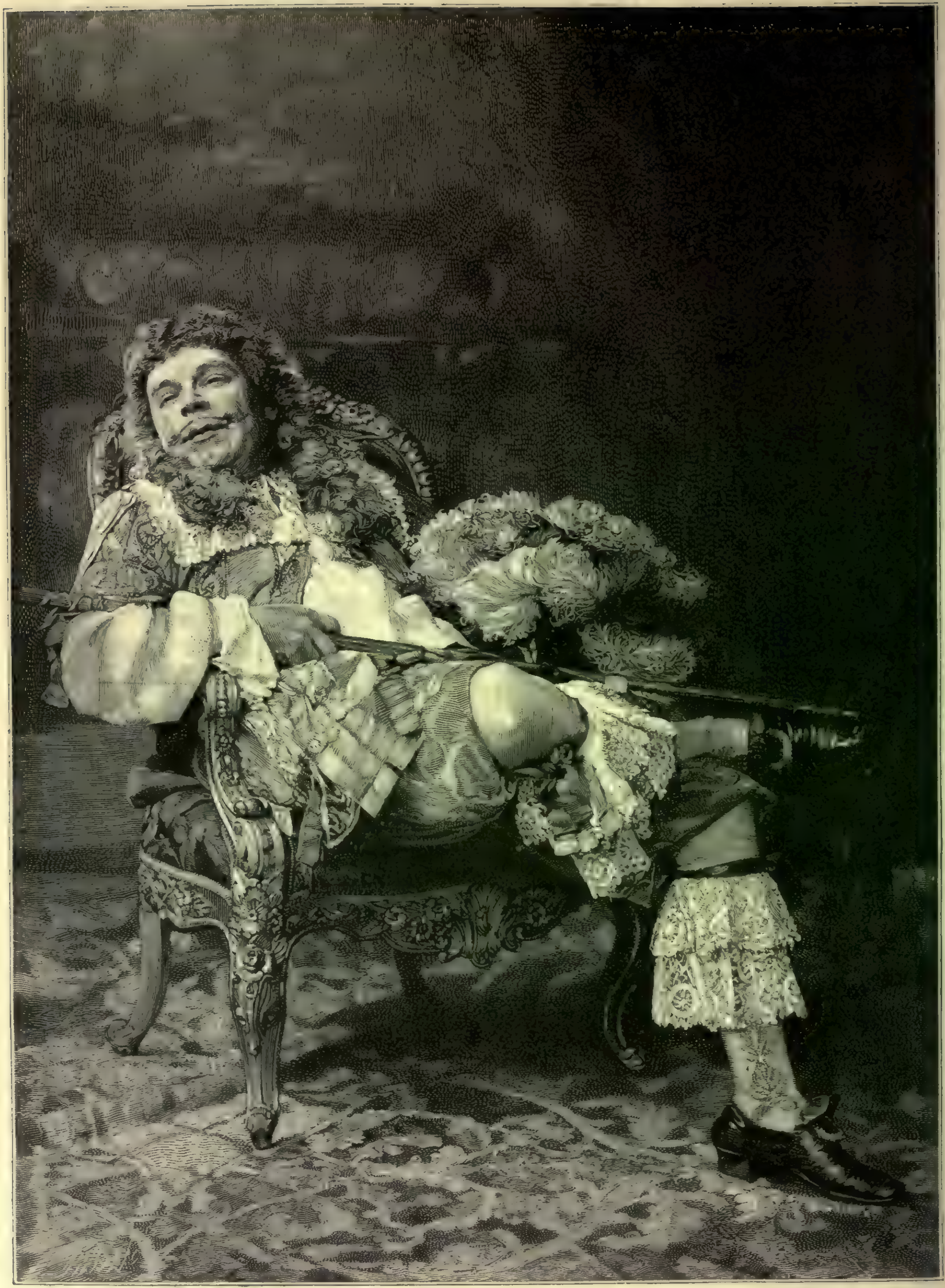
But I have no intention of fighting the Baconian revelation, nor of building up any theory of that kind; I wish only to throw on paper a few notes, inspired by the study and the comparison of the two masters of the stage.

If Molière seems like a belated twin of Shakspere, it is not only because of an admirable equality of genius, it is also because of the many likenesses shown in their lives and in their habits. First actors, then authors, then managers, they entered the profession very young and pretty poor; and both made money by the theater and died rich, one at fifty-two and the other at fifty-one; leaving almost the same number of works, as to which they seem to have been negligent, since these were printed in full only after their deaths, and by the care of their comrades. Born in the burgher class, they had princes for friends and knew the royal favor; and Louis XIV. asked Molière for the "Magnificent Lovers," as Queen Elizabeth had asked Shakspere for the "Merry Wives of Windsor." Thus one and the other, turn by turn, amused the court and the city, the people of quality and the rabble. Their free genius brought them out safely.

Wherefore the classic Ben Jonson cried out against his comrade Shakspere; wherefore also the rigorous Boileau condemned judicially the author of "The Misanthrope," thrust into the sack of *Scapin*. Nevertheless, they went on, taking their property where they found it, borrowing everywhere the matter which their alchemic genius turned to gold, bearing in mind no rules but to be true and to please; pleasing indeed, and always pleasing, the foolish as well as the wise, the ignorant as well as the refined.

Not only did they skirmish with pedants, but they also quarreled with the envious, a viler tribe: Shakspere had Greene, Molière had Visé; they were hunted even into their private life, and infamous vices were imputed to them. They were, however, excellent comrades, liking a large life, good fare, and frank friendships; they gladly had wit-combats at the "Syren" or at the "Cross of Lorraine"; and they kept open house. If we believe the legend, it was because he entertained too liberally his old friend Ben Jonson and his compatriot Drayton that Shakspere took to his bed and died. It is thus that our Regnard died; but it is not thus that Molière died. His heartrending death is familiar; and God, who does not disdain an antithesis, crowned these careers so alike with the most opposite ends, making a comedy of the death of the great tragedian and of the death of the great comedian a drama.

In yet another point the end of Shakspere differed from that of Molière. He had retired. He was living in his dear Stratford, as a rich country gentleman, taking very good care of his property; even careless of his glory, and not having written, when he died, perhaps one verse in four years. His will does not mention his works, nor do the four lines inscribed over



PHOTOGRAPHED BY SARONY. ENGRAVED BY R. G. TIETZE.

M. COQUELIN AS MASCARILLE IN THE "PRÉCIEUSES RIDICULES."

his tomb. Æschylus also, in the epitaph he wrote for himself, forgot his hundred tragedies, but he had fought at Marathon, and this he recalled proudly; and it is conceivable that he should claim this glory in preference to the other. But the tomb of Shakspere makes no similar claim: it begs that it be left alone, and this is not for the sake of "Hamlet" or of "Lear" or of so many masterpieces, but for Jesus' sake.

Molière never retired; scarcely even did he take a vacation: he worked while ill and he worked when dying; and he died almost on the stage. One of the reasons for this difference — not enough noticed, I think — is that Molière was a much better actor than Shakspere.

Shakspere the actor has left no trace. It is vaguely known that he played the old *Adam* in "As You Like It," and the *Ghost* in "Hamlet." But it was not he but Burbage who "created" his great parts. Becoming an actor by accident, it seems probable that he was such without passion, and that he ceased to play as soon as possible.

This was not the case with Molière. There is no doubt that his vocation as an actor was his master-passion. He did not leave the paternal roof for the purpose of writing plays — but for the purpose of acting them. And we know that these were not comedies — the Illustrious Theater had in stock at first nothing but tragedies. When he wrote "L'Étourdi," his first work, Molière had been an actor for nine years, and for fifteen when he wrote the "Précieuses Ridicules." Never could his great success as an author tempt him to leave the boards. He not only continued to act in his own plays, but he acted in the plays of others and did not consider this as lost time. He acted, as we have said, although coughing and spitting blood; and to Boileau, who advised him to leave the stage, he replied, "It is for my honor that I remain" — so much did he love his profession, which was killing him. But then he excelled in it. His contemporaries are unanimous on this point. He was extraordinary — "Better actor even than author," one of them goes so far as to say. We can imagine what joy it must have been to see him in his great parts — *Sganarelle*, *Orgon*, *Alceste*, *Harpagon*.

He had come to this degree of excellence only by dint of hard work, as his appearance was not pleasing and his voice difficult to manage. It was his voice, above all, that gave him trouble; but, notwithstanding the hiccough that remained, he made it so rich in varied inflections that it seemed as though he had many. He was particular about the articulation: it is to him that we owe the right way of pronouncing certain words; for example, the infinitives in *er*. He left nothing to chance, and insisted that an actor should have counted all his steps and decided upon every glance before he stepped upon the stage. We have in the "Impromptu" a theatrical criticism of his that we can compare to the theatrical criticism of Shakspere in "Hamlet." At bottom they agree: they have the same passion for nature, the same aversion from emphasis — but Molière had the advantage in that he practiced what he preached.

It will be objected that he was not good in tragic characters. That is possible; it is so human to err! But perhaps we have been too quick to believe his enemies on this point. The manner of acting tragedy in those days was very different from his theories. He may have disconcerted the public by abstaining from bombastic delivery and by bringing down the heroes to a more natural level. Notice, however, that he played Corneille up to the very last. It seems likely that if the pit had disapproved of him so strongly in these parts, he would not have been so insistent; then it would have affected the receipts — and Molière was a manager. Finally, it was he who trained Baron; and Baron in tragedy, as in comedy, was incomparable. This passion of Molière's for his profession as actor was eminently advantageous. It increased his power of observation. The gaze he fixed on man was in some sort a double mirror; he studied first to know, and afterwards so as to reproduce. What might have escaped him had he only written the play came to him when he acted it. Then — forgive me the metaphor — the ink became blood. Therefore it is, I think, because Molière was a greater actor than Shakspere that he was a more sure and more complete observer, although in a narrower sphere.

And to this quality of actor, which was accompanied in both by the gift of stage-management, they each owed the dramatic force that to-day animates their works. We feel that these were not written coldly in the silence of the closet, but thrown alive upon the stage. And it is this too — I think the remark is Sainte-Beuve's — that explains the indifference of Shakspere and Molière to the printing of their works. They did not recognize these on paper. "Tartuffe" and "Hamlet" existed for them only before the footlights. It was only there that they felt their plays bone of their bone and flesh of their flesh.

It has been possible, after much erudition, to establish the chronological sequence of the works of Shakspere; and through this study has been evolved the history of his thought. It is at first a period of experiment; Shakspere begins, he feels the need of living, he is the Jack-at-all-trades at the Globe; he makes over old pieces and writes new ones in imitation of Plautus or the Italians: no originality as yet, and, oddly enough, no dramatic genius; he was, above all, the poet of "Venus and Adonis," in whom it was difficult to foresee the writer of "Hamlet." But the time of groping ceased: he wrote "Richard III.," and in that he discovered character; he wrote "Romeo and Juliet," and in that he discovered drama. Still the second part of his career is almost entirely devoted to comedy. If he attempts drama, it is through the national history; which gives him the chance of creating *Falstaff*, perhaps his best rounded comic type. This was the time when he began his fortune and his glory. He is full of hope and gaiety; he takes delight in those adorable compositions "A Midsummer Night's Dream," "The Merchant of Venice," "Much Ado about Nothing." Fancy is his queen, and if Melancholy seizes him, it is to draw him to that marvelous forest of Arden, where so many songs are sung that the wickedest become good and the things that seem the most difficult to arrange end there — as you like it.

To this period of youth succeeds the prime of life. Shakspere is rich and seems happy; but his thoughts are more somber. He doubts, he despairs, "Man pleases him not," and if he forgives Woman it is to make her fall under the injustice of destiny. From 1601 to 1607 were written these dramas: "Julius Cæsar," "Hamlet," "Measure for Measure," "Othello," "Lear," "Macbeth," "Antony and Cleopatra," "Timon of Athens" — masterpieces, all of them, and all disconsolate; it is the triumph of evil; the more *Hamlet* thinks the more he is discouraged; and it finishes with the anathema of *Timon* giving society at large over to destruction.

But now what happens? Because he has so often shown Man as the miserable plaything of heredity and chance, Shakspere takes pity on him; and pity engenders serenity. Then the last period opens, the period of "A Winter's Tale," of "Cymbeline," of "The Tempest," of the fragments of "Pericles." Always life and its troubles; but a dream mingles strangely with action, and it is Providence that settles the end. The drama loses in concentration; but, on the other hand, the poetry becomes wonderful: it attains to the ineffable in "The Tempest," the most divine poem ever dreamed by man.

Is it now possible to discover in the work of Molière, as in that of his rival, a history of his private thought? And does the chronological sequence of his comedies reveal to us something of his views on man and of the secret leanings of his genius?

I think so; but only on one condition: the date of "Tartuffe" must be that of its composition, and not that of its first representation, as is generally taken. Then we find in the work of Molière, as in that of Shakspere, four distinct periods.

The period of groping, first: Molière is likewise the Jack-at-all-trades of his company; he acts in tragedy, tinkers old plays with the help of Madeleine Béjart, and writes farces, most of them imitated from the Italian, many of them derived from our old stock of *fabliaux*. Then, as success came, he attempts better things — writes "L'Étourdi" and the "Lover's Quarrel." We have there only his gaiety unfailing and full of *go*; his observation betrays itself only in comic touches, and does not rise as high as character-drawing; but what an admirable choice of words — lively, alert, and full of savor! And he not only finds words but scenes, such as the delicious quarrel in the "Dépit."

At last he is in Paris; and as though he became conscious of his genius upon touching his native soil, he throws "Les Précieuses" at the society of the day. No imitation of the ancients this time, no more Italian comedy; he paints the times, but he paints only its absurdities.

It is a great step forward. No matter. The work is brave and alive; it begins the second period; but strange to relate, although the "Précieuses" was a success, Molière did not follow it up; he returned to bolder farce with "Sganarelle," to tragi-comedy with "Don Garcia de Navarre"; and it is from the ancients, from Terence, that he borrows the "School for Husbands." But these still were but gropings: the last was at all events a real work, and Molière became more confident. A lucky chance brings him to the notice of the king, for whom he acts "Les Fâcheux," a sparkling improvisation; and then he is in favor, sure of himself, sure of the princes; and he writes the "School for Wives."

It is the first of the great masterpieces, it is the beginning of the third period; Molière has discovered himself. He has the vocabulary, he has the daring and the invention; he creates; *Arnolphe*, *Agnes*, are immortal. But there is still more, and this it is that to my mind characterizes this third manner: the "School for Wives" is a social comedy. I beg pardon for the word, which is modern, but I could replace it only by a long periphrase. What I mean is that the "School for Wives" shows society itself; *Arnolphe* has his own ideas on these eternally serious points, woman's education and marriage, and he calls religion to the aid of his ideas.

Molière is there on delicate ground, but it is by his own wish; and it is very valiantly that he takes part against *Arnolphe's* theories and turns them into ridicule. This causes a tempest; the bigots discover an enemy. Molière is censured, cast forth, vilified. He does not care. Ever since the "Critique of the School for Wives" one feels that he will not recede. In that play he attacks the marquises, and more than one anecdote shows that this needed courage. But what is this skirmish compared with the battle of "Tartuffe"! Here evidently is comedy as it was dreamed of by the master in full possession of his strength; it turns towards satire of society; it makes itself a power, and shows on the stage the secrets of social organization. What will he respect, this Molière? He touches the Church! And it is in the name of nature that he scoffs at the theories of the mystics. But what happens? This time he is beaten. "Tartuffe" is forbidden. Well! Molière does not give in. Such is then his ardor for the fray that, after having attacked false piety, he combats what next is most dangerous—false science. He begins his war on the physicians. But this is a mere episode: he meditates a revenge; he creates "Don Juan." This is his most extraordinary work; we are stupefied by what he has dared to say in the scene with the *Poor Man*, and in that with *Don Louis*, and in the whole of the fifth act. After the Church, it is autocracy which he shakes. He was never so free, or, as they said in those days, so *libertine*.

Unfortunately — others perhaps will say fortunately — "Don Juan" was not enough of a success, and the piece met much dangerous hostility in high quarters; at the same time the flood of insults increases. Molière ill, perhaps discouraged, and feeling, doubtless, that he could not go farther on this road, that the people of his century would not follow him there — Molière reasons with himself. A contest arises within him: Molière, the indignant, protests, wants to combat, and would let loose "the vigorous hatreds"; Molière, the philosopher, puts reason first, which wishes that we be wise with sobriety, and which counsels man, being incorrigible, to accept fate without cursing him, and to observe him as one observes the "evil apes" and with "mad wolves."

This profound mental debate gave birth to "The Misanthrope," another masterpiece, that belongs to third manner by *Alceste* and to the last by *Philinte*. For it is *Philinte* who gets the best of it. Certainly Molière does not renounce the correction of men, but he gives up calling to judgment the powers of society. With more sharpness than ever he studies character, but individual character, not the social character. He avoids the soldier, he leaves the speculator to Le Sage; while the judge will await Beaumarthaes.

He no longer fights — he contemplates. Even after "Tartuffe" was authorized he persisted in not giving a companion piece to "Tartuffe." He will come back to Plautus — "Amphitryon," the "Miser"; he will come back to Italian comedy — the "Tricks of Scapin"; he will come back to the satire of the provincials — "Pourceaugnac," "Georges Dandin"; and in each of these returns he will create masterpieces, for he is absolute master of his art, and not for one instant does his genius pale. But he never returns to "Don Juan." Twice he approaches the forbidden ground; but the "Would-be Gentleman" is not the whole of the burgher class; and if you would see how much the new Molière differs from the old, compare the youth, the fierceness, the set purpose of the "School for Wives" with the serene maturity, impartial and profound, of the "Learned Ladies."

We must say at once that Molière's self-denial cost his vivacity nothing; this dazzles us to the last moment, and it is with one of his gayest farces that he ends. It is true that this farce is, upon reflection, one of his strongest comedies. He is, I repeat, in this last period absolute master of his art; I would add that he is much more careful of form; to such an extent that not having time to give to his verses that degree of perfection which he desired, he wrote no more except in prose. From the "Physician in Spite of Himself" to the "Imaginary Invalid" there are ten plays in prose, three in verse, in with which must be counted "Psyche," although "Psyche," it is well known, was principally by Corneille. But the other two are the most finished works of Molière in point of style. We may regret sometimes Rabelaisian freedom of the earlier manner, the large and oily brush marks of "Tartuffe"; but we must render homage to the adorable workmanship of "Amphitryon" as well as to the judicial and sustained grandeur of style of the "Learned Ladies."

After all, if he from preference used prose, it was not that he might be negligent, for now he cadences it and fills it with blank verse, and now, as in the "Would-be Gentleman," he gives it such a variety of shading that the author disappears, leaving only his characters to be heard, each one speaking his own language, like that good *Madame Jourdain*, according to the frankness of their nature.

I will not enter upon the comparisons that these historical portraits of the minds of the two masters might suggest. I would insist on but one point. It does not appear that, at any moment of his career, Shakspere thought it possible to reform society by the stage. Neither in his fantastic, optimistic comedy nor in the merciless, pitiless drama of the somber period, nor in the providential drama of the last period, did he appear to occupy himself with correcting men of their vices. He makes works of art — that is all. If there be in them a lesson, it is, in a way, unmeant by him, and as there might be one in the spectacle of human affairs. Molière, on the contrary, has taken seriously his duty as a comic author. He has, just like old Corneille, frankly wished to put into practice Aristotle's principle of purging mankind of its faults. He has accepted comedy as a social power. And, even after he was forced to renounce "Tartuffe," he renounced neither correcting nor instructing; and almost all his plays, if not all, have an aim and a moral. This difference is accounted for, I think, by another, which is to a certain extent primary: Molière was a Latin, Shakspere was not. Shakspere very probably received a much better education than Ben Jonson leads us to believe. He loved and read the ancients much; many Latinisms have been found in his style. In his youth he imitated the "Menæchmi" of Plautus; and in his maturity he took from Plutarch not only the plots of dramas, but phrases, even whole discourses, to which he gave only the rhythm of verse, but which are absolutely opposed in tone to his poetry. Notwithstanding all this he remains free, original, and modern. It is with deliberation that he rejects the classic rules promulgated and put in use by the Ben Jonsons.

What connection is there between the spirit of antiquity and that of "Venus and Adonis," his sensual poem, all sparkling with *concetti* of the Italian type? Has he not gone as far as to parody the "Iliad" in "Troilus and Cressida"? Finally, in his great Roman drama, are they real Romans that he shows us? The place, the costume, the speech, and the soil — all are contemporary with Shakspere. Romans, no; but men surely! And that is enough. And as for the people, whom he loved to paint, — though not to flatter, — it is the populace that he has known and mingled with, the mob and not the plebeians, to such an extent that one might say that "Coriolanus" was one of the most English of Shakspere's plays.

In short, the spirit of the Renaissance breathed upon Shakspere, but did not transform him. Shakspere was in his country, the definite and supreme end of the Middle Ages. In France, on the contrary, the Middle Ages did not end. In the sixteenth century the Latin spirit seized the people once more, and instead of finding, with Shakspere, their inspiration in the miracle-plays, in the Gesta, in the Round Table, in the fabliaux, our authors turned back to Rome. Thus did Molière. It was not that he despised our immense repertory of farces and moralities; he was too fond of Rabelais for that, and he borrowed from the fabliaux for his little pieces, now almost all lost; but for his great comedies it is Plautus, it is Terence, who are his models and his inspiration. He imitated them, one may say, up to his last hour. To this he was predisposed not only by race, but by education; we know what vigorous training he had received, and that one of his pastimes — if he ever had any pastimes — was translating Lucretius in verse.

It is the alliance of the Latin and the French genius that has given to our comedy its character and its superiority. The Frenchman has inherited from the Celt, at the same time with the love of combat and the love of speech-making, an admirable promptness in seizing the ridiculous and in imitating it. He has found in his Latin heritage the taste for generalizations, the sentiment of measure, and the cult of reason. French comedy has been born of all these. It is gay on its Celtic side, and on its Latin side realistic and practical. In its most dizzy flights you would never see it, like the comedy of Shakspere, beat its wings and fly into pure fantasy and the dream of a midsummer's night; it would not leave the earth, it would observe, it would keep one shred of truth, it would wish to be of use, to serve, to *prove* something.

Castigat ridendo mores. It has a mission; later, we might call it a function. I have said that it is a power, and Beaumarchais is there to show it. It has not been lost. What is Augier? What is Dumas? They are reformers! What is Labiche? A moralist! Sterne has said and shows in his way that the French people is the most serious of peoples; for he who loved so much to laugh does not care to laugh for nothing. He wishes that something should stay in the mind after even the lightest of vaudevilles, and that after having laughed one should think. Musset went further: he wished us to weep. That is too much. And I ask myself if there be not a grain of exaggeration in our contempt for the useless laugh. To laugh is good in itself. What is left after a laugh? the philosophers ask. Ah! what remains of a beautiful day after it has passed? And yet happiness is made up of beautiful days. But, to be definite, it is this taste for truth, this respect for reason, even this pretension of lifting up human nature, that makes the force of our comedy, and this is why it would be unjust to compare the comedies of Shakspere with those of Molière.

Shakspere's comedies are mostly youthful works. We find in them humors rather than characters, and no comedy of situation. They are imaginings, often charming; equivoques; disguises; forest surprises, as in "As You Like It," where every one becomes good; islands, as in "The Tempest," enchanted with invisible music, where life is painted like a soap bubble—iridescent and empty. What likeness can there be between these exquisite fairy tales, made of dreams, and the comedy of Molière, all kneaded with reality?

There are exceptions, however. There is one of Shakspere's comedies that approaches the French manner: it is the "Taming of the Shrew." This has a logical action and a moral. *Petruchio* tames his devilish wife by showing himself more of a devil than she. But they both are eccentrics rather than true characters; and the play is a farce, where caricature injures the truth. No matter, it is one of the gayest, and—see the power of the French form—it has remained one of the most popular.

He has been less successful, to my mind, in the "Merry Wives of Windsor," another exception in his works, for it is a contemporaneous satire, notwithstanding the date, and a portrait of middle-class manners. It has excellent scenes. *Ford* recalls our *Arnolphe*. Like *Arnolphe* he is jealous, like *Arnolphe* he is kept informed of all that is being prepared against him (at least he thinks so), and like *Arnolphe* he succeeds only in getting himself laughed at. But how feeble and brutal he is! What unreason in all his actions! In short, he is any husband, while *Arnolphe*, in representing the old sect which insists on the subjection of woman, is one of those faces in which the humanity of all times recognizes itself laughing at the recognition. Even in the *Falstaff* of the "Merry Wives" one can pick flaws. Is this the *Falstaff* of "Henry IV.," who was always brimming over with audacity and humor? Alas! how he is faded! What a fall! No, no; this dupe is not *Falstaff!* Shakspere was no more at ease in working on an idea of Elizabeth's than was Molière when he composed the "Magnificent Lovers" on an outline of Louis XIV.'s.

A few words must be added on the *wit* of Shakspere, the sparkling of which fills the first plays of Shakspere. It is with double meanings, with puns, that he makes the laughter break out; counterfeit coin, doubtless, but so prettily struck off, so brilliant, so resonant! Recall the battles of wit between *Beatrice* and *Benedict*, and the loving chatter of *Rosalind* and the elegant babble of *Mercutio*. But all this has sadly cooled in three centuries.

Molière has no mere wit. Puns, points, the collocation of droll sounds, words taken one for another—all these are absent from his work. At most he permits himself, in his farces, some Gallic equivoques. He wishes to bring a laugh only by touches of nature. It is not from him as author that come his witticisms; it is from his characters, and they come naturally and by the force of things. He himself explains this in his criticism. "The author has not put this in as a clever saying of his own, but only as a thing that characterizes the man." So with him there is nothing unnecessary. Each touch brings out the character in the living reality.

Can we here say that from this point of view Molière has the better of his rival? But it would be easy to reply that Shakspere in his mighty maturity renounced witticisms to seek effects only from nature. And it is by their masterpieces that these great men must be compared. Thus we admire in them the same creative fecundity, the same intensity of life, the same dramatic vigor. This latter is so great in Molière that it was able to lead astray his fervent admirer the great Goethe, who attributed to him tragic genius. This seems an error; but nothing shows better than this error the force of the situations in "The Misanthrope," in "Tartuffe," and elsewhere. They have suggested to Molière, as to Shakspere, those phrases that suddenly shed light into the very depths of the soul. Pathetic in Shakspere, comic in Molière, they are sublime in both. Sublime, you say? Can the comic be sublime? Why not? After all, the sublime is but a stroke of truth, so brilliant, so deep, that it calls for no explanation or reasoning, leaves nothing to be said, and sometimes—like the *Qu'il mourût* of the old *Horace*—attains a pure and simple absurdity.

Even in Shakspere there are strokes of this kind of comedy; such is the famous acclamation of the "Brutus! Hail Brutus! Let Brutus be Cæsar." And another saying, in "Coriolanus," "Let us kill Marcius, and we 'll have corn at our own price." As for the pathetic cries it is unnecessary for me to recall the apostrophe of *Lear* to the storm, "Nor rain, wind, thunder, fire, are my daughters!" Nor the saying of *Macduff*, "He has no children!" Nor all those that spring from the troubled conscience of *Hamlet*. But is not the *Poor Man* in "Tartuffe" of the same caliber? Does not *Alceste's* "Morbleu! Faut-il que je vous aime?" spring from the same depths? And the innocent question of *Arnolphe*, "Why not love me, Madam Impudence?" But Molière has whole scenes written in this tone. Recall the scene before the last in the third act of "Tartuffe" between *Orgon*, *Tartuffe*, and *Damis*. There is not a line that does not carry. If it were not so funny it would be terrible. Never has human credulity been so truly painted, neither has the faculty which Tartuffes have of dishumanizing the best of us. If one forgets to laugh, the scene leaves an impression of stupefaction, and this I think is the duty of the sublime.

In Shakspere *Othello* is less deeply duped by *Iago*. For from the moment that he has made the germ of jealousy tremble that had been sleeping in his breast, from the moment that this frightful passion is wakened, it is this which acts and governs; it is this that makes the unhappy creature believe what it will; it is this that, in one word, cheats him and makes him breathe blood and death.

Passion — this is the true domain of Shakspere. It is the domain of the drama. (Shakspere has the heart, Molière the head.) Shakspere's personages are the *changing* and *differing* men, frequently made or unmade by the torrent of blood and of life. Those of Molière are man built all of a piece, born what he is, and dying as he was born. Could anything modify *Tartuffe?* Could *Alceste* have been different from what we see him? And was not *Harpagon* from his mother's womb a petty usurer? Did *Arnolphe* need to develop to become the pedant and the brute that he is? Scarcely has study added to the natural bent. And it is certainly not by philosophizing on a school bench that *Don Juan* came to the denying of all things. He came into the world unbelieving, and never admitted the existence of any other God but his own good pleasure. Molière shows us these unchanging characters in the most diverse situations; they remain there true to themselves and make their own fate.

Shakspere likes to take an irreproachable man; he shows him coming straight from nature's hands, full of the milk of human kindness and seeking nobly all that he most ardently craves. But there is in him a germ, sometimes imperceptible; this germ, circumstances, chance, the perfidy of an *Iago*, the meeting of the three old women on the heath, a dream, even less,— a doubt,— may cause suddenly to ferment; it rises up, swells, and becomes a devouring and irresistible passion; the end is fatal, it is crime, despair, death. Nothing can help it; the will of the man is the sport of chance and the heat of his blood. Even in the last works — in which the ending is happy — the man has had nothing to do with it; it is again chance which this time ends everything well; but *Posthumus* and *Leontes* are as miserably the prey of their imaginations as *Othello* or *Lear*.

Thus Molière's personages *are;* Shakspere's *become.* I leave it to the philosophers to decide which are the more true. But we must not exaggerate; one finds likewise in Shakspere innate characters. *Iago*, *Lady Macbeth*, are certainly born what they are. Likewise it is a great wrong to Molière to reproach him with not knowing the contradictions of the human heart; his works are filled with it. See *Alceste* in love with *Célimène*, see *Tartuffe* at the same time so arrogant and so humble; see *Orgon*, most tender of fathers and most humane of men, led by his bigotry to sacrifice his daughter and his whole house to the egotistic needs of his own salvation! These contradictions are marvelously natural; they do not indicate a single modification of man, they only reveal his complexity, and Molière knows how to render the comic side of this with his usual superiority.

This difference between the characters of drama and those of comedy has still another reason. To laugh one must be impersonal. He who sees that it is he himself who is on the stage and made fun of does not laugh willingly. Other people,— that is all right,— one can laugh at others without scruple. And this is why Molière shows us from the first his people well characterized, well possessed by their proper individuality, in a way resembling us as little as possible. After this, quite at our ease, sure of being neither *Harpagon*, nor *M. Jourdain*, nor *Sganarelle*, we can follow the master in laughing at them and at the same time at the *Harpagons* and the *M. Jourdains* and the *Sganarelles* that we know in real life and that we are delighted to find before us here.

The drama needs a contrary sentiment. To make us shudder or weep it must show us in its personages, if not the man that we are, at least the man that we flatter ourselves to be — good, valiant, and wise. Then we are interested in what happens to these men who are like us. It seems as though we were following our own possible history. And this is why *Othello* or *Macbeth* are at first neither ambitious nor jealous; they only become so after we have contracted a fellow feeling for them.

Hamlet has been compared to *Alceste*, but what ground can they offer for comparison? The one delicate, scant of breath, an obstinate dreamer, whom destiny makes a dispenser of justice in spite of himself; and the other robust, bristling, scolding, misanthropic — not as *Hamlet* is, in consequence of a melancholy that makes him see everything through a black veil, but from the effect of a vigorous nature full of itself and not understanding that all the world does not resemble him, and irritated by the differences as by so many personal injuries.

It would be easier to compare *Alceste* and *Timon* of Athens. They have common hatreds and both end with the desert. But *Alceste* is born a misanthrope: *Timon*, on the contrary, begins with the love of man, as immeasured in this liberal tenderness as later he will be in his execrations. With all his faults *Alceste* is better balanced; he is a character. *Timon* is ill. (Note in passing, as a matter of curiosity, that the repast of hot water offered by *Timon* to his lukewarm friends is found again in "Le Misanthrope et L'Auvergnat" of Labiche.)

It is remarkable that in "Timon" Shakspere, who intended a drama, should have deprived himself of that powerful element, Woman, and that it should be the comic author who had that idea of genius, profoundly dramatic, of making his misanthrope in love with a coquette. Shakspere had put his *Célimènes* elsewhere: as a young girl she is in *Cressida;* mature and sovereign she is in *Cleopatra.* It would be pleasant to compare with each other these attractive and perverse figures, but let me note only this characteristic point: it is that *Célimène* is cold, and that *Cressida* and *Cleopatra* are sensual. *Cressida*, a maiden yet, has instinctively all the trickery of an accomplished coquette, but she is sensual and she succumbs. And as she belonged to *Troilus* so she will belong to *Diomede;* she has wit, perfidy, and weakness; she is a courtesan.

As for *Cleopatra* she is the enchantress, but the irresistible grace that emanates from her is sustained by a deep art, which experience has developed. Then, too, how she leads him on, her *Antony!* But she is sensual; she loves him.

Célimène is cold: she neither loves nor is she capable of loving; her heart is in her head. She is a flower special to society, selfish, despotic, charming, deceiving everybody to nobody's profit, for the pleasure of it.

In general Shakspere's women are admired; and yet what diversity in this curious series. The young girls, *Ophelia*, *Cordelia*, sister *Isabella*, *Juliet*, *Perdita*, *Rosalind*, and *Celia; Beatrice;* and the wives *Portia*, *Desdemona*, *Hermione*, *Imogen*, *Catherine of Arragon.* I pass over some and not least celebrated. But among these delicious types, either profound or sublime, it is strange that you meet neither an *Agnes* nor an *Armande.* In Shakspere the most chaste maid is not without knowledge. Ignorance, so dear to *Arnolphe*, seems impossible to our poet. *Juliet* is fourteen years old and she is a woman. And *Miranda*, brought up in a desert island between her father and *Caliban*, and so like *Agnes* in so many ways — *Miranda* has not the innocence of *Agnes.* She feels for *Frederick* the same admiration that *Agnes* feels for *Horace;* when *Prospero* threatens the young prince and inflicts upon him a slave's duties, she gives the same cry that *Agnes* does when *Arnolphe* orders *Horace* to throw a stone from the window if the young man calls, "But he is such a fine fellow!" Finally, like *Arnolphe's* ward, she gives herself secretly to him whom she loves; but she reserves her chastity, as *Agnes* does not, not knowing enough.

I said there is no *Armande* in Shakspere either. In truth, there is not a trace of that fine contempt of the flesh which the young philosopher boasts. Even sister *Isabella*, so rigid, has only a horror for the sin, and not aversion for the matter. The severe young girl recognized the sanctity of marriage, which *Armande* will not have mentioned; and in the end she marries the *Duke. Armande*, you will say, would have the same sort of yielding for *Clitandre.* I agree, but none the less does she feel the sentiment that she expresses; and it is rather strange that Shakspere, although nearer than Molière to the mysticism of the Middle Ages, seems not to have known it. All his plays are of flesh and blood! Besides, Molière, who is the apostle of nature, laughs at the philosophical disgust of the beautiful *Armande*, and is careful not to give it to *Henriette.* Although his young girls are often quite adventurous, they have neither the ardent love of a *Juliet* nor the romantic intrepidity of a *Rosalind.* They are sweet and sentimental, like the adorable *Marianne* in "Tartuffe"; exquisitely sensible, like *Henriette;* very likely later to become sincere *Eliantes*, or wise and keen *Elmires.* As for those whom reading has spoiled, like *Cathos* and *Madelon*, it is not for the love of love that they would lose themselves, but for love of wit.

Other physiognomies might be compared. *Harpagon* and *Shylock* for example — two misers. But it seems precisely as though in these two characters Shakspere and Molière had two absolutely contrary aims; that Shakspere, with a generosity not common in his day, wished to show the man in the Jew, and in the insulted man surviving the insult and bent on vengeance, the sacred feelings of a father and a husband; while Molière showed in *Harpagon* these same feelings and all the human sentiments, smothered by the encroaching vice. I fear that it is Molière who is right. But there is much to say in favor of *Shylock*, in whom avarice — being a fault of his race — has not the dominant and special character that it takes with *Harpagon.* Do we find a *Tartuffe* in Shakspere? *Iago* has been cited: but *Iago* only seeks the satisfaction of a personal hate; *Tartuffe*, in the name of the Church, seeks complete dominion. Honest *Iago* knows what he wants and does not hide from himself the fact that he is a rascal; *Tartuffe* goes so far as to deceive himself; he believes in the goodness of his actions; they are only for the glory of Heaven. *Iago* is but a passing scamp, an individual. As for *Tartuffe* he is legion; *Tartuffe* is eternal, perhaps indestructible.

There is more of *Tartuffe* in *Richard III.*, I think. *Richard* has no illusions about himself, but he plays his part with a perfection worthy of Molière's character. We can even discover rather frequent resemblances between the scene of *Richard* with *Anne* (Act i.) and those of *Tartuffe* with *Elmire.* Both propose to seduce a woman who holds them in horror — *Tartuffe*, the wife of his host whom he ruins and betrays; *Richard*, the wife of his king whom he murders. Both plead marvelously, with the same catlike softness, the same captious theories, the same subtleties. In both scenes the husband is present: he is under the table with Molière, in his coffin with Shakspere. The difference is not as great as might be supposed, since the corpse denounces the presence of its murderer by the bleeding of its wounds. But where the two scenes differ is in their ending. For *Richard III.* succeeds, *Tartuffe* fails. Has, then, *Tartuffe* less wit than *Richard?* No, but he has to do with a stronger woman. *Anne* is the feminine character, feeble, vain, inconstant; *Elmire* is the lady, fashioned by society, who knows and guesses, a woman of taste and reason, who used the advantages of her sex, but who watches herself and does not lose her head. As she has no vanity, no sensuality, *Tartuffe* has no hold on her.

Molière and Shakspere both worked fast. Molière, however, has retouched none of his plays, except "Tartuffe." Shakspere, on the contrary, has rehandled, sometimes considerably, a number of his. "Hamlet," for instance, was probably for him what "Faust" was for Goethe—the preoccupation of his whole artistic life. He did not ripen his plans, and in the rapidity of his work he was too easily contented with helping himself from the novels or the histories from which he took his plays to the scenes in the order in which he found them, adding, it is true, the characters and the poetry. From this comes a lack of simplicity, incoherencies, contradictions, that revision does not always efface and sometimes even augments. Molière has more art and more method; he graduates his effects better.

Volumnia and the Roman matrons arrive at the camp of *Coriolanus*. The fierce refugee is seized with respect; he bends the knee at once. But *Volumnia* wishes only to be the suppliant; she, in her turn, kneels and makes all those who have followed her kneel, and with them the wife and sons of *Coriolanus*. Here is surely a powerful dramatic effect, but it is not led up to—it ends in nothing. *Coriolanus* gets up, then *Volumnia*, and then long discourses are pronounced that Shakspere takes almost word for word from Plutarch. The emotion evaporates, the impression disappears. Compare to this the double kneeling of *Tartuffe* and *Orgon* in the scene before the last of Act iii. How well it all goes, how all is developed from it later, and how the effect is prepared and sustained up to the fall of the curtain. It is a marvel of skill, as well as a marvel of truth.

It must, however, be said that Molière, more careful of his plots, neglected his endings; while Shakspere worked over his with a kind of predilection, which has sometimes given us some of an unnecessary length. He stuffs them with emotions, makes royal personages appear and pronounce great words. Everything is cleared up, even what the public knows best. No matter, the emotion is immense. See the catastrophe of "Lear." The soul of the spectator is plunged into a kind of desolate annihilation with the unfortunate old man. In a different style, re-read the endings of "Pericles" and of "The Winter's Tale." The sweetest tears that earth can know will flow of themselves from your eyes. And again, that close of the "Merchant of Venice" which one does not dare call an ending,—for the play was finished in Act iv.,—and which is a tailing off of a comedy after a comedy. What ravishing poetry and what malicious grace!

Shakspere delights in complexity. He has often two, sometimes three, plots in his plays. He likes to vary the place of action, which changes without one's knowing why. In "Antony and Cleopatra" the scene is the world. The poet leads us almost to the Parthians to present to us *Ventidius*, of whom afterward we shall hear no more, and who is of not the least importance to the play. He needs these vast distances, yet he did not despise the power of concentration (see the last act of "Othello" and "Macbeth"). But he then falls into the excess that our tragedians are reproached with. He hurries the events, makes them take place in too short a time. If we may trust the text, the duration of "Macbeth" is hardly eight days. Who will ever believe that this somber and terrible history developed itself in so short a time, and that the *Lady Macbeth* of the sleep-walking night was but one week more advanced in life than the *Lady Macbeth* of the night of the crime? Molière, on the contrary, fancies the greatest simplicity in his plots and expedients.

There is some resemblance between the "School for Wives" and "Romeo and Juliet." A perfume of youth is exhaled from these two masterpieces, both of them love-stories. It is impossible to listen to them without profound interest. But to keep up this interest how many incidents did not Shakspere need? Duels, a secret marriage, a potion, poison, a final killing, where the *County Paris* takes part most unnecessarily! Molière does not ask so much. Hardly anything happens in his play: *Horace* loves *Agnes*, *Agnes* loves *Horace;* they let each other know it, notwithstanding *Arnolphe;* and by the help of some innocent ruses that *Horace's* manly experience suggests and that *Arnolphe's* jealousy cannot detect, they get married in the end, to our great content. The story has happened a thousand times. It has happened to us—or something like it. And this is why it touches us, and why we laugh with such good will at that jealous wretch, taken in by an innocent girl.

For the rest, poetry is not wanting in the "School for Wives." The whole part of *Agnes* is as poetically naïve as the words of children. And the part of *Arnolphe* is comic poetry, rich in color, and rising into humor. But on these two points, poetry and humor, the advantage is with Shakspere.

Molière contents himself with humanity; he does not know nature. Shakspere does not separate one from the other. There is in him no deed that has not an echo in things; no phenomenon of nature that is not prolonged in the soul. For him creation is one; the earth feels what man does, and shares his emotions. Is she not full of unknown forces? Are there not more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of in all philosophy? From this union of the world and man, of the world of things and the world of mind or of forces, Shakspere draws forth the most strange, the most mighty, the most bewildering poetry. I will not try to describe its thousand sides; it would be beyond my powers. Music has been called the art of expressing the inexpressible; it can be said too of Shakspere's poetry. In fact, there is visibly too much of it in his last plays, as there was too much wit in the first ones. "Cymbeline," "The Winter's Tale," are lengthened with episodes and descriptions admirable but parasitical, and almost all the characters in them are lyrical. The supernatural is introduced in the action; the gods it is who proclaim the innocence of *Hermione*, the gods bring about the climax (interminable besides) of "Cymbeline." As for "The Tempest," of which I have already said a word, we are there in full fairyland. There the exquisite and visionary poetry is in its true place.

Shakspere likewise has humor, little known to Molière, although Molière was a grandson of Rabelais. It is to the humor of Shakspere that we owe the incomparable *Falstaff*. Yet Shakspere is not, strictly speaking, a humorist, like Swift or Sterne. As it seems to me, humor is more literary than dramatic, with its hints, its ironies, and its intentional incoherencies. It is not always clear; and it is clearness that the pit need.

Many definitions of humor have been attempted. It seems as though the true one were still to be found. It is, I think, that they attempt to make a quality of the mind out of what is rather a state of the spirit. There is the humorous state, just as there is the poetic state. He who is subject to it sees things in a special manner, out of proportion, out of place, upside down; then he discovers in them unexpected resemblances, and he expresses his sensations in appropriate language, that is to say, in affecting the contrary tone to that which he would have used were he in the ordinary state. This manner of seeing things does not absolutely disfigure them; it gives them a new aspect, striking and singular, comic because it is crazy, useful because by exaggerating the proportions it can bring to light certain points of truth that were not before suspected. You know the story of the husband who did not love his wife; he had no knowledge that she was pretty. Chance let him one day see her on the stage masquerading as a man, and he fell desperately in love with her. Humor sometimes renders this same service and ideas; in clothing them in what seems to be the least suitable it makes them most pleasing.

But this turning of things upside down, as the humorist does, to see what is in them, this dislocating of the thought and sentiment, is greatly against the spirit of reason; this is why we care but little for it. Yet, as it is a very Celtic taste, it comes back to us now and again. Witness Rabelais, whom I cited just now, and who is the universal father of humorists; witness also Voltaire's tales.

Molière knows not humor except on the extreme and extravagant side. It is certain that in this kind the ceremony in the "Would-be Gentleman," and above all that of the "Imaginary Invalid," are masterpieces of humor in the Rabelaisian taste, full of vengeful irony and irresistible comedy. But to be definite, Molière did not seek humor any more than he sought wit; one and both were for him too easy. "There is nothing common," said the great Goethe, "that does not appear humorous if you express it in a grotesque way." As for poetry, that of Shakspere, it will be conceded, would be little in place in the comedy of Molière. But if the force or the delicacy of expression are elements of it, if the freshness or vivacity of the language, if the beautiful marriage of words, if this living breath of truth is poetic, then Molière is a poet. He has the "vigorous hates," "the well-placed soul," "the clearness of everything." He knows where is the "tenderness of the soul," and dictates to *Agnes* a delicious letter. He is, in more than one scene, as eloquent as Corneille, and he handles the popular proverb with the same vigor. There is as much lightness and grace in *Acaste* as in *Mercutio*. And the verses of *Eliante* are as charming as those of *Rosalind*, and truer. What is not in this poetry — what could not be in it — is the dreaming. It is the loyal reflection of the true depth of humanity.

Molière and Shakspere had an entirely different conception of life. Shakspere saw it moving, troubled, changing, uncircumscribed in its development by human will, subject to "the winds and the rain and all the breezes that blow." He says in one of those passages of the "Two Noble Kinsmen" which were evidently written by him:

This world's a city full of straying streets,
And death's the market-place where each one meets.

It is in these straying streets that Shakspere moves, the obscure labyrinth where man goes blindly, meeting here an ambush, there a precipice, and where he changes fortune from a chance-meeting. There is nothing certain, not one of his characters who could swear to what he will do an hour later. They do not belong to themselves. They are so much the plaything of a higher force that they do not even feel sure of their conscience. "I believe myself passably virtuous," says *Hamlet.*

But who shall explain *Hamlet? Hamlet* is an enigma. How far was he mad? When is he completely mad? But no one in these plays is quite sane. *Lear* is out of his senses long before he is demented; *Macbeth* has hallucinations; *Othello* sees blood at the first word; *Brutus* talks to a ghost; that terrible sceptic *Richard III.* sees visions. Events themselves sometimes seem half crazy. What I have said of "Macbeth" might be said of "Romeo and Juliet," where in five days *Juliet* sees, loves, marries, dies, and resuscitates, and dies once more. All is falsehood, deceit, bewilderment. This cavalier, it is *Rosalind;* this page, *Imogen;* this judge, *Portia;* this statue, *Hermione.* One scene in "King Lear" makes *Lear* (who goes mad from sorrow) and an exile (who pretends to madness) and a fool (who is mad by profession) all talk together amid the thunder and lightning. We ask ourselves, Where are we? Who are we? *Prospero* tells us:

We are such stuff
As dreams are made on; and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep.

Shakspere saw life as in a dream, and thus he has shown it. Molière saw things in their reality. He went down to the immutable. As for life, in his plays he sees it simple. Only those events happen which happen to all of us. We love, we marry, we have children, we consult the doctor, we die. The other incidents that may occur spring from the shock of character; they can be deducted logically one from the other, and would remain in the control of man if he would but listen to reason.

And this is the great moral that can be drawn from Molière: keep your head, and all will go well. His work is as clear as day; hatred of vice shows itself, and the love of truth — no platonic love, but an active love, armed and fighting to the last hour. For Molière is in the thick of the crowd; Shakspere dwells in the Temples of Serenity; he observes, somber at first, peacefully later on; and he gives to our meditation and reflection the immense and painful spectacle of the world, but draws from it no rule, for what rule can be found used in a dream? Perhaps, to finish, it might be said that Shakspere teaches us to think, but that Molière teaches us to live.

C. Coquelin.

THE MARTENS.

WITH the first chills on August heat,
From early frosts foreboding fall,
In ranks arrayed the martens meet,
And wait their punctual yearly call.

On walls and wires, ridge-pole and eave,
In patient conclave how they sit,
Certain the summons to receive
For all their tiny hosts to flit!

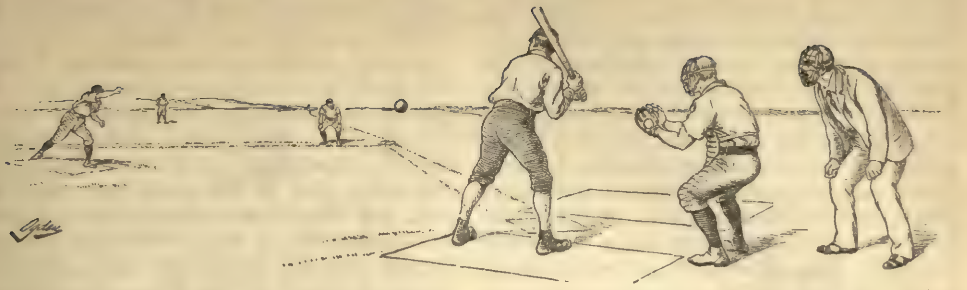
Their coat of jasper, pearly vest,
Leave royal robes without compare:
They chirp, yet shiver, thinly dressed,
And contemplate a change of air.

As prophets, mocking unbelief,
With lids half shut their faith to clear,
In head so small — a balm for grief —
They hold another hemisphere.

When fleets the season out of sight
Their fluttering feathers are unfurled,
To show our sky and earth of right
Are but one half the human world.

Our hope is but a bird's-eye view,
Our race an emigrating band:
The way for us will open too,
While listening for the last command.

C. A. Bartol.



BASE-BALL—FOR THE SPECTATOR.

THE next generation of Americans will be as thoroughly educated in the technicalities of base-ball as our English cousins are in the intricacies of cricket. Many a man to-day has felt a little defrauded by the increasing space his morning paper gives to the game, and has been inclined to look with disapproval upon the devotion of his boy at school to something apart from his studies. As the present generation of boys become men, however, there will be a softer spot in their hearts for a pastime whose ways they know and whose fascinations they remember. Putting aside for a moment its professional questions, base-ball is for every boy a good, wholesome sport. It brings him out of the close confinement of the school-room. It takes the stoop from his shoulders and puts hard, honest muscle all over his frame. It rests his eyes, strengthens his lungs, and teaches him self-reliance and courage. Every mother ought to rejoice when her boy says he is on his school or college nine. And she would if she knew what he means when he says he is "in training." It means that he is following, with the closest observation, the laws of health. He is free from the taint of dissipation, and is making of himself a clean, strong young man. This training has been made a study, and the results have been handed down through college and school, until every boy now enjoys the advantages. The enforcement, too, of these laws of training is more strict than that of any rules of teacher or faculty, for, instead of surveillance, the boy is bound by his honor to his captain and his fellows.

The history of the game is an interesting record of progress and development. Away back in the fifties we find it assuming its first stage as a well-defined sport. Previous to that time there were certain games played with bat and ball, but there were not enough points of similarity to warrant one in attempting to prove or disprove conclusively where the game of base-ball originated. In this early stage the game was chiefly confined to local nines, with here and there a sporadic outbreak of it at the colleges. There were occasional attempts at organization; but while these had existed here and there, an association or league of men making base-ball a profession was unthought of. Men who played ball for a financial consideration had other means of livelihood, and there were no players whose efforts could accumulate a fund sufficient to last through the winter. As the game grew in popular favor it became possible for men to turn it into a money-making venture, and this they did not hesitate to do. The sport had not at that time acquired sufficient strength to withstand the evils dragged into it by those whose sympathies were only with the gambling and pool-selling classes, so that in the sixties the evil of betting had crept into the sport so much as seriously to compromise its prospects and give it a bad odor among respectable communities. Sold games were a common thing, and many of the journals of that day predicted its speedy downfall. As a notable effort to reinstate the game in popular favor and scotch the betting and selling evil, stands out most prominently the convention held in Philadelphia in December, 1867. An idea of the thoroughness of the effort can be gained from the fact that five hundred clubs were represented.

The leading ball clubs during the next year or two were, in the East, the Atlantics of Brooklyn, Athletics of Philadelphia, Unions of Morrisania, and the Mutuals, while the Red Stockings of Cincinnati bore the palm in the West. This latter club made a most successful trip east in 1869, winning all of the twenty-one games played. Such was the enthusiasm produced by these victories that on the return of the club it was met with a perfect ovation, tendered a banquet, and presented with a champion bat. This rather remarkable testimonial was twenty-seven feet long and nine inches in diameter. The same nine made another Eastern trip the following season, and met with almost equal success, suffering but one defeat, and that by the Atlantics on the Capitoline grounds. A crowd of ten thousand people assembled to witness this match, and so lost their heads in the excitement as to give the Western men a very unfair reception. The game was not decided at the end of the ninth inning, each club having five runs. The tenth inning was played in a pause of breathless excitement, neither club scoring; but in the eleventh inning, in a perfect bedlam of noise, the Atlantics succeeded in making three runs, while the Red Stockings scored but two.

In 1874 American base-ball men made their first foreign trip. The ex-champion Athletics and the champion Bostons crossed the water and played several exhibition games. Their first game was played at Lord's, on Bank Holiday, August 3.

This was fifteen years ago, and this year two nines of representative American ball players, after carrying the sport through almost every civilized quarter of the globe, completed their tour by a game at Lord's.

The comments of the English papers upon the sport at that time are very amusing. Speaking of the practice before the game, they say: "The larking indulged in by the Americans for ten minutes before the match shows great precision, but after the game commenced returns were not so accurate." Comparing the game with cricket, they admit that the fielding is far better, but ascribe it to the difference in the ball used. By this time the American game had also made a fair stand in Canada, the Maple Leaf Club of Guelph, Ontario, being the most prominent in that region.

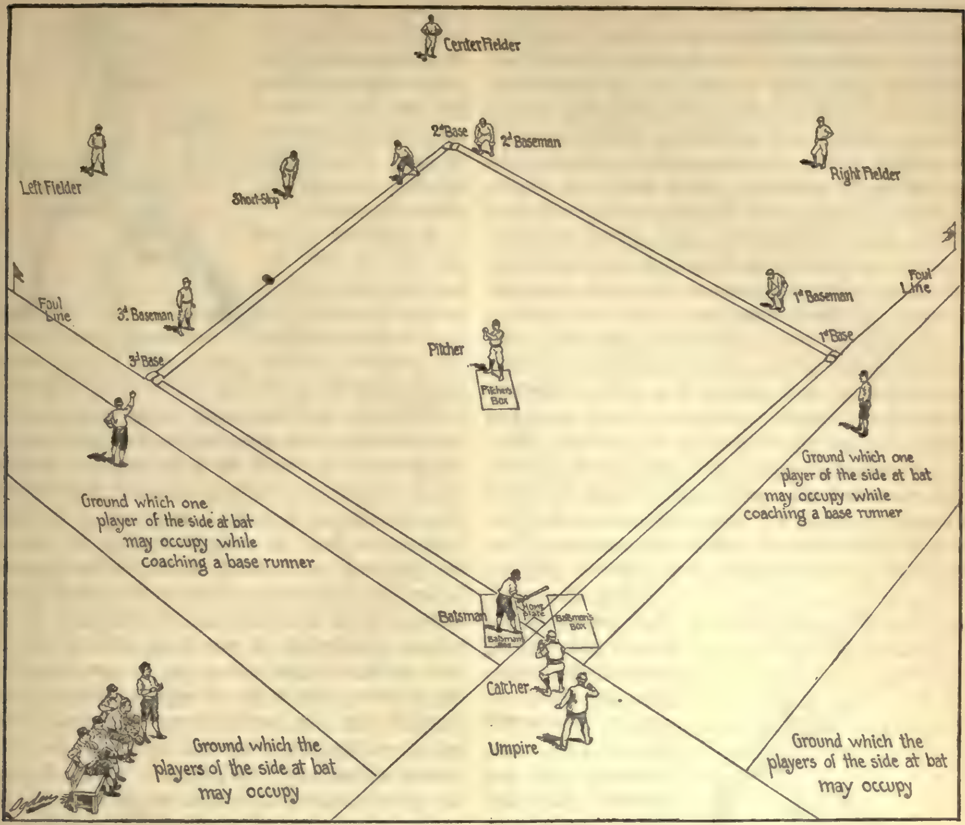
In 1876 the National League was formed of eight clubs, containing the very pick and flower of the ball-playing fraternity. This selection was so small when compared with the large number of people anxious to be spectators of ball games that in 1881 the American Association was organized. Until time had demonstrated that there was plenty of room for both, there was bitter rivalry between the two. This was not long lived, and what is known as the National Agreement now unites the two in respectful and harmonious tolerance. Their united power is quite sufficient to govern, with their blacklists, reservations, and contracts, the entire professional ball-playing community. Their rule is tyrannical and provokes much hard feeling and occasionally open rebellion, but not as yet a sufficient revolt to overthrow their authority.

During the last twenty years the Boston Ball Club has won more than a third of the annual championships, bearing off the honors in seven years. The Chicago Club stands next, with five championships to their credit. The only other club to win more than once has been the Providence nine, which has been successful twice. A study of the records of the League and the Association shows that the contest is closer in the latter—that there is not so great a difference between the records of the first and last clubs.

Another feature of the records is of interest as showing the tendency of men to drift in and out of this rather nomadic profession. There are but seven men in the books of 1888 who have played through the twelve years upon one or the other of the League nines. These seven men stand, however, with but one exception, high in the profession, and exhibit the same superiority that tenacity of purpose and experience produce in any calling.

The history of college base-ball follows the line of the professional game very closely. At times the college men have been rather more conservative, and have clung to certain rules for a season or two after their abandonment by the professionals. In the end, however, in nearly every instance, they have realized the advantage of the change, and followed the lead set them. In the early days of the sport the collegians coped successfully with the majority of the semi-professionals, but even then, when they were pitted against the strongest, the college nines met with defeat. The first game of note between a college nine and professionals was in the spring of 1868, between Yale and the Unions of Morrisania. The Unions were at that time the champions

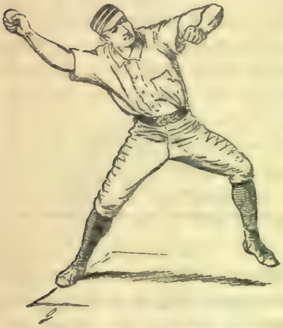
THE CATCHER.


Center Fielder
2d Base
2d Baseman
Right Fielder
Left Fielder
Short-Stop
Foul Line
3d Baseman
1st Baseman
Foul Line
3d Base
1st Base
Pitcher
Pitcher's Box
Ground which one player of the side at bat may occupy while coaching a base runner
Ground which one player of the side at bat may occupy while coaching a base runner
Batsman
Home plate
Batsman's Box
Batsman's Box
Catcher
Umpire
Ground which the players of the side at bat may occupy
Ground which the players of the side at bat may occupy

THE FIELD.

of the country. The game was intensely exciting. At the end of the fifth inning Yale led, 8 to 4, but by the end of the ninth inning the Unions had tied the score and eventually won the game, 16 to 14. Frequently the score sheets of college nines show excellent fielding, but when these same men are brought to face the sharp, hard hitting of the professional batsmen their errors begin to multiply, and, in an inverse ratio, their hits diminish. The increase of errors is due to the difficulty they find in handling the fast drives of the trained batsmen, and also to the nervousness produced by the knowledge that they must play a quicker game. A professional gets away to first base far more rapidly than a college player, and the first sensation of a college infield on meeting a professional nine is one of hurry. A short-stop or third baseman finds that he has no time to "juggle" the ball and then throw the man out, as he often can do with college runners. The ordinary college pitcher is no match for League or Association batters, and they find an easy prey in him. On the other hand, the skill of the professional pitcher readily balks the attempts of the college batsmen to find the ball, and only the best men handle the stick with any effect. The rest of the nine become nervous over their failure to judge the delivery, and before the end of the game apparently dread to come to the plate for their turn.

Perhaps the host of people who understand the game of base-ball thoroughly will forgive a few words of explanation for the sake of those who have never witnessed a match. It may not be uninteresting to try to realize how the game appears for the first time to an outsider. Any comparatively level piece of ground over a hundred yards square will serve for a base-ball field. Upon this field is laid out a diamond whose sides measure thirty yards, and whose nearest corner is distant about ninety feet from one end of the field. This corner is marked by a white marble plate a foot square, sunk level with the ground, and called the home base. At the other three corners are canvas bags fifteen inches square, and called, beginning at the right as one looks into the field from the home plate, the first, second, and third bases respectively. The lines from home to first and home to third, indefinitely prolonged, are called the foul lines. The game is played by two sides of nine men each, one of these sides taking its turn at the bat while the other side is in the field endeavoring, as provided by certain rules, to retire or put out the side at bat. Each side has nine turns at the bat. The arrangement of the men in the field, with the exception of pitcher and catcher, is in the form of two arcs facing the home plate, whose radii are, roughly speaking, thirty and sixty yards. Forming the arc with the lesser radius are four men called the infielders, and named the first, second, and third basemen, and the short-stop. The latter player stands midway between the second and third basemen. The other arc is composed of the outfielders, and they are named right, center, and left fielders. Inside the diamond, and distant in a straight line in front of the home plate some fifty feet, is the pitcher's position, or box, as it is called. This is a rectangular space five and a half feet by four in which the pitcher is obliged to stand when performing the duty which devolves upon him of delivering the ball to the batsman. The catcher's position is not thus defined, but according as necessity requires he stands either close behind the batsman or, when no runner is on the bases and the batsman has not reached his last strike, some seventy feet back of the plate. When standing thus he simply performs the duty of returning the ball to the pitcher, as it is unnecessary for him to catch it under these circumstances. The players of the side at the bat take their turn in regular rotation and continue until three of them have been put out by the opponents. This retires the side to the field, and the others come in to the bat. The batsman has a box similar to the pitcher's, in which he must stand when striking at the ball. The batsman becomes a base runner immediately when he has made a "fair hit" (that is, knocked the ball so that it will fall in front of the foul lines); or when he has had "three strikes" (that is, three fair opportunities of hitting the ball); or, finally, when the pitcher has delivered "four balls," none of which have been struck at by the batsman or have passed over the plate at the proper height. In this latter case he is entitled to occupy first base without being put out; in the other cases he is the legitimate prey of the opponents, and his only havens of refuge are the bases, which he must take in regular order, first, second, third, and home. When he completes this circuit and crosses the home plate without being put out, he scores a run, and the number of runs thus scored in nine innings decides the match.



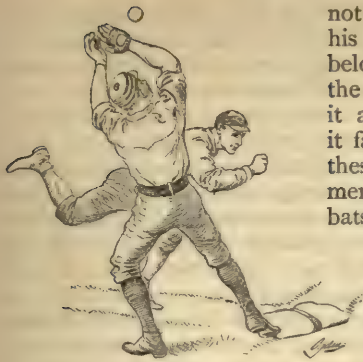
AN "OUT CURVE"—THE BEGINNING.

PITCHING A "DROP" BALL.

A batsman is put out if he hits the ball and the ball be caught by an opponent before touching the ground. A base runner may be put out in any one of the following ways: if, having made a fair hit, the ball be caught by an opponent before touching the ground, or, having touched the ground, be held by a fielder any part of whose person is touching the first base before the runner reaches that base; if, after three strikes, the ball be caught before it touches the ground, or, having touched the ground, be held at first base as above described; and, finally, if he be touched by the ball in the hands of a fielder at any time during his circuit of the bases when he is not touching the base to which he is legally entitled. To provide for the satisfactory conduct of the game, an umpire is agreed upon by the contesting nines, and it is his duty to see that all the provisions of the rules are observed. He is also the judge of good and bad balls, put outs, and runs. Any other question liable to become a point of dispute comes under his jurisdiction.

Such are, in general, the laws by which the modern game of base-ball is governed. These laws or rules are the growth of many years, and it is to them and to their annual revision and improvement that the game owes in a large measure its success. There are many technical terms, and a knowledge of these is necessary to a perfect understanding of the game. Every ball that the pitcher delivers to the batsman, and which he does not hit with his bat, is called by the umpire either "a strike" or "a ball." If the batsman attempts to hit it and misses it, it is a strike, whether it passed over the plate at the proper height or not. If the batsman makes no attempt to hit it and it passes over the plate at a height

AN "OUT CURVE"—THE END.



RUNNING TO FIRST BASE.

not greater than his shoulder or below his knee, the umpire calls it a strike. If it fails to meet these requirements and the batsman makes no attempt to hit it, the umpire calls it a ball.

As above described, four of these called balls make the batsman a base runner and entitle him to his base; and at the third strike, whether called or attempted, he becomes a base runner and must reach first or be put out. A base runner cannot run out of the direct line in order to avoid a player with the ball, nor can he interfere with any of his opponents legitimately attempting to handle the ball. It often happens in a game that a base runner is obliged to vacate his base by the occupancy of that base by a following runner. This is called being "forced," and when it happens that runner may be put out by being touched with the ball, or by its being held by a fielder on the base to which this succeeding runner forces him, before he can reach it. There is only one base which a runner may overrun without liability of being touched out, and that is first base. "A balk" is any motion made by the pitcher towards delivering the ball to the batsman without so delivering it, and every base runner is entitled to the next base on such offense. Within the province of the umpire comes the duty of deciding regarding the weather and darkness. In the case of the former the rule is laid down for him that the rain is sufficiently severe to stop the game when the spectators seek shelter. If the rain then continues for a half-hour he "calls" the game, and if five complete innings or over have been played it stands as a game, otherwise not. The same result holds in the case of darkness.

In the scoring of the game there are also technical terms, and a slight knowledge of these enables one to glean from the tabulated forms in the newspapers a fairly good idea of what each man has accomplished. The columns are headed by the initials of these technical terms. The first column shows the number of times the man has been "at the bat," and is usually headed A. B. The next is headed R., and indicates the number of runs he has made. The column headed B. H. indicates the character of his batting, and the letters stand for the term "base hits." A batsman makes a base hit when he strikes a fair ball in such a direction that it is impossible for his opponents either to catch it on the fly or to field it to first base before he crosses that base. Following this column is one headed S. B., which means "stolen bases." These are bases gained by good running or by strategy, without the assistance of a hit. In addition to these columns, which indicate what each man of the side has accomplished while at the bat, are three columns devoted to the record of the fielding. These are headed P. O., A., and E. The first stands for "put outs," and indicates how many of the opponents he has individually retired. It will be noticed that the first baseman and the catcher usually succeed in taking the lion's share of this column. The next letter stands for "assists," and any player who handles a ball during a play which might or does eventually result in the putting out of an opponent receives for every such assistance a credit of one in this column. The last column indicates the number of missed opportunities or "errors." A player is accredited with an error for every chance he has failed to accept in a manner to result directly or indirectly in the putting out of an opponent. It will be seen, then, that the sum of these three columns shows just how many opportunities each fielder has had, and the relative ratio of the sum of the put outs and assists to the errors indicates his fielding record.

FIRST BASEMAN CATCHING A HIGH BALL.

Other special phrases and terms are almost self-explanatory. An "earned run" is one that is made without the assistance of fielding errors; that is, in spite of the most perfect playing of the opponents. From the nature of things, a ball so knocked that it cannot be caught or fielded to the plate before the man can make the entire circuit of the bases yields an earned, or, as it is in such instance more generally called, a "home run." A "passed ball" is a pitched ball which by an error of the catcher is allowed to go behind him so that a runner is advanced a base. A "wild pitch" is a ball delivered by the pitcher so wide of the mark that the catcher cannot recover it before the runner has advanced a base. A "sacrifice hit" is a ball so batted as to advance a base runner while it gives an opportunity of putting out the man batting it.

There are certain strategic plays which go to make up the finer points of the game. One of the most common of these is missing a catch in order to put out more than one man. For instance, when there is a runner on first base and a fly is batted near second. If the second baseman caught the fly he would put out the man who hit it, but the man on first would simply hold his base. Whereas if the second baseman misses the catch, the man on first is thereby forced to run to second, and by quick work the second baseman can, after dropping the ball, pick it up, touch second, and throw the ball to first before the runner who struck the ball can reach that point. In this way he makes what is called a double play, putting out both men. Triple plays are also possible, although seldom made. Another point which shows the brains of the game is in attempting to put out the man who is nearest home in his circuit of the bases. Thus, whenever there is an opportunity of putting out a runner who is coming from third and one who is going to first, the preference is given to the former, unless the chances of putting him out are unusually slender. Still another fine point is the race of man against the ball, as shown in the case of a man on third base when a long fly is batted into the outfield. According to the rule, the runner must touch the base after the fly is caught before he can run, but the distance from the fielder making the catch to the home plate is so great that there is a very fair chance of his getting home before the ball. He therefore stands with his foot touching the bag and leaning forward for a start. Just as the ball settles into the fielder's hands, off he goes. The fielder, too, is prepared for this, and recovering himself almost instantly, he drives the ball in on its long journey towards the plate, often reaching it just as the runner crosses it, but too late for the catcher to touch him.

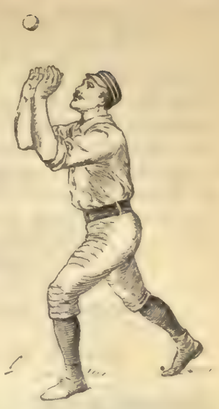
Of all the positions on the field, the two that command the most attention are those of pitcher and catcher, or battery, as they are called. Upon them are pinned the hopes of every other man. If the pitcher succeeds in deceiving the opposing batsmen and the catcher gives him good support, all will be well; but if the curves and strategies of the pitcher are readily solved, or if the catcher fails to hold him well, the field will have some sorry work to do before the nine innings are finished. Successful batteries are in great demand, and receive the highest salaries among professional ball players. In valuing a battery the first points of consideration are their effectiveness and endurance, and then their ability to get on well with the rest of the nine.

A pitcher to-day is not a strong pitcher unless he has good command of the curves, a fair amount of speed, and ordinary accuracy. These are only the average recommendations. The crack men have these, combined with excellent judgment and unusual endurance. A pitcher who can pitch more than two games a week successfully through a season can boast of his record. Nor is a catcher much better off. His hands are liable to slight injuries which may keep him off a day or two, or, if he persists in playing, result so badly as to incapacitate him for weeks. The constant strain when under the bat is too great for him to endure more than two or three games a week. The rest of the men can, if necessary, play their four or five games a week without serious inconvenience, but the battery requires constant care and frequent relief.

SLIDING TO BASE.

Probably no point in the game has been more developed in the last twenty years than the pitching. The old method was to deliver the ball by a perfectly straight swing, the arm passing close to the side of the body, and the ball being sent from a point below the pitcher's hip. This style of delivery would meet with such a reception from the trained batsmen of to-day that an inning would last longer than the ordinary game. The first step from this old-time true pitching was to the use of the wrist in the delivery, making what was known as an underhand throw. At just about the same time the discovery was made that a ball could be so pitched or thrown as to cause it to curve slightly from the straight line. Many were the skeptics regarding the possibility of such a thing. For a long time men versed in physical science and phenomena pooh-poohed at this, saying that it was impossible and that it was simply an optical illusion. But the ball did curve, and the first pitchers to acquire the art proved problems to the best of batsmen. The "out curve" was the one first discovered, as it is the easiest to effect. This is a delivery by a right-handed pitcher which causes the ball to curve away from a right-handed batsman. Slowly after this came the "in curve," or reverse of this. The "rise" and "drop," which had probably existed for some time previous, then took on definite names and became combined with the other curves. The most logical explanation of the curvature of a ball depends upon the supposition of the compression of the air just in front of the ball and a corresponding rarefaction immediately behind it, so that the ball by its friction is deflected from its true course. When the curves were mastered, the tendency of the pitchers was to bring the hand up above the hip in order to get more of a twist to the ball and thereby assist the curve. The difficulty experienced by umpires in controlling this tendency led to the adoption of a rule allowing the pitcher to deliver the ball from any point below the shoulder. This rule prevailed for a time, but no sooner were the pitchers allowed this leeway than they began to make the umpire's task equally difficult again by getting their delivery just a trifle higher than the law allowed. In order to put an end to the eternal field discussions upon this point a rule was passed permitting the pitcher to throw the ball in any way he saw fit, and this rule has met with comparatively good success. The pitcher, who had formerly been placed forty-five feet from the batsman, was relegated to a fifty-foot distance. Even then, by taking advantage of a step or two behind his line, he acquired so much speed that it became necessary to fix his position more definitely, and to-day he is even bound to the extent of the exact position of his feet when delivering the ball. In spite of all these restrictions, such is the growing skill of pitchers that the problem is constantly under discussion how to legislate in favor of the batsman.

The rest of the fielding has kept some measure of progress with the pitching, the catcher's position exhibiting the highest development. This development is fortunately accompanied by numerous safeguards against the shocks of the increased speed of the ball. The first catchers who came up under the bat were wont to wear a small piece of rubber in the mouth as a protection to the teeth from foul tips. It was not long before an inventive genius designed a wire mask which buckled about the head, and, while allowing perfect freedom and sight, rendered the catcher safe from any chance ball striking his face. The next step was the use of a large breastplate extending quite to the legs. This is made of rubber, and inflated so as to make a yielding cushion. The gloves which the catchers have worn ever since the days of the rubber mouthpiece have also undergone radical changes, and are to-day so heavily made as thoroughly to protect both hands, leaving free only the fingers of the right hand.



FIELDER CATCHING A FLY.

Outside the battery, in these days of almost perfect fielding, the strongest factor is team play. Plenty of men can be found who can perform the ordinary duties of basemen and fielders, but the problem is to secure men for these positions who are strong batsmen and who harmonize well with one another. The usual merits for the individual positions are: in a first baseman, ability to catch bad throwing; in a second baseman, an especial capacity for covering a large amount of ground; in a third baseman, rapidity in fielding ground balls over to first. A third baseman must recover himself quickly and have a strong throw. A short-stop should be an accurate thrower, and a man of brains sufficient to take advantage of opportunities for double plays and fielding out advanced runners. The outfielders must be fast, not only in covering ground, but also in returning balls to the diamond.

Base-ball is a game for the people. The materials are inexpensive, and all that is wanted is a field. If one may judge from what one sees by the way, it is more difficult to say what will not answer for a ball-field than what will; for in spite of carts, cabs, and police, no street is too small or too crowded for Young America to make a ball-field of it. With its eager young followers everywhere and with many men now growing into the prime of life who have enjoyed it most heartily in their younger days, it is safe to say that as a sport, and as, par excellence, the American sport, it is sure of a long life.

Walter Camp.

STOPPING A GROUNDER.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN: A HISTORY.[1]

BLAIR'S MEXICAN PROJECT—THE HAMPTON ROADS CONFERENCE—THE XIIITH AMENDMENT.

BY JOHN G. NICOLAY AND JOHN HAY, PRIVATE SECRETARIES TO THE PRESIDENT.

BLAIR'S MEXICAN PROJECT.

THE triumphant reëlection of Mr. Lincoln in November, 1864, greatly simplified the political conditions as well as the military prospects of the country. Decisive popular majorities had pointedly rebuked the individuals who proclaimed, and the party which had resolved, that the war was a failure. The verdict of the ballot-box not only decided the continuance of a war administration and a war policy, but renewed the assurance of a public sentiment to sustain its prosecution. When Congress convened on the 6th of December, and the President transmitted to that body his annual message, he included in his comprehensive review of public affairs a temperate but strong and terse statement of this fact and its potent significance. Inspired by this majestic manifestation of the popular will to preserve the Union and maintain the Constitution, he was able to speak of the future with hope and confidence. But, with characteristic prudence and good taste, he uttered no word of boasting and indulged in no syllable of acrimony; on the contrary, in terms of fatherly kindness, he again offered the rebellious States the generous conditions he had previously tendered them by various acts and declarations, and specifically in his amnesty proclamation of December 8, 1863. The statement of the whole situation with its alternative issues was so admirably compressed into the closing paragraphs of his message as to leave no room for ignorance or misunderstanding.

> The national resources, then [he said], are unexhausted, and, as we believe, inexhaustible. The public purpose to reëstablish and maintain the national authority is unchanged, and, as we believe, unchangeable. The manner of continuing the effort remains to choose. On careful consideration of all the evidence accessible, it seems to me that no attempt at negotiation with the insurgent leader could result in any good. He would accept nothing short of severance of the Union—precisely what we will not and cannot give. His declarations to this effect are explicit and oft-repeated. He does not attempt to deceive us. He affords us no excuse to deceive ourselves. He cannot voluntarily re-accept the Union; we cannot voluntarily yield it. Between him and us the issue is distinct, simple, and inflexible. It is an issue which can only be tried by war, and decided by victory. If we yield, we are beaten; if the Southern people fail him, he is beaten. Either way, it would be the victory and defeat following war. What is true, however, of him who heads the insurgent cause is not necessarily true of those who follow. Although he cannot re-accept the Union, they can. Some of them, we know, already desire peace and reunion. The number of such may increase. They can, at any moment, have peace simply by laying down their arms, and submitting to the national authority under the Constitution. After so much, the Government could not, if it would, maintain war against them. The loyal people would not sustain or allow it. If questions should remain, we would adjust them by the peaceful means of legislation, conference, courts, and votes, operating only in constitutional and lawful channels. Some certain, and other possible, questions are, and would be, beyond the Executive power to adjust; as, for instance, the admission of members into Congress, and whatever might require the appropriation of money. The Executive power itself would be greatly diminished by the cessation of actual war. Pardons and remissions of forfeitures, however, would still be within Executive control. In what spirit and temper this control would be exercised can be fairly judged of by the past. A year ago general pardon and amnesty, upon specified terms, were offered to all, except certain designated classes; and it was, at the same time, made known that the excepted classes were still within contemplation of special clemency. . . . In presenting the abandonment of armed resistance to the national authority, on the part of the insurgents, as the only indispensable condition to ending the war on the part of the Government, I retract nothing heretofore said as to slavery. I repeat the declaration made a year ago, that "While I remain in my present position I shall not attempt to retract or modify the Emancipation Proclamation, nor shall I return to slavery any person who is free by the terms of that proclamation, or by any of the acts of Congress." If the people should, by whatever mode or means, make it an Executive duty to reënslave such persons, another, and not I, must be their instrument

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to perform it. In stating a single condition of peace, I mean simply to say that the war will cease on the part of the Government whenever it shall have ceased on the part of those who began it.[1]

The country was about to enter upon the fifth year of actual war; but at length all the indications were pointing unmistakably to a speedy collapse of the rebellion. This foreshadowed disaster to the Confederate armies gave rise to another volunteer peace project and negotiation, which, from the boldness of its animating thought and the official prominence of its actors, assumes a special historical importance.

The veteran politician Francis P. Blair, senior, who as a young journalist, thirty-five years before, had helped President Jackson throttle the South Carolina nullification; who, from his long political and personal experience at Washington, perhaps knew better than almost any one else the individual characters and tempers of Southern leaders; and who, moreover, was ambitious to crown his remarkable career with another dazzling chapter of political intrigue, conceived that the time had arrived when he might perhaps take up the rôle of a successful mediator between the North and the South. He gave various hints of his desire to President Lincoln, but received neither encouragement nor opportunity to unfold his plans. "Come to me after Savannah falls," was Lincoln's evasive reply; and when, on the 22d of December, Sherman announced the surrender of that city as a national Christmas gift, Mr. Blair hastened to put his design into execution. Three days after Christmas the President gave him a simple card bearing the words:

Allow the bearer, F. P. Blair, Sr., to pass our lines, go south, and return.
December 28, 1864.[2] A. LINCOLN.

With this single credential he went to the camp of General Grant, from which he forwarded, by the usual flags of truce, the following letters to Jefferson Davis at Richmond:

HEADQUARTERS ARMIES OF THE UNITED STATES,
December 30, 1864.
JEFFERSON DAVIS, President, etc., etc.

MY DEAR SIR: The loss of some papers of importance (title papers), which I suppose may have been taken by some persons who had access to my house when Genl. Early's army were in possession of my place, induces me to ask the privilege of visiting Richmond and beg the favor of you to facilitate my inquiries in regard to them.

Your mo. ob. st.
F. P. BLAIR.[3]

HEADQUARTERS ARMIES OF THE UNITED STATES,
Dec'r 30, 1864.
JEFFERSON DAVIS, President, etc., etc.

MY DEAR SIR: The fact stated in the inclosed note may serve to answer inquiries as to the object of my visit, which, if allowed by you, I would not communicate fully to any one but yourself. The main purpose I have in seeing you is to explain the views I entertain in reference to the state of the affairs of our country, and to submit to your consideration ideas which in my opinion you may turn to good and possibly bring to practical results—that may not only repair all the ruin the war has brought upon the nation, but contribute to promote the welfare of other nations that have suffered from it. In candor I must say to you in advance that I come to you wholly unaccredited except in so far as I may be by having permission to pass our lines and to offer to you my own suggestions—suggestions which I have submitted to no one in authority on this side the lines, and will not, without my conversation with you may lead me to suppose they may lead to something practicable. With the hope of such result, if allowed, I will confidentially unbosom my heart frankly and without reserve. You will of course hold in reserve all that is not proper to be said to one coming, as I do, merely as a private citizen and addressing one clothed with the highest responsibilities. Unless the great interests now at stake induce you to attribute more importance to my application than it would otherwise command I could not expect that you would invite the intrusion. I venture however to submit the matter to your judgment.

Your most obedient servant,
F. P. BLAIR.[4]

Mr. Davis returned a reply with permission to make the visit; but by some mischance it did not reach Mr. Blair till after his patience had become exhausted by waiting and he had returned to Washington. Proceeding then to Richmond he was received by Jefferson Davis in a confidential interview on the 12th of January, 1865,[5] which he so thoroughly described in a written report that it is quoted in full:

"I introduced the subject to Mr. Davis by giving him an account of the mode in which I obtained leave to go through the lines, telling him that the President stopped me when I told him 'I had kindly relations with Mr. Davis, and at the proper time I might do something towards peace,' and said, 'Come to me when Savannah falls'—how after that event he shunned an interview with me, until I perceived he did not wish to hear me, but desired I should go without explanation of my object. I then told Mr. Davis that I wanted to know, if he thought fit to communicate it, whether he had any commitments with European powers which would control his conduct in making arrangements with the Government of the United States. He said in the most decisive manner that there were none, that he had no commitments; and expressed himself with some vehemence that he was absolutely free and would die a freeman in all respects. This is pretty much his language; it was his sentiment and manner certainly. I told him that that was an all-important point, for if it were otherwise I would not have another word to say. I then prefaced the reading of the paper—which I had intended to embody in a letter to him, or present in some form if I could not reach him, or if I were prevented from seeing him personally—by saying that it was somewhat after the manner of an editorial and was not of a diplomatic character, and that I was like a shoemaker who sticks to his last, and could not change my mode of expressing my thoughts; moreover, I had become an old man, and what I was about to submit to him might be the dreams of an old man, but that I depended upon his practical good sense to assure me whether they were dreams that could be realized or not; that I had no doubt that he would deal with me with the utmost frankness, and give me credit for the like candor; that he knew that every drop of my blood and that of my children flowed from a Southern source; that I loved my whole country, but could not help feeling the force of the affections which my native instincts, enforced by habit, had attached me to the South. He replied that he gave me his full confidence, knew that I was an earnest man, and believed I was an honest man, and said he reciprocated the attachment which I had expressed for him and his family; that he was under great obligations to my family for kindnesses rendered to his, that he would never forget them, and that even when dying they would be remembered in his prayers. I then read the paper to him.[1]

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[1] Message, Dec. 6, 1864.
[2] MS.
[3] Unpublished MS.
[4] Unpublished MS.
[5] Davis, "Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government," Vol. II., p. 612.

"'*Suggestions submitted to Jefferson Davis, President, etc., etc.*

"'The amnesty proclamation of President Lincoln in connection with his last message to Congress, referring to the termination of the rebellion, presents a basis on which I think permanent peace and union between the warring sections of our country may be reëstablished. The amnesty offered would doubtless be enlarged to secure these objects and made to embrace all who sincerely desired to renew and confirm their allegiance to the Government of the United States by the extinction of the institution which originated the war against the National Republic. The proposition of the message is, that the war should be no longer waged by the United States against those who began it, after it had been relinquished by them, with the designs it was meant to accomplish. This, simply as the first step to peace, is a proposal of an armistice, that, with proper conditions arranged to accommodate it to the feelings, the wishes, the interests of all concerned, might facilitate a restoration of perfect harmony among the parties to the war and lead on again the prosperity which has been so unhappily interrupted.

"'Slavery no longer remains an insurmountable obstruction to pacification. You propose to use the slaves in some mode to conquer a peace for the South. If this race be employed to secure the independence of the Southern States by risking their lives in the service, the achievement is certainly to be crowned with their deliverance from bondage. But why should blacks or whites, the slaves or the free, be offered as victims to slaughter to acquire freedom and independence, when both objects are now attainable without such sacrifice? The white race of the South for almost a century have justly considered themselves, both as individuals and States, free and independent. If that proud eminence can again be reached, with the addition of all the material prosperity which has distinguished the free States, without making hecatombs of either whites or blacks, merely by the manumission of the latter, why should the atonement by blood be further insisted on? Slavery, "the cause of all our woes," is admitted now on all sides to be doomed. As an institution all the world condemns it.

"'This expiation made, what remains to distract our country? It now seems a free-will offering on the part of the South as essential to its own safety. Being made, nothing but military force can keep the North and South asunder. The people are one people, speak a common language, are educated in the same common law, are brought up in one common habitude,—the growth of republican representative institutions,—all fixed in freeholds rooted in the soil of a great luxuriant continent bound as one body by backbone mountains, pervaded in every member with gigantic streams running in every direction to give animation and strength like arteries and veins in the human system. Such an embodiment, in such a country, cannot be divided. The instruction of all ages appealing to the intelligence of the race brings conviction that union is strength—strength to build up the grandeur of the Republic; strength essential to secure the peace, the safety, the prosperity and glory of a great Republic. At the birth of the Government the necessities of commerce and the influence of social relations among a people of the same origin overcame the repugnance generated between the Northern and Southern States by the presence of negro slavery in the latter, and brought them together as one people under a general government in spite of the revolting principle of slavery incorporated into the free system, which made liberty its essential element. Now that the ingredient, adverse to union, which produced disruption is removed, there is nothing left to counteract the powerful attraction that even as colonies brought our people together as a nation and which still resists victoriously the frenzy of revolution. The instincts of kindred, the bonds of commerce delineated on our maps, rivers, railroads, canals, which mark its transit, are circulating the life's blood of a gigantic race which claims the continent for its pedestal. The love of liberty nurtured by popular institutions, so dear to the Anglo-Saxon race, makes its attachments indestructible on this continent. We see them coming together again, after momentary rupture, along the Ohio, the Mississippi, upon the Gulf, the Potomac, and gradually in the interior wherever defense is assured from the military power that at first overthrew the Government. It is now plain to every sense that nothing but the interposition of the soldiery of foreign tyrannies can prevent all the States from resuming their places in the Union, casting from them the demon of discord. The few States remaining in arms that made the war for slavery as the *sine qua non* now propose to surrender it, and even the independence which was coveted to support it, as a price for foreign aid.

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[1] Unpublished MS.

"'Slavery abandoned, the issue is changed, and war against the Union becomes a war for monarchy; and the cry for independence of a government that assured the independence of the Southern States of all foreign powers and their equality in the Union, is converted into an appeal for succor to European potentates, to whom they offer, in return, homage as dependencies! And this is the price they propose to pay for success in breaking up the National Government! But will the people who have consented to wage this war for an institution once considered a property, now that they have abandoned it, continue the war to enslave themselves? Would they abandon slavery to commend themselves to the protection of European monarchies, and thus escape the embrace of that national Republic as a part of which they have enjoyed almost a century of prosperity and renown? The whole aspect of the controversy upon this view is changed. The patriarchal domestic institution given up and the idea of independence and 'being let alone' in happy isolation surrendered to obtain the boon of foreign protection under the rule of monarchy! The most modern exemplification of this programme for discontented republican States defeating their popular institution by intestine hostilities is found in the French emperor's Austrian deputy, Maximilian, sent to prescribe for their disorders. Certainly a better choice for a vice-royalty under the auspices of France and Germany could not have been made. This scion of the house of Hapsburg must have inherited from a line of ancestors extending to the Dark Ages the very innate instincts of that despotism which has manacled the little republics of Italy and the little principalities of Germany, and subjected them to the will of the Kaiser for more than a thousand years. With the blessing of Heaven, the great American Republic will foil this design of the central despotism of Europe to destroy all that remains of liberty on the civilized continents of the earth. Great Britain's jealousy and apprehension of her ancient enemy, and the ambition of Russia, looking to the South for aggrandizement, will unite in arresting the strides to power of this new Holy Alliance in the heart of Europe. England, for her wars in Europe, draws her armies from India and America. She will never consent to see France, which is a laboratory of soldiers, add to her means of creating armies by making military colonies of Mexico and the Southern States of this Union for the purpose.

"'The design of Louis Napoleon in reference to conquest on this continent is not left to conjecture. With extraordinary frankness he made a public declaration that his object was to make the Latin race supreme in the southern section of the North American continent. This is a Napoleonic idea. The great Napoleon, in a letter or one of his dictations at St. Helena, states that it had been his purpose to embody an army of negroes in San Domingo, to be landed in the slave States with French support to instigate the blacks there to insurrection, and through revolution effect conquest. Louis Napoleon saw revolution involving the struggle of races and sections on the question of slavery made to his hand, when he instantly recurred to his uncle's ideas of establishing colonies to create commerce and a navy for France and to breed the material for armies to maintain his European empire. The moment he perceived our frenzied people engaged in perpetrating a national suicide he invaded Mexico to take up a position on the southern flank of this Republic, to avail himself of its distractions as well as those of Mexico, to give effect to the darling scheme of the Bonapartist dynasty to make for the Latin race in all our regions on the Gulf a seat of power under the auspices of France. His phrase "Supremacy of the Latin race" was to conciliate to his object the whole Spanish as well as the French and the mixed populations which originally founded and built up the colonies that introduced civilization around the Gulf of Mexico and on the streams of its wilderness interior. Jefferson Davis is the fortunate man who now holds the commanding position to encounter this formidable scheme of conquest, and whose fiat can at the same time deliver his country from the bloody agony now covering it in mourning. He can drive Maximilian from his American throne, and baffle the designs of Napoleon to subject our Southern people to the "Latin race." With a breath he can blow away all pretense for proscription, conscription, or confiscation in the Southern States, restore their fields to luxuriant cultivation, their ports to the commerce of the world, their constitutions and their rights under them as essentially a part of the Constitution of the United States to that strong guaranty under which they flourished for nearly a century not only as equals, but down to the hour of conflict the prevalent power on the continent. All this may be achieved by means which, so far from subjecting the weaker section of our Republic to humiliation or those asserting its cause by secession to dishonor, will add to the glory of both.

"'To accomplish this great good for our common country President Lincoln has opened the way in his amnesty proclamation and the message which looks to armistice. Suppose the first enlarged to embrace all engaged in the war; suppose secret preliminaries to armistice enable President Davis to transfer such portions of his army as he may deem proper for his purpose to Texas, held out to it as the land of promise; suppose this force on the banks of the Rio Grande, armed, equipped, and provided, and Juarez propitiated and rallying the Liberals of Mexico to give it welcome and support—could it not enter Mexico in full confidence of expelling the invaders, who, taking advantage of the distractions of our own Republic, have overthrown that of Mexico and established a foreign despotism to rule that land and spread its power over ours? I know Romero, the able, patriotic minister who represents the Republic of Mexico near our Government. He is intimate with my son Montgomery, who is persuaded that he could induce Juarez to devolve all the power he can command on President Davis—a dictatorship, if necessary—to restore the rights of Mexico and her people and provide for the stability of its government. With such hopes inspiring and a veteran army of invincibles to rally on, such a force of Mexicans might be embodied as would make the conquest of the country the work of its own people under able leading. But if more force were wanted than these Mexican recruits and the army of the South would supply, would not multitudes of the army of the North, officers and men, be found ready to embark in an enterprise vital to the interests of our whole Republic? The Republican party has staked itself on the assertion of the Monroe doctrine proposed by Canning and sanctioned by a British cabinet. The Democrats of the North have proclaimed their adhesion to it, and I doubt not from the spirit exhibited by the Congress now in session, however unwilling to declare war, it would countenance all legitimate efforts short of such result to restore the Mexican Republic. I think I could venture to pledge my son General Blair, now commanding a corps against the Confederacy, to resign his commission, expatriate himself, and join all the force he could draw to the standard borne on a crusade for the expulsion of the European despotism now threatening our confines. There is no cause so dear to the soul of American patriotism as that which embodies resistance to the intrusion of a foreign tyranny. Its infancy, nurtured in the sternest trials of a war against dictation from potentates of another hemisphere, has grown to a manhood that will never permit its approaches. He who expels the Bonaparte-Hapsburg dynasty from our southern flank, which General Jackson in one of his letters warned me was the vulnerable point through which foreign invasion would come, will ally his name with those of Washington and Jackson as a defender of the liberty of the country. If in delivering Mexico he should model its States in form and principle to adapt them to our Union and add a new Southern constellation to its benignant sky while rounding off our possession on the continent at the Isthmus, and opening the way to blending the waters of the Atlantic and Pacific, thus embracing our Republic in the arms of the ocean, he would complete the work of Jefferson, who first set one foot of our colossal government on the Pacific by a stride from the Gulf of Mexico. Such achievement would be more highly appreciated in the South, inasmuch as it would restore the equipoise between the Northern and Southern States—if indeed such sectional distinctions could be recognized after the peculiar institution which created them had ceased to exist.'"

It is of course possible that the hard mental processes in political metaphysics through which Jefferson Davis had forced his intellect in pursuing the ambitious hallucinations which led him from loyalty to treason, had blighted all generous sentiment and healthy imagination. But if his heart was yet capable of a single patriotic memory and impulse, strange emotions must have troubled him as he sat listening to the reading of this paper by the man who had been the familiar friend, the trusted adviser, it might almost be said the confidential voice, of Andrew Jackson. It was as though the ghost of the great President had come from his grave in Tennessee to draw him a sad and solemn picture of the ruin and shame to which he was bringing, and had almost brought, the American Republic, especially "his people" of the Southern States—nationality squandered, slavery doomed, and his Confederacy a supplicant for life at the hands of European despotisms. If he did not correctly realize the scene and hour in all its impressiveness, he seems at least to have tacitly acknowledged that his sanguinary adventure in statesmanship was moribund, and that it was high time to listen earnestly to any scheme which might give hope of averting from himself and his adherents the catastrophe to whose near approach he could no longer shut his eyes. Mr. Blair's report thus narrates the remainder of the interview:

"I then said to him, 'There is my problem, Mr. Davis; do you think it possible to be solved?' After consideration he said, 'I think so.' I then said, 'You see that I make the great point of this matter that the war is no longer made for slavery, but monarchy. You know that if the war is kept up and the Union divided, armies must be kept afoot on both sides, and this state of things has never continued long without resulting in monarchy on one side or the other, and on both generally.' He assented to this, and with great emphasis remarked that he was like Lucius Junius Brutus, and uttered the sentiment ascribed to him in Shakspere, without exactly quoting it:

There was a Brutus once that would have brooked
The eternal devil to keep his state in Rome
As easily as a king.

Then he said that he was thoroughly for popular government, that this feeling had been born and bred in him. Touching the project, he said, of bringing the sections together again, the great difficulty was the excessive vindictiveness produced by outrages perpetrated in the invaded States during the war. He said reconcilement must depend, he thought, upon time and events, which he hoped would restore better feelings, but that he was certain that no circumstance would have a greater effect than to see the arms of our countrymen from the North and the South united in a war upon a foreign power assailing principles of government common to both sections and threatening their destruction. And he said he was convinced that all the powers of Europe felt it their interest that our people in this quarrel should exhaust all their energies in destroying each other, and thus make them a prey to the potentates of Europe, who felt that the destruction of our Government was necessary to the maintenance of the monarchical principles on which their own were founded. I told him that I was encouraged by finding him holding these views, and believed that our country, if impressed with them, as I thought it might be universally, would soon resume its happy unity. He said I ought to know with what reluctance he had been drawn out of the Union; that he labored to the last moment to avoid it; that he had followed the old flag longer and with more devotion than anything else on earth; that at Bull Run when he saw the flag he supposed it was his own hanging on the staff,—they were more alike then than now,—and when the flag of the United States unfurled itself in the breeze he saw it with a sigh, but he had to choose between it and his own, and he had to look to it as that of an enemy. He felt now that it was laid up, but the circumstances to which he had adverted might restore it and reconcilement be easier. With regard to Mexico, if the foreign power was driven out, it would have to depend on the events there to make it possible to connect that country with this and restore the equipoise to which I looked; nobody could foresee how things would shape themselves.

"In relation to the vindictiveness produced by the war, I said I thought he was mistaken in supposing it would be attended with great difficulty in producing reconcilement between the States and people; I told him I had spent four hours on the picket line and perceived that kind feeling existed, instead of estrangement, between the men on both sides who stood armed to shoot each other. There was nothing to prevent the immediate indulgence of hostile feelings if they felt them. But they manifested a friendly feeling. A Boston Captain Deacon, who carried me through the lines to deliver me over to Captain Davis of South Carolina, drew his bottle from his bag and proposed to drink his health. They drank together with mutual good-will and gave each other their hands. This spirit of magnanimity exists in the soldiery on both sides. It is only the politicians and those who profit, or hope to profit, by the disasters of the war who indulge in acrimony. Mr. Davis said that what I remarked was very just in the main. He admitted that it was for the most part the people at home, who brooded over the disasters of the war, who indulged in bitterness.

"Touching the matter of arrangement for reconcilement proposed by me, he remarked that all depended upon well-founded confidence, and, looking at me with very significant expression, he said, 'What, Mr. Blair, do you think of Mr. Seward?' I replied: 'Mr. Seward is a very pleasant companion; he has good social feelings, but I have no doubt that where his ambition is concerned his selfish feelings prevail over all principle. I have no doubt he would betray any man, no matter what his obligations to him, if he stood in the way of his selfish and ambitious schemes. But,' I said, 'this matter, if entered upon at all, must be with Mr. Lincoln himself. The transaction is a military transaction, and depends entirely upon the Commander-in-Chief of our armies. If he goes into it he will certainly consider it as the affair of the military head of the Government. Now I know that Mr. Lincoln is capable of great personal sacrifices—of sacrificing the strongest feelings of his heart, of sacrificing a friend when he thinks it necessary for the good of the country; and you may rely upon it, if he plights his faith to any man in a transaction for which he is responsible as an officer or a man, he will maintain his word inviolably.' Mr. Davis said he was glad to hear me say so. He did not know Mr. Lincoln; but he was sure I did, and therefore my declaration gave him the highest satisfaction. As to Mr. Seward, he had no confidence in him himself, and he did not know any man or party in the South that had any.

"In relation to the mode of effecting the object about which we had been talking, he said we ought soon to have some understanding, because things to be done or omitted will depend upon it; that he was willing to appoint persons to have conferences, without regard to forms; that there must be some medium of communication; that he would appoint a person or persons who could be implicitly relied on by Mr. Lincoln; that he had on a former occasion indicated Judge Campbell, of the Supreme Court, as a person who could be relied on. I told him he was a person in whom I had unbounded confidence, both as regarded talents and fidelity.

"In reply to some remarks that I made as to the fame he would acquire in relieving the country from all its disasters, restoring its harmony, and extending its dominion to the Isthmus, he said what his name might be in history he cared not. If he could restore the prosperity and happiness of his country, that was the end and aim of his being. For himself, death would end his cares, and that was very easy to be accomplished.

"The next day after my first interview he sent me a note, saying he thought I might desire to have something in writing in regard to his conclusion, and therefore he made a brief statement which I brought away."[1]

The substantial accuracy of Mr. Blair's report is confirmed by the memorandum of the same interview which Jefferson Davis wrote at the time and has since printed.[2] In this conversation the rebel leader took little pains to disguise his entire willingness to enter upon the wild scheme of military conquest and annexation which could easily be read between the lines of a political crusade to rescue the Monroe doctrine from its present peril. If Mr. Blair felt elated at having so quickly made a convert of the Confederate President, he was still further gratified at discovering yet more favorable symptoms in his official surrounding at Richmond. In the three or four days he spent at the rebel capital he found nearly every prominent personage convinced of the hopeless condition of the rebellion, and even eager to seize upon any contrivance to help them out of their direful prospects. The letter which he bore from Jefferson Davis to be shown to President Lincoln was in the following language:

> RICHMOND, VIRGINIA, January 12, 1865.
>
> F. P. BLAIR, Esq.
>
> SIR: I have deemed it proper, and probably desirable to you, to give you, in this form, the substance of remarks made by me, to be repeated by you to President Lincoln, etc., etc. I have no disposition to find obstacles in forms, and am willing now, as heretofore, to enter into negotiations for the restoration of peace; and am ready to send a commission whenever I have reason to suppose it will be received, or to receive a commission, if the United States Government shall choose to send one. That, notwithstanding the rejection of our former offers, I would, if you could promise that a commissioner, minister, or other agent would be received, appoint one immediately, and renew the effort to enter into conference, with a view to secure peace to the two countries. Yours, etc.,
>
> JEFFERSON DAVIS.[3]

But the Government councils at Washington were not ruled by the spirit of political adventure. Abraham Lincoln had a loftier conception of patriotic duty and a higher ideal of national ethics. The proposal to divert his nation, "conceived in Liberty," from its grand task of preserving for humanity "government of the people, by the people, for the people," and degrade its heroic struggle and sacrifice to the low level of a joint filibustering foray, which, instead of crowning his work of emancipation, might perhaps eventuate in a renewal, extension, and perpetuation of slavery, did not receive from him an instant's consideration. His whole interest in Mr. Blair's mission was in the despondency of the rebel leaders which it disclosed, and the possibility of bringing them to an acknowledgment of their despair and the abandonment of their resistance. His only response to the overture thus half officially brought to his notice was to open the door of negotiation a little wider than he had done before, but for the specific and exclusive objects of union and peace. As an answer to Jefferson Davis's note he therefore wrote Mr. Blair the following:

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[1] Unpublished MS.

[2] Davis, "Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government," Vol. II., p. 612 et seq.

[3] "House Journal," 2d Session 38th Congress, p. 229.

> WASHINGTON, January 18, 1865.
>
> F. P. BLAIR, Esq.
>
> SIR: You having shown me Mr. Davis's letter to you of the 12th instant, you may say to him that I have constantly been, am now, and shall continue ready to receive any agent whom he, or any other influential person now resisting the national authority, may informally send to me, with the view of securing peace to the people of our one common country.
>
> Yours, etc., A. LINCOLN.[1]

With this note Mr. Blair returned to Richmond, giving Mr. Davis such feeble excuses as he could hastily frame why Mr. Lincoln had rejected his overture for a joint invasion of Mexico,[2] alleging that Mr. Lincoln was embarrassed by radical politicians and could not use "political agencies." Mr. Blair then, but again without authority, proposed a new project, namely, that Grant and Lee should enter into negotiations, the scope and object of which, however, he seems to have left altogether vague. The simple truth is evident that Mr. Blair was, as best he might, covering his retreat from an abortive intrigue. He soon reported to Davis that military negotiation was out of the question.

Jefferson Davis therefore had only two alternatives before him — either to repeat his stubborn ultimatum of separation and independence, or frankly to accept Lincoln's ultimatum of reunion. The principal Richmond authorities knew, and some of them had tacitly admitted, that their Confederacy was nearly in collapse. Vice-President Stephens, in a secret speech to the rebel Senate, had pointed out that "we could not match our opponents in numbers, and should not attempt to cope with them in direct physical power," and advocated a Fabian policy which involved the abandonment of Richmond.[3] Judge Campbell, rebel Assistant Secretary of War, had collected facts and figures, which a few weeks later he embodied in a formal report, showing the South to be in practical exhaustion.[4] Lee sent a dispatch saying he had not two days' rations for his army.[5] Richmond was already in a panic at rumors of evacuation. Flour was selling at a thousand dollars a barrel in Confederate currency. The recent fall of Fort Fisher had closed the last avenue through which blockade runners could bring them foreign supplies. Governor Brown of Georgia was refusing to obey orders from Richmond and characterizing them as "usurping" and "despotic."[6] Under such circumstances a defiant cry of independence would not reassure anybody; nor, on the other hand, was it longer possible to remain silent. Mr. Blair's first visit to Richmond had created general interest. Old friends plied him with eager questions and laid his truthful answers concerning their gloomy prospects solemnly to heart. The fact of his secret consultation with Davis transpired. When Mr. Blair came a second time and held a second secret consultation with the rebel President wonder and rumor rose to fever heat.

Impelled to take action, Mr. Davis had not the courage to be frank. He called, first, Vice-President Stephens, and afterward his cabinet, to a discussion of the project. A peace commission of three was appointed, consisting of Alexander H. Stephens, Vice-President; R. M. T. Hunter, senator and ex-Secretary of State; and John A. Campbell, Assistant Secretary of War — all of them convinced that the rebellion was hopeless, and yet unwilling to admit the logical consequences and necessities. The drafting of instructions for the guidance of the commissioners was a difficult problem, since the explicit condition prescribed by Mr. Lincoln's note was that he would only receive an agent sent him "with the view of securing peace to the people of our one common country." The astute Mr. Benjamin, rebel Secretary of State, in order to make the instructions "as vague and general as possible," proposed the simple direction to confer "upon the subject to which it relates."[7] His action and language were broad enough to carry the inference that in his secret heart he too was sick of rebellion and ready to make terms. Whether it was so meant or not, his chief refused to receive the delicate suggestion.

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[1] "House Journal," 2d Session 38th Congress, p. 229.

[2] "He [Blair] then unfolded to me [writes Davis] the embarrassment of Mr. Lincoln on account of the extreme men, in Congress and elsewhere, who wished to drive him into harsher measures than he was inclined to adopt; whence it would not be feasible for him to enter into any arrangement with us by the use of political agencies; that if anything beneficial could be effected it must be done without the intervention of the politicians. He therefore suggested that Generals Lee and Grant might enter into an arrangement by which hostilities would be suspended, and a way paved for the restoration of peace. I responded that I would willingly intrust to General Lee such negotiation as was indicated." [Davis, "Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government," Vol. II., pp. 616, 617.]

[3] Stephens, "War between the States," Vol. II., pp. 587–589.

[4] See "Open Letters" of this number of the magazine, for a letter from Judge Campbell to Judge Curtis entitled, "A View of the Confederacy from the Inside."—EDITOR.

[5] J. B. Jones, "A Rebel War Clerk's Diary," Vol. II., p. 384.

[6] Ibid., p. 395.

[7] Benjamin to Davis, May 17, 1877. "Southern Historical Papers," Vol. IV., pp. 212–214.

With the ruin and defeat of the Confederate cause staring him full in the face Davis could bring himself neither to a dignified refusal nor to a resigned acceptance of the form of negotiation as Mr. Lincoln had tendered it. Even in this gulf of war and destitution into which he had led his people he could not forego the vanity of masquerading as a champion. He was unwilling, says Mr. Benjamin, to appear to betray his trust as Confederate President. "You thought, from regard to your personal honor, that your language ought to be such as to render impossible any malignant comment on your actions."[1] But if so, why not adopt the heroic alternative and refuse to negotiate? Why resort to the yet more humiliating absurdity of sending a commission on terms which he knew Mr. Lincoln had pointedly rejected?[2] With greater sacrifice of personal dignity the Confederate President adopted the devious alternative—a continuation of the narrow, unmanly, pettifogging misrepresentation with which Southern leaders had deluded the Southern people. Instead of Mr. Benjamin's phraseology, Jefferson Davis wrote the following instruction to the commissioners, which carried a palpable contradiction on its face:

> Richmond, January 28, 1865.
>
> In conformity with the letter of Mr. Lincoln, of which the foregoing is a copy, you are requested to proceed to Washington City for informal conference with him upon the issues involved in the existing war, and for the purpose of securing peace to the two countries. Your obedient servant,
>
> Jefferson Davis.[3]

THE HAMPTON ROADS CONFERENCE.

With this double-meaning credential the commissioners presented themselves at the Union lines near Richmond on the evening of January 29, 1865, and, instead of frankly showing their authority, asked admission "in accordance with an understanding claimed to exist with Lieutenant-General Grant, on their way to Washington as peace commissioners."[4] The application being telegraphed to Washington, Mr. Stanton answered that no one should be admitted under such character or profession until the President's instructions were received.[5] Mr. Lincoln, being apprised of the application, promptly dispatched a special messenger with written directions to admit the commissioners under safe conduct if they would say in writing that they came for the purpose of an informal conference on the basis of his note of January 18 to Mr. Blair, "with a view of securing peace to the people of our one common country."[6] Before this messenger arrived, however, the commissioners reconsidered the form of their application and addressed a new one to General Grant, asking permission "to proceed to Washington to hold a conference with President Lincoln upon the subject of the existing war, and with a view of ascertaining upon what terms it may be terminated, in pursuance of the course indicated by him in his letter to Mr. Blair of January 18, 1865."[7]

Pursuant to this request, they were provisionally conveyed to Grant's headquarters. One of them records with evident surprise the unostentatious surroundings of the General-in-Chief.

> I was instantly struck with the great simplicity and perfect naturalness of his manners, and the entire absence of everything like affectation, show, or even the usual military air or *mien* of men in his position. He was plainly attired, sitting in a log-cabin, busily writing on a small table, by a kerosene lamp. It was night when we arrived. There was nothing in his appearance or surroundings which indicated his official rank. There were neither guards nor aids about him. . . . He furnished us with comfortable quarters on board one of his dispatch boats. The more I became acquainted with him, the more I became thoroughly impressed with the very extraordinary combination of rare elements of character which he exhibited. During the time he met us frequently and conversed freely upon various subjects, not much upon our mission. I saw, however, very clearly that he was very anxious for the proposed conference to take place.[8]

The commissioners' note to Grant had been a substantial compliance with the requirements of President Lincoln; and so accepting it, he, on the 31st of January, sent Secretary Seward to meet them, giving him for this purpose the following written instructions:

> Executive Mansion,
> Washington, January 31, 1865.
>
> Hon. William H. Seward, Secretary of State:
>
> You will proceed to Fortress Monroe, Virginia, there to meet and informally confer with Messrs.

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[1] Benjamin to Davis, May 17, 1877. "Southern Historical Papers," Vol. IV., p. 213.

[2] [INDORSEMENT BY MR. LINCOLN.]

"To-day [January 28] Mr. Blair tells me that on the 21st instant he delivered to Mr. Davis the original, of which the within is a copy, and left it with him; that at the time of delivering it Mr. Davis read it over twice in Mr. Blair's presence, at the close of which he (Mr. Blair) remarked that the part about 'our one common country' related to the part of Mr. Davis's letter about 'the two countries,' to which Mr. Davis replied that he so understood it. A. Lincoln."

["House Journal," 2d Session 38th Congress, p. 229.]

[3] "Southern Historical Papers," Vol. IV., p. 214.

[4] Wilcox to Parke, Jan. 29, 1865. "House Journal," 2d Session 38th Congress, p. 230.

[5] Stanton to Ord, Jan. 29, 1865, 10 P. M. Ibid., p. 230.

[6] Lincoln to Eckert, Jan. 30, 1865. Ibid., p. 231.

[7] Ibid., p. 232.

[8] Stephens, "War between the States," Vol. II., p. 597.

Stephens, Hunter, and Campbell, on the basis of my letter to F. P. Blair, Esq., of January 18, 1865, a copy of which you have. You will make known to them that three things are indispensable, to wit: *First*, the restoration of the national authority throughout all the States. *Second*, no receding by the Executive of the United States on the slavery question from the position assumed thereon in the late annual message to Congress, and in preceding documents. *Third*, no cessation of hostilities short of an end of the war, and the disbanding of all forces hostile to the Government. You will inform them that all propositions of theirs, not inconsistent with the above, will be considered and passed upon in a spirit of sincere liberality. You will hear all they may choose to say, and report to me. You will not assume to definitely consummate anything.

Yours, etc.,

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.[1]

Mr. Seward started on the morning of February 1, and simultaneously with his departure the President repeated to General Grant the monition which the Secretary of War had already sent him two days before through the special messenger, "Let nothing which is transpiring change, hinder, or delay your military movements or plans."[2] Grant responded to the order, promising that no armistice should ensue, adding, "The troops are kept in readiness to move at the shortest notice, if occasion should justify it."[3] The special messenger, Major Thomas J. Eckert, arrived while Mr. Seward was yet on his way. On informing the commissioners of the President's exact requirement, they replied by presenting Jefferson Davis's instruction. This was receding from the terms contained in their note to Grant, and Major Eckert promptly notified them that they could not proceed further unless they complied strictly with President Lincoln's terms. Thus at half-past nine on the night of February 1 the mission of Stephens, Hunter, and Campbell was practically at an end. It was never explained why they took this course, for the next day they again changed their minds. The only conjecture which seems plausible is that they hoped to persuade General Grant to take some extraordinary and dictatorial step. One of them hints as much in a newspaper article written long after the war. "We had tried," he wrote, "to intimate to General Grant, before we reached Old Point, that a settlement generally satisfactory to both sides could be more easily effected through him and General Lee by an armistice than in any other way. The attempt was in vain."[4] The general had indeed listened to them, with great interest; and in their eagerness to convert him they had probably indulged in stronger phrases of repentance than they felt. About an hour after the commissioners refused Major Eckert's ultimatum General Grant telegraphed the following to Secretary Stanton, from which it will be seen that at least two of the commissioners had declared to him their personal willingness "to restore peace and union."

February 1, 10.30 P. M., 1865.

HON. EDWIN M. STANTON, Secretary of War:

Now that the interview between Major Eckert, under his written instructions, and Mr. Stephens and party has ended, I will state confidentially, but not officially, to become a matter of record, that I am convinced, upon conversation with Messrs. Stephens and Hunter, that their intentions are good and their desire sincere to restore peace and union. I have not felt myself at liberty to express even views of my own, or to account for my reticency. This has placed me in an awkward position, which I could have avoided by not seeing them in the first instance. I fear now their going back without any expression from any one in authority will have a bad influence. At the same time I recognize the difficulties in the way of receiving these informal commissioners at this time, and do not know what to recommend. I am sorry, however, that Mr. Lincoln cannot have an interview with the two named in this dispatch, if not all three now within our lines. Their letter to me was all that the President's instructions contemplated to secure their safe conduct, if they had used the same language to Major Eckert.

U. S. GRANT, Lieut.-General.[5]

On the morning of February 2, President Lincoln went to the War Department, and, reading Major Eckert's report, was about to recall Mr. Seward by telegraph, when Grant's dispatch was placed in his hands. The communication served to change his purpose. Resolving not to neglect the indications of sincerity here described, he immediately telegraphed in reply, "Say to the gentlemen I will meet them personally at Fortress Monroe as soon as I can get there."[6] The commissioners by this time had decided to accept Mr. Lincoln's terms, which they did in writing to both Major Eckert and General Grant, and thereupon were at once conveyed from General Grant's headquarters at City Point to Fort Monroe, where Mr. Lincoln joined Secretary Seward on the same night.

On the morning of February 3, 1865, the rebel commissioners were conducted on board the *River Queen*, lying at anchor near Fort Monroe, where President Lincoln and Secretary Seward awaited them; and in the saloon of that steamer an informal conference of four hours' duration ensued. It was agreed beforehand that no writing or memorandum should be made at the time, so that the record of the interview remains only in the separate accounts which each of the rebel commissioners afterward wrote out from memory, neither Mr. Seward nor President Lincoln ever having made any report in detail. Former personal acquaintance made the beginning easy and cordial, through pleasant reminiscences of the past and mutual inquiries after friends. In a careful analysis of these reports, thus furnished by the Confederates themselves, the first striking feature is the difference of intention between the parties. It is apparent that Mr. Lincoln went, honestly and frankly in all friendliness, to offer them the best terms he could to secure peace and reunion, but to abate no jot of official duty and personal dignity; while the main thought of the commissioners was to evade the express condition on which they had been admitted to conference; to seek to postpone the vital issue; and to propose an armistice, by debating a mere juggling expedient, against which they had in a private agreement with one another already committed themselves.

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[1] "House Journal," 2d Session 38th Congress, p. 233.

[2] Ibid., p. 233.

[3] Ibid., p. 234.

[4] "Southern Historical Papers," Vol. III., p. 175 (April, 1877).

[5] "House Journal," 2d Session 38th Congress, p. 235.

[6] Ibid., p. 235.

Mr. Stephens began the discussion by asking whether there was no way of restoring the harmony and happiness of former days; to which Mr. Lincoln replied, "There was but one way that he knew of, and that was, for those who were resisting the laws of the Union to cease that resistance." Mr. Stephens rejoined that they had been induced to believe that both parties might for a while leave their present strife in abeyance and occupy themselves with some continental question till their anger should cool and accommodation become possible.

Here Mr. Lincoln interposed promptly and frankly: "I suppose you refer to something that Mr. Blair has said. Now it is proper to state at the beginning that whatever he said was of his own accord, and without the least authority from me. When he applied for a passport to go to Richmond, with certain ideas which he wished to make known to me, I told him flatly that I did not want to hear them. If he desired to go to Richmond of his own accord, I would give him a passport; but he had no authority to speak for me in any way whatever. When he returned and brought me Mr. Davis's letter, I gave him the one to which you alluded in your application for leave to cross the lines. I was always willing to hear propositions for peace on the conditions of this letter, and on no other. The restoration of the Union is a *sine qua non* with me, and hence my instructions that no conference was to be held except upon that basis."

Despite this express disavowal Mr. Stephens persisted in believing that Mr. Lincoln had come with ulterior designs, and went on at considerable length to elaborate his idea of a joint Mexican expedition, to be undertaken during an armistice and without a prior pledge of ultimate reunion. Such an expedition, he argued, would establish the "right of self-government to all peoples on this continent against the dominion or control of any European power." Establishing this principle of the right of peoples to self-government would necessarily also establish, by logical sequence, the right of States to self-government; and, present passions being cooled, there would ensue "an Ocean-bound Federal Republic, under the operation of this *Continental Regulator* — the ultimate absolute sovereignty of each State." His idea was that "All the States might reasonably be expected, very soon, to return, of their own accord, to their former relations to the Union, just as they came together at first by their own consent, and for their mutual interests. Others, too, would continue to join it in the future, as they had in the past. This great law of the system would effect the same certain results in its organization as the law of gravitation in the material world."[1]

Mr. Stephens does not seem to have realized how comically absurd was his effort to convert President Lincoln to the doctrine of secession by this very transparent bit of cunning, and the others listened with considerate and patient gravity. Mr. Seward at length punctured the bubble with a few well-directed sentences, when Mr. Hunter also intervened to express his entire dissent from Mr. Stephens's proposal. "In this view," reports Mr. Stephens naïvely, "he expressed the joint opinion of the commissioners; indeed, we had determined not to enter into any agreement that would require the Confederate arms to join in any invasion of Mexico."[2] But the rebel Vice-President fails to record why, under these circumstances, he had opened this useless branch of the discussion.

At this stage President Lincoln brought back the conversation pointedly to the original object of the conference:

> He repeated that he could not entertain a proposition for an armistice on any terms while the great and vital question of reunion was undisposed of. That was the first question to be settled. He could enter into no treaty, convention, or stipulation, or agreement with the Confederate States, jointly or separately, upon that or any other subject, but upon the basis first settled that the Union was to be restored. Any such agreement, or stipulation, would be a *quasi* recognition of the States then in arms against the National Government, as a separate power. That he never could do.[3]

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[1] Stephens, "War between the States," Vol. II., pp. 600–604.

[2] Ibid., p. 608.

[3] Stephens, "War between the States," Vol. II., p. 608.

> This branch of the discussion [also reports Judge Campbell] was closed by Mr. Lincoln, who answered that it could not be entertained; that there could be no war without the consent of Congress, and no treaty without the consent of the Senate of the United States; that he could make no treaty with the Confederate States, because that would be a recognition of those States, and that this could not be done under any circumstances; that unless a settlement were made there would be danger that the quarrel would break out in the midst of the joint operations; that one party might unite with the common enemy to destroy the other; that he was determined to do nothing to suspend the operations for bringing the existing struggle to a close to attain any collateral end. Mr. Lincoln in this part of the conversation admitted that he had power to make a military convention, and that his arrangements under that might extend to settle several of the points mentioned, but others it could not.[1]

The sophistical theory of secession as a conservative principle, and the filibustering bait of a joint expedition to steal Mexico under guise of enforcing the Monroe doctrine, being thus effectually cleared away, the discussion at length turned to the only reasonable inquiry which remained. Judge Campbell asked how restoration could be brought about if the Confederate States would consent, mentioning important questions, such as the disbandment of the army, confiscation acts on both sides, the effect of the Emancipation Proclamation, representation in Congress, the division of Virginia, and so on, which would inevitably arise and require immediate adjustment. On these various topics much conversation ensued, which, even as briefly reported, is too long to be quoted entire. It will be more useful to condense, under specific headings, the substantial declarations and offers which the commissioners report Mr. Lincoln to have made.

I. RECONSTRUCTION.—The shortest way the insurgents could effect this, he said, was "by disbanding their armies and permitting the national authorities to resume their functions." Mr. Seward called attention to that phrase of his annual message where he had declared, "In stating a single condition of peace, I mean simply to say that the war will cease on the part of the Government whenever it shall have ceased on the part of those who began it." As to the rebel States being admitted to representation in Congress, "Mr. Lincoln very promptly replied that his own individual opinion was they ought to be. He also thought they would be; but he could not enter into any stipulation upon the subject. His own opinion was that when the resistance ceased and the national authority was recognized the States would be immediately restored to their practical relations to the Union."

II. CONFISCATION ACTS.—"Mr. Lincoln said that so far as the confiscation acts and other penal acts were concerned, their enforcement was left entirely with him, and on that point he was perfectly willing to be full and explicit, and on his assurance perfect reliance might be placed. He should exercise the power of the Executive with the utmost liberality."[2] "As to all questions," says Judge Campbell's report, "involving rights of property, the courts could determine them, and that Congress would no doubt be liberal in making restitution of confiscated property, or by indemnity, after the passions that had been excited by the war had been composed."[3]

III. THE EMANCIPATION PROCLAMATION. —"Mr. Lincoln said that was a judicial question. How the courts would decide it he did not know, and could give no answer. His own opinion was, that as the proclamation was a war measure, and would have effect only from its being an exercise of the war power, as soon as the war ceased it would be inoperative for the future. It would be held to apply only to such slaves as had come under its operation while it was in active exercise. This was his individual opinion, but the courts might decide the other way, and hold that it effectually emancipated all the slaves in the States to which it applied at the time. So far as he was concerned, he should leave it to the courts to decide. He never would change or modify the terms of the proclamation in the slightest particular."

At another point in the conversation "He said it was not his intention in the beginning to interfere with slavery in the States; that he never would have done it if he had not been compelled by necessity to do it to maintain the Union; that the subject presented many difficult and perplexing questions to him; that he had hesitated for some time, and had resorted to this measure only when driven to it by public necessity; that he had been in favor of the General Government prohibiting the extension of slavery into the Territories, but did not think that that Government possessed power over the subject in the States, except as a war measure; and that he had always himself been in favor of emancipation, but not immediate emancipation, even by the States. Many evils attending this appeared to him."

Recurring once more to the subject of emancipation, "He went on to say that he would be willing to be taxed to remunerate the Southern people for their slaves. He believed the people of the North were as responsible for slavery as the people of the South; and if the war should then cease, with the voluntary abolition of slavery by the States, he should be in favor, individually, of the Government paying a fair indemnity for the loss to the owners. He said he believed this feeling had an extensive existence at the North. He knew some who were in favor of an appropriation as high as four hundred millions of dollars for this purpose. I could mention persons, said he, whose names would astonish you, who are willing to do this if the war shall now cease without further expense, and with the abolition of slavery as stated. But on this subject, he said, he could give no assurance—enter into no stipulation. He barely expressed his own feelings and views, and what he believed to be the views of others upon the subject."

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[1] Campbell in "Southern Magazine," December, 1874, p. 191.

[2] Stephens, "War between the States," Vol. II., pp. 609, 612, and 617.

[3] Campbell in "Southern Magazine," December, 1874, p. 192.

IV. THE DIVISION OF VIRGINIA.—"Mr. Lincoln said he could only give an individual opinion, which was, that Western Virginia would be continued to be recognized as a separate State in the Union."

V. THE XIIITH AMENDMENT.—Mr. Seward brought to the notice of the commissioners one topic which to them was new; namely, that only a few days before, on the 31st of January, Congress had passed the XIIIth Amendment to the Constitution, which, when ratified by three-fourths of the States, would effect an immediate abolition of slavery throughout the entire Union. The reports of the commissioners represent Mr. Seward as saying that if the South would submit and agree to immediate restoration, the restored States might yet defeat the ratification of this amendment, intimating that Congress had passed it "under the predominance of revolutionary passion," which would abate on the cessation of the war. It may well be doubted whether Mr. Seward stated the case as strongly as the commissioners intimate, since he himself, like Mr. Lincoln and his entire cabinet, had favored the measure. It is probable that the commissioners allowed their own feelings and wishes to color too strongly the hypothesis he stated, and to interpret as a probability what he mentioned as only among the possible events of the future.

It will be seen that in what he said upon these various propositions Mr. Lincoln was always extremely careful to discriminate between what he was under the Constitution authorized to do as Executive, and what would devolve upon coördinate branches of the Government under their own powers and limitations. With the utmost circumspection he pointed out the distinctions between his personal opinions and wishes and his official authority. More especially, however, did he repeat and emphasize the declaration that he would do none of the things mentioned or promised without a previous pledge of reunion and cessation of resistance. "Even in case the Confederate States should entertain the proposition of a return to the Union," says Mr. Stephens's narrative, "he persisted in asserting that he could not enter into any agreement upon this subject [reconstruction], or upon any other matters of that sort, with parties in arms against the Government." Mr. Hunter interposed, and in illustration of the propriety of the Executive entering into agreements with persons in arms against the acknowledged rightful public authority referred to repeated instances of this character between Charles I. of England and the people in arms against him. Mr. Lincoln in reply to this said: "I do not profess to be posted in history. On all such matters I will turn you over to Seward. All I distinctly recollect about the case of Charles I. is that he lost his head." The pertinent retort reduced Mr. Hunter to his last rhetorical resource—a wail of protest, in the very worst tone of sectional egotism, that the Confederate States and their people were by these terms forced to unconditional surrender and submission. To this Mr. Seward replied with patience and dignity "That no words like unconditional submission had been used, or any importing or justly implying degradation, or humiliation even, to the people of the Confederate States. . . . Nor did he think that in yielding to the execution of the laws under the Constitution of the United States, with all its guarantees and securities for personal and political rights, as they might be declared to be by the courts, could be properly considered as unconditional submission to conquerors, or as having anything humiliating in it. The Southern people and the Southern States would be under the Constitution of the United States, with all their rights secured thereby, in the same way, and through the same instrumentalities, as the similar rights of the people of the other States were."

The reader will recall that in his last annual message President Lincoln declared his belief, based "on careful consideration of all the evidence accessible," that it was useless to attempt to negotiate with Jefferson Davis, but that the prospect would be better with his followers. Mr. Lincoln had evidently gone to Fort Monroe in hope of making some direct impression upon Stephens and Hunter, whom Grant represented as having such good intentions "to restore peace and union." He did not neglect to try this joint of the rebel commissioners' armor. Seizing the proper opportunity, he pressed upon Stephens the suggestion of separate State action to bring about a cessation of hostilities. Addressing him, he said:

> If I resided in Georgia, with my present sentiments, I 'll tell you what I would do if I were in your place. I would go home and get the governor of the State to call the legislature together, and get them to recall all the State troops from the war; elect senators and members to Congress, and ratify this constitutional amendment prospectively, so as to take effect—say in five years. Such a ratification would be valid, in my opinion. I have looked into the subject, and think such a prospective ratification would be valid. Whatever may have been the views of your people before the war, they must be convinced now that slavery is doomed. It cannot last long in any event, and the best course, it seems to me, for your public men to pursue would be to adopt such a policy as will avoid, as far as possible, the evils of immediate emancipation. This would be my course, if I were in your place.

The salutary advice was wasted. Mr. Stephens was a very incarnation of political paradoxes. Perhaps in all the South there was not another man whose personal desires were so moderate and correct, and whose political theories were so radical and wrong. At the beginning he had opposed secession as premature and foolish, war as desperate and ruinous; yet, against his better judgment, he had followed his "corner-stone" theory of slavery and his "supremacy" theory of States rights to the war and the ruin he foretold. Now, at the end of four years' experiment, he still clung obstinately to his new theory of secession as a "continental regulator," and the vain hope that Mr. Lincoln would yet adopt it. When at last the parties were separating, with friendly handshakings, he asked Mr. Lincoln to reconsider the plan of an armistice on the basis of a Mexican expedition. "Well, Stephens," replied Mr. Lincoln, "I will reconsider it; but I do not think my mind will change." And so ended the Hampton Roads conference.[1]

The commissioners returned to Richmond in great disappointment, and communicated the failure of their efforts to Jefferson Davis, whose chagrin was as great as their own. They had all caught eagerly at the hope that this negotiation would somehow extricate them from the dilemmas and dangers whose crushing portent they realized, but had no power to avert except by surrender; and now, when this last hope failed them, they were doubly cast down. Campbell says he "favored negotiations for peace"[2]—doubtless meaning by this language that he advocated the acceptance of the proffered terms. Stephens yet believed that Mr. Lincoln would be tempted by the Mexican scheme and would reconsider his decision. He therefore advised that the results of the meeting should be kept secret; and when the other commissioners and Davis refused to follow this advice, he gave up the Confederate cause as hopeless, withdrew from Richmond, abandoned the rebellion, and went into retirement.[3] His signature to the brief public report of the commissioners stating the result of the Hampton Roads conference was his last participation in the ill-starred enterprise.

Davis took the only course open to him after refusing the honorable peace which Mr. Lincoln had tendered. He transmitted the commissioners' report to the rebel Congress with a brief and dry message, stating that the enemy refused any terms except those the conqueror may grant; and then arranged as vigorous an effort as the circumstances permitted, once more to "fire the Southern heart." A public meeting was called, and on the evening of February 6 Jefferson Davis and others made speeches at the African Church,[4] which, judging from the meager reports that were printed, were as denunciatory and bellicose as the bitterest Confederate could have wished. Davis, particularly, is represented to have excelled himself in that lurid flow of partisan passion and vaunting prophecy which he so effectively used upon Southern listeners for many years. "Sooner than we should ever be united again," he said, "he would be willing to yield up everything he had on earth—if it were possible he would sacrifice a thousand lives"; and further announced his confidence that they would yet "compel the Yankees, in less than twelve months, to petition us for peace on our own terms."[5] He denounced President Lincoln as "His Majesty Abraham the First," and said "before the campaign was over he and Seward might find 'they had been speaking to their masters.'"[1]

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[1] Stephens, "War between the States," Vol. II., pp. 610–618.

[2] Campbell, "Recollections," etc. Pamphlet.

[3] Stephens, "War between the States," Vol. II., pp. 224–226.

[4] This meeting at the African Church was supplemented, a few days later, by a grand concerted effort at public speech-making at different places in Richmond, intended to electrify the South. Pollard, the Southern historian, thus describes it: "All business was suspended in Richmond; at high noon processions were formed to the different places of meeting; and no less than twenty different orators, composed of the most effective speakers in Congress and the cabinet, and the most eloquent divines of Richmond, took their stands in the halls of legislation, in the churches and the theaters, and swelled the eloquence of this last grand appeal to the people and armies of the South. . . . It was an extraordinary day in Richmond; vast crowds huddled around the stands of the speakers or lined the streets; and the air was vocal with the efforts of the orator and the responses of his audience. It appeared indeed that the blood of the people had again been kindled. But it was only the sickly glare of an expiring flame; there was no steadiness in the excitement; there was no virtue in the huzzas; the inspiration ended with the voices and ceremonies that invoked it; and it was found that the spirit of the people of the Confederacy was too weak, too much broken, to react with effect or assume the position of erect and desperate defiance." [Pollard, "The Lost Cause," pp. 684, 685.]

[5] "Richmond Dispatch," Feb. 7, 1865.

This extravagance of impotent anger, this rage of baffled ambition, would seem merely pitiably grotesque were it not rendered ghastly by the reflection that it was the signal which carried many additional thousands of brave soldiers to bloody graves in continuing a palpably hopeless military struggle.

THE XIIITH AMENDMENT.

We have enumerated with some detail the series of radical antislavery measures enacted at the second session of the Thirty-seventh Congress, which ended July 17, 1862—the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia; the prohibition of slavery in the national Territories; the practical repeal of the fugitive slave law; and the sweeping measures of confiscation which in different forms decreed forfeiture of slave property for the crimes of treason and rebellion. When this wholesale legislation was supplemented by the President's preliminary Emancipation Proclamation of September 22, 1862, and his final edict of freedom of January 1, 1863, the institution had clearly received its *coup de grâce* in all except the loyal border States. Consequently the third session of the Thirty-seventh Congress ending March 4, 1863, occupied itself with this phase of the slavery question only to the extent of an effort to put into operation the President's plan of compensated abolishment. That effort took practical shape in a bill to give the State of Missouri fifteen millions on condition that she would emancipate her slaves; but the proposition failed, largely through the opposition of a few conservative members from Missouri, and the session adjourned without having by its legislation advanced the destruction of slavery.

When Congress met again in December, 1863, and organized by the election of Schuyler Colfax of Indiana as Speaker, the whole situation had undergone further change. The Union arms had been triumphant—Gettysburg had been won and Vicksburg had capitulated; Lincoln's edict of freedom had become an accepted fact; fifty regiments of negro soldiers carried bayonets in the Union armies; Vallandigham had been beaten for governor in Ohio by a hundred thousand majority; the draft had been successfully enforced in every district of every loyal State in the Union. Under these brightening prospects, military and political, the more progressive spirits in Congress took up anew the suspended battle with slavery which the institution had itself invited by its unprovoked assault on the life of the Government.

The President's reference to the subject in his annual message was very brief:

> The movements [said he] by State action for emancipation in several of the States not included in the Emancipation Proclamation are matters of profound gratulation. And while I do not repeat in detail what I have heretofore so earnestly urged upon this subject, my general views and feelings remain unchanged; and I trust that Congress will omit no fair opportunity of aiding these important steps to a great consummation.[2]

His language had reference to Maryland, where during the autumn of 1863 the question of emancipation had been actively discussed by political parties, and where at the election of November 4, 1863, a legislature had been chosen containing a considerable majority pledged to emancipation.

More especially did it refer to Missouri, where, notwithstanding the failure of the fifteen-million compensation bill at the previous session, a State convention had actually passed an ordinance of emancipation, though with such limitations as rendered it unacceptable to the more advanced public opinion of the State. Prudence was the very essence of Mr. Lincoln's statesmanship, and he doubtless felt it was not safe for the Executive to venture farther at that time. "We are like whalers," he said to Governor Morgan one day, "who have been on a long chase: we have at last got the harpoon into the monster, but we must now look how we steer, or with one 'flop' of his tail he will yet send us all into eternity."[3]

Senators and members of the House, especially those representing antislavery States or districts, did not need to be so circumspect. It was doubtless with this consciousness that J. M. Ashley, a Republican representative from Ohio, and James F. Wilson, a Republican representative from Iowa, on the 14th of December, 1863,—that being the earliest opportunity after the House was organized,—introduced, the former a bill and the latter a joint resolution to propose to the several States an amendment of the Constitution prohibiting slavery throughout the United States. Both the propositions were referred to the Committee on the Judiciary, of which Mr. Wilson was chairman; but before he made any report on the subject it had been brought before the Senate, where its discussion attracted marked public attention.

Senator John B. Henderson, who with rare courage and skill had, as a progressive conservative, made himself one of the leading champions of Missouri emancipation, on the 11th of January, 1864, introduced into the

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[1] Jones, "A Rebel War Clerk's Diary," Vol. II., p. 411.

[2] Message, Dec. 8, 1863.

[3] Carpenter in Raymond, "Life of Abraham Lincoln," p. 752.

Senate a joint resolution proposing an amendment to the Constitution that slavery shall not exist in the United States.[1] It is not probable that either he or the Senate saw any near hope of success in such a measure. The resolution went to the Senate Committee on the Judiciary, where it caused some discussion, but apparently without being treated as a matter of pressing importance. Nearly a month had elapsed when Mr. Sumner also introduced a joint resolution, proposing an amendment that "Everywhere within the limits of the United States, and of each State or Territory thereof, all persons are equal before the law, so that no person can hold another as a slave."[2] He asked its reference to the select committee on slavery, of which he was chairman; but several senators argued that such an amendment properly belonged to the Committee on the Judiciary, and in this reference Mr. Sumner finally acquiesced. It is possible that this slight and courteously worded rivalry between the two committees induced earlier action than would otherwise have happened, for two days later — February 10 — Mr. Trumbull, chairman of the Judiciary Committee, reported back a substitute in the following language, differing from the phraseology of both Mr. Sumner and Mr. Henderson:

> ARTICLE XIII.
>
> SECTION 1. Neither slavery nor involuntary servitude, except as a punishment for crime, whereof the party shall have been duly convicted, shall exist within the United States, or any place subject to their jurisdiction.
>
> SECT. 2. Congress shall have power to enforce this article by appropriate legislation.[3]

Even after the Committee on the Judiciary by this report had adopted the measure, it was evidently thought to be merely in an experimental or trial stage, for more than six weeks elapsed before the Senate again took it up for action. On the 28th of March, however, Mr. Trumbull formally opened debate upon it in an elaborate speech. The discussion was continued from time to time until April 8. As the Republicans had almost unanimous control of the Senate, their speeches, though able and eloquent, seemed perfunctory and devoted to a foregone conclusion. Those which attracted most attention were the arguments of Reverdy Johnson of Maryland and Mr. Henderson of Missouri,— senators representing slave States,— advocating the amendment. Senator Sumner, whose pride of erudition amounted almost to vanity, pleaded earnestly for his phrase, "All persons are equal before the law," copied from the Constitution of revolutionary France. But Mr. Howard of Michigan, one of the soundest lawyers and clearest thinkers of the Senate, pointed out the inapplicability of the words, and declared it safer to follow the Ordinance of 1787, with its historical associations and its well-adjudicated meaning.

There was, of course, from the first no doubt whatever that the Senate would pass the constitutional amendment, the political classification of that body being thirty-six Republicans, five Conditional Unionists, and nine Democrats. Not only was the whole Republican strength, thirty-six votes, cast in its favor, but two Democrats,— Reverdy Johnson of Maryland and James W. Nesmith of Oregon,— with a political wisdom far in advance of their party, also voted for it, giving more than the two-thirds required by the Constitution.

When, however, the joint resolution went to the House of Representatives there was such a formidable party strength arrayed against it as to foreshadow its failure. The party classification of the House stood one hundred and two Republicans, seventy-five Democrats, and nine from the border States, leaving but little chance of obtaining the required two-thirds in favor of the measure. Nevertheless there was sufficient Republican strength to secure its discussion; and when it came up on the 31st of May the first vote showed seventy-six to fifty-five against rejecting the joint resolution.

We may infer that the conviction of the present hopelessness of the measure greatly shortened the debate upon it. The question occupied the House only on three different days — the 31st of May, when it was taken up, and the 14th and 15th of June. The speeches in opposition all came from Democrats; the speeches in its favor all came from Republicans, except one. From its adoption the former predicted the direst evils to the Constitution and the Republic; the latter the most beneficial results in the restoration of the country to peace and the fulfillment of the high destiny intended for it by its founders. Upon the final question of its passage the vote stood: yeas, ninety-three; nays, sixty-five; absent or not voting, twenty-three. Of those voting in favor of the resolution eighty-seven were Republicans and four were Democrats.[4] Those voting against it were all Democrats. The resolution, not having secured a two-thirds vote, was thus lost; seeing which Mr. Ashley, Republican, who had the measure in charge, changed his vote so that he might, if occasion arose, move its reconsideration.

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[1] Henry Wilson, "Antislavery Measures in Congress," p. 251.

[2] "Globe," Feb. 8, 1864, p. 521.

[3] "Globe," March 28, 1864, p. 1313.

[4] The Democrats voting for the joint resolution were Moses F. Odell and John A. Griswold of New York, Joseph Baily of Pennsylvania, and Ezra Wheeler of Wisconsin, the latter having also made the only speech in its favor from the Democratic side.

The ever-vigilant public opinion of the loyal States, intensified by the burdens and anxieties of the war, took up this far-reaching question of abolishing slavery by constitutional amendment with an interest fully as deep as that manifested by Congress. Before the joint resolution had failed in the House of Representatives the issue was already transferred to discussion and prospective decision in a new forum.

When on the 7th of June, 1864, the National Republican Convention met in Baltimore, the two most vital thoughts which animated its members were the renomination of Mr. Lincoln and the success of the constitutional amendment. The first was recognized as a popular decision needing only the formality of an announcement by the convention; and the full emphasis of speech and resolution was therefore centered on the latter, as the dominant and aggressive reform upon which the party would stake its political fortunes in the coming campaign.

It is not among the least of the evidences of President Lincoln's political sagacity and political courage that it was he himself who supplied the spark that fired this train of popular action. The editor of the "New York Independent," who attended the convention, and who with others visited Mr. Lincoln immediately after the nomination, printed the following in his paper of June 16, 1864: "When one of us mentioned the great enthusiasm at the convention, after Senator E. D. Morgan's proposition to amend the Constitution, abolishing slavery, Mr. Lincoln instantly said, 'It was I who suggested to Mr. Morgan that he should put that idea into his opening speech.'" The declaration of Morgan, who was chairman of the National Republican Committee, and as such called the convention to order, immediately found an echo in the speech of the temporary chairman, the Rev. Dr. Robert J. Breckinridge. The indorsement of the principle by the eminent Kentucky divine, not on the ground of party, but on the high philosophy of true universal government and of genuine Christian religion, gave the announcement an interest and significance accorded to few planks in party platforms. Permanent chairman Dennison reaffirmed the doctrine of Morgan and Breckinridge, and the thunderous applause of the whole convention greeted the formal proclamation of the new dogma of political faith in the third resolution of the platform:

> *Resolved*, That as slavery was the cause and now constitutes the strength of this rebellion, and as it must be always and everywhere hostile to the principles of republican government, justice and the national safety demand its utter and complete extirpation from the soil of the Republic; and that while we uphold and maintain the acts and proclamations by which the Government in its own defense has aimed a death blow at this gigantic evil, we are in favor, furthermore, of such an amendment to the Constitution, to be made by the people, in conformity with its provisions, as shall terminate and forever prohibit the existence of slavery within the limits or the jurisdiction of the United States.

We have related elsewhere how upon this and the other declarations of the platform the Republican party went to battle and gained an overwhelming victory — a popular majority of 411,281, an electoral majority of 191, and a House of Representatives of 138 Unionists to 35 Democrats. In view of this result the President was able to take up the question with confidence among his official recommendations; and in the annual message which he transmitted to Congress on the 6th of December, 1864, he urged upon the members whose terms were about to expire the propriety of at once carrying into effect the clearly expressed popular will. Said he:

> At the last session of Congress a proposed amendment of the Constitution, abolishing slavery throughout the United States, passed the Senate, but failed, for lack of the requisite two-thirds vote, in the House of Representatives. Although the present is the same Congress, and nearly the same members, and without questioning the wisdom or patriotism of those who stood in opposition, I venture to recommend the reconsideration and passage of the measure at the present session. Of course the abstract question is not changed; but an intervening election shows, almost certainly, that the next Congress will pass the measure if this does not. Hence there is only a question of *time* as to when the proposed amendment will go to the States for their action. And as it is to so go at all events, may we not agree that the sooner the better? It is not claimed that the election has imposed a duty on members to change their views or their votes any further than, as an additional element to be considered, their judgment may be affected by it. It is the voice of the people, now for the first time heard upon the question. In a great national crisis like ours unanimity of action among those seeking a common end is very desirable — almost indispensable. And yet no approach to unanimity is attainable unless some deference shall be paid to the will of the majority, simply because it is the will of the majority. In this case the common end is the maintenance of the Union; and, among the means to secure that end, such will, through the election, is most clearly declared in favor of such constitutional amendment.[1]

On the 15th of December Mr. Ashley gave notice that he would on the 6th of January, 1865, call up the constitutional amendment for reconsideration;[2] and accordingly on the day appointed he opened the new debate upon it in an earnest speech. General discussion followed from time to time, occupying perhaps half the days of the month of January. As at the previous session, the Republicans all favored, while the Democrats mainly opposed it, but the important exceptions among the latter showed what immense gains the proposition had made in popular opinion and in congressional willingness to recognize and embody it. The logic of events had become more powerful than party creed or strategy. For fifteen years the Democratic party had stood as sentinel and bulwark to slavery; and yet, despite its alliance and championship, the peculiar institution was being consumed like dry leaves in the fire of war. For a whole decade it had been defeated in every great contest of congressional debate and legislation. It had withered in popular elections, been paralyzed by confiscation laws, crushed by Executive decrees, trampled upon by marching Union armies. More notable than all, the agony of dissolution had come upon it in its final stronghold — the constitutions of the slave States. Local public opinion had throttled it in West Virginia, in Missouri, in Arkansas, in Louisiana, in Maryland; and the same spirit of change was upon Tennessee, and even showing itself in Kentucky. Here was a great revolution of ideas, a mighty sweep of sentiment, which could not be explained away by the stale charge of sectional fanaticism, or by alleging technical irregularities of political procedure. Here was a mighty flood of public opinion, overleaping old barriers and rushing into new channels. The Democratic party did not and could not shut its eyes to the accomplished facts. "In my judgment," said Mr. Holman of Indiana, "the fate of slavery is sealed. It dies by the rebellious hand of its votaries, untouched by the law. Its fate is determined by the war; by the measures of the war; by the results of the war. These, sir, must determine it, even if the Constitution were amended."[1] He opposed the amendment, he declared, simply because it was unnecessary. Though few other Democrats were so frank, all their speeches were weighed down by the same consciousness of a losing fight, a hopeless cause. The Democratic leader of the House, and lately defeated Democratic candidate for Vice-President, Mr. Pendleton, opposed the amendment, as he had done at the previous session, by asserting that three-fourths of the States did not possess constitutional power to pass it, this being — if the paradox be excused — at the same time the weakest and the strongest argument: weakest, because the Constitution in terms contradicted the assertion; strongest, because under the circumstances nothing less than unconstitutionality could justify opposition. But while the Democrats as a party thus persisted in a false attitude, more progressive members had the courage to take independent and wiser action. Not only did the four Democrats — Moses F. Odell and John A. Griswold, of New York; Joseph Baily, of Pennsylvania; and Ezra Wheeler, of Wisconsin — who supported the amendment at the first session again record their votes in its favor, but they were now joined by thirteen others of their party associates, namely: Augustus C. Baldwin, of Michigan; Alexander H. Coffroth and Archibald McAllister, of Pennsylvania; James E. English, of Connecticut; John Ganson, Anson Herrick, Homer A. Nelson, William Radford, and John B. Steele, of New York; Wells A. Hutchins, of Ohio; Austin A. King and James S. Rollins, of Missouri; and George H. Yeaman, of Kentucky; and by their help the favorable two-thirds vote was secured. But special credit for the result must not be accorded to these alone. Even more than of Northern Democrats must be recognized the courage and progressive liberality of members from the border slave States — one from Delaware, four from Maryland, three from West Virginia, four from Kentucky, and seven from Missouri, whose speeches and votes aided the consummation of the great act; and, finally, something is due to those Democrats, eight in number, who were absent without pairs, and thus, perhaps not altogether by accident, reduced somewhat the two-thirds vote necessary to the passage of the joint resolution.

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[1] Lincoln, Annual Message, Dec. 6, 1864.

[2] "Globe, Dec. 15, 1864, p. 53.

Mingled with these influences of a public and moral nature it is not unlikely that others of more selfish interest, operating both for and against the amendment, were not entirely wanting. One, who was a member of the House, writes:

> The success of the measure had been considered very doubtful, and depended upon certain negotiations the result of which was not fully assured, and the particulars of which never reached the public.[2]

So also one of the President's secretaries wrote on the 18th of January:

> I went to the President this afternoon at the request of Mr. Ashley, on a matter connecting itself with the pending amendment of the Constitution. The Camden and Amboy railroad interest promised Mr. Ashley that if he would help postpone the Raritan railroad bill over this session they would in return make the New Jersey Democrats help about the amendment, either by their votes or absence. Sumner being the Senate champion of the Raritan bill, Ashley went to him to ask him to drop it for this session. Sumner, however, showed reluctance to adopt Mr. Ashley's suggestion, saying that he hoped the amendment would pass anyhow,

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[1] "Globe," Jan. 11, 1865, p. 219.

[2] George W. Julian, "Political Recollections," p. 250.

etc. Ashley thought he discerned in Sumner's manner two reasons: (1) That if the present Senate resolution were not adopted by the House, the Senate would send them another in which they would most likely adopt Sumner's own phraseology and thereby gratify his ambition; and (2) that Sumner thinks the defeat of the Camden and Amboy monopoly would establish a principle by legislative enactment which would effectually crush out the last lingering relics of the States rights dogma. Ashley therefore desired the President to send for Sumner, and urge him to be practical and secure the passage of the amendment in the manner suggested by Mr. Ashley. I stated these points to the President, who replied at once: "I can do nothing with Mr. Sumner in these matters. While Mr. Sumner is very cordial with me, he is making his history in an issue with me on this very point. He hopes to succeed in beating the President so as to change this Government from its original form and make it a strong centralized power." Then calling Mr. Ashley into the room, the President said to him, "I think I understand Mr. Sumner; and I think he would be all the more resolute in his persistence on the points which Mr. Nicolay has mentioned to me if he supposed I were at all watching his course on this matter."[1]

The issue was decided in the afternoon of the 31st of January, 1865. The scene was one of unusual interest. The galleries were filled to overflowing; the members watched the proceedings with unconcealed solicitude. "Up to noon," said a contemporaneous formal report, "the pro-slavery party are said to have been confident of defeating the amendment, and after that time had passed, one of the most earnest advocates of the measure said, ''T is the toss of a copper.'"[2] There were the usual pleas for postponement and for permission to offer amendments or substitutes, but at four o'clock the House came to a final vote, and the roll-call showed, yeas, 119; nays, 56; not voting, 8. Scattering murmurs of applause had followed the announcement of affirmative votes from several of the Democratic members. This was renewed when by direction of the Speaker the clerk called his name and he voted aye. But when the Speaker finally announced, "The constitutional majority of two-thirds having voted in the affirmative, the joint resolution is passed," "the announcement" — so continues the official report printed in the "Globe" —"was received by the House and by the spectators with an outburst of enthusiasm. The members on the Republican side of the House instantly sprung to their feet, and, regardless of parliamentary rules, applauded with cheers and clapping of hands. The example was followed by the male spectators in the galleries, which were crowded to excess, who waved their hats and cheered loud and long, while the ladies, hundreds of whom were present, rose in their seats and waved their handkerchiefs, participating in and adding to the general excitement and intense interest of the scene. This lasted for several minutes."[3] "In honor of this immortal and sublime event," cried Mr. Ingersoll of Illinois, "I move that the House do now adjourn," and against the objection of a Maryland Democrat the motion was carried by a yea and nay vote. A salute of one hundred guns soon made the occasion the subject of comment and congratulation throughout the city. On the following night a considerable procession marched with music to the Executive Mansion to carry popular greetings to the President. In response to their calls, Mr. Lincoln appeared at a window and made a brief speech, of which only an abstract report was preserved, but which is nevertheless important as showing the searching analysis of cause and effect which this question had undergone in his mind, the deep interest he felt, and the far-reaching consequences he attached to the measure and its success.

He supposed [he said] the passage through Congress of the constitutional amendment for the abolishment of slavery throughout the United States was the occasion to which he was indebted for the honor of this call. The occasion was one of congratulation to the country and to the whole world. But there is a task yet before us — to go forward and have consummated by the votes of the States that which Congress had so nobly begun yesterday. He had the honor to inform those present that Illinois had to-day already done the work. Maryland was about half through, but he felt proud that Illinois was a little ahead. He thought this measure was a very fitting if not an indispensable adjunct to the winding up of the great difficulty. He wished the reunion of all the States perfected, and so effected as to remove all causes of disturbance in the future; and to attain this end, it was necessary that the original disturbing cause should, if possible, be rooted out. He thought all would bear him witness that he had never shrunk from doing all that he could to eradicate slavery, by issuing an Emancipation Proclamation. But that proclamation falls far short of what the amendment will be when fully consummated. A question might be raised whether the proclamation was legally valid. It might be urged, that it only aided those that came into our lines, and that it was inoperative as to those who did not give themselves up; or that it would have no effect upon the children of slaves born hereafter; in fact, it would be urged that it did not meet the evil. But this amendment is a king's cure-all for all the evils. It winds the whole thing up. He would repeat, that it was the fitting if not the indispensable adjunct to the consummation of the great game we are playing. He could not but congratulate all present — himself, the country, and the whole world — upon this great moral victory.

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[1] J. G. N., "Personal Memoranda." MS.

[2] Report of Special Committee of the Union League Club of New York. Pamphlet.

[3] "Globe," Jan. 31, 1865, p. 531.

IN SORROW'S HOUR.

THE brambles blow without you,—at the door
They make late April,—and the brier too
Buds its first rose for other folk than you;
In the deep grass the elder bush once more
Heaps its sweet snow; and the marsh-marigold
With its small fire sets all the sedge aflare,
Like flakes of flame blown down the gray, still air;
The cardinal-flower is out in thickets old.
Oh, love! oh, love! what road is yours to-day?
For I would follow after, see your face,
Put my hand in your hand, feel the dear grace
Of hair, mouth, eyes, hear the brave words you say.
The dark is void, and all the daylight vain.
Oh, that you were but here with me again!

Lizette Wordworth Reese.

FRA FILIPPO LIPPI (1402–12–1469).

(ITALIAN OLD MASTERS.)

THE character of the work of Masaccio in art may be compared to that of Luther in religion, in kind if not in measure. It was the first bold and unequivocal departure from the authority of the traditions of art recognized by all the followers of Giotto, the first frank declaration of the value of individuality in art. Like Luther's, this reform did not extend to the repudiation of the great motives of the fathers, but was devoted to limitation of the manner of interpreting them and the forms they should take. The example set by Masaccio of turning his back on the world of the ecstatics and the types of authority and opening his eyes to the living flesh and blood about him was followed by his pupil, Fra Filippo Lippi, with a hearty and unreserved abandonment to the logical consequences, which would perhaps have surprised and repelled the master as much as the later doctrines of reform would have shocked Luther. In Masaccio we found the first unbiased, natural inspiration; in Filippo we have the first direct recourse to the individual as a substitute for the ideal. For though far from ideal in the large and now generally accepted use of the word, embracing the old and the new, the Greek as well as the Christian, the Byzantine type was an ideal as completely as the Phidian, and the imagery of the ecstatic school was drawn from the inner vision. Its Christ was the man of many sorrows, emaciated by spiritual struggles and not beautiful to look on; its Madonna, the woman who mothered all human griefs—spiritual ideals, between which and the Greek ideals of physical beauty there was all the antagonism of the religions from which they grew.

Not to push a parallel too far, the art of the school of Masaccio was an art involving the reform of externals; and in it, as might be expected, the departure of the followers in reform from the old canons was a rapidly accelerating progress. In Filippo the ideal becomes personal; and whatever may be the truth as to the stories of his relations to Lucrezia Buti, there is no mistaking the fact that some fair face had come between his eyes and the Madonna. The forms of beauty to him became all of one mold, and there is for the first time in the progress of Christian art a distinct and systematic employment of the individual and the personal in the representation of sacred personages, especially of the Madonna, an employment which later becomes the rule.

No doubt the work of Donatello contributed greatly to this result, but that was still ideal. His system of types had a kind of individuality not known before in sculpture; but those types, distinct as they were, do not bear the mark of the model, but seem rather the outcome of an imaginative conception of the character more analogous to Greek idealization than to that of the art which began with Fra Filippo. From this time forward the naturalism of painting becomes more and more concrete; and though direct work from a model as practiced to-day does not appear for a long time after Fra Filippo, the naturalistic element gains strength with every generation of painters.

It is not easy to decide upon the exact date of Fra Filippo's birth. Vasari says in his first edition 1402, in the second, 1412; and if we could accept his assertion that the Frate died at the age of fifty-seven the latter date would be correct, for we know that he was buried in 1469. The records state that he was the son of a Florentine butcher, that his mother died in 1412, shortly after his birth, and that his father died two years later, leaving the orphan to the care of an aunt, Monna Lapaccia, a woman in poor circumstances, as were all his relatives. Milanesi, however, says that the ledger of the Carmelite convent where Filippo passed his youth states that he professed at the age of sixteen, the date given being 1421, which would put the date of his birth at 1405–06. The legend runs that Monna Lapaccia kept him till he was eight years old, when, unable to support him longer, she placed him in the monastery of the Carmine, which, as fate would have it, was in the immediate vicinity of her house. Here the boy proved to be dexterous in all kinds of handicraft, but absolutely dull and indolent at his books. The "grammar-master" could make nothing of him: instead of studying he drew little figures all over his own and his classmates' books, so at last the prior very sensibly put him to drawing, and gave him every facility for developing his talent. Masaccio's frescos in the monastery were a source of great delight to the boy artist, who would spend long hours every day studying them. He made such rapid progress that every one prophesied that he would become famous, and Vasari says that "many thought that the spirit of Masaccio must have entered into Filippo." He painted many frescos in the Carmine, all of which have perished.

In 1431–32 he seems to have left the monastery, though the reasons that are attributed to him for so doing are of the most opposite natures. Vasari says that, having become elated by the praise of all those who saw his work, he cast off his monkish garb and went into the world, where he led a life of dissipation. Being one day at Ancona in a little pleasure-boat with some friends, the party was captured by Moorish pirates and carried off to Barbary, where Filippo remained eighteen months. One day he amused himself by drawing his master in charcoal on a white wall, and this feat so much astonished and delighted the Moors that, having caused him to paint one or two pictures for them, they took him to Naples and set him free. There he painted a panel in tempera for King Alfonso, and then returned to Florence.

This whole story is denied by modern historians. Cavalcaselle declares that Fra Filippo was never at Ancona or at Naples; that he never abandoned his monkhood, since he signed himself to the end "Frater Filippus," and was by others given the same name; and finally that Vasari is untruthful when he speaks of the Carmelite as a dissolute man, as a letter of his to Piero de' Medici shows him in a very different light. In this letter he complains of having been underpaid for one of his pictures, and says that it has pleased Heaven to leave him the poorest friar in Florence, in charge of six marriageable nieces, who are entirely dependent on him: he begs Piero to allow him a grant of corn and wine to support them while he is away.

This certainly does not look like the letter of a man whom, according to Vasari, Piero de' Medici was forced to lock up in order to get any work done, and who knotted his sheets together and escaped by the window after two days to get off and revel. Vasari relates that, being engaged by the nuns of St. Margaret to paint a panel, he fell in love with a young girl of whom the Sisters had charge, Lucrezia Buti — Filippino Lippi being, according to this account, the child of this unlawful union. This again Cavalcaselle indignantly denies, and points out that it is unlikely that so immoral a person as was Fra Filippo should have been created chaplain to a convent of nuns in 1452, and rector of St. Quirico at Legnaia in 1457. He supposes the younger artist to have been adopted by the older, as was frequently done in those days.

Very few of Fra Filippo's earliest works are known. Probably the Nativity in the Academy of Fine Arts at Florence belongs to the period of his monastic life, and it may be the one painted for Cosimo de' Medici of which Vasari speaks. It shows the influence of Fra Angelico much more than his later work. Another altar-piece, in the Berlin museum, bearing his signature, belongs to the same epoch. In the Louvre is a Madonna and Child painted by Fra Filippo at the age of twenty-six; in the Lateran Gallery another altar-piece, executed to the order of Carlo Marzuppini, in which the donor of the piece is introduced. Vasari says that Marzuppini called the artist's attention to the careless manner in which the hands and feet were drawn, and that Fra Filippo hid them with the drapery to hide their imperfection — one of those curious technical details continually occurring in the history of the art of this epoch which shows as clearly as any tradition can that the practice of drawing the subject from the model was not yet adopted, but that the figure was drawn from traditional and inherited knowledge of it, as it had been by the Byzantines. To understand the relations of the Italian art of the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries, it is necessary to have this always in mind, as it will then be easy to see how far and how fast the practice obtained of drawing from nature as a preparation for the final work.

In 1441 Fra Filippo executed a commission for the nuns of S. Ambrogio; and in the "Coronation of the Virgin," which he executed for them, there is a half-length portrait of himself, tonsured, which proves that at least as late as 1441 he retained the badge of monastic life.

From this time Fra Filippo seems to have orders enough, one would think, to furnish means of subsistence for any number of relatives, yet he appears to have remained poor and needy. The Medici took him under their patronage, and in 1452 he was made chaplain in the convent of S. Giovannino in Florence.

In 1456 he was at Prato, painting the series of frescos in the choir of the cathedral, which remains on the whole the most important of his works, both for size and for preservation. The next year he received an order from Giovanni de' Medici to leave his work and come to Florence and paint a picture for the king of Naples; and though loath to return to Florence, on account of debts he owed there, he obeyed his patron. We have a letter of his begging for money to buy the gold-leaf he needed to complete the picture; and the agent of the Medici, who went to his shop to urge him on with his work, says in a letter to Cosimo that he found a sale going on in Filippo's studio to pay his rent and some other debts.

The picture for the king, and one for Count de Rohan, were sent to Naples, and gave much satisfaction, as we learn from a letter of Cosimo's; but they are no longer there, unless a panel in the museum, somewhat like one in the National Gallery, London, be by him; but it appears to me more like the work of Filippino. In the Pitti Gallery, Florence, there is an admirable madonna by Fra Filippo, which he is said to have painted from Lucrezia Buti. The head is of the same type as most of his representations of women. There is another reputed portrait of Lucrezia in the Louvre, but Cavalcaselle says the picture is not even by Fra Filippo, and attributes it to Peselli. At Prato, in the gallery, there is a madonna by Filippo, and in the municipal gallery a Virgin and Child with attendant saints. In the refectory of S. Dominico there is an extremely fine Nativity, which, with the frescos noted in the cathedral, shows that Fra Filippo's stay in Prato must have been a considerable one. His work there however seems to have suffered several interruptions. The first, as we have seen, was caused by a summons from his patron. In 1461 he went to Perugia to value the frescos of Benedetto Buonfigli in the chapel of the Palazzo del Comune; in 1463 and 1464 we find the representatives of Prato meeting in great perplexity as to how the painter can be forced to finish his work, for which he has been in part paid, and deciding to ask Messer Carlo de' Medici to interfere. By some means or other the frescos were completed, and in the last of the series, the "Death of S. Stefano," Lippi introduced a fine portrait of Carlo de' Medici, and one of himself.

From Prato, Fra Filippo seems to have gone to Spoleto, where he painted in the cathedral several scenes from the life of the Virgin, which still remain, though in a damaged condition, being, moreover, never finished, as he died there in 1469, poisoned — according to Vasari again — by the relatives of one of his mistresses. Lorenzo de' Medici erected a tomb to him in the cathedral of Spoleto, and Politian wrote his epitaph.

One of Fra Filippo's chief pupils was Fra Diamante. Cavalcaselle brings forward the theory that he, and not his master, was guilty of Lucrezia's seduction, and that all the libertinism attributed by Vasari to Fra Filippo should be laid on his disciple. This he deduces from the fact that while Fra Filippo was at Prato, completing his commissions there, Fra Diamante was imprisoned in Florence, by order of his superior, and did not join his master till the latter went to Spoleto. He thinks that Fra Filippo would not have been able to continue at Prato had he been guilty of the crime Vasari charges him with, for fear of the vendetta which Lucrezia's father and the nuns would assuredly have tried to bring upon him.

The sacrilegious intrigue, on account of which the life of the Frate has been so charged with obloquy, seems to me to be disputed with reason by Cavalcaselle, and the alleged poisoning at Spoleto for a similar offense is one of those vague statements of which the history of the Middle and subsequent ages is full. Any sudden death was attributed to poisoning, though we know now that many forms of malarial disease, for some of which Italy has always been noted, cause death as sudden and mysterious as poison. There were in Lippi's day no tests and no post-mortems, and suspicion was universal. And where suspicion of poisoning arose a motive was sure to be supplied. Current rumors are not evidence sufficient to establish accusations of such gravity that if recognized by the ecclesiastical authorities they would have brought Fra Filippo before the Inquisition.

It is possible, and indeed probable, that the whole basis for the tradition was in the artistic sacrilege the artist committed in adopting a living type of womanhood as the sacred image alike of saint and Madonna. That a certain want of ecstatic susceptibility was characteristic of the Frate is clear, not only from his absolute dependence for his types on physical presence, but in a certain mental heaviness and in indifference to real ecclesiastical qualifications. He was of the true modern artistic temperament, which is rarely notably reverential of sacred things; and the simple fact that he drew a living woman as the Madonna may have been to the religious feeling of the day a worse offense than the abduction of a nun.

The innovations introduced by Fra Filippo were not limited to the type. The use of oil over his tempera painting is clear, and to this is no doubt due an advance in color which could otherwise have been the result only of a facility of retouching and overworking such as he did not possess in tempera. The "Coronation of the Virgin" in the Florentine Accademia is a masterpiece in this direction, which anticipates many of the finest qualities of the best modern French art; and the group at the apex of the composition, Christ crowning the Virgin, is as subtle in every way as any work I can recall in all the art of the Renaissance. But there is still nothing realistic in it in the sense which I have given to the word in writing of Masaccio. The main motive of the work is decorative; ornament is used much as the earlier men used it; the distinction between frescos and easel pictures is more marked; and we begin to see the foreshadowing of a form of art which the Venetians carried to great perfection. The color is perfectly pure and bright — qualities due to the tempera basis, and only slightly affected by the oil painting in transparent color over it. The blackening, which is the chief vice of oil painting, does not appear till about the time of Fra Bartolommeo, who in his easel pictures appears to have used oil only as his vehicle.

When we go from the Coronation in the Accademia to the frescos at Prato, large in manner and masterly in execution, we can estimate the technical power of Fra Filippo as readily as we can his originality when we compare his conceptions of the sacred personages with those of Masaccio, and can see our way to place him, as I must, as the first great master of modern art in the sense in which modern art is distinguished from that of the schools sprung from the Byzantine.

W. J. Stillman.

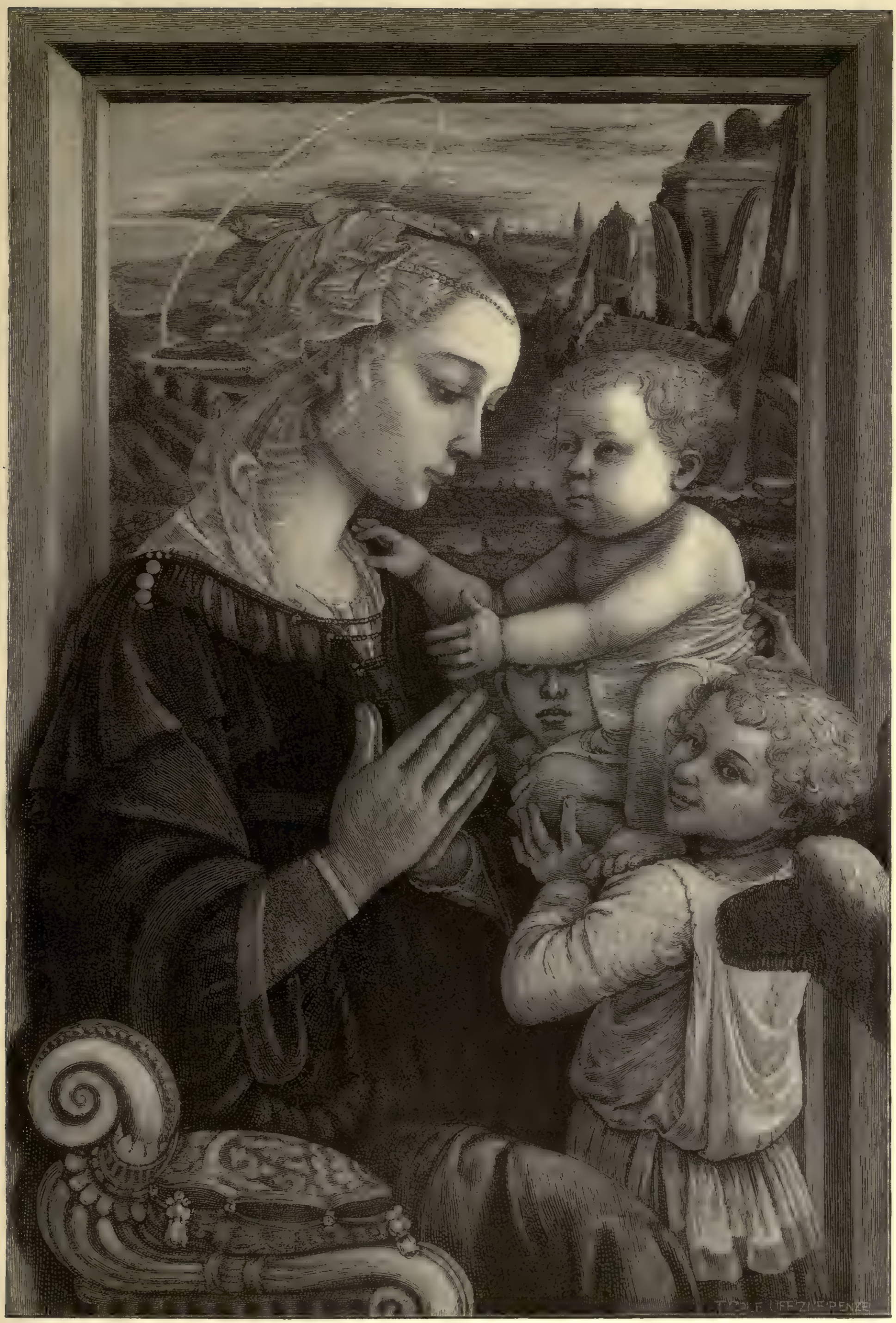
NOTES BY TIMOTHY COLE, ENGRAVER.

THE "Madonna Adoring the Child Jesus," by Fra Filippo Lippi, in the Uffizi, Florence, ranks among his very finest panel pictures. It is painted in tempera on wood, and measures two feet wide by three feet high, exclusive of its beautiful frame of fruit and flowers.

It is a very pretty allusion to the text of Scripture: "For he shall give his angels charge over thee. . . . They shall bear thee up in their hands." (Ps. xci. 11, 12.) The Virgin is by an open window and the infant Jesus is seated upon the sill, when she becomes aware of the presence of the ministering spirits. She is in an attitude of adoration, looking off somewhat as in a revery. The farther angel, who stands on the other side of the window, has just caught the pious look of the Virgin as he glances up between the arms of Jesus; his mouth is full of the innocence of childhood. The other angel, full of childish glee, turns to look at the spectator. This face is remarkable for the sweetness of its smile. It is most captivating to look close into it and observe the refinement of its treatment, and the young, guileless purity of expression. These are real Florentine boys, and I know of two just such, who might have been the identical models that Filippo Lippi used — the difference of time not considered. They need only wings clapped to their shoulders to make real angels.

The group is gracefully and naturally disposed and forms a charming composition against the quiet background, which also is full of interest. To the right in the distance is a walled city with spires and towers relieved against the evening sky, which is of a neutral, warm, or greenish tint. Then comes a pile of rocks in which the fissures and coarse texture are minutely painted — too delicately worked to be given adequately in a small engraving. To the left a river winds through cultivated fields, losing itself among distant hills dotted with clumps of bushes and trees. Towards the foreground is seen a little red-topped cottage, part of which is visible through a portion of the elaborate, transparent headdress of the Madonna. It is a chapel, perhaps, as it has a cross on top. The coloring of the whole is rich, though somewhat faded. Perhaps the darks have grown darker and the lights lighter. The robe of the Virgin is a dark green of soft, rich tone, the flesh tints are yellowish. The robe of the laughing angel is of a fine purplish tinge, tipped aside as it is, which brings it more in shade. His white garment in the soft light is delicately felt.

This illustrates a tender and graceful phase of the master's work, and was a favorite subject with him; but to see him in his grandeur we must pay a visit to the Duomo at Prato, a short distance from Florence, where are his most important works — large, grand frescos, which are among the highest creations of the art of the fifteenth century. (See Morelli, "Italian Masters in German Galleries.") I regret very much my inability to engrave an example from these pictures as well; but circumstances were against it, and, after all, no mere detail could convey any idea of their magnificence.



"THE VIRGIN ADORING THE INFANT CHRIST," BY FILIPPO LIPPI.

(IN THE UFFIZI GALLERY, FLORENCE.)

THREE JEWISH KINGS.

ZION'S GATE, JERUSALEM.

IN the twenty-first chapter of Judges a Jewish city is located with unusual exactitude—"On the north side of Bethel, on the east side of the highway that goeth up from Bethel to Shechem, and on the south of Lebonah." The Bible name of the city is Shiloh. The modern Arab calls it Seilûn. It was the chief resort of the Israelites for a long time before the gates of Jerusalem were opened to them. There, after the battle of Ai, Joshua had moved the Tabernacle from Gilgal, and made it his headquarters until his death; there the division of the land took place; there Eli lived; and there Samuel spent his boyhood and was "established to be a prophet of the Lord."

The route from Bethel to Shiloh is exceedingly rough; but the large olive orchards, the rich grain fields, and the millions of flowers which come into view compensate one for the hard traveling. As the journey proceeds the scenery grows sublime. The mountains rise higher, come more closely to one another and narrow the valleys; then, for a time, they are lower and farther apart, and the widening valleys present a picturesque and busy scene. The brown-armed peasants are plowing; girls clad in gay attire are pulling tares from the grain, and children, singing merrily, are helping them. Frequently the tinkling of a bell attracts attention to the pathways which wind around the cliffs, and a tall Bedouin, with a striped *aba* and a long fowling-piece swung across his shoulders, is discovered guiding his flocks of sheep and goats. A long caravan of camels and donkeys laden with American kerosene may often be seen trailing slowly and demurely along the narrow, zigzag mountain paths. It is one of the busiest neighborhoods in Palestine. The cultivated fields line both sides of the "highway"—only a narrow bridle-path—until the ruins of the old crushed city are made out. What remains of Shiloh is located on a knoll a little higher than its neighbors. As soon as this is reached all the light seems to go out of the picture, so quickly do you climb from the delightful to the desolate. Some walls of an old castle, quite four feet thick, are standing. Several sturdy buttresses brace them up, and broken columns, capitals, and here and there a doorway tell how Shiloh was built to bear the brunt of battle; but they also tell what the Almighty "did to it for the wickedness of . . . Israel." At the southern base of the hill is a low, square building which the Bedouins call a mosque. In it the cattle now gather to escape the fierce rays of the sun when the shade of the splendid old terebinth which stands close by cannot accommodate all. The camera has done its best, with such rough material, to secure a representative view of

AT SHILOH.

SCOPUS FROM THE MOUNT OF OLIVES.

Shiloh. Part of the walls of the ancient city are in the foreground, while beyond, on the side of a second hill, are the ruins of the building to the thick walls of which reference is made. The prospect is not a familiar one; and yet almost every Christian child on the face of the earth is told the story of the youth who became the great prophet of Shiloh. Probably Hophni and Phinehas, the renegade sons of Eli, descended this very pictured hill when, bearing the sacred ark with them, they went forth to the fatal battle of Ebenezer, where they lost their lives and the ark of God was taken. Not very far away "Eli sat upon a seat by the wayside watching: for his heart trembled for the ark of God." It may have been very near this "that he fell from off the seat backward by the side of the gate, and his neck brake, and he died."

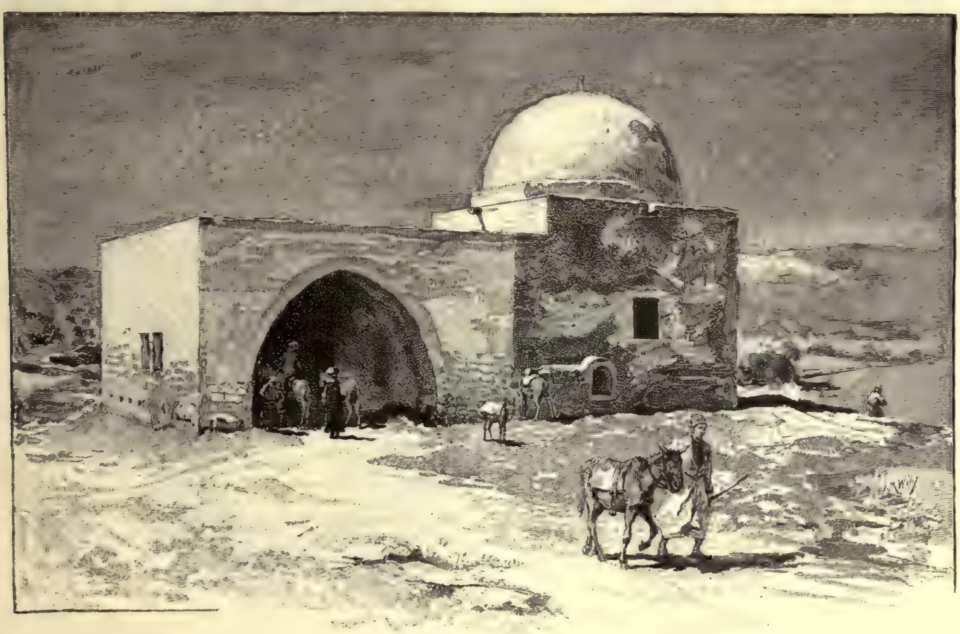
Matters did not move on prosperously at Shiloh. Consequently on all sides the opinion grew that some of the neighboring nations were managed better. The Israelites had long been in the grip of the Philistines. Among other sore grievances forced upon them was the necessity of carrying their plows and other farming implements to the Philistine blacksmiths for repairs; because no Israelite was allowed to swell the bellows and swing the sledge lest he forge spears and armor, to say nothing of making iron chariots such as some of the invaders had. The hearts of the older and more serious Israelites were broken by seeing the masses forsake the God of Egypt, the God of Sinai, the God of the Wilderness of Kadesh, the God of Eli, for the diabolical worship of Baal and Ashtaroth. For twenty years after the ark was taken no priest offered sacrifice, and but few were reverent enough to visit it while it rested quietly at Kirjath-jearim. The only ray of sunshine in all this moral and physical darkness was the devout Samuel. It was he who kept alive what little grace there was left. His work was a personal one for a time, for he did not dare at first to call a public assemblage. But when the Philistines found it was an injury to them and to their gods to hold the stolen ark, they concluded to restore it, and did indeed with great pomp send commissioners with it to Beth-shemesh. Samuel, with keen insight, understood their fear, and grew more bold. He called the famous assemblage of Mizpeh; prayed for the people; sacrificed a lamb at the altar "wholly unto the Lord: . . . and the Lord heard him." The battle of Mizpeh followed; the Philistines were defeated, and so subdued that no more trouble came from their quarter while Samuel lived.

The Bible does not define the location of Mizpeh as exactly as it does that of Shiloh. Nevertheless it is agreed that the long ridge called Scopus, which continues northward from the Mount of Olives, is the spot where Samuel took the oath of allegiance from the wandering people, and that not far from there he set up the stone of Ebenezer.

How marvelous is the view! You can see from the hill of Scopus better than from any other point how much lower is the hill on which

THE CAVE OF ADULLAM.

the holy city is located than any of the surrounding heights. The descent of the Valley of the Kedron and its depression appear much greater than when you are standing in the valley. The roofs of the houses of Siloam and the olive trees of Olivet appear small. Then there are the minarets, the broad domes, and the old gray walls of the city of David, with all of which we are familiar. A few minutes after the feet are turned descending towards Shiloh, the long mountain ridge, like a curtain, hides the historical theater from view, and the aspect presented by nature is desolate enough. The final battle with the Philistines occurred thereabouts. Israel seemed content with Samuel's government until the work grew too burdensome for him, and he sent his sons, Joel and Abiah, as his deputies, to the southern districts, with their headquarters at Beersheba. Then arose again, more strenuously than ever, the cry from the elders and from the people, "Make us a king to judge us like all the nations." Though the aged Samuel was displeased at this at first, the people refused to obey his voice, and in time a king was brought into Samuel's presence and anointed.


RACHEL'S SEPULCHER.

This interview and the parting of Saul and Samuel took place but a short distance from Rachel's sepulcher, about two miles south of Bethlehem. The surrounding country cannot have changed much during the thirty centuries and more which have passed away since Jacob set a pillar upon the grave of his wife, unless the stones have increased. If there are no fanatical pilgrims about, you may climb to its roof and obtain a very satisfactory view of the small Mohammedan *wely*, or tomb of a saint, and the hilly country around it. Bethlehem is in full view, and at night seems brought very close by its glimmering lights and the sounds which come from it, though it is a mile away.

While Saul was king down in the fields of Bethlehem, within sight of where Jesus was born more than a thousand years afterwards, David was occupied tending his father's sheep. It makes his history seem very real to visit fields just outside of Bethlehem, say towards the south-east. At first the slopes of the hills seem barren and lifeless; but when you are upon them you will see that they are green, with plenty of highly tinted flowers growing in families everywhere. The monotony of the scene is broken by groups of olive trees and by the flocks of sheep which gather under them in the heat of the day. You may see young shepherds practicing with their slings, and sometimes putting their home-made weapons to a use which you had not suspected. If a member of the flock strays too far away from his fellows he is first gently called, "Tally-henna, ya giddi" ("Come here, you kid"). But if that does not avail, he is brought to his senses by a stone sent whizzing after him from the shepherd's sling.

In one of the Bethlehem fields you may see the ruins of a strongly built stone structure. It is called the "Shepherd's Castle." Great blocks of stone, which seem to have formed part of the "castle," lie under the neighboring olive trees. There are several caves close by, which are used now for the protection of the sheep during the colder weather. The long line of dark in the far distance is a part of the hills of Moab. The Dead Sea lies sunken near their western base. No place made familiar by the history of David is very far away. Here David was when Samuel visited the house of Jesse, the father of David, and Jesse sent for his son to come home and meet the man of God. Much of history was written upon the few miles of country which came within his circuit.

WHERE DAVID WAS A SHEPHERD, NEAR BETHLEHEM.

The humblest Bedouin does his best to reserve what he dubs his "hospitality tent," and is always willing to entertain strangers, be they "angels unawares," or probable subjects for brigandage after they are a half-day's journey from his quarters. I have good cause to remember always the "hospitality" I accepted from a murderous tribe of Azazimehs not more than a dozen miles away from where David guarded Nabal's flocks. A "feast" was part of the programme, and it was as full and as good as the one which David gave — "a cake of bread and, a good piece of flesh, and a flagon of wine"— when the ark was brought into Jerusalem, and it was served with much ceremony. In an Arab village the tents are arranged on three sides of a plot of ground with the fourth side open. The "hospitality tent" is usually at one end, near the open. The women's quarters are next, separated by tent-cloth and rugs. An improvised divan of the same material is the only piece of furniture in the "hospitality tent."

On such a sumptuous article of antique furniture my companions and I sat and suffered "hospitality" for nearly four hours. A fire of twigs was first built. That was very welcome, for the night was chilly. Twenty-five natives, who, attended by one old veiled woman, came to share the fire and the feast, were not so agreeable. Each one brought a "contribution," usually some twigs for fuel. Coffee was made with great ceremony. Several of the men took part in bruising the blessed bean in a wooden mortar, with a pestle almost as long as the arm. Tune or time was kept with the rude implements. If a younger person than the one officiating at the pestle entered the tent, he politely resumed the labor and caught up the tune. The coffee was boiled in a ladle and the water was cleared in the same utensil. Oftentimes water is as scarce as coffee — always less plenty than milk. Three times the mocha was served in tiny china cups, one of which had been broken and was mended with copper bands and wire. Next a sheik was sent out with sword in hand to slaughter a sheep for the feast. While he was gone a two-gallon bowl of *leben*, or sour goat's milk, was kept in circulation, all drinking from it. The plenteous American mustache came in protectingly useful then. If it was smeared with the dainty lactate the "hospitality" giver was content.

MODERN JEWS AT JERUSALEM.

How long this ceremony would have continued no one could have conjectured had not a cross-eyed Azazimeh, a nephew of the sheik, come in late and hungry from some marauding jaunt and emptied the bowl. It was the only cause for gratitude we had during the entire feast. In about three hours a great wooden bowl was brought in, filled with stewed meat and barley pancakes — by no means a distasteful combination. With fingers all helped themselves from the same bowl until all were satisfied; then the feast ended. For this accommodation on our part we were treated next day very much as David was by the children of Keilah, for we were not allowed to depart until we had fully paid for the hospitality, with usury added.

Surely these wild people show more of the characteristics of the Bedouin David and his outlaw band than do the modern Hebrews who flock to Palestine and lead an idle, dependent life in order that they may end their days in the land of their forefathers.

RUNNING across the whole country from south-west to north-east, beginning at the Mediterranean just north of Mount Carmel and reaching up like the arm of some great giant submerged in the sea to the mountains which line the west side of the Jordan, and then reaching between the ranges to the very shores of the sacred river, is a vast plain. If you could obtain a topographical view of it from a balloon, the Jordan side would present the appearance of a mutilated hand. The mountain ridges would appear to you like fingers; their highest peaks as knuckles; and the narrow valleys, to carry out the simile, as the spaces between the fingers reaching to the Jordan. This lovely expanse is the plain of Jezreel, or, in softer Greek, the plain of Esdraelon.

Our observations begin at Jenin. It is a typical town of northern Palestine, with its fruit gardens, its lovely water supply, and its groves of palms. There, too, is the inevitable broad dome of the mosque, and, overreaching all in height,

MOUNT GILBOA AND THE FOUNTAIN OF JEZREEL.

the slender minaret whence the muezzin cry may be heard from Samaria to Galilee. The views from this minaret are worth a journey to Palestine to see. The backward look towards Shechem and Samaria affords a new view of Ebal and Gerizim, and not only covers a splendid country under a high state of cultivation, dotted with olive groves as fine as any south of Damascus, but embraces a region full of thrilling history. In some places the long lines of the broken arches of an aqueduct lifted high in the air remind you of the Roman Campagna. Down in the fields near Samaria, if your observations are made in the afternoon, you may see strange-looking vertical masses of light arranged in a long eccentric row, at irregular distances from one another. Sometimes they look like specters, sometimes like masses of water thrown up by some deep artesian power as if intended to irrigate the fertile fields wherein they have been marshaled by kingly direction. They are, indeed, the granite remnants of the great colonnade of Sebaste, which Herod built, reflecting the strong sunlight as it comes to them from across the plain. Right among them you may also see picturesque ruins of the crusader's day. Then, when your eyes fall nearer to your lookout, you will see a richly cultivated country. The whole region is hilly. The rocks protrude from the hills on every side, yet every spot of ground from the bases to the summits presents testimony to the thrift of the husbandman. Every valley has its stream even now. The tiniest of these is made to drive the wheels of some primitive flour mill. You may see the long line of the Mediterranean on the left. Turning to the north and west, besides the mountains already named, far beyond you may see the spurs of the Anti-Lebanon range with the snowy peak of Mount Hermon looking like the light surrounding clouds. The eastern slopes of Gilboa and Little Hermon lead your mind down to the long, dark, and narrow depression which marks the course of the winding Jordan, and another depth of shadow, at that distance looking almost as round as a well, discloses the location of the Sea of Galilee. At your feet, beginning as soon as you look beyond the borders of the village, is the lovely plain. The rich carpeting supplied by nature is indescribable. There are no fences between the vast undulating plots of green and gold and pink and gray; but the narrow roads, with soil as red as the shale of northern New Jersey, mark out the boundaries for the Bedouin husbandmen. A silvery stream, whose starting-point cannot be made out, may be discerned finding its way down from west to east. It is the river Kishon, on whose borders Sisera was defeated; where, while he was awearied and asleep, Jael drove the tent-pin through his head and fastened it to the ground; and where Elijah slew the priests of Baal. This view in the springtime looks like a great garden under the highest state of cultivation. The position of the plain supplies the key to its bloody record. It is a broad avenue, open at each end, and has drawn to battle within its narrow limits the Philistines of the western coast, the Israelites of the east, and the Syrians from the north. Later on the armies of the Assyrians and of the Egyptians passed and repassed, rested and manœuvered, previous to the awful struggles which followed. Even Napoleon here pitted his handful against a Mussulman horde that outnumbered him ten times or more. It has always been the main avenue for ingress and egress of the nomadic as well as the civilized

THE POOL IN HEBRON WHERE DAVID HUNG THE MURDERERS OF ISH-BOSHETH.

peoples who combated one another that they might possess the rich land surrounding.

The mountains and the towns which come within the broad encirclement of the eastern half of the plain are what most interest us now. We climb to the top of Mount Gilboa first. Its summit is almost bare. On the western incline every few rods there is a well or pit sunk into the solid rock. It is said that Joseph's brethren hid him in one of these pits, for the plain of Dothan is only a short distance away from the base of the mountain. Such pits are plenty in Palestine, and have been sunk to catch water when the winter torrents come rolling down. They have been provided by some kindly Jacob so that the thirsty traveler may find refreshment on the way.

The range of mountains known as the Little Hermon, the fountain of Jezreel, and the villages of Jezreel, Shunem, and Endor are the points of interest which come into the line marked out by the International Lessons, and they are all within an hour or so of the summit of Mount Gilboa — all within the borders of the plain of Esdraelon. There are only about twenty houses at Jezreel now, and the people are very squalid. Yet they support an ancient tower where they insist upon entertaining strangers at their own expense. Their hospitality does not create a desire to remain with them during the season, but the view from their tower compensates for all the loss of appetite caused by their curdled goat's milk and unleavened bread.

Endor lies near here. There is not much to attract one, except the number of caves or caverns which have been hewn in the cliffs overlooking the village. If bats are witches, as some maintain, and witches are bats, then Endor has lost none of its ancient reputation. At least the appearance of things thereabouts is uncanny enough, and you will be glad to spur your horse back towards the fountain of Jezreel. This fountain holds the next interest for us. It is a beauty spot and a natural wonder. When on Mount Gilboa, if you have a guide who knows the country, you may ride northward until you come to the point where the mountain abruptly ends, as though a section or at least a part of the slope had been cut away, as is often the case in railway construction: hold your guide's hand while you look over, and you will hear the trickling of water, the splashing of cattle, and the voices of their chattering attendants. They are all a hundred feet below you, where is a wide cavern walled by conglomerate rock, from which the waters break forth with suffi-

GIHON, WHERE SOLOMON WAS ANOINTED.

cient force to turn a little mill. This is the fountain of Jezreel. The rocky sides and the top of the cavern are lined with ferns, and water plants abound. The water flows perennially. After emerging from its source the stream widens into a small lake and feeds one of the winding tributaries which contribute to the waters of the Jordan. The husbandmen of the plain of Esdraelon bring their cattle and their flocks here to drink, but they guard them well, for the visits of the invader are still frequent.

THE TOWERS OF DAVID AND OF JESUS.

It was in Shunem that Saul made his last stand against the Philistines, and gathered his forces together on Mount Gilboa. It was part of his usual tactics to choose a height for his headquarters, rather than the low land. From his encampment on Gilboa he could witness the marshaling of the Philistines across the valley. His spies could creep about among the thickets and watch the enemy's every movement. The reports of his scouts filled him with trembling and fear. He sought for Divine direction in the matter, but it was not given him. He was forsaken of God and down in spirit. In his tribulation at nightfall he left his quarters disguised and went around to Endor to consult a witch. He obtained no comfort from the necromancer and next day was forced by the Philistines to stand fight. It was his last battle, and it went hard with him. Three of his sons, including Jonathan, were killed; many of his men were slain, and the rest of his army fled, leaving their king, lying wounded by the arrows of the archers, upon Mount Gilboa. In this dreadful plight Saul pleaded with his armor-bearer to finish the dire work of the enemy, but even that favor was refused him. In his desperation he seized a sword, fell upon it, and died. His armor-bearer immediately followed suit. Ish-bosheth, the son of Saul, had but a short reign, and then David came to the throne.

Comparative quiet now reigned for a time. David was recognized as king by all the elders of Israel. He was only thirty years of age when he began to reign at Hebron. He remained there seven years and a half. Everything grew and prospered under his hands; but Hebron was too small for the capital of so great a king. "Nevertheless David took the stronghold of Zion . . . and called it the city of David." His next step was to convey the ark there. He reigned in Jerusalem over thirty years.

Gihon, with its lovely gardens, where Solomon was anointed, was just in the valley below the royal palace—scarce a stone's-throw from

THE CITY OF DAVID NEAR ZION'S GATE.

the strong gate of Zion. There is a great reservoir there now, which for many centuries has been one of the water supplies of Jerusalem. Pictured with the western sides of the city it forms one of the most interesting views — so full of history — in the neighborhood.

Edward L. Wilson.

OVER THEIR GRAVES.

OVER their graves rang once the bugle's call,
The searching shrapnel, and the crashing ball;
The shriek, the shock of battle, and the neigh
Of horse; the cries of anguish and dismay;
And the loud cannon's thunders that appall.

Now through the years the brown pine-needles fall,
The vines run riot by the old stone wall,
By hedge, by meadow streamlet, far away,
Over their graves!

We love our dead where'er so held in thrall,—
Than they no Greek more bravely died, nor Gaul,—
A love that 's deathless! but they look to-day
With no reproaches on us when we say,
" Come! let us clasp your hands, we 're brothers all,"
Over their graves!

Henry Jerome Stockard.

DRAWN BY MARY HALLOCK FOOTE.

ENGRAVED BY CHARLES STATE.

A PRETTY GIRL IN THE WEST.

THE PRETTY GIRLS IN THE WEST.

PICTURES OF THE FAR WEST.—X.

THE wish so often expressed by mothers in the West that their daughters should have a "good time," suggests an inquiry as to what precisely is meant by this fond aspiration.

A mother's idea of a "good time" for her daughter usually signifies the sort of time she has failed to have herself. If she has been a hard-working woman, with many children to care for, she will desire that her daughter shall live easy and be blessed, in the way of offspring, with something less than a quiver-full. Where in the past labor has urged her, often beyond her strength, pleasure in the future shall invite her child.

So the mothers of the West, women of the heroic days of pioneering, unconsciously tell the story of their own struggles and deprivations in the ambitions which they indulge for their children.

Along the roads over which her parents journeyed in their white-topped wagon, their tent by night, their tabernacle, their fortress in time of danger, the settler's daughter shall ride in a tailor-made habit, or fare luxuriously in a drawing-room car. Where the mother's steadfast face grew brown with the glare of the alkali plain, the daughter shall glance out carelessly from behind the tapestry blind of her Pullman "section." Where the mother's hands washed and cooked and mended, and dressed wounds, and fanned the coals of the camp-fire, the daughter's shall trifle with books and music, shall be soft and "manicured" and daintily gloved.

It is one of the curious sights in the shops of a little town of frame houses—chiefly of one story, where the work of the house is not unfrequently done by the house-mother, not from poverty, but from the want in a new community of a servant class—to behold about Christmas time the display of sumptuous toilet articles implying hours spent upon the care of the feminine person, especially the feminine hands. This may be one of the indications of the sort of good time that is preparing for the daughters of the town. There are other and more hopeful suggestions, but none that seriously counteract the plainly projected revolt, on the part of the mothers, against a future of physical effort for their girls.

There are girls and girls in the West, of all degrees and styles of prettiness; but here, as elsewhere, and in all her glory, is seen the preeminently pretty girl—who by that patent exists, to herself, to her world, and in the imagination of her parents. The career of this young lady in her native environment is something amazing to persons of a sober imagination as to what should constitute a girl's "good time." The risks that she takes, no less than her extraordinary escapes from the usual consequences, are enough to make one's time-honored principles reel on the judgment seat of propriety.

It is true she does not always escape; but she escapes so often that it is quite impossible to draw any wholesome deductions from her. The only thing that can be done with her is to disapprove of her (with the consciousness that she will not mind in the least) and forgive her, because she knows not what she does. Why should she not take the good time for which, and for little else, she has been trained—the life of pleasure for which some one else pays!

In the novels she goes abroad and marries an English duke; in real life not quite so often; but she is an element of confusion, morally, in all one's prophecies with regard to her. She may have talent and make an actress or a singer, if she has any capacity for work; or she may marry the man she loves and become an exemplary wife. That which in her history appeals most deeply to one's imagination is the contrast between her fortunes and those of her mother.

If Creusa had survived the fall of Troy to accompany Æneas on his wanderings, with a brood of fast-growing boys and girls, whose travel-worn garments she would have been mending while her hero entertained Dido with the tale of his misfortunes, it is not unlikely that that much-tried woman would have had her ideas as to those qualities in her sex that make for a "good time," and those which mostly go to supply a good time for others. And we may be sure that in planning the futures of the Misses Æneas she would not have chosen for them the virtues that go unrewarded; rather shall they sit, white-handed and royally clad, and turn a smiling face upon some eloquent adventurer—who shall not be, in all respects, a copy of father Æneas.

Whoever has lived in the West must have

observed that here it is the unexpected that always happens; therefore it will be a mistake to take the pretty girl too seriously, or to regard her as a fatal sign of the tendency of the life she is so fitted to enjoy. She is merely a phase,—an entertaining if not an instructive one,—for which her parents' hard lives and changes of fortune are mainly responsible. Her children will reverse the tendency, or carry it to the point of fracture, where nature steps in, in her significant way, and rubs out the false sum.

But as often as not nature permits the whole illogical proceeding to go on, and nothing happens of all that we have prophesied. We see that the fountain *does* rise higher than its source, that grapes *do* grow upon thorns and figs upon thistles, on some theory of cause and effect unknown to social dynamics.

The pretty girl from the East is hardly enough of a "rusher" to please the young Western masculine taste; but there will not be wanting pilgrims to her shrine. Her Eastern hostess will be proud of the chance to demonstrate that she is n't at all the same sort of pretty girl as her sister of the West,—it is the shades of difference that are vital,—and she will receive an almost pathetic welcome at the hands of her young countrymen, stranded upon cattle-ranches, or in railroad or mining camps, or engaged in hardy attempts of one sort or another wherein there is room for feminine sympathy.

Whether she takes her pleasure actively, in the saddle or in the canoe, or sits out the red summer twilights on the ranch piazza, or tunes her guitar to the ear of a single listener who has ridden over miles of desert plain for the privilege, she will be conscious that she supplies a motive, a new meaning to the life around her.

All this is very dangerous. She is in a world of illusions capable of turning into ordeals for those who put them to the proof—ordeals for which there has been no preparation in the life of the pretty girl. Even the ordeal of taste is not to be despised—taste, which environs and consoles and unites and stimulates women in the East, and which disunites and tortures and sets them at defiance, one with another, in the West.

The life of the men may be large and dramatic, even in failure; but the life of women, here, as everywhere, is made up of very small matters—a badly cooked dinner, a horrible wall-paper, a wind that tears the nerves, a child with something the matter with it which the doctor "does n't understand," an acquaintance that is just near enough *not* to be a friend: it is the little shocks for which one is never prepared, the little disappointments and insecurities and failures and postponements, the want of completeness and perfection in anything, that harrows a woman's soul and makes her forget, too often, that she has a soul.

So let our pretty Eastern girl remember, before she pledges herself irrevocably to follow the fortunes of some charming young man she has had a "good time" with on the frontier, that—all good times and masculine assurances to the contrary notwithstanding—the frontier is not yet ready for her kind of pretty girl. There is more than one generation between her and the mother of a new community—unless she be minded to offer herself up on the altar of social enlightenment, or for the particular benefit of her particular young man. This is a fate which will always have a baleful fascination for the young woman who is capable of arguing that, if the frontier be not ready for her, the young man is.

The pity of it is that these young gentlemen always will pick out the pretty girl, when a less expensive choice would be so much more serviceable and fit the conditions of their lives so much better. But they are all potential millionaires, these energetic dreamers. They do not pinch themselves in their prospective arrangements, including the prospective wife. Between them both, the girl who expects to have a good time, and the young man who is confident that he can give it to her, there will probably be a good deal to learn.

* * *

ON A GREAT POET'S OBSCURITY.

WHAT means his line? You say none knows?
  Yet one perhaps may learn—in time:
For, sure, could Life be told in prose
  There were no need at all for rhyme.

Alike two waters blunt the sight—
  The muddy shallow and the sea;
Here every current leads aright
  To deeps where lucent wonders be.

Robert Underwood Johnson.

THE LONGWORTH MYSTERY.

BY THE CITY EDITOR.

THE eccentric old telegraph editor, in his little sleeping-den in the great publication building of the "Democratic Banner," was writing a compendium of Kant's philosophy, and kept a colony of white mice in a squirrel-cage, feeding them upon soda-crackers and milk. He was a patient, uncomplaining, and gentle slave, who toiled the ten hours of night without a word unless it were asked, and then it was freely, even generously, given. Somehow, with the knowledge that he knew enough to make a compendium of Kant, there came to the young men of the force the conviction that he knew everything else. And thus, in addition to his labors at the telegraph desk, he discharged the important function of encyclopedia-in-chief to the "Banner" staff.

Did anybody want to know the meaning of a word? Kant's disciple nimbly followed it to its Latin, Greek, or even Phenician root. Those curious expeditions into the infinitude of astronomic lore which the young reporter, in happy and unsuspecting ignorance, is so fond of making when assigned to "a paragraph on the partial eclipse of the moon to-night," were always more or less piloted by the friendly hand of the patient old philosopher, who turned from his work only to lighten that of somebody else. Touching all the astounding and deeply hidden mysteries of earth, air, science, philosophy, and religion that placid mind was a never-failing fount of information.

These things, it is true, were as airy nothings to the stern and immutable mission of the daily newspaper; they merely served to give pedants on the staff an opportunity to "kill space" on the days when storms and electrical phenomena reduced the capacity of the telegraph wires to convey sufficient "copy." But the young men felt a veneration for that mind so deeply stored with knowledge they could not understand, and a kindly pity that it stopped short of the important names upon the 2.30 class of trotters. Alas! it was a blank upon those stirring and absorbing subjects that engage the best intellect of the city editor's practical department. When he passed away it was perhaps in the fullness of a ripe, dry, and musty scholarship, but there was not a "regular," a "special," an "extra," or a "loose" man on the staff who did not recognize with something of kindly compassion that that gentle spirit had gone to its eternal rest without knowing — or even caring to know, so sublime is the indifference of simple scholarship — the order of finish of the League base-ball clubs for the previous season, and all regardless of the fame of that single batsman who could face Pitchington, the curve terror, with any hope of a safe hit.

It is not pleasant to record these blots upon an otherwise fair page of life. It is, indeed, somewhat of gratuitous cruelty to set them down, for the telegraph editor had nothing whatever to do with Robert Longworth or "The Longworth Mystery." It may be excused, then, as a touch of that local color which accompanies the action of life as the painted scene gives emphasis to the actor's spoutings. It is even true that if the stupendously informed but sadly ignorant delver into Kant's philosophy had never lived, Longworth's career would have been in no wise changed. They occupied adjoining apartments in the building for a year, these two singular and interesting men, without knowing each other, although each knew the firmament and the stars and planets therein as familiarly as Mr. Forrest, the dramatic critic, knew the stars of his peculiar firmament, or Mr. Burke, the sporting editor, knew the planets that revolved around the twenty-four-foot ring or the mile circle at the racing-park.

These two men, though they resembled each other in the immensity of their knowledge and in the open-handed way in which it was dispensed, were entirely dissimilar. They supplemented, and, as it were, completed each other as practical factors of that staff of talented and industrious journalists. What the patient telegraph editor knew of things so hoary and impracticable as to pass all modern understanding in journalism, Longworth knew of that which was the prime meat, the juice, the essence, the all, of the local newspapers. His wonderful mind reached back and enveloped in the symmetry of minutest detail the prize-fights of the last century; the winners of the Derby when that famous stake was in puling infancy in England; the names and records of the champion high, long, and clear jumpers; the "averages" of the giants of the great base-ball profession; and the gossip, private but reliable, of those smirched in the extension of the franchise of the Paradise and Paddy's Run Street Railway. Upon the personalities of politics, the drift of issues, and the progress of legislation his mind was a fruitful expanse of information.

Looking back now it is comparatively easy to sum up and credit his great talents and his great services, but these were evolved slowly into recognition. The writer hereof, an entire stranger to the city, had scarcely settled himself in the august chair of the city editorship when Longworth made the almost unnoticed entry through which his genius was destined to filter, enlarging as it came, until it had flooded the local department of the "Democratic Banner" with shame, mortification, and base hatred.

The negligent copy-reader and the unspeakable proof-reader had both passed, in the course of an elaborate description of the new gymnasium, the absurd statement that Sayres had once fought the Tipton Slasher to his knees in the first round. Next morning there lay on the city editor's desk this note:

To the Editor of the "Democratic Banner."

In the otherwise admirable report of the opening of the new gymnasium, in your valuable paper of this morning, your reporter falls into a common but inexcusable error regarding the mill between Sayres and The Slasher, fought at Tunbridge Wells, May 23, 1857. Sayres did *not* fight The Slasher to his knees during the first or any subsequent round of that remarkable contest. The misstatement originated in the Tunbridge Wells "Gazette's" report of the 24th of May, 1857, and was promptly corrected in "Bell's Life" of the succeeding week. Crapster's "Life of Sayres" expressly says that The Slasher slipped upon a pebble which had been overlooked in preparing the ring, and fell to one knee — not his *knees* — by accident. There is no stronger admirer of Sayres than his biographer, Crapster, and if any well-informed person felt any necessity to claim even a doubt of the cause of The Slasher's fall, that doubt would have been perpetuated in Sayres's "Life." But Crapster distinctly disavows any claim for his hero on that point.

Robert Longworth.

This communication, written in a feeble and straggling hand, was published. It gave the copy-reader pain, it rebuked the unspeakable proof-reader, and it covered with the first heavy mantle of humiliation the sporting editor himself. That oracular member of the staff had never before experienced the salutary discovery of an equal, much less a superior, mind in the domain of his own peculiar information. Who "Robert Longworth" was the sporting editor did not know; no more did the city editor; but there was the note itself, proof of the presumption that its writer had read the classic of fistiana, with which the sporting editor had no acquaintance. And, knowing nothing about it at all, the city editor, with that impartial dignity and quick decision which imparts so much strength to his position and elevates him in the respect of the staff, pronounced Longworth's correction to be well-timed, accurate, and due to the truth of history. This decision at once gave the city editor rank in the estimation of the force, which as a stranger he much needed, and he was henceforth looked upon as a remarkably well-informed and cultured journalist. Soon, when he passed opinions upon sporting topics, they were occasionally echoed in the sporting column in the easily detected phraseology of the sporting editor.

But it must be said of Mr. Burke that his first impulse, smarting under the sting of so bold a rebuke, was bitterness to Longworth.

"As if it made a cussed bit of difference," he explained with picturesque animation to Mr. Forrest, the dramatic critic, that night, seated at their regular midnight lunch over Drinkworth's beer and oysters. "The point of my reference was to illustrate the perfection to which the cultivation of the dukes might be carried — not to insist merely, begad, that Sayres had knocked The Slasher down in the first go. There 's lots of duffers that have knocked handy men to their knees in the first round, and that sustains the point. But I happened to hit on Sayres just by accident, because it was a great name, I suppose, and this Longworth wants to come along and knock the whole point out. What difference does it make, anyhow, over a fight fought in '57?"

And the dramatic critic, an unapproachable and gloomy person, who unbent to nobody upon earth save Mr. Burke,— and whose reasons for unbending in that direction were basely attributed to certain selfish desires to obtain passes to all slugging-matches, cock-mains, race-meetings, and base-ball games, which passes were the sole perquisites and entirely within the influence of the sporting editor to obtain,— agreed mutely, but with a bored air, to his friend's defense.

It was soon apparent, however, that Longworth had no petty desire personally to annoy or humiliate the sporting editor. If he had, his malevolence must certainly have extended to other and finally to all the members of the staff; for within a week the note that had been forgotten was followed by another in the same quavering, straggling hand, and which, to the unconcealed delight of the force in whole, was directed to uncovering the fallibility of the religious department. It was plain that Longworth could not have any feeling of malignity towards the pale, amiable, and yearning youth whose duty of once a week, on Saturday, throwing the contributed religious notices into shape had earned for him the title of the religious editor. He was a rustic youth, with remarkable capacity for enjoying all the privileges of journalism and escaping its grinding demands. The religious editor regarded Mr. Burke, the sporting editor, with a veneration born of similar, but as yet unsatisfied, ambition. Nothing more delighted him than the occurrence of what was technically known as a "double sporting event," in which case he left no pleading unattempted to secure the assignment for reporting the lesser, while Mr. Burke himself attended the greater in person and, with patronizing kindness, corrected the "copy" of his youthful and rapidly fledging emulator. It is painful to record that these associations and the peculiar ambition of the religious editor soon brought rumors that he was beginning to be seen about the gambling-houses. From that to cigarettes and the chewing of tobacco, with not yet entirely concealed repugnance, was a short step, and he began to swear vigorously as he compiled the church notices on Saturday nights. But he retained a boyish geniality and an engaging amiability, and his elasticity of imagination in circulating unimportant facts that he picked up at random diverted and amused all of us. And thus his title of religious editor was fastened upon him, it is only proper to confess, for purely ribald and satirical reasons.

The religious editor, it appears, in editing a paragraph announcing the subject of the Rev. Dr. Calvain's sermon for the next day had incautiously accepted an opening for pedantic display,—the bane of young journalists,—and upon the result of his attempt (which Burke declared revolutionized at one swoop all preconceived notions of the Mosaic code) Longworth came down in a note that was brief but which weighed like a ton upon the religious editor's self-satisfaction.

This note attracted our attention sharply to Longworth, though nobody had the remotest idea who Longworth was. But the time came when there was no room to doubt that Longworth knew the "Democratic Banner" with a critical intimacy that was wonderful. The office soon learned to fancy Longworth's Eye as being in itself some insatiate monster, roaming up and down the columns of the paper, searching everywhere, penetrating all departments, finding and dragging to light unwary inaccuracies and blunders. Nothing escaped his relentless scrutiny. He challenged alike the book reviewer's reference to the date of the publication of a French work on infidelity and the haughty dramatic critic's smuggled reminiscences of the elder Booth. When a typographical error in the market reports put up the price of eggs seven cents in the dozen Longworth sent in a communication, full of appalling statistics, to show that it must be a mistake, because in no year since 1817 had eggs ever reached such a figure at that season. He knew the productions of the unsung hen as thoroughly as those of more renowned authors. He sent up, from nobody knew where, in little dirty envelopes, memoranda of all sorts and conditions, setting the court reporter right in regard to the date of certain ordinances and reminding the art critic of facts hitherto unknown to that authority about the origin of pottery in Japan. He fell upon the "Answers to Correspondents," and for weeks the timid bookworm of that department, who stood intrenched behind the awful array of information he had himself heaped up, sat silent, aghast, and stricken with remorse at the ignorance and blunders that had crept into what he had heretofore considered an impregnable wall of passionless and impartial fact.

It was not long until the rumor grew that even the throned omnipotence that fulminated the tariff articles had received a note in which his figures upon the prime cost of pig iron in the southern water-shed were ruthlessly challenged, scattered, and put to flight. Whether this was true will never be demonstrable by actual proof, for no secrets leaked out of the gloomy chamber in which were written articles upon the necessity of a tariff revision, upon a plan that nobody understood, and which could not be explained to anybody. But it was certainly more than a coincidence that about this time the tariff editor's evolvements became tinged with acrid but obscure references to "certain emissaries of the arrogant money classes who, led by gross ignorance and upheld by intolerable effrontery, have questioned our accuracy upon this point." Then followed arrays of figures, with the first cost of raw material multiplied by classifications of multiples and divided by divisors, "selected for reasons explained at length in our articles upon this absorbing subject last year." A few days later the tariff editor fulminated a great broadside of sweeping sarcasm and bitter abuse against the still mysterious "emissary" who, "not content with disputing our facts, actually has the impertinence to deny the correctness of our multiples and divisors."

The young gentlemen who prepared with facile pens the light and airy chronicles of the local page listened to the thunder and roar and watched the flashes of this battle between the giants with openly expressed delight. The denounced "emissary" was never unmasked by name, but continued to stalk purely as an "emissary"; yet we knew, with the accuracy of unerring instinct, that it was Longworth who was stirring up the splendid but intellectually irritable and unsociable animal in the tariff cage.

"And for one," remarked the sporting editor, with a burst of feeling, "I 'm glad of it. The old man" (meaning, without disrespect or familiarity, the venerable editor-in-chief, whose special study was the tariff) —"the old man has been writing that stuff so long, he believes, begad, he knows all about it. Just because nobody has ever tackled him before he thought he was dead right in everything he said about pig iron. I don't know who 's right, but I 'll bet the drinks, begad, that he don't know as much about it as Longworth does."

Tom Kirby, the police reporter, agreed with Mr. Burke as far as the sporting editor concluded to go. It made Kirby sick, he confessed, to pick up the paper and see the editorial page loaded down with pig iron day after day. There was the old man writing it by the yard, when he, Kirby, would bet that he, the old man, had never seen an iron-furnace in his life. But, notwithstanding the failure of the old man to equip himself with a statistical knowledge of the cost of iron production by apprenticing himself as a puddler in his youth, Kirby was ready to bet his sweet life that the old man was "a dandy" and could write all around anybody else in the West on the tariff question.

This uncertain, but, on the whole, loyal and complimentary, sentiment regarding the old man was indorsed by the assembled judges of the local department, it is a pleasure to say, without a dissenting voice.

As has been declared, we never knew directly that it *was* Longworth who had interposed himself between the tariff editor and his man of straw, but we believed it firmly. By this time we had learned to know Longworth well. If his notes to the tariff editor had been published with Longworth's name attached it would have added little to the weight of conviction. The notes were not published, of course; for the very sensible and sufficient reason that the public ought to be satisfied with what the editor writes without reference to what may be said on the other side. What would be the use of a man devoting his life to journalism if every scribbler who came along were privileged to take issue with him?

In the local department we had long ago ceased publishing Longworth's communications and corrections. If we had continued to give them space they would have impeached the reliability of that great engine itself in which we were merely cogs, wheels, and connections. But though we secreted them, we did not despise them. They secretly furnished the city editor, many a time, the basis for a sharp criticism of somebody's negligence. And, indeed, the entire staff were influenced by the intangible but undoubted presence of Longworth, and were writing more or less in view of and under the fear of Longworth. If the police reporter felt tempted to add any technical frills to the account of a post-mortem in a "three-column crime," he did so only after submitting his notes to the correction of a surgeon. Even Mr. Burke became singularly conscientious touching dates, and Mr. Forrest gradually ceased his reminiscences of the elder Booth, simply because all were challenged or discredited in some point by Longworth.

Only the amiable but unregenerate religious editor scorned and ignored him. Far from being chastened, corrected, or advised by Longworth's notes, the religious editor damned them with fervent vigor when they were laid upon his desk, and damned the mysterious Longworth along with them.

But though Longworth's notes were not published, they continued to arrive every day or two. They came regularly for years. They covered all imaginable subjects, and ruthlessly impeached countless statements that, nevertheless, continued to stand for facts. Longworth was recognized as a member—if a very irritating one—of the staff. At last everybody about the office who chanced to be in urgent need of information upon any subject was sarcastically advised to "Ask Longworth."

But we continued not to know who Longworth was any more than who was the man in the moon. Even the right hand of the city editor, the well-thumbed and faithful city directory, was silent upon the momentous question of his habitation, as it was of his name. His notes came steadily in the mails; but though we ignored them as to publication, we could not discourage Longworth's self-imposed resolution. That he did not finally appear in person and, as "an old and valued contributor," seek some personal benefit from his self-established intimacy with the paper, gave us cause for astonishment. There was the lady who had been selected by the local temperance union to contribute a column of temperance paragraphs to the Sunday edition, and who had been permitted to do so as a special favor: *she* was filling her column in three months with "puffs" of business houses; another lady, who wrote essays upon "Woman's Sphere" and was convinced that intellectual progress suddenly stood still when her essays were temporarily omitted; and still another lady, who had astonishingly frequent attacks of divine frenzy and came out of each with a manuscript poem that nobody understood—these came constantly in person and took such elaborate interest in the fate of their "copy" as would have made of the managing editor a social pariah if the comments he uttered in private had been publicly circulated. And all of them enjoyed the conviction that their contributions entitled them to such favors as they freely asked in the puffing of numerous enterprises thinly veiled under the alluring name of charity. Longworth alone of all that band of self-invited assistants continued laboriously, conscientiously, and ably to edit the waste-basket in silence and resignation.

Kirby, the police reporter, whose duties frequently constituted him a detective upon most embarrassing mysteries, and whose wonderful capacity for knowing a great deal about everybody had established him as a very remarkable person, could not throw any light upon the mystery of Longworth and his identity.

Out of this grew the usual slang jests. Anybody who volunteered information was "Longworth"; Webster's Unabridged was known as "the office Longworth"; the city directory was "the local Longworth." A patriarchal old printer in the job-printing department, whose benevolent face and appearance of extreme wisdom invited the joke, was commonly called "Longworth." Coming up with this elderly man one day in the elevator, the religious editor asked in a whisper of the sporting editor:

"Who is the old duck?"

"That," answered the sporting editor, as the old man stepped out on the next floor, and with a pitying smile, as if the information ought to be superfluous —"That? Why, that 's Longworth."

Months afterward the staff learned with a shout of amusement that the guileless religious editor had been regularly addressing the elderly job printer as "Mr. Longworth" when they chanced to meet in the elevator. This discovery heaped ridicule and mortification upon the ingenuous youth, but he did not entirely succumb.

"I don't care," said he, affecting a smile that was not all an honest and spontaneous smile should be. "When I say, 'How d' ye do, Mr. Longworth,' he says, 'Pretty well, I thank you'; and if the name suits him I 'm blessed if it don't answer my purpose."

And it did. The elderly job printer had thenceforth no other name than Longworth. If he had taken pains to inform the whole staff that he possessed another, it is probable that the satisfaction of the slang would still have outweighed the truth of the suggestion.

But there was an end to Longworth, as there is to all other things; though what we thought at first to be the end was really only the beginning. And that beginning of the end was the sudden and complete cessation of Longworth's notes. Was he ill? Or had he gone on a journey? Both explanations were suggested. Several weeks passed and the religious editor filed the fervent and unchristian hope that he was dead and housed hotly somewhere. But that portion of the staff engaged in embodying facts continued to gather and to write them in full fear of Longworth and with a keen appreciation of his sensitiveness on the subject, which in itself was a silent tribute to the salutary and profound effect of Longworth's unremitting labor. Silent as he was,— perhaps dead, at any rate missing,— the unconscious standard he had compelled continued to be the pole star by which those mariners upon the sea of current events steered their hazardous statements.

It is not the intention to slur truth in this narration, and it is only right, therefore, to admit that, as time passed, the embargo which Longworth had laid upon the imagination and the neglectfulness of the staff was gradually, and, eventually, entirely raised. Mr. Forrest resumed cautiously his reminiscences of the elder Booth, the sporting editor's opinionativeness increased, and even the tariff editor sailed a little farther away from the beacon lights of James Madison at every voyage.

The Longworth mystery was finally solved through the haughty dramatic critic. Panoplied with indignation at an assignment from the city editor to "go to the United States Court to-day and write a column characteristic sketch of the arraignment of moonshiners," Mr. Forrest went to his duty stoically and came back greatly pleased and patronizing in mood.

"Those moonshiners," said he to the city editor, "are worth about as many lines as will hold their names; but there was a case up on demurrer, or something of that sort, and there is a story in it that will make your hair curl."

"What is it all about?" inquired the city editor, who was not in primitive ignorance of the means resorted to by the various persons on the staff to give their discoveries a pretended value that was occasionally intrinsically lacking.

"All about Longworth," said Mr. Forrest, patronizingly and with a trace of annoyance in his tone, as he laid upon the city editor's table a handful of notes labeled: "Tabitha J. Longworth *vs.* the Order of Good Friends."

"Well, what has Longworth been doing?" asked Mr. Forrest's chief, with a tinge of authority and brusqueness in his manner.

"Oh, nothing particularly," snapped out the dramatic critic, with a sneer in his voice, "but to marry and shamelessly deceive two trusting women, involve a noble charitable order in costly litigation, and write a lot of insufferably impertinent notes to his betters on this paper for the past seven years."

"ROBERT LONGWORTH!" cried the city editor in the unmistakable capital letters of great astonishment.

For answer Mr. Forrest again affected annoyance, and asked if it would be necessary for him to make an affidavit to support the truth of what he had already said.

But the little personal throes of pride, of triumph, and of ill-nature that attend the oiling of the great engine of information are not to be idly exhibited to the public; and it is enough to say that after those throes had subsided in this instance the staff of the "Democratic Banner" were soon seething with curiosity as to Longworth and his duplicity. Only brief and detached outlines had been given by Mr. Forrest, who, with a masterly and supreme affectation of indifference, began early in the evening to compose the "story" that his fellow journalists awaited so eagerly.

The details of Mr. Forrest's story will not be given here. Most of its interest was due to his powerful and inimitable style, and only the entire narrative as he wrote it would preserve that for full appreciation. It must be owned that it was one of the most brilliant efforts of his facile pen, and those who desire to read it may refer to the files of the "Democratic Banner," where Mr. Forrest revealed the mystery and the crime of Robert Longworth, under the captions of

A VILLAIN UNVEILED!

One of the Most Surprising Stories in Legal Annals.

The Unparalleled and Criminal Duplicity of Robert Longworth, who Broke Two Hearts and Cruelly Threw One Away.

A Story of Fact Rivaling in Romance and Mystery the Plot of the Most Improbable Novel!

In denouncing Longworth's duplicity Mr. Forrest wrote with all the vigorous and picturesque interjectiveness that small capital "sub-heads" skillfully placed could lend to a style whetted and nerved by recollections of Longworth's ruthless corrections of certain more or less smuggled reminiscences of the elder Booth. It must be admitted that while Mr. Forrest wrote with venom he wrote, also, with certain power.

THOSE DAMNING RECORDS,

HIS BASILISK EYES,

A MYSTERIOUS SECRET,

are some of the catch-lines in small capitals that the reader who cares to look up this memorable "scoop" upon one of the most loathsome of contemporaries will find standing out boldly in the three columns of leaded minion with which, in the figurative and highly colored language of the religious editor, the "Democratic Banner" "paralyzed that old fraud" at last.

As briefly as possible it may be explained that Longworth was undoubtedly a bigamist. He had, many years before, clandestinely married a well-to-do widow in a Pennsylvania town, and had expended much of her means in attempting to establish a newspaper. He had then left to seek an opening in the West and had never returned to his deserted wife. True, he had maintained a most ingenious and constant correspondence with her, which did not cease even in the happy period when he was enjoying another honeymoon with a second well-to-do and unsuspecting widow. Supporting a most elaborate falsehood and a most ingenious system of detail with his first wife, he had evidently mailed his letters to her from a suburb across the river, while he was as plainly residing in the city. The end came to this fragile fabric when Robert Longworth took passage on the steamboat *Evening Star*, on that memorable night when her boilers exploded and the souls of forty-six excursionists never returned to complain of crowded accommodations. True, his body was never recovered, nor had his name appeared in the list of the lost published in the "Democratic Banner's" splendid account of that deplorable tragedy — an account so infinitely superior to the miserably inaccurate and poorly written story in our loathsome contemporary as to stand out as one of the greatest achievements in Western journalism. This is not said in mere vainglory, but is a well-attested fact, due to the presence on board the ill-starred boat of one of the "Democratic Banner's" reporters, who swam triumphantly ashore on a hen-coop and walked four miles to a telegraph office to send his report, while our miserable contemporary was forced to content itself with the untrained hearsay of a country correspondent.

But though his name was not in the death list Robert Longworth had disappeared in that disaster, and his widow — or, to speak more accurately, his second widow — had promptly received from the Order of Good Friends, of which he was a member, the sum always paid to the families of members who had died.

In the mean time his first wife, missing her accustomed letters, had set on foot a laborious investigation with the aid of a lawyer, had unearthed all his conduct, and was now suing to recover, as his only lawful wife, the benefit already paid to the second wife.

"And this," wrote Mr. Forrest, "was the punctiliously correct and painfully accurate person who in 187–, or thereabouts, began sending to the 'Democratic Banner' communications of all sorts and upon every conceivable subject, finding fault with the statements of everybody. He soon established the reputation in the 'Banner' office of being a first-class crank, desirous of the notoriety that such creatures usually achieve in the way of getting their names in print. Longworth was an aggravation of 'Tax Payer,' the evil quintessence of 'Citizen,' 'Fair-Play,' and 'Veritas.' He thought he knew more than everybody else, and exhibited his ignorance and presumption with a lavishness of pen, ink, and paper that might have bankrupted a stationer.

"The trial of this case," so the article concluded, "will be one of the most famous in local annals, and the facts unfold to us one of those romances of villainy in real life that fiction and the stage so often feebly attempt to portray."

It is needless to say that the proof-slips of Mr. Forrest's three-column story were discussed that night before the paper went to press with an interest not often betrayed towards the most startling episodes that come within the practical province of newspaper work. Displaying in heroic measure his affectation of indifference, Mr. Forrest had turned in his copy and immediately gone home, and his absence left the remainder of the force freer to discuss the one subject. While all agreed that there was not another man on the force who possessed Mr. Forrest's ability as a first-class, all-around journalist, yet the opinion seemed to prevail that he had taken something of an unfair advantage and a personal delight in making the whole thing look as black as possible for Longworth. This view of it came out little by little, and was shared by all except the religious editor. That young gentleman, now in the height of a career of dissipation and pleasure which seemed to steel his heart against sympathy, was relentless.

AT DRINKWORTH'S.

"Serves him right," said he; "and Forrest can't hit him too hard to suit me. I always thought Longworth was too fond of little unnecessary facts to be any good. People of that kind," continued the religious editor, breezily generalizing, "are mostly no good. A man can be so confounded accurate, you know, that he won't have time to be anything else. I like facts about as well as anybody else, but I don't go around proving that everybody else is a liar because he does n't happen to agree with me. That was about Longworth's size. He was so busy trying to keep other people from straying that he did n't have time to keep from becoming an infernal rascal himself."

But this extreme view found not a single echo. In fact, all recognized that Longworth had been more or less a mentor and a benefit to the staff, and there was no resentment harbored against his memory.

The fact that he had married two, or even more, wives did not influence us against him. In newspaper offices, among the men who make up the chronicle of daily history, the moral sense is not necessarily lost, but it is often not aroused by the discovery of wrong-doing. Tireless and inquisitive reporters see so many men doing wrong with impunity and know that so often punishment is a matter of accident or of interested malice, that they give a great deal of weight to the eleventh commandment, against being found out, and become unresponsive to personal morality in others as a moving sentiment to repel or attract. Longworth had been found out, but not until he was beyond punishment, and we bore him no malice on that score. That his crime gave us a good "story" rather told in his favor, and as to his notes and his corrections, there was no denying he had always been right.

"Oh, I 'd let it go in that way," said Mr. Burke, from the desk in his corner, illuminated by prints of race-horses and portraits of prize-fighters, where he used to receive all sorts of hard-looking persons in pea-jackets, variously ornamented with ponderous jewelry. "Longworth is dead; he won't care, and both his wives will like to see him roasted. That part about his letters to the paper is very good, I think. It will teach a lot of other ducks of the kind who think they know it all that there are fellows in the office quietly keeping tab on *them*."

And so adopting this view of it, as, on the whole, journalistically sufficient, at two o'clock in the morning we buried in three columns of the first page all mortal that had been discovered of Longworth. He had been of us for seven or eight years, but it was only above his grave, and standing, as it were, over the wreck of his character and his good name, that we knew him at all. As we walked out of the great building in the early morning, the moon, bright and cloudless, sailing through the sky and marking shadows black and broad along the sidewalk, the burdened and groaning press was busily multiplying the humiliation of one who in his time had humiliated the active spirit of that very engine's existence.

The most startling manifestations of human nature, the most unexpected disappointments of life, do not burden the mind or engage the emotions of the journalist. Wrecks of character, of life, and of hope are, for his professional attention, only just what the most dangerous wounds or most perilous diseases are to engage the trained attention of surgeon or physician. The one soon becomes accustomed to seeing all the sorrow and shame of life pass before him in sad review, as the other listens to the moan of pain or watches the unconscious throes of the sick. And as each detaches himself from his personal feelings deftly to use the scalpel of his profession upon the abstract subject before him, he devotes no emotion to the effort and rapidly recoups himself for the next "case."

So it was with Longworth's story. Next day the highest feeling left in the bosoms of the "Democratic Banner" staff was that it was a splendid and unqualified "scoop." In our loathsome contemporary appeared not a line of the singular romance the three fascinating columns of which made the "Democratic Banner" a thing of beauty to the trained journalistic eye.

Even the business manager, a person usually of no journalistic instinct, and useful about newspaper offices only to pay editorial salaries, smiled that morning and was moved to approving comment upon the excellence of the exclusive story.

The city editor went to his desk therefore with buoyant spirit. Only, however, to have even his experienced and well-directed ardor dampened by the most unexpected of reactions contained in this note:

To the Editor of the "Democratic Banner."

Will you kindly state in your issue of to-morrow that the Robert Longworth whose villainies are so vividly and entertainingly described in this morning's paper is not the Robert Longworth who has resided in the thriving suburb of Milltown for so many years? I ask this in justice to myself, because I infer that your reporter has made the error of confounding two Longworths. I have written a great many contributions for the "Democratic Banner," and may have laid myself open to the reflections in which he indulges about them; but I have not been blown up on the *Evening Star*, or on any other boat, and have no desire to be burdened with any other Longworth's shortcomings in addition to those your reporter has so vigorously pointed out as perhaps properly belonging to me.

Robert Longworth.

The note was written in the unmistakable feeble, quavering handwriting of Robert Longworth himself — the Robert Longworth who, but the night before, had been dismissed with so much of genuine compassionate feeling. That note seemed like his ghost suddenly returned from its mysterious bourn.

"Who left this note?" the city editor inquired of the office-boy.

"An old man laid it on your desk and walked out," answered the boy.

"Did he seem angry — did he say anything?" pursued the city editor.

"He never showed no signs," answered the astute youth, "of being hot in the collar. He just says, 'Give that to the editor,' and walked out whenst he come."

Here was annoyance! And enough of it to take the keen edge of satisfaction from the delight of the "scoop." Evidently Mr. Forrest had jumped at conclusions and confounded two Longworths. The story was not discredited by that fact, of course; but at best it was a careless and annoying error, entailing upon the paper the mortifying necessity of confusing a good story by an immaterial explanation and an *amende*. The city editor reflected that Kirby, with his steady training and his unerring instinct for facts, would not have made such a blunder. If he could not have written the story half so well, he would have ferreted out the exact identity at least, or restrained his desire to wreak his vengeance on Longworth until identity was established. The substance of this observation Mr. Kirby did not fail to make to the city editor in confidence afterward.

"WHO LEFT THIS NOTE?"

Mr. Forrest acknowledged with dignified condescension that he might have taken the trouble to make sure, if he had thought there was any doubt. He added with stinging irony, wholly gratuitous, that, considering how notorious was his error, he was astonished that the city editor had not detected it in the copy. This was an ill-natured fling at the writer of this and in no wise deserved. The city editor relies of course upon the accuracy of the men who obtain the facts for his department, and if he is responsible it is only for perpetuating the mistakes of subordinates. And this much the city editor remarked to Mr. Forrest, adding the off-hand offer to bet fifty dollars against five that if he (the city editor) had been investigating the story he would not have made the mistake of putting such an error into copy.

But it is unnecessary to waste space upon these disagreeable details. Kirby made a hasty remark about jumping at conclusions, and the city editor admitted in his own mind the absolute unreliability of dramatic critics in matters of pure fact. The sporting editor observed that as the facts about the other Longworth were all true, he could not understand why any Longworth should raise a howl about it. This was unfair in temper, since *our* Longworth had not raised a howl. He had, in the politest manner only, asked to be exculpated from a false accusation.

The new aspect of the case surprised us all. In the general willingness to let Mr. Forrest revenge himself upon a presumptive Longworth the actual Longworth who had offended him was stirred to activity again. The city editor revolved the situation in his mind all day, and, in order to protect Mr. Forrest's dignity, determined personally to investigate the matter further. In the multiplicity of his labors, however, he neglected to do so that day, and the correcting note was left out of the paper next morning.

The next afternoon the foreman of the job-printing department came up from his separate quarters and inquired of the city editor if a note of that purport had been received.

"Longworth asked me," said he, "to request you to publish it."

"Longworth!" echoed the city editor. "Do you know him?"

"Oh, yes," said the foreman. "I 've known him for years, and he is out here now."

He stepped quickly to the door, called out into the hall very loudly, "Longworth!" and the next moment there entered the benevolent and taciturn old job printer whom the religious editor had been addressing as "Mr. Longworth" for the past two years!

The city editor gave this apparition a keen and reproachful look as if he would not have thought it of him, and then, finding himself at bay, suavely explained that the correction had been carelessly overlooked the night before, but would certainly be published next morning.

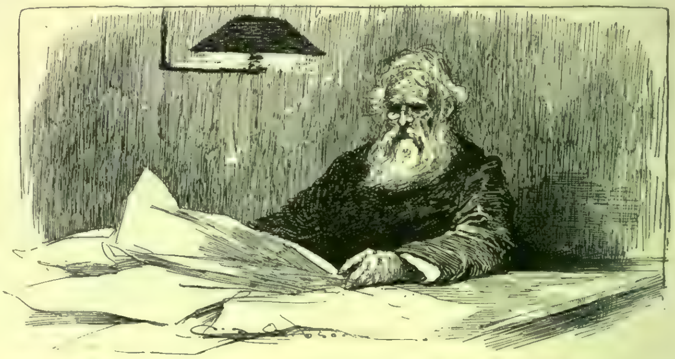
"I 'll be very much obliged," said Longworth in a thin and quavering voice, that sounded to the city editor like his handwriting translated into sound. The old man said it simply and earnestly, as if it were to be a favor bestowed upon him unworthily, and there was a kindly, pleased smile upon his face.

Longworth was plainly entitled to the explanation, and his gentleness and lack of self-assertion had their due effect in softening the city editor to its admission without further inquiry.

The announcement to the staff that Robert Longworth was the elderly job printer carried its full surprise. Only, the religious editor's eye brightened with the fire of conscious penetration in view of the fact that he had even unwittingly known Longworth so long.

We all knew him better soon; for, needing a copy-reader to assist the city editor, Longworth was sought at his "case" and readily agreed to undertake the duty, which thus gave him the revision of all the copy and an opportunity to arrest all those errors of haste and imagination that he had been able to detect heretofore only after they had been betrayed in print. A better man for the post could not have been made to hand; and at his table, alongside the city editor's desk, he soon became one of the most valuable aids, one of the most conscientious and untiring of workers.

It was curious to notice that not even the discursive and pretentious dramatic critic or the opinionative Mr. Burke objected to his corrections, so long as they were suggested or made in the privacy of office confidence and not in the publicity of print. Indeed, they soon learned to lean upon his friendly hand and his unerring memory. It was Longworth's exactitude of knowledge that lent additional value to their work; it was his patient attention that made all the force strong in facts, more effective in literary style, and finally more dependent in spirit. Longworth soon pervaded the whole local department, and all relied upon him. He was the most honest and toilsome slave that ever served under the lamp. Even the city editor soon took his turn of adding burdens to those willing shoulders, and felt safer that Longworth was at hand to smooth over the difficulties of shirking.



"A BETTER MAN FOR THE POST COULD NOT HAVE BEEN MADE TO HAND."

All this is due to him. This story would possess no value if it was not true, and in confidences such as should exist between the reader and this confessor nothing should be reserved. So the confession of his value and his faithfulness is due to the patient and gentle old man who sat night after night at his table, going with rapid fingers through the great piles of copy, his kindly face illumined, as if by a nimbus, by the gaslight that sifted through his white hair.

Longworth was not talkative, but like other agreeable spirits he would converse when the conditions were favorable. When there was a lull in work, or during the brief period of relaxation after the night's labor was done and the staff lounged about, sitting on the desks, to recall and recount incidents and gather suggestions, Longworth was not averse to engaging in the conversation. He discussed news critically, and frequently gave suggestions that opened up entirely new avenues in sensations apparently exhausted. He watched the merely effective as well as the legal points of all the mysteries and tragedies so dear to the reportorial heart. He always recurred to the other Longworth's bigamy case as one of unusual interest. He it was who unearthed the legal point that, as the body of Longworth had not been produced nor the death absolutely proved, and the statutory time for presumption of death had not elapsed, the payment of the "benefit" to the second wife was legally nothing more than a gratuity from the Order of Good Friends, and that the first wife by proving her prior and legal marriage could secure payment from the Order as if none had ever been made. He returned to the case often—so often that at last it came to be called the "Great Longworth Mystery," and even Kirby became infected with his idea of the possibility of a still more startling dénouement. That Monsieur Vidocq of the staff had little appreciation of the romantic and picturesque in crime, but he possessed a sterling idea of the value of facts, and this drew him nearer to Longworth. For Longworth had unusually combined those qualities so often found divided, a conscientious devotion to facts and an artistic appreciation of their vivid and effective grouping and coloring for honest results.

It would not do to say that Kirby fully comprehended Longworth's sensitive anticipation of the opportunity to heap upon the climax of the story already related by Mr. Forrest any unexpected dénouement; but it may have occurred to him keenly that if the dead Longworth were only missing it would be a triumph of fact to overtake and confound him with punishment, or, if he were dead, to supply the missing link in the first widow's testimony by discovering proof of the fact. The unsympathizing nature of his mind did not see, as Longworth saw, the irony of such a result in its effect upon a jury in compelling it to allow the first widow's claim and thus compensate all the afflicted ones. Perhaps even Longworth was not taking that view of it. Whatever their differing motives, the conversations that we overheard between Longworth and Kirby, in which the old man's quavering and gentle voice was pitched in an ardent tenor key, seemed solely designed to point out the importance of settling the mystery itself as a matter of truth.

"There is nothing at all certain," he would say, "in the mere presumption that, because this man took passage on the boat and never returned, he is dead. There is nothing certain, either, in the mere presumption that, because he has not returned, he is not dead. The question is, what *is* the fact—*what* is the mystery?"

"A hopeless crank!" continued Mr. Forrest, gloomily, upon one of these occasions, as we walked out for lunch. "I think the old man has a special and personal hatred of that poor dead and gone creature, simply because they bore the same name. And I don't know any more ingenious contrivance for gratifying his malice than to set Kirby on to keep the ghost unquiet."

But it was not hatred. There was genuine journalistic instinct and suggestiveness in his idea: nothing less than that would have finally induced the city editor himself to take a due share of interest in the possibility of there being further development in the "Great Longworth Mystery."

The winter passed, marked along its cold and foggy course by Longworth's asthmatic struggles. He said it was asthma, and it probably was asthma before it became consumption. But he never complained; was even apologetic if one of his paroxysms of coughing drew from any of the nervous and impatient young men a rattling of chairs or the hasty and quickly regretted ejaculation of "Cheese it!" or "Rats!"

When the spring came, only a milder and muggier edition of winter, the old man would come in at noon from his vital waking struggles with his cough, haggard in look and broken in strength, but not the less conscientious in his devotion to his duties. He was upborne by something of that physical heroism which in its contemplation brings the hardest world to its knees in gentleness and sympathy. In some such silent and figurative attitude the little world of the "Democratic Banner" staff stood towards his shattering cough and his ofttimes pitiful struggles to gasp back the difficult breath.

"Suppose," he suggested one night to the city editor, "this mysterious Longworth is not dead at all! Suppose he merely stepped ashore at some landing and made away with the intention of creating the impression that he had been lost overboard—an impression which the subsequent destruction of the steamer made unnecessary! He alone knew at that time that he was a bigamist, and the dread of exposure, if any was felt, was felt by him alone. Is there not enough motive there to color the theory of mere disappearance instead of death? It would be nothing to a man who had lived a lie for years and maintained with two wives a theoretical existence to duplicate that existence with a third, or, for that matter, to deceive all his acquaintances and the whole power of the law itself. Suppose, instead of being destroyed in the explosion, he had merely stepped ashore and into another name and another residence! How do we know his name is Robert Longworth? What do we know of him when his wife could not fathom him? May he not be one of those singular men, incapable of enjoying a regular life and destined to eccentricity — finding security in his very boldness? Is anything certain of him? Is it not at least possible that he merely 'stepped ashore'?"

When Mrs. Longworth of Pennsylvania arrived with the expressed intention of remaining until her suit was decided and the legality of her widowhood established, Kirby interviewed her upon this line of conjecture. But he found the first Mrs. Longworth a woman of unusual coolness and resolution, who, however easily she might have been inveigled into a romantic marriage, had strict views as to reporters. Her case, she said, was in the hands of her lawyers, and she could not discuss it in the newspapers. Yes, Mr. Longworth *might* be alive. She was prepared for *anything* after hearing of his second marriage. She was not more surprised at *that*, however, than she was at having married him herself. Her acquaintance with him previous to the marriage had been brief, and she knew *absolutely nothing* of his life before she met him. Yes, he *might* have had another name; she was no longer *sure* of *anything*.

"HE BROUGHT MRS. KIRBY INTO THE OFFICE."

Mrs. Longworth of Pennsylvania impressed Kirby rather unfavorably as a reservoir of journalistic information. But her daughter, he confessed abruptly, was a "daisy."

"Her daughter?" inquired old man Longworth, as he listened to this report.

"The girl," said Kirby, "is as pretty as a peach; young, well educated, and has charming manners."

That she was all Kirby painted her was true. The suit, first passed, then postponed, and again continued, seemed likely to develop into a chancery case. Still Mrs. Longworth of Pennsylvania remained at her post, perhaps from a very natural hatred of the woman who claimed the name she bore, more than from any desire to secure the mere pittance at stake.

And her stay succeeded in permanently fixing Kirby's interest in the case, since, the first we knew, he was married to the daughter and thus irrevocably committed to the solution of the mystery. They had been quietly married without warning. Kirby was a good fellow, a sensible one, and well deserved his good fortune. And we soon had an opportunity to judge how good it was; for one evening he brought Mrs. Kirby into the office, "just to show her the den, you know, boys," and the city editor's staff of envious celibates looked with unmistakable admiration upon the trim and pretty young girl, her bright eyes just even with Kirby's broad shoulders, whence they glanced up towards his own with a constant and dancing delight in his mere presence and in her pride and young joy. She had surprised all the boys with their coats off, hard at work, but hats were quickly doffed to give her that royal welcome that men willingly express to youthful feminine beauty.

You may be sure there was nothing ever came home to the "Democratic Banner" like this "Great Longworth Mystery." Already there was Longworth's namesake on the staff, landed there by an accident of the case, and now here was his daughter transplanted among us, so to speak, by a stranger accident of the case, and shaking hands in happy and smiling ease with all the young men. She even shook hands with old man Longworth himself, and Longworth's kindly old eyes rested upon her with gentle delight expressed in them, and, with all of us, he followed with appreciation her trim and graceful figure as it moved about the room.

The "Democratic Banner" was committed to the revelation of the "Great Longworth Mystery" beyond escape. It had become something of a family affair too, involving at least a little tact in its new bearings. And so, after Kirby's marriage, the city editor took down his assignment book and made a change of suggestions. The new one read thus:

Sept. 15.—Longworth trial, U. S. Court. Full descriptive report. R. LONGWORTH.

This was a mere memorandum, however, for Longworth was not employed as a reporter and was not assignable to duty of that sort save with his own consent. But, upon the point of delicacy, it was very plain that Kirby could not be assigned to report the trial. When I mentioned to old man Longworth my desire that he, who understood the case so well, should undertake it, he flatly declined the task.

One can never tell how impressions are made; but out of this declination, somehow or other, the shadow of a suspicion developed in the mind of the city editor. Was it something in Longworth's manner?—no; in his voice? Or was it a mere cruelty of fancy, arising from annoyance, that made me suspect that old man Longworth himself, sitting there toiling in his almost pathetic way, was the center of that mystery? The idea seemed to insinuate itself, and every time the old man returned to the subject, with his startling suggestion that Robert Longworth might still be alive, the suspicion grew and fixed itself more firmly in the mind of the city editor. *Was not the Robert Longworth whose mystery seemed to be burned up in that burning boat the Robert Longworth who was possessed of this absorbing interest in the outcome of the case?*

For a month the city editor carried this secret doubt about with him, being debarred, in such phase of the case, from consultation with Kirby or even from taking any member of the staff into his confidence. There was a certain feeling of guilt in harboring the suspicion, and yet a certain instinct of its possibility of truth. Finally he determined to take the question to Longworth himself for answer.

And thus it was that one night, while he sat discussing the endless possibilities of the mystery, he fixed his eyes keenly and unflinchingly upon the old man, and asked:

"Mr. Longworth, don't you *know* that this man went safely ashore from that boat and is alive to-day?"

The question was the sword-thrust of Hamlet behind the curtain. If nothing was concealed there nothing would be pierced. As he delivered it the city editor felt his heart beat and the flush rise to his face that was to be of triumph, perhaps—or mortification. But it faded away into the mere heat of expectation, as the old man, looking him steadily in the eye, and with gentle earnestness and simple confidence, answered:

"I can say I *do* know it, Mr. Brown, because I believe it as firmly as I believe you are sitting there. Perhaps it is because I have thought of it so much from the standpoint of that theory. There are more curious things in the world than ever creep into fiction, and I believe this Longworth mystery is one of them. No man who had lived the double life he lived could be trusted to die upon such testimony as there is in this case."

There was no guile in those gentle eyes, no fear or secret emotion in that familiar and eloquent voice, and with guilty pleasure the city editor recognized that the thrust which might have returned so much mortification upon himself or pressed such guilt upon the old man had passed through the curtain only to impale vague shadows.

From that night there never was a time when he heard the hollow knell of old man Longworth's death cough sounding, or looked upon his kindly old face bending over the piles of copy at the little desk beside him, that the city editor did not make reparation in remorse for the wrong of that thought, for the uncleanness of mind, harbored for that long month.

Yet, it might have been—but no matter now.

The crisis of the Longworth mystery approached rapidly. Summer passed, and when September arrived, bringing with it the trial, it brought a summons for old man Longworth from a court whose jurisdiction covers no contempts, since it has no mandates that are not obeyed. Rapidly enough now was the weak but racking cough tearing at the very citadel doors of his life, and Mr. Burke announced, when message came one day that the old man was confined to bed and unable to come to his desk, "There is not another round left in him, and he is out of the ring for good." And he said it kindly and sympathetically enough — and truly.

For old man Longworth came to his desk no more. Removed to an infirmary where the good Sisters watched the struggle and cared for the weaker side, he lay in his cot with the clammy dew of exhaustion upon his fine old face. Kirby was put at his desk and the city editor himself undertook the assignment:

Sept. 15.— Longworth trial, U. S. Court. Full descriptive report.

And, with Kirby for conferences, he followed the evidence and searched for the clues and failures of testimony in which lay corroboration or disproval of the old man's pet theory.

Poor old man! Beyond interest in any mystery now save that last one which we must all face some day and explore — God helping us — as best we can. We could not carry the burden of details into the room where Death stood at the foot of that low bed and guarded his feeble prey. And Longworth was too weak to ask, if he wanted to know. Even the cough was a mere convulsion now, the voice only a feeble rattle.

But on the last day of the trial there came relief; and when the city editor called on his way to the court-room Longworth could talk in a faint whisper, and the cough was easier and less frequent.

"I CAN SAY I *DO* KNOW IT."

"Is it over yet?" he asked, as the city editor bent down at command of his eyes.

"No," was the answer. "It will go to the jury this afternoon."

And the city editor went out at a sign from the good angel in black, lest the patient should over-exert himself.

It was late in the afternoon when Kirby and the city editor walked constrainedly to the old man's door bearing with them more than the import of the verdict. *That* was, that, in the absence of the *corpus delicti* and the non-intervention of statutory lapse, the payment to the second Mrs. Longworth was not a legal one, but that it was still due to the first and legal Mrs. Longworth. More than this, they bore a cruel suspicion that had been preying upon Kirby all day, and for which the city editor's own conscience had been active in remorse. There was high contention between them.

"I tell you," said Kirby, doggedly, "that it is very singular this man should begin to recover to-day when this trial is at an end. It is singular that his condition at this particular time should prevent his appearance at the trial, where there were those who might have been able to recognize him. If he is my wife's father, and the scoundrel who has played this villainous deceit upon his wife and child, I will know it."

It was in vain the city editor urged upon Kirby his own suspicion and its dissipation. He was obdurate.

"As long as I thought he was dying," said Kirby, hotly, "I was willing to let it die with him; but now that he begins to get well on this day, I shall know the truth before I go home."

"How will you get it?" asked the city editor, pausing at the top of the stairway, whence at the end of the hall we could see old man Longworth's room.

"From his own lips," said Kirby.

"And would you," cried the other, "go into that old man's room and ask such a question at the side of a death-bed? for I tell you he is not getting well."

Kirby stopped at this, for a hand was laid upon his arm with some weight. He was excited and obstinate.

"Brown," said he, calmly, "I am not cruel. You cannot understand this as I feel it. I have had this suspicion more than a week, keeping it in my own heart. I have never mentioned it even to my wife, nor to you. I could not ask him while he lay there gasping. But — why, man, he may be my wife's father! And if he is," he concluded, deliberately, "I am going to know it."

"Now, Kirby," I said, tightening the grasp upon his arm, and communicating the earnestness I felt, "that old man is not your wife's father. I know it. I would go bail for him upon any charge. You are going back to a suspicion which I myself tested. And I tell you that you shall not go in there and strike to that generous old heart the blow you are so ill-prepared to deal."

"*Shall* not?" cried Kirby.

"SHALL not!"

"But ——," cried Kirby, with an oath, "I will!" And turning away angrily, he strode down the hall.

In a moment he was overtaken, and two hands were laid upon his shoulders with a grip that was not to be evaded. He turned furiously, but he saw that no violence was intended.

"Kirby," I said, almost in despair, but quite as determined as he, "you are not yourself. You must not do a wrong like this upon the wild desire to right another wrong. You and I are not enemies, and I propose we shall remain friends."

"You go about your proposition very singularly," he returned.

"No," said I, "I do not. We will go in there, and I will question him in a way to leave it clear to you whether you are called upon to follow up your suspicion or not. You are too excited to do it kindly. If you think you are justified in questioning him when I am done, you may do so. But I tell you that if you are cruel to that old man without justification it will be better for you, so help me God! that you had never gone in there, for I may be compelled to make his injuries my own."

Kirby flushed hotly, but he said, "I will agree to that"; and, turning the knob quietly, we entered the room.

Old man Longworth's eyes shone feverishly bright from the shadows of the pillows among which he lay propped, and as we approached the bed they looked all the curiosity he felt in his undaunted soul.

"Well," said I, "it is over, and we gain the case. That is, the *corpus delicti* was not proved, and Longworth may have 'stepped ashore.'"

The weak eyes gleamed a little brighter and he lifted his hand slightly, only to let it fall wearily. Then we saw that the rally of the morning had been deceptive, and that old man Longworth was deeper in the shadows of that inevitable valley. I hesitated in the presence of such a fact to carry out my part of that inquest of curiosity which was pushing Kirby to such lengths. But I said with as kindly a smile as I could assume to mask the intent:

"But the mystery seems to end there, Mr. Longworth, for all we can do to solve it. We do not know where to turn for the missing Robert Longworth — unless *you* are the man."

The hint, given with a jesting smile, went on its mission. At first there was an answering shadow of a smile upon the old man's face; then a troubled look; and finally the poison of the bitter jest stung him. The possibility of the suspicion flashed fully into his mind. Startled surprise, it seemed, mingled with inexpressible pain, was in his eyes as he signed to Kirby to come nearer. There was upon Kirby's strong countenance a look of determination that made it almost cruel as he bent over the bed to hear the faint whisper.

"Do — you," asked old man Longworth, painfully, as his startled eyes searched Kirby's inmost recesses and conveyed all the astonishment the pitiless suspicion aroused, "do — you — believe — *that?*"

"Do I believe what?" answered Kirby, with nervous but manly hesitation and evasion.

"That—I—am—your—wife's—father?"

The pain, the sorrow, the surprise, the mortification, and the implied reproach in his voice were mirrored upon the wasted face, where there was also infinite and yearning eagerness for answer. His very soul was answering for his innocence. I felt, rather than saw, the remorse that sprung into Kirby's eyes, and recognized that he recoiled from any collision with that gentle spirit in its last struggle. It had all passed quickly, but the old man had perceived that such a suspicion actually existed, and so, after a moment of hesitation, Kirby blurted out in a great explosion of manly recantation:

"No, I don't!"

Peace fell instantly upon the worn old face in the pillows, but succeeding it came a sad smile, as if there might still be a doubt in Kirby's honest mind, when there should be complete re-assurance. Signing Kirby forward again, he murmured:

"You — must — bring — your — wife — and her — mother — to — see — me — to-morrow."

"Oh, no, no!" cried Kirby, in deep distress; "not *that*. I don't know what it was induced me — but I cannot do that."

"Unless," said I, gently, "he might desire it."

"I — do," said old man Longworth; and there was a mute appeal in his eyes to which Kirby answered with a nod. Then, pressing the friendly and thin hands that were never again to be busy with our work and ambitions, we left him to his repose and the thoughts that I should not dare try to follow, and walked away in silence. But as we parted Kirby said, with his voice a little choked:

"Brown, we shall always be friends. You knew better than I felt."

. . . .

The next morning Kirby came with his wife and her mother to pay that visit of re-assurance and generous confidence. I had got there hours earlier, but a visitor had entered even before me. So when the girlish young wife and her handsome mother entered, upon the couch near the window, where the sun came streaming into the chamber, now so barren, lay a white coverlid over stark and rigid outlines. With reverent hands I turned down the corner of the folds, and as she looked upon the features Mrs. Longworth uttered one penetrant shriek and gasped:

"*My husband!*"

But the sound never reached the soul that had quietly "stepped ashore."

Kirby led her from that surprising room, and I drew the pall again over the dead face. But as I did so I wondered what mystery, what depths of motive, or what shallows of expedience, were stilled behind that pallid and serene mask, upon which hovered the trace of a smile so gentle as to wave curiosity back dismayed forever.

Young E. Allison.

COMPENSATION.

"LORD, I am weary!" cried my soul. "The sun
Is fierce upon my path, and sore the weight
Of smarting burdens; ere the goal be won
I sink, unless thou help, dear Lord!" And straight
My fainting heart rose bravely up, made strong
To bear its cross: God granted me a song!

"Lord, I am conquered! Ceaseless, night and day,
A thousand cruel ills have hedged me round,
Till like a stag the hounds have brought to bay
My stricken heart lies bleeding on the ground!"
When lo! with new-found life my soul, made strong,
Spurned all its foes: God granted me a song!

"Lord, I am dying! Earth and sea and sky
Fade and grow dark; yet, after all, the end
Wrings from my breaking heart a feeble sigh
For this poor world, not overmuch its friend!"
But suddenly with immortal power made strong,
My soul, set free, sprung heavenward in a song!

Stuart Sterne.

SONGS OF IRELAND.

PANCAKE DAY.

(Pancake day immediately precedes Lent, and the custom of tossing the cake still prevails in every district of the south of Ireland.)

ON pancake day in the morning,
Shan O'Leary throd his own leather,
Which is the politeness for sphakin'
He was barefoot in cold winter weather.
His clothing was patches and holes,
But his heart it was merry and light,
As he knocked at the door of Norah McShane,
Soon as ever the bog-fire was bright—
On pancake day in the morning.

On pancake day in the morning,
Norah opened the door wid a cry
Of surprise at the sight of young Shan,
Who gin her a blink wid his eye.
Swate Norah she bade him come in:
"Och, vourneen," the rascal he said,
"Now, Norah, the pancake we 'll toss,
To thry if this year we will wed—
On pancake day in the morning!"

On pancake day in the morning,
Swate Norah she gave the first toss;
The pancake fell back in the pan,
Reversed, without ruffle or loss.
"Arrah, it 's good luck you will have,"
Said Shan, "an' now give me a thry;
An' lest I should toss it askew,
Och, Norah, jist turn 'way your eye—
On pancake day in the morning!"

On pancake day in the morning,—
The pity, och hone, I should tell,—
Shan's elbow it got a bad jog,
An' the cake in the ashes it fell!
'T was Norah the mischief had done,
"Ah, vo, an' ah, vo," then she said,
"Poor Shan, an' whatever you do,
This year an' you never will wed—
On pancake day in the morning!"

On pancake day in the morning,
Shan knew the thrick she had played,
An' widout so much as a word
His footsteps he never delayed.
"What is it yiz afther forgetting,"
Cried Norah, "to thus run away?"
"It 's yourself I 'm afther forgetting,"
Said Shan widout any delay—
On pancake day in the morning!

On pancake day in the morning,
Losing Shan was none of her game,
An' so she fell weeping and wailing,
An' calling his thratement a shame!
Then Shan, wid a laugh in his heart,
Cried, "Norah, 't is never you fret,"
An' to end up the quarrel, the wedding
In less than a jiffy was set—
On pancake day in the morning!

SWEET MOLLIE.

OF all the colleens in the land,
Sweet Mollie is the daisy;
Though when I 'm wid her or widout,
My heart is never aisy!
Ahone, an' I am quarely lost
Whenever she comes tripping!
An' afther her widout delay,
Avick, I 'm lightly skipping!—
Och, of all the colleens in the land,
Sweet Mollie is the daisy;
Though when I 'm wid her or widout,
My heart —
(*The cunning crathure, wid her witching ways, her gold head, an' her rollicking black eyes.*)
My heart is never aisy!

Musha, if Mollie would be mine,
The world would all admire her;
A lady I would make of her,
In silk I would attire her!
Arrah, an' I would sphake the praste
Widout a minute's tarry,
If Mollie would but name the day
Or night on which she 'd marry!—
Och, of all the colleens in the land,
Sweet Mollie is the daisy;
Though when I 'm wid her or widout,
My heart —
(*Mollie, my darling, Mollie, acushla, Mollie vourneen, alanna machree.*)
My heart is never aisy!

Ah, vo, she 'll be the death o' me,
My heart wid love is burning,
An' all because o' love o' her,
My head is quarely turning!
Faix, Mollie, if you kill me quite,
Think on your sitavation,
Wid you a-weeping day and night,
Widout my consolation!—

Och, of all the colleens in the land,
Sweet Mollie is the daisy;
Though when I 'm wid her or widout,
My heart —
(*The cruel deludher, who knows betther than to chate me wid her soothering ways, breaking my heart into smithereens, och, hone!*)
My heart is never aisy!

If Mollie were a prisoner,
Faix, I would be her warden;
An' till she 'd give a pogue to me,
I 'd never thrate o' pardon:
Bad cess, it 's I 'm the prisoner,
Wid fetters firm and weighty,
An' if Mollie will not marry me,
I 'll stay one till I 'm eighty!—
Och, of all the colleens in the land,
Sweet Mollie is the daisy;
Though when I 'm wid her or widout,
My heart—
(*Bedad, hold your whisth, for whether she loves me or not, I will love her all my life long.*)
Though my heart be never aisy!

THERE 'S A GREEN GRAVE IN IRELAND.

There 's a green grave in Ireland,
Where my heart lies buried deep;
Where Mary, my fond sweetheart,
Rests in her dreamless sleep:
We loved when both our hearts were young,
And hope throbbed in each breast;
But nevermore has hope been mine
Since Mary sank to rest!

I 've lived through many weary years,
Since on that summer morn
Sweet Mary gave her farewell kiss
And left me all forlorn:
I hear her sweet voice calling me,
I have not long to stay;
Bright hope will once again be mine
When death bids me away!

There 's a green grave in Ireland,
Where my heart lies buried deep;
Oh, lay me there beside my love,
In my last, dreamless sleep!

HEY FOR A LASS!

I axed her for a pogue,
The black-eyed saucy rogue,
For a single little pogue,
An' she scornful turned away!
Wid a blue-eyed swate colleen
I was shortly afther seen,
An' what did the black-eyed queen
But weep the livelong day!

COME OVER THE S'A.

Och, Larry, come over the s'a—
Though you 'll die seven deaths coming over,
But yiz would n't be stoppin' for that,
When yiz live ever afther in clover;
Ameriky is a foin land,
'T is a flowing wid milk an' wid honey—
Which is only the poethry of sphakin'
That a man has a pocket o' money!—
Och, Larry, come over the s'a!

Och, Larry, come over the s'a,
The poorest have praties in store,
An' though you will miss the poteen,
There 's whisky and 'baccy galore!
The men they are all o' them lords,
An' each colleen I know is a quean;
If you choose you can vote for yourself,
An' no one will think it is m'an!—
Och, Larry, come over the s'a!

Och, Larry, come over the s'a,
An' when comin' fetch over your sthick,
The chances for foighten are few,
But the bobbies may play you a thrick!
Two dollars a day you can git,
Widout workin' scarce any at all,
Jist to throw up a scrapin' o' dirt,
Or to carry the bricks for a wall!—
Och, Larry, come over the s'a!

AN' IF I HAD MONEY GALORE.

An' if I had money galore,
I 'd git me a scrapin' o' ground;
Wid sphadin' I 'd toss it about,
An' wid praties I 'd set it around:
I 'd buy me a bit of a cow,
An' a nate little pig in a pen,
An' laste I 'd be ch'atin' in Lent,
I 'd have me a duck of a hen:
Och! the thought of it sets me agog,
Till the c'aling is down to the floor!
Bedad! what a Paddy I 'd be,
An' if I had money galore!

An' if I had money galore,
I 'd sphort me a coat wid a tail,
An' the gossoon that throd on the same
A b'atin' I 'd give wid a flail!
I 'd build me a bit of a house,
To Norah I 'd fall on my kneas,
An' wid Father McCarthy to wed,
We 'd live ever afther at 'ase:
Och! the thought of it sets me agog,
Till the c'aling is down to the floor!
Bedad! what a Paddy I 'd be,
An' if I had money galore!

Jennie E. T. Dowe.

BEN AND JUDAS.

PREFATORY NOTE.

[I am quite aware of the apparent willfulness which hovers about my action in writing the following bit of social history. I have assailed, so often and so unsparingly, the spirit of dialect, which for a decade has dominated our "school" of fiction makers, that for me, at this late day, to offer a dialect sketch to the public is to bare my breast and defy all comers. Still I have no apology to make, unless it be apologizing when I explain that it is not fiction, but history, which I have written in this simple and clumsy fashion. The days of slavery are gone forever, and so rapidly has the world spun forward since the chains were cut, we can scarcely realize that we have come so far in so short a time. It is due to future generations that every characteristic of the old time shall be recorded ere it be forgotten, that every correlation between master and slave shall be preserved in the cast, that all the curious and touching instances of slave life shall have their places in history, and that no element injected by slavery into the tissues of American civilization shall have its origin obscured a century hence. While their bondage lasted the negroes absorbed a great deal of Anglo-Saxon life and influence, and at the same time the whites as masters took into themselves an indescribable, but very noticeable, something from the negroes. How could it have been otherwise? The very foundations of human nature make it sure that it must often have happened, as in the case I have tried to record, that master and slave shaped each other's lives. I do not know, nor do I pretend to say, that the following instance is a typical one. Like all detached fragments of history, however, it has a trace of allegory in it. When I came upon it I felt the lurking significance which I may have failed to preserve in my imperfect sketch. Those who care for dialect literature, as such, may read lightly; but let the serious reader ponder over what may shimmer between my lines. The editor has suggested to me that the prayer by Judas recorded herein resembles the one in Mr. H. S. Edwards's fine sketch, "Two Runaways." If it does, I hasten to disclaim everything. My story is mere history, for which I am responsible only as the chronicler. If my facts and Mr. Edwards's fiction have even one point in common, the praise is due to Mr. Edwards, not to me.—MAURICE THOMPSON.]

ON a dark and stormy night, early in the present century, two male children were born on the Wilson plantation in middle Georgia. One of the babes came into the world covered with a skin as black as the night, the other was of that complexion known as sandy; one was born a slave, the other a free American citizen. Two such screeching and squalling infants never before or since assaulted simultaneously the peace of the world. Such lungs had they and such vocal chords that cabin and mansion fairly shook with their boisterous and unrhythmical wailing. The white mother died, leaving her chubby, kicking, brawling offspring to share the breast of the more fortunate colored matron with the fat, black, howling, hereditary dependent thereto; and so Ben and Judas, master and slave, began their companionship at the very fountain of life. They grew, as it were, arm in arm and quite apace with each other, as healthy boys will, crawling, then toddling, anon running on the sandy lawn between the cabin and the mansion, often quarreling and sometimes fighting vigorously. Soon enough, however, Judas discovered that, by some invisible and inscrutable decree, he was slave to Ben, and Ben became aware that he was rightful master to Judas. The conditions adjusted themselves to the lives of the boys in a most peculiar way. The twain became almost inseparable, and grew up so intimately that Judas looked like the black shadow of Ben. If one rode a horse, the other rode a mule; if the white boy habitually set his hat far back on his head, the negro did the same; if Ben went swimming or fishing, there went Judas also. And yet Ben was forever scolding Judas and threatening to whip him, a proceeding treated quite respectfully and as a matter of course by the slave. Wherever they went Ben walked a pace or two in advance of Judas, who followed, however, with exactly the consequential air of his master and with a step timed to every peculiarity observable in the pace set by his leader. Ben's father, who became dissipated and careless after his wife's death, left the boy to come up rather loosely, and there was no one to make note of the constantly growing familiarity between the two youths, nor did any person chance to observe how much alike they were becoming as time slipped away. Ben's education was neglected, albeit now and again a tutor was brought to the Wilson place and some effort was made to soften the crust of ignorance which was forming around the lad's mind. Stormy and self-willed, with a peculiar facility in the rapid selection and instantaneous use of the most picturesque and outlandish expletives, Ben drove these adventurous disciples of learning one by one from the place, and at length grew to manhood and to be master of the Wilson plantation (when his father died) without having changed in the least the manner of his life. He did not marry, nor did he think of marriage, but grew stout and round-shouldered, stormed and raved when he felt like it, threatened all the negroes, whipped not one of them, and so went along into middle life, and beyond, with Judas treading as exactly as possible in his footprints.

They grew prematurely old, these two men: the master's white hair was matched by the slave's snowy wool; they both walked with a shuffling gait, and their faces gradually took on a network of wrinkles; neither wore any beard. To this day it remains doubtful which was indebted most to the other in the matter of borrowed characteristics. The negro hoarded up the white man's words, especially the polysyllabic ones, and in turn the white man adopted in an elusive, modified way the negro's pronunciation and gestures. If the African apostatized and fell away from the grace of a savage taste to like soda biscuits and very sweet coffee, the American of Scotch descent dropped so low in barbarity that he became a confirmed 'possum-eater. Ben Wilson could read, after a fashion, and had a taste for romance of the swash-buckler, kidnap-a-heroine sort. Judas was a good listener, as his master mouthed these wonderful stories aloud, and his hereditary Congo imagination, crude but powerful, was fed and strengthened by the pabulum thus absorbed.

It was a picture worth seeing, worth sketching in pure colors and setting in an imperishable frame, that group, the master, the slave, and the dog Chawm. Chawm is a name boiled down from "chew them"; as a Latin commentator would put it: chew them, *vel* chaw them, *vel* chaw 'em, *vel* chawm. He was a copperas-yellow cur of middle size and indefinite age, who loved to lie at the feet of his two masters and snap at the flies. This trio, when they came together for a literary purpose, usually occupied that part of the old vine-covered veranda which caught the black afternoon shade of the Wilson mansion. In parenthesis let me say that I use this word mansion out of courtesy, for the house was small and dilapidated; the custom of the country made it a mansion, just as Ben Wilson was made Colonel Ben. There they were, the white, the black, and the dog, enjoying a certain story of medieval days, about a nameless, terrible knight-errant who had stolen and borne away the beautiful Rosamond, and about the slender, graceful youth who buckled his heavy armor on to ride off in melodramatic pursuit. Judas listened with eyes half closed and mouth agape; Chawm was panting, possibly with excitement, his red tongue lolling and weltering, and his kindly brown eyes upturned to watch the motions of Ben's leisurely lips. There was a wayward breeze, a desultory satin rustle, in the vine-leaves. The sky was cloudless, the red, country road hot and dusty, the mansion all silent within. Some negro plowmen were singing plaintively far off in a cornfield. The eyes of Judas grew blissfully heavy, closed themselves, his under jaw fell lower, he snored in a deep, mellow, well-satisfied key. Ben ceased reading and looked at the sleepers —for Chawm, too, had fallen into a light doze.

"Dad blast yer lazy hides! Wake erp yer, er I 'll thrash ye till ye don't know yerselves! Wake up, I say!" Ben's voice started echoes in every direction. Chawm sprung to his feet, Judas caught his breath with an indrawn snort and stared up inquiringly at his raging master.

"Yer jest go to that watermillion patch and git to yer hoein' of them vines mighty fast, er I 'll whale enough hide off 'm' yer to half-sole my boots, yer lazy, good fer nothin', low-down, sleepy-headed, snorin', flop-yeared —" He hesitated, rummaging in his memory for yet another adjective. Meantime Judas had scrambled up unsteadily and was saying "Yah sah, yah sah," as fast as ever he could, and bowing apologetically while his hands performed rapid deprecatory gestures.

"Move off, I say!" thundered Ben.

Chawm moved off with his tail between his legs; Judas went in search of his hoe, and soon after he was heard singing a camp-meeting song over in the melon patch:

Ya-a-as, my mother 's over yander,
Ya-a-as, my mother 's over yander,
Ya-a-as, my mother 's over yander,
On de oder sho'.

To any casual observer who for a series of years had chanced now and again to see these twain, it must have appeared that Ben Wilson's chief aim in life was to storm at Judas, and that Judas, not daring to respond in kind directly to the voluble raging of his master, lived for the sole purpose of singing religious songs and heaping maledictions on Bolus, the mule. If Ben desired his horse saddled and brought to him, he issued the order somewhat as follows:

"Judas! Hey there, yer old humpbacked scamp! How long are yer a-goin' to be a-fetchin' me that hoss? Hurry up! Step lively, er I 'll tie ye up an' jest whale the whole skin off 'm' ye! Trot lively, I say!"

Really, what did Judas care if Ben spoke thus to him? The master never had struck the slave in anger since the days when they enjoyed the luxury of their childish fisticuffs. These threats were the merest mouthing, and Judas knew it very well.

"Yah, dar! Yo' Bolus! yo' ole rib-nosed, so'-eyed, knock-kneed, pigeon-toed t'ief! I jest wa' yo' out wid er fence-rail, ef yo' don' step pow'ful libely now; sho 's yo' bo'n I jest will!"

This was the echo sent back from the rickety stables by Judas to the ears of his master, who sat smoking his short pipe on the sunken veranda under his vine and close to his gnarled fig tree. The voice was meant to sound very savage; but in spite of Judas it would be melodious and unimpressive, a mere echo and nothing more—*vox, et prœterea nihil.*

Ben always chuckled reflectively when he heard Judas roaring like that. He could not have said just why he chuckled; perhaps it was mere force of habit.

"Dad blast that fool nigger!" he would mutter below his breath. "Puts me in mind of a hongry mule a-brayin' fer fodder. I 'll skin 'im alive fer it yet."

"Consoun' Mars Ben! Better keep he ole mouf shet," Judas would growl; but neither ever heard the side remarks of the other. Indeed, in a certain restricted and abnormal way, they were very tender of each other's feelings.

The older they grew the nearer came these two men together. It was as if, starting from widely separated birthrights, they had journeyed towards the same end, and thus, their paths converging, they were at last to lie down in graves dug side by side.

But no matter if their cradle was a common one, and notwithstanding that their footsteps kept such even time, Ben was master, Judas slave. They were differentiated at this one point, and at another, the point of color, irrevocably, hopelessly. As other differences were sloughed; as atom by atom their lines blended together; as strange attachments, like the feelers of vines, grew between them; and as the license of familiarity took possession of them more and more, the attitude of the master partook of tyranny in a greater and greater degree. I use the word attitude, because it expresses precisely my meaning. Ben Wilson's tyranny was an attitude, nothing more. Judas never had seen the moment when he was afraid of his master; still there was a line over which he had not dared to step — the line of downright disobedience. In some obscure way the negro had felt the weakness of the white man's character, from which a stream of flashing, rumbling threats had poured for a lifetime; he knew that Ben Wilson was a harmless blusterer who was scarcely aware of his own windy utterances, and yet he hesitated to admit that he knew it — nay, he forced himself to be proud of his master's prodigious temperamental expansions. He felt his own importance in the world barely below that of the man who owned him, and deep in his old heart stirred the delicious dream of freedom. What a dream! Amorphous as a cloud, and rosy as ever morning vapor was, it informed his soul with vague, haunting perfumes and nameless strains of song. Strange that so crude a being could absorb such an element into the innermost tissues of his life! Judas had a conscience, rudimentary indeed, but insistent, which gnawed him frightfully at times: not for stealing,— he was callous to that,— but for rebellion, which he could not cast out of him entirely. Occasionally he soliloquized:

"Ef I could jest be de mars erwhile an' Mars Ben be de nigger, bress de good Lor' but would n't I jest mor' 'n mek 'im bounce erroun' one time! Sorty fink I 'd wake 'im up afo' day, an' would n't I cuss 'im an' 'buse 'im an' rah an' cha'ge at 'im tell he know 'zac'ly how it was hese'f! Yo' may say so, honey, dat yo' may!"

Following treasonable thoughts like these came bitings by the hot teeth of the poor slave's conscience, all the deeper and crueler by contrast with the love forever upgushing to be lavished on his truly indulgent, but strongly exasperating, master.

"Lor', do forgib po' ole Judas," he would pray, "kase he been er-jokin' ter hese'f 'bout er pow'ful ticklish ci'cumstance, sho 's yo' bo'n, Lor'; an' he no business trompin' roun' er ole well in de night. Git he neck broke, sho'!"

Notwithstanding conscience and prayer, however, the thought grew clearer and waxed more vigorous in the heart of Judas as the years slipped by and Ben gradually increased his scolding. The more he fought it the closer clung to him the vision of that revolution which would turn him on top and Ben below, if but for a few moments of delirious triumph.

"Lor', but would n't Mars Ben hate 'r hab dis ole nigger er-rahin' an' er-cha'gin' an' er-rantin' an' er-yellin' at 'im, an' jest er-cussin' 'im like de berry debil fo' eberyt'ing 'at 's mean, an' de sweat jest er-rollin' off 'm 'im an' 'im jest er-linkin' down ter wo'k, an' me jest eberlastin'ly an' outlandishly er-gibin' 'im de limmer jaw fo' he laziness an' he dog-gone general no 'countness! Ef dat would n't be satisfactional ter dis yer darkey, den I dunno nuffin' 't all 'bout it. Dat 's his way er doin' me, an' it seem lak my time orter be comin' erlong pooty soon ter do 'im dat way er leetle, debil take de nigger ef it don't!"

In good truth, however, Judas had no right to complain of hard work; he did not earn his salt. A large part of the time he and his master occupied with angling in the rivulet hard by, wherein catfish were the chief game. Side by side on the sandy bank of the stream the twain looked like two frogs ready to leap into the water, so expectant and eager were their wrinkled faces and protruding eyes, so comically set akimbo their arms and legs. With little art they cast and recast their clumsy bait of bacon-rind, exchanging few words, but enjoying, doubtless, a sense of subtile companionship peculiarly satisfying.

"Airy a bite, Judas?"

"No, sah."

"Too lazy to keep yer hook baited?"

"No, sah."

A while of silence, the river swashing dreamily, the sunshine shimmering far along the slowly lapsing current; then Judas begins humming a revival tune.

"Shet yer mouth; stop that infernal howling, yer blasted old eejit, er I 'll take this yer fish-pole an' I 'll naturally lam the life out of ye!" storms the master. "Yer 'll scare all the fish till they 'll go clean to the Gulf of Mexico. Hain't yer got a striffin' of sense left?"

The slave sulks in silence. Ten minutes later Ben takes out a plug of bright, greasy-looking navy tobacco, and after biting off a liberal chew says, in a very soft voice:

"Here, Jude, try some of my terbacker, an' maybe yer luck 'll change."

Judas fills his cheek with the comforting weed and gazes with expectant contentment into the stream, but the luck continues much the same. The wind may blow a trifle sweeter, fluting an old Pan-pipe tune in a half-whisper through the fringe of shining reeds, and the thrushes may trill suddenly a strange, soft phrase from the dark foliage of the grove hard by; still, in blissful ignorance of the voices of nature and all unaware of their own picturesqueness, without a nibble to encourage them, the two white-haired men watch away the golden afternoon. At the last, just as Judas has given up and is winding his line around his pole, Ben yanks out a slimy, wriggling, prickly catfish, and his round face flings out through its screen of wrinkles a spray of sudden excitement.

"Grab 'im, Judas! Grab 'im, yer lubberly old lout ye! What yer doin' a-grinnin' an' a-gazin' an' that fish a-floppin' right back — grab 'im! If yer do let 'im get away, I 'll break yer old neck an' pull out yer backbone — grab 'im, I say!"

Judas scrambles after the fish, sprawling and grabbing, while it actively flops about in the sand. It spears him cruelly till the red blood is spattered over his great rusty black hands, but he captures it finally and puts a stick through its gills.

On many and many an afternoon they trudged homeward together in the softening light, Judas carrying both rods on his shoulder, the bait-cups in his hands, and the string of fish, if there were any, dangling somewhere about his squat person. The black man might have been the incarnate shadow of the white one, so much were they alike in everything but color. Even to a slight limp of the left leg, their movements were the same. Each had a peculiar fashion of setting his right elbow at a certain angle and of elevating slightly the right shoulder. Precisely alike sat their well-worn straw hats far over on the back of their heads.

It was in the spring of 1860 that Ben took measles and came near to death. Judas nursed his master with a faithfulness that knew not the shadow of abatement until the disease had spent its force and Ben began to convalesce. With the turn of the tide which bore him back from the shore of death the master recovered his tongue and grew refractory and abusive inversely as the negro was silent and obedient. He exhausted upon poor Judas, over and over again, the vocabulary of vituperative epithets at his command. When Ben was quite well Judas lay down with the disease.

"A nigger with the measles! Well, I 'll be dern! Yer 're gone, Jude — gone fer sure. Measles nearly always kills a nigger."

Ben uttered these consoling words as he entered his old slave's cabin and stood beside the low bed. "Not much use ter do anythin' fer ye 's I know of — bound ter go this time. Don't ye feel a sort of dyin' sensation in yer blamed old bones already?"

But Judas was nursed by his master as a child by its mother. Never was man better cared for night and day. Ben's whole life for the time was centered in the one thought of saving the old slave. In this he was absolutely unselfish and at last successful.

As Judas grew better, after the crisis was passed, he did not fail to follow his master's example and make himself as troublesome as possible. Nothing was good enough for him; none of his food was properly prepared or served, his bed was not right, he wanted water from a certain distant spring, he grumbled at Ben without reason, and grew more abusive and personal daily. At last one afternoon Ben came out of the cabin with a very peculiar look on his face. He stopped just as he left

"SIDE BY SIDE ON THE SANDY BANK OF THE STREAM."

the threshold, and with his hands in his trousers' pockets and his head thrown back he whistled a low, gentle note.

"Well, I 'll everlastin'ly jest be dad burned!" he exclaimed. Then he puffed out his wrinkled cheeks till they looked like two freckled bladders. "Who 'd 'a' thought it!" He chuckled long and low, looking down at his boots and then up at the sky. "Cussed me! *Cussed* me! The blamed old rooster a-cussin' *me!* Don't seem possible, but he did all the same. Gamest nigger I ever seen!"

It must have been a revelation to the master when the old slave actually swore at him and cursed him vigorously. Ben went about chuckling retrospectively and muttering to himself:

"The old coon, he cussed me!"

Next day for dinner Judas had chicken pie and dumplings, his favorite pot, and Ben brought some old peach brandy from the cellar and poured it for him with his own hand.

In due time the negro got well and the two resumed their old life, a little feebler, a trifle more stoop in their shoulders, their voices huskier, but yet quite as happy as before.

The watermelon patch has ever been the jewel on the breast of the Georgia plantation. "What is home without a watermelon?" runs the well-known phrase, and in sooth what cool, delicious suggestions run with it! Ben and Judas each had a patch, year in and year out. Not that Ben ever hoed in his; but he made Judas keep it free of weeds. Here was a source of trouble; for invariably the negro's patch was better, the melons were the larger and finer. Scold and storm and threaten as he might, Ben could not change this, nor could he convince his slave that there was anything at all strange in the matter.

"How I gwine fin' out 'bout what mek yo' watermillions so runty an' so scrunty?" Judas exclaimed. "Hain't I jest hoed 'em an' plowed 'em an' took care ob 'em an' try ter mek 'em do somefin'? But dey jest kinder wommux an' squommux erlong an' don't grow wof er dem! I jest sw'a' I can't holp it, Mars Ben, ef yo' got no luck erbout yo' nohow! Watermillions grows ter luck, not ter de hoe."

"Luck! Luck!" bawled Ben, shaking his fist at the negro. "Luck! yer old lump er lamp-black — yer old, lazy, sneaking scamp! I 'll show ye about luck! Ef I don't have a good patch of watermillions next year I 'll skin ye alive, see ef I don't, yer old villain ye!"

It was one of Ben's greatest luxuries to sit on the top rail of the worm-fence which inclosed the melon-patch, his own particular patch, and superintend the hoeing thereof. To Judas this was a bitter ordeal, whose particular tang grew more offensive year by year as the half-smothered longing to be master, if for but a moment, gripped his imagination closer and closer.

"Ef I jest could set up dah on dat fence an' cuss 'im while he hoed, an' ef I jest could one time see 'im er-hus'lin' erroun' w'en I tole 'im, dis nigger 'd be ready ter die right den."

Any observer a trifle sharper than Ben would have read Judas's thoughts as he ruminated thus; but Ben was not a student of human nature,—or, for that matter, any other nature,—and he scolded away merely to give vent to the pressure of habit.

One morning, when the melon vines were young,—it must have been late in April,—Judas leaned on his hoe-handle, and looking up at Ben, who sat on the fence top, as usual, smoking his short pipe, he remarked:

"Don' ye yer dat mockin'-bird er tee-diddlin' an' er too-doodlin', Mars Ben?"

"I 'll tee-diddle an' too-doodle ye ef ye don't keep on a-hoein'," raged Ben. "This year I 'm bound to have some big melons, ef I have to wear ye out to do it!"

Judas sprung to work and for about a minute hoed desperately; then looking up again, he said, "De feesh allus bites bestest w'en de mockin'-birds tee-diddles an' too-doodles dat away."

Such a flood of abusive eloquence as Ben now let go upon the balmy morning air would have surprised and overwhelmed a less adequately fortified soul than that of Judas. The negro, however, was well prepared for the onslaught, and received it with most industrious though indifferent silence. When the master had exhausted both his breath and his vocabulary, the negro turned up his rheumy eyes and suggested that "feesh ain't gwine ter bite eber' day like dey 'll bite ter-day." This remark was made in a tone of voice expressive of absent-mindedness, and almost instantly the speaker added dreamily, leaning on his hoe again:

"Time do crawl off wid a feller's life pow'-ful fast, Mars Ben. Seem lak yistyd'y, or day 'fore yistyd'y, 'at we 's leetle beety boys. Don' yo' 'member w'en ole Bolus—dat fust Bolus, I mean—done went an' kick de lof' outer de new stable? We 's er-gittin' pooty ole, Mars Ben, pooty ole."

"Yes, an' we 'll die an' be buried an' resurrected, yer old vagabond ye, before yer get one hill of this here patch hoed!" roared Ben.

Judas did not move, but, wagging his head in a dreamy way, said:

"I 'members one time,"—here he chuckled softly,—"I 'members one time w'en we had er fight an' I whirped yo'; made yo' yelp out an' say: ''Nough, 'nough! Take 'im off!' an' Moses, how I wus er-linkin' it ter yo' wid bofe fists ter oncet! Does yo' rickermember dat, Mars Ben?"

Ben remembered. It was when they were little children, before Judas had found out his hereditary limitation, and before Ben had dreamed of asserting the superiority inherent in his blood. Somehow the retrospect filled the master's vision instantly with a sort of Indian-summer haze of tenderness. He forgot to scold. For some time there was silence, save that the mocking-bird poured forth a song as rich and plaintive as any ever heard by Sappho under the rose-bannered garden-walls of Mitylene; then Judas, with sudden energy, exclaimed:

"Mars Ben, yo' nebber did whirp me, did yo'?"

Ben, having lapsed into retrospective distance, did not heed the negro's interrogation, but sat there on the fence with his pipe-stem clamped between his teeth. He was smiling in a mild, childish way.

"No," added Judas, answering his own question—"no, yo' nebber whirped me in yo' life; but I whirped yo' oncet, like de berry debil, did n't I, Mars Ben?"

Ben's hat was far back on his head, and his thin, white hair shone like silver floss on his wrinkled forehead. The expression of his face was that of silly delight in a barren and commonplace reminiscence.

"Mars Ben, I wants ter ax one leetle fabor ob yo'."

No answer.

"Mars Ben!"

The master clung to his distance.

"Hey dar! Mars Ben!"

"Well, what yer want, yer old scarecrow?" inquired Ben, pulling himself together and yawning so that he dropped his pipe, which Judas quickly restored to him.

"Well, Mars Ben, 't ain't much w'at I wants, but I 's been er-wantin' it seem lak er thousan' years."

Ben began to look dreamy again.

"I wants ter swap places wid yo', Mars Ben, dat 's w'at I wants," continued Judas, speaking rapidly, as if forcing out the words against a heavy pressure of restraint. "I wants ter set up dah on dat fence, an' yo' git down yer an' I cuss yo', an' yo' jest hoe like de debil—dat 's w'at I wants."

It was a slow process by which Judas at last forced upon his master's comprehension the preposterous proposition for a temporary exchange of situations. Ben could not understand it fully until it had been insinuated into his mind particle by particle, so to speak; for the direct method failed wholly, and the wily old African resorted to subtile suggestion and elusive supposititious illustration of his desire.

"We 's been er-libin' tergedder lo! des many ye'rs, Mars Ben, an' did I eber 'fuse ter do anyfing 'at yo' axed ob me? No, sah, I nebber did. Sort er seem lak yo' mought do jest dis one leetle 'commodation fo' me."

Ben began to grin in a sheepish, half-fascinated way as the proposition gradually took hold of his imagination. How would it feel to be a "nigger" and have a master over him? What sort of sensation would it afford to be compelled to do implicitly the will of another, and that other a querulous and conscienceless old sinner like Judas? The end of it was that he slid down from his perch and took the hoe while Judas got up and sat on the fence.

"Han' me dat pipe," was the first peremptory order.

Ben winced, but gave up the coveted nicotian censer.

"Now den, yo' flop-yeared, bandy-shanked, hook-nosed, freckle-faced, wall-eyed, double-chinned, bald-headed, hump-shoul'ered —"

"HUSSLE UP, YO' LAZY OLE VAGABON'!"

"Come now, Judas," Ben interrupted, "I won't stan' no sech langwidges — "

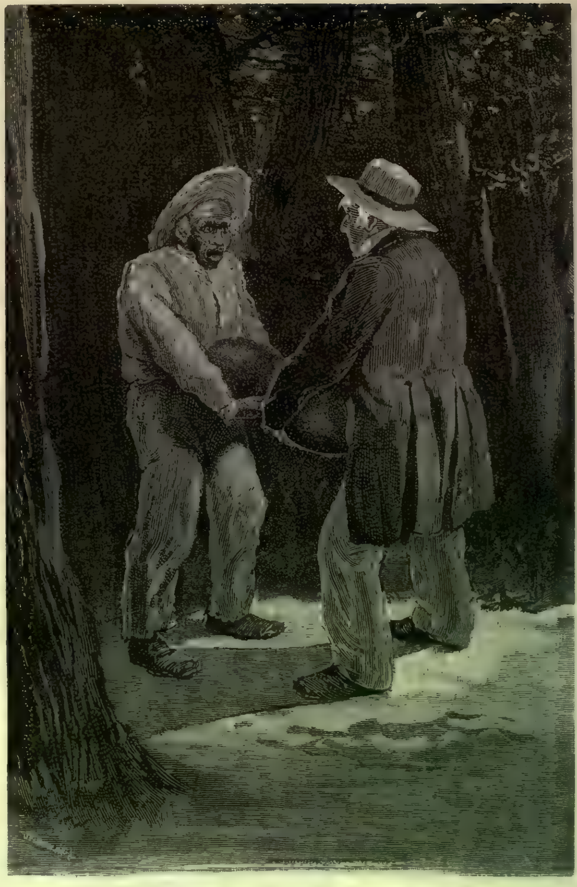
"Hol' on dah, Mars Ben," cried Judas, in an injured tone. "Yo' p'omised me yo' 'd do it, an' I knows yo' 's not gwine back on yo' wo'd: no Wilson eber do dat."

Ben was abashed. It was true no Wilson ever broke a promise. The Wilsons were men of honor.

"Well, fire away," he said, falling to work again. "Fire away!"

"Hussle up, dah! Hussle up, yo' lazy ole vagabon' yo', er I 'll git down f'om heah an' I 'll w'ar out ebery hic'ry sprout in de county on yo' ole rusty back! Git erlong! — hurry up! — faster! Don' yo' heah? Ef I do come down dah I jest nat'rally comb yo' head tell ebery ha'r on it 'll sw'ar de day ob judgment done come! I 'll wa'm yo' jacket tell de dus' er-comin' out 'm it 'll look lak a sto'm-cloud! Wiggle faster, dern yo' ole skin! Wiggle faster, er I 'll yank out yo' backbone an' mek er trace-chain out 'm it! Don' yo' heah me, Ben?"

Ben heard and obeyed. Never did hoe go faster, never was soil so stirred and pulverized. The sweat sprung from every pore of the man's skin, it trickled over his face and streamed from his chin, it saturated his clothes.



"JUDAS! YOU OLD COON!" "MARS BEN!"

Judas was intoxicated with delight; almost delirious with the sensation of freedom and masterhood. His eloquence increased as the situation affected his imagination, and his words tumbled forth in torrents. Not less was Ben absorbed and carried away. He was a slave, Judas was his master, the puppet must wriggle when the owner pulled the strings. He worked furiously. Judas forgot to smoke the pipe, but held it in his hand and made all sorts of gestures with it.

"Hit dem clods! Mash 'em fine!" he screamed. "Don' look up, yo' ole poky tarrypin yo'! Ef yo' does I 'll wommux de hide off 'm yo' blamed ole back faster 'n forty-seben shoemakers kin peg it on ag'in! Hussle, I tole yo', er I 'll jest wring yo' neck an' tie yo' years in er hard knot! Yo' heah me now, Ben?"

This was bad enough, but not the worst, for Judas used many words and phrases not permissible in print. He spared no joint of the master's armor, he left no vulnerable point unassailed. The accumulated riches of a lifetime spent in collecting a picturesque vocabulary, and the stored force of nearly sixty years given to private practice in using it, now served him a full turn. In the thickest shower of the negro's mingled threats, commands, and maledictions, however, Ben quit work, and, leaning on his hoe, panted rapidly. He gazed up at Judas pathetically and said:

"How that mockin'-bird does tee-diddle an' too-doodle!"

Judas actually stopped short in the mid-career of his eloquence, and Ben added:

"Never see sich signs for feesh a-bitin'; did you, Jude?"

The charm was broken, the farce was ended. A little later the two old men might have been seen, with their bait-cups and fishing-poles in their hands, toddling along down the slope to the rivulet, the white leading, the black following. They were both rather abstracted, it appeared, for each cast in his hook without any bacon-rind on it, and sat on the stream's bank all the rest of the forenoon in blissful expectancy of an impossible nibble.

One good came of the little episode at the melon-patch. The vine around whose roots Ben had plied the hoe with such vigor thrived amazingly, and in due time bore a watermelon of huge size, a grand spheroid as green as emerald and as richly soft in surface color as the most costly old velvet.

"Got de twin ob it down dah in my patch," said Judas; "jest es much like it es one bean 's like anoder bean. Yo' orter come down an' see it, Mars Ben."

Ben went, and, sure enough, there was a melon just the duplicate of his own. Of course, however, he claimed that he saw some indices of inferiority in Judas's fruit, but he could n't just point them out— maybe the rind was not as healthy-looking, he thought, and then the stem appeared to be shriveling. Judas, for his part, was quite sure that his master's melon would not "sweeten up" as his would, and that it would be found lacking in that "jaw-leeciousness" and that "fo'-de-Lor'-sake-hand me-some-moreness" so characteristic of those of his own raising.

Ben's pride in his melon matured and ripened at the same time with the maturing and ripening of that wonderful globule of racy pulp and juice whose core he longed to see. After so many failures, here at last was his triumph. There was a certain danger connected with plucking this melon. It was of a variety locally called "ice-rind" on account of the thickness of the outer part or shell which made it very difficult to tell when it was ripe, and so Ben dreaded to act. Every evening in the latest dusk of twilight he would go out and lean over the patch fence to have a darkling view of his treasure, which thus seen was mightily magnified.

When the moment of sacrifice had come, Ben actually shrunk from the task of plucking that melon. He leaned on the fence until it was quite dark and until the moon had begun to show in the east before he bethought him that that night was Judas's birth-night, and then a bright idea came to him. He would take the melon to the old slave's cabin and they would have a feast. But when he had climbed over the fence and had stooped above the huge, dusky sphere, his heart failed him, and at the same time another thought struck him with great force. He straightened himself up, placed his hands on his hips, and chuckled. Just the thing! The best joke on Judas! He would go to the negro's patch, steal his big melon, and then share it with him on the following day. His own melon he would keep a few days longer to be sure that it had ripened. A very simple proceeding, without a thought of dishonor in it.

It was as beautiful and balmy a midsummer night as ever fell upon the world. Ben felt its soft influence in his old blood as he toddled surreptitiously along the path leading through a little wood to Judas's cabin and patch. He was picturing in his mind how foolish Judas would look and how beaten he would feel when he found out that he had been feasted on his own big melon. One might have seen by the increasing light of the moon that Ben's trellis-work of facial wrinkles could scarcely hold in the laughing glee that was in him, and his eyes twinkled while his mouth drew itself into a set, suppressed smile. Chawm trotted along silently at Ben's heels, his tail drooping and his ears hanging limp. In the distance, amid the hills, an owl was hooting dolefully, but the little wood was as silent as the grave. Suddenly Ben heard a footfall coming up the path, and he slipped into the bushes just in time to let Judas go shuffling by all unaware.

"The blamed old rooster," he said to himself in a tender, affectionate whisper. "The blamed old rooster! I wonder what he 's a-thinkin' about jest now?"

Chawm slipped out and fell noiselessly behind Judas, following him on towards the mansion. Ben chuckled with deep satisfaction as he climbed over into Judas's patch and laid hands on the negro's large melon. What a typical thief he appeared as he hurried furtively along, stooping low with his ill-gotten load, his crooked shadow dancing vaguely beside him! Over the fence he toiled with difficulty, the melon was so heavy and slippery, then on up the path. Once in the shadowy wood, he laid down his burden and wiped his dewy face with his sleeve. He did not realize how excited he was; it was the first time in all his life that he ever had stolen anything, even in fun. Every little sound startled him and made him pant. He felt as if running as fast as his legs could carry him would be the richest of all luxuries.

When again he picked up the melon and resumed his way he found his heart fluttering and his limbs weak, but he hurried on. Suddenly he halted, with a black apparition barring the path before him.

"Judas! you old coon!"

"Mars Ben!"

They leaned forward and glared at each other.

"Mars Ben! Yo' been er-stealin' my water-million!"

"Judas! You thievin' old rooster! You 've stole —"

Their voices blended, and such a mixture! The wood resounded. They stood facing each other, as much alike as duplicates in everything save color, each clasping in his arms the other's watermelon. It was a moment of intense surprise, of voluble swearing, of picturesque posturing; then followed a sudden collapse and down fell both great ripe, luscious spheres with a dull, heavy bump, breaking open on the ground and filling the air with a spray of sweet juice and the faint luxuriant aroma so dear to Georgian nostrils. Chawm stepped forward and sniffed idly and indifferently at one of the pieces. A little screech-owl mewed plaintively in a bush hard by. Both men, having exhausted themselves simultaneously, began to sway and tremble, their legs slowly giving way under them. The spot of moonlight in which they stood lent a strange effect to their bent and faltering forms. Judas had been more or less a thief all his life, but this was the first time he ever had been caught in the act, therefore he was as deeply shocked as was Ben. Down they sank until they sat flat on the ground in the path and facing each other, the broken melons between them. Chawm took position a little to one side and looked on gravely, as if he felt the solemnity of the occasion.

Judas was first to speak.

"Well, I jest be 'sentially an' eberlastin'ly —" he began.

"Shet up!" stormed Ben.

They looked sheepishly at each other, while Chawm licked his jaws with perfunctory nonchalance. After what seemed a very long silence, Ben said:

"Jude, ax a blessin' afore we eats."

Judas hesitated.

"Did you hear what I was a-sayin' for yer to do?" inquired Ben. "Ax a blessin', I say!" The negro bowed his old snow-fleeced head and prayed:

"Lor', hab mercy on two ole villyans an' w'at dey done steal f'om one 'nudder. Spaycially, Lor', forgib Mars Ben, kase he rich an' free an' he orter hab mo' sense an' mo' honah 'bout 'im 'an ter steal f'om po' nigger. I use to fink, Lor', dat Mars Ben 's er mighty good man, but seem lak lately he gittin' so on'ry 'at yo' 'll be erbleeged ter hannel 'im pooty sabage ef he keep on. Dey may be 'nough good lef' in 'im ter pay fer de trouble ob foolin' 'long wid 'im, but hit 's pow'ful doubtful, an' dat 's er fac'. Lor', I don't advise yo' ter go much outer yo' way ter 'commodate sich er outdacious old sneak-t'ief an' sich er —"

"Judas!" roared Ben, "yer jest stop right now!"

"An' bress dese watermillions w'at we 's erbout ter receib, amen!" concluded Judas. "Try er piece er dis here solid core, Mars Ben; hit look mighty jawleecious."

And so there in the space of moonlight they munched, with many watery mouthings, the sweet central hearts of the pilfered fruit. All around them the birds stirred in their sleep, rustling the leaves and letting go a few dreamy chirps. Overhead a great rift uncovered the almost purple sky.

They did not converse while they were eating, but when the repast was ended Judas apologized and explained in their joint behalf:

"Yo' see, Mars Ben, I 's yo' nigger an' yo' 's my marster. W'at 's yo's is mine, an' w'at 's mine 's yo's, don' yo' see? an' hit ain't no mo' harm 'an nothin' fo' us ter steal f'om one 'nudder. Lor', Mars Ben, I been er-knowin' all my life 'at I was er-stealin' f'om yo', but I nebber dream 'at it was yo' 'at was er-takin' all er my bestest watermillions an' t'ings. 'Spec' we 's 'bout eben now, Mars Ben. Ef yo' 's a leetle bit ahead ob me I 's not er-keerin'; hit 's all right."

So they wiped their mouths and parted for the night.

"Good-night, Mars Ben."

"Good-night, Jude."

It would be cruel to follow them farther down the road of life, for rheumatism came, and then the war. Many an afternoon the trio, Ben, Judas, and Chawm, sat on the old veranda and listened to the far-off thunder of battle, not fairly realizing its meaning, but feeling that in some vague way it meant a great deal. After war, peace. After peace, reconstruction. After reconstruction, politics. Somebody took the trouble to insist upon having Ben Wilson go to the polls and vote. Of course Judas went with him. What a curious-looking twain they were, tottering along, almost side by side now, their limbs trembling and their eyes nearly blind!

"Got yer ticket, Jude?" inquired Ben.

"No, sah, dat 's all right. Yo' jest drap one in, hit 'll do fo' bofe ob us," answered Judas. And it was done.

They died a year ago. Their graves are side by side, and so close together that a single slab might serve to cover them. If I were rich it should be an imperishable monument, inscribed simply: *Ben and Judas, Æt. 70 years, one month, and fourteen days.*

Maurice Thompson.

PHRYNE IN HADES.

TO Phryne, wandering by Lethe's brink,
Spake, with rude lips, a phantom at her side:
"Ere of this last forgetfulness we drink,
Who in thy memory doth last abide
Of all who loved thee living?" To and fro
Swayed the fair head, and seemed to ponder long
A doubtful thought: and, "Ah, that I might know!
For these with laughter wooed me, those with song,
And all with gifts — save one, and he with tears.
Yet who gave most, most quickly was forgot;
And him who praised me I remember not;
And mirth is but a crackling in mine ears.
Nay,"— and a mist across her wan eyes crept,—
"Yet must I think of him with whom I wept."

William Young.

Maria Mitchell

MARIA MITCHELL'S REMINISCENCES OF THE HERSCHELS.[1]

IN visiting Europe some years since with the definite purpose of traveling for study, I accepted whatever letters were offered me to aid me in my efforts. Among others, one of my scientific friends sent me half a dozen letters of introduction, and then in a private note said, "I dare not give you a letter to the 'Bear of Blackheath.'" Many times while crossing the Atlantic I found myself wondering who the "Bear of Blackheath" might be. One of the first friends I made in London was Mr. Airy, the astronomer royal at Greenwich. I was adopted at once as one of the household, and upon the care of that family my comfort in the whole of my tour largely depended. But sitting one day in the drawing-room with the astronomer royal, I looked out upon the beautiful country around and asked, "What is this charming region called?" He replied, "Blackheath"; and I awoke to the consciousness that I was talking with the "Bear."

My acquaintance with the Herschels came through the Airys.

The little that is known of the ancestors of the Herschels is honorable. Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, as the representatives of three generations were called, were sound Protestants, in days when and in places where Protestantism was a reproach. Abraham Herschel, the great-great-grandfather of John, was expelled from Mahren, his place of residence, on account of his Protestantism. Isaac, his son, was a farmer near Leipsic. Jacob, son of Isaac, declined agricultural pursuits, and gave expression to the family aptitude for music by making it his profession, by bringing up his sons to the same calling, and by developing musical ability in all his ten children. Among the sons was the astronomer, Frederick William, who was born at Hanover in 1738, and came to England at one-and-twenty as a professional musician, but caring even more for something else than for music — metaphysics. To the end of his life, when he was known all over the world for his astronomical discoveries, his chief delight was in metaphysical study and argumentation. Perhaps we may ascribe to this taste, prevailing in the little household at Slough, the tendency of his scientific son, John, to diverge into metaphysical criticism whenever his theme, or any interruption of it, afforded occasion in the course of composition.

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[1] See "The Three Herschels," in this magazine for June, 1885.

John Herschel was born in the well-known house at Slough, where strangers were by that time coming from far-distant lands to see the wonderful machine by which great news had already descended out of the sky.

Most astronomers come to astronomy through mathematics, or come to mathematics through astronomy. The Herschels were a musical family; music was their vocation; science was their recreation. Although of Jacob Herschel's children Sir William and Caroline are the only ones who are known to science, it is evident that the taste for science belonged to the whole family, as Caroline Herschel in her autobiography speaks of lying awake and listening to discussions between the father and the elder brothers in which the names of Newton, Leibnitz, and Euler frequently occurred.

William Herschel considered himself very fortunate when he was engaged as musician to an English regiment. Growing in reputation, he was appointed organist in a church, studied Italian, Latin, and Greek by himself, and read mathematical works on music. Thus music led him to mathematics, thence to optics, to astronomy, to discoveries, to reputation. He became known to George III., was pensioned, gave himself wholly to astronomy, was knighted, and soon became a member of all the learned societies of Europe.

Sir William and Sir John were remarkable for the variety of their acquirements. Starting with a love of science, they followed where it led, into the trackless regions of space and among remote nebulæ, into those tangled ways where metaphysical and mathematical sciences seem to mingle, touching the margin of that debatable land where theology and science meet without recognition, yet keeping, especially in Sir John's case, the equanimity of the philosopher and a kindliness of heart which made him tolerant of all and rendered him beloved as well as honored by those who knew him.

Workers in physical science have generally been long-lived, perhaps because only with length of years can anything be done in science. Perhaps, too, scientific studies are health-promoting, for if it is hour after hour over books, it is also hour after hour alone with nature.

The Herschels worked a great many years. Sir William Herschel's papers, published in various scientific journals, stretch through a period of forty years. Sir John Herschel's reach through a period of fifty-seven years — about twice the average length of life. Sir William Herschel died at eighty-three, Sir John at seventy-eight; and, as if to show that a woman can live and work even longer than a man, Caroline, the sister of Sir William, died at ninety-eight.

MARIA MITCHELL'S OBSERVATORY AT LYNN, MASS.

Is it worth while to talk about the unhealthiness of "night air" when that class of people who are most exposed to its influence, whose calling keeps them breathing it, are so long-lived? — for the work of the practical astronomer is mainly out-of-doors and in good night air, instead of indoors in bad air. I think it is Florence Nightingale who asks what air can any one breathe in the night except night air.

It is scarcely possible to understand nature as the Herschels did without knowing something in many directions, particularly in physical science. One who seeks to understand the relation of worlds must know something of the constitution of those worlds,— their masses, their densities,— of physical geography, of chemistry, of geology, of natural philosophy. He must know something of language, for he must know what has been written. If he would understand the language which is unlike his own he must know something of the genius of the people whence those writings came; he must understand the national mind.

There is a phenomenon well known to astronomical observers as "personal equation." No two persons receive an impression and make it known in the same time. Thus, if one sees a star, and calls out that he sees it, the interval of time which elapses between the sight and the call, the seeing and the speaking, is different for any two persons. We call this difference "personal equation."

There seems to be a "national equation." We do not expect that even the little popular scientific work which we take up written in French shall reach conclusions by the same processes of thought as those by which the little German book will reach the same. If we would understand, then, the science of the period, we must know the national soils in which science has taken root.

A singular illustration of national differences was seen in the case of the discovery of the planet Neptune. Two leading men, one in England and one in France, sitting in their studies, proved by careful mathematical investigations that there must be a planet away out beyond what were considered the limits of our solar system. The Englishman worked out his problem first, but pondered long, thought much, and consulted with others before he published it. The Frenchman finished his computations, put his pencil down, and announced the result in the next day's papers. When the planet was found both Englishman and Frenchman claimed the discovery. But a third, and he was an American, said, "True, you have each declared a planet to exist, and a planet has been found; but you did not agree in your calculations, and the planet which has been found is not the planet announced by either."

Sir John Herschel was less a practical than a theoretical astronomer, as much a philosopher as he was astronomer or mathematician, and almost as much a poet. It is said that his bent was decidedly towards metaphysics, but that his work in astronomy was largely the result of love for his father. When I came to look over his printed papers I found that his reputation must rest mainly on his work as a natural philosopher — a work not on practical experiments, but on scientific methods of thought and reasoning.

I have said that my acquaintance with the Herschels came through the Airys. It was in this way.

Lady Airy hoped that I should know the Herschels. She said, "Sir John Herschel is the acknowledged head of astronomy."

I proposed to go to Paris, and as I had leaned upon Mrs. Airy for all the small learning necessary for moving properly along the periphery of English circles, I asked her for a letter to some Englishwoman in Paris.

An Englishwoman's heart once reached and won is yours forever. When I asked Mrs. Airy for a letter to Paris she said: "I know no one in Paris, but Lady Herschel probably does. I will ask her to give you one." And a letter was dispatched to Lady Herschel. Lady Herschel replied: "I know no one in Paris, but Lady Lyell does. I will write to her." A letter was written to Lady Lyell; she was not in England; the letter followed her; she replied to her sister in England and said, "Give a letter to Mrs. Power, the sister of Sir Francis Horner, now in Paris." And from every one of these persons, wholly unknown to me, I received the courtesy so valuable to a stranger. The letter from Lady Herschel contained a kind invitation to Collingwood, and I was specially advised not "to take it on my way," but to make a separate departure.

Lady Herschel afterward wrote to me that if I would name the day I was likely to spend with them, they would send a carriage to Etchingham, the nearest station to Collingwood, where they resided; but time would not allow, and I started without any notice. I reached Etchingham at four o'clock on one of the shortest of the short English days, and taking the only cab, an open one, and an old man for driver, I started for Collingwood. The night became very dark, our path lay through dense woods, and just as I began to be frightened, the old man turned around and asked me if I knew that part of the country. I gasped out, "No," supposing the next demand would be for my purse, when he said in a very gentle way, "This is Hawkhurst, madam — a very respectable neighborhood." The good old fellow was determined that the American woman should appreciate the country.

I arrived at the Herschels' just at dinner time. While the servant was gone to announce me, I looked around the large hall, and the first thing that caught my eye was Borden's map of Massachusetts. I felt at home at once, for that map hung in the room most familiar to me in America.

The servant returned and asked me into the drawing-room, and Sir John Herschel came in at once. He reached both hands to me very cordially and said, "We did not receive your letter, but you are always welcome in this house." Lady Herschel followed, also with a very kind welcome.

I found a cheery fire awaiting me in my room, and after a few minutes I was asked down to dinner, only Sir John and Lady Herschel being present.

After dinner the family assembled in the drawing-room, and the elder daughters were introduced to me. There were twelve children, although Lady Herschel seemed young and was still handsome; she must have been fifty years old. Sir John was at that time sixty-six years old, but he looked much older, being lame and much bent in his figure. The eldest daughter was absent; a marble bust of her stood in the drawing-room, and I could well believe what I had heard — that she was a beauty.

The second daughter was on a visit to an old lady of the neighborhood who was ill; I met her afterward at Rome, as a bride. I admired her beauty and her simplicity.

An unmarried daughter, Bella, struck me as very intelligent. She was the only Englishwoman I met in 1857 who had read Lowell's poems.

Then there were groups of boys and girls. Amelia, a pleasant-looking girl, who had been presented at court, a group of little planetoids — Julia, Rose, Francesca (named for Francis Baily), and a dear little girl, Constance Anne, the latter named for Mrs. Dawes, the wife of the astronomer, who is her godmother. The sons were young men: William was in India, Alexander in Trinity College, and John came home for a vacation from some scientific institution.

In the evening we played with letters, putting out charades and riddles, and telling anecdotes, Sir John joining the family party and chatting away like the young people.

He spoke with great admiration of the clearness of the sky at the Cape of Good Hope, which Sir John and his family had visited for the purpose of examining his father's observations.

Sir John said that one of his imaginings in regard to Saturn was that the satellites are the children of the ring, some of one ring and some of another. He told pleasant little anecdotes of some self-made astronomers who came to him with most absurd notions, such as the non-existence of the moon — founded upon the reading of his works! And one good soul sent to him to have a horoscope cast and inclosed a half-crown. Another wrote to him asking, "Shall I marry, and have I seen her?"

One of Sir John Herschel's numerical problems was this: If, at the time of Cheops, or three thousand years ago, one pair of human beings had lived, and war, pestilence, and famine had not existed, and only natural death came to man, and this pair had doubled once in thirty years, and their children had doubled, and so on, how large would the population of the world be at this time — could they stand upon the earth as a plane?

We were sitting at the breakfast-table when he asked the question. We thought they could not. "But if they stood closely and others stood on their shoulders, man, woman, and child, how many layers would there be?" I said, "Perhaps three." "How many feet of men?" he asked. "Possibly thirty," I said. "Oh, more!" "Well, we 'll say a hundred." "Oh, more!" Miss Herschel said, "Enough to reach the moon." "To the sun." "More, more!" cried Sir John, exulting in our astonishment; "bid higher." "To Neptune," said one. "Now you burn," he replied. "*Take a hundred times the distance of Neptune, and it is very near.* That is my way," said he, "of whitewashing war, pestilence, and famine."

Over the fireplace in the dining-room is a portrait of Sir William Herschel, painted, I think, by Russell, with a diagram of the Georgium sidus (Uranus) beside him. The expression of the face is of great vigor, very unlike that of the engravings in the print-shops. Sir John has a miniature of his father with a still better expression. He does not know the painter, for he picked it up by accident in a shop in London. It is exceedingly like Sir John himself.

Sir John's forehead was bold but retreating; his mouth was very good. He was quick in motion and in speech. He said that efforts were making to induce the English Government to accept the decimal coinage. I remarked that it would not be easy to make Englishmen change their ways. "Oh," he said, "we stick to old ways, but we are not cemented to them."

On Sunday morning Lady Herschel went to church, and I with her. The Herschels, like all the country gentry whom I knew in England, attended service in a little old stone church, with no style about it; this had not even an organ. Miss Herschel told me that a good deal of effort had been made to raise money enough to purchase one, but it had failed. In the afternoon I remained at home and looked over the manuscripts of Sir William Herschel and his sister, Sir John pointing out the interesting parts. They were very carefully preserved, and were kept with a system which was in itself a science. The great astronomer wrote his notes on slips of paper at different times; these slips were afterward compared, the results obtained from them were recorded, and indices to the manuscripts made. The first notes on the planet Uranus, which he discovered, speak of it as a comet,—he dared not call it a planet,—and as a comet it continues for some time to be spoken of in the notes, probably after he knew it to be a planet.[1]

Several of the manuscripts are devoted to the methods of polishing specula; several to observations on light. One of the notes is: "Observed my sister's comet of August 1."

The copies of letters were in themselves numerous and very interesting. The loss of the planet Ceres is mentioned in one to Piazzi. One is to Sir William Watson to ask for a term for the asteroids—what to call them as a *group*. He suggests that more may be discovered. A most remarkable one is to a French gentleman about a chemical discovery, which seems to have been a foreshadowing of photography.

Caroline Herschel followed Sir William to England when he was appointed astronomer to the king, and remained there until his death. She shared in all the night-watches of her brother, and with pencil in hand and eye on clock recorded what he saw, made the calculations, registered, coördinated, classed, and analyzed them.

As a gift for the present Lady Herschel, Caroline Herschel prepared her own biography after she was ninety years of age. It is written in a very clear hand, and although English was not her native tongue, the language is good. The sentences are long, but never obscure. Lady Herschel read some passages to me. She says, "My father told me that as I had neither beauty nor riches, no man would be likely to make me an offer until I was old, when some one might like, on account of my worth, to marry me."

When I mingled with English scientists I was not prepared for so much love of poetry as I found. Mr. Airy, the astronomer royal, could repeat the whole of the "Lady of the Lake." Dr. Whewell, the master of Trinity, was a great lover of poetry, and wrote verses himself, though Sir John Herschel was more particularly the poet of science.

The Herschels had breakfast about eight o'clock. I did not see Lady Herschel at that time, but Miss Herschel poured tea and coffee; Sir John was there. At five or six came dinner, and we were always told the time of day near its approach, and advised to dress, and all who were to come to table made at once some preparation. It was cold weather, but the young ladies came to dinner in barege dresses and with short sleeves.

It is a common saying in Europe that "Princes, Americans, and fools ride in first-class carriages." Lady Herschel told me that by traveling "second class" she sometimes made valuable acquaintances; she talked with intelligent farmers and learned to know something of a class whom she could never meet socially. I pitied in England the isolation of rank, the narrow circle of class, which becomes narrower and narrower all the way from the peasant to the queen, the peasant having the largest social circle, and the queen the smallest.

I met in England, as all Americans at that time met, great ignorance in regard to America. The eldest daughter of Sir John had read "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and she asked me if it was a true picture of life in America—if it were possible for boys and girls to be educated together; if a girl stood a public examination in America; if a young lady really received guests herself, etc.[2]

I could scarcely believe when I saw Sir John Herschel in his family, guessing conundrums with the children, playing at spelling, and telling funny anecdotes, that he was the same man of whom one had said to me when I first landed in England, "He is living at Hawkhurst, not very well, and not very good-natured." Probably the expression on his countenance of physical suffering has been mistaken for ill temper. He was remarkably a gentleman; more like a woman in his instinctive perception of the wants and wishes of a guest. Just before I came away he came to me, and reaching out a leaf of a manuscript said, "Miss Mitchell, I thought you would like some of my aunt's handwriting," giving me an autograph which I value extremely. It was given to me as a leaf from a folio volume.

Sir John's mind was full of vigor at the time of my visit. He was then engaged in rewriting his "Outlines of Astronomy," but was no longer an active astronomer. He talked with great enthusiasm of the Cape observatory, and described in a very interesting manner the peculiar appearance of a twisted nebula on the larger of the "Magellan Patches."

I went over the grounds the last day, rainy though it was, to get to the barn to see the remains of the telescope used by Sir William: only the tube was left. It was forty feet long, and the diameter was so great that one could sit comfortably within it. Arago says that "In 1840 the family, then residing at Slough, formed in procession and walked around this telescope, then, seated on benches within the tube, sang the song written by Sir John and sealed up the tube—its work was over."[3]

Sir John was said to be a man of no wealth.

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[1] These notes of an evening's observation are always very clearly written, and the words, "Left off here," are as distinct as the rest. The writer was the sister.

[2] The youngest child, at that time two years old, was educated at Girton later.

[3] See Arago's "Memoirs," first series, p. 265, for a celebration in honor of this telescope.

The family, including the servants, numbered some twenty persons; and when I asked, "What is meant in England by a person of no wealth?" I was told that it meant one who could not portion his daughters when they married.

It was the period of our distressing financial crisis of 1857, and English as well as American families were ruined. I asked of an English lady, "What will become of the daughters of an English family in which there is no property?" She replied, "They will live on their brother." And the question was asked of me, "What will become of the daughters of an American family in which there is no money?" "They will *earn* money," I replied. The answer was, "You Americans are a sensible people."

The house was very extensive, the grounds proportionately so: the table was to me, as all English tables seemed, over-bountiful; but in style of furniture and of dress I know no merchant's family in Boston so simple.

English habits may have changed since 1857, but at that time I saw no young ladies in silk. The plain print for morning and simple white for evening were all that the daughters of the astronomer royal or those of Sir John Herschel wore; and yet in the family of the astronomer royal, as in that of Sir John Herschel, a ring of the door-bell might announce not only the highest potentate of science in England, but the highest representative of any social circle—even the Queen herself.

You would say, in looking at Caroline Herschel's portrait, which hung in the drawing-room, "She must have been handsome when she was young." Her ruffled cap shades a mild face, whose blue eyes were even then full of animation. But it was merely the beauty of age. I suspect that this is often the case, especially when the life has been such as to develop the soul, which overcomes ugliness of feature and coarseness of complexion.

If you had asked Caroline Herschel after ten years of labor what good had come of it, she would probably have answered, with the extreme simplicity of her nature, that she had relieved her brother of a good deal of wearisome labor and perhaps kept up his vigor and prolonged his life. Probably it never entered her thoughts to be other than the patient and self-sacrificing assistant to a truly great man.

The woman who has peculiar gifts has a definite line marked out for her, and the call from God to do his work in the field of scientific investigation may be as imperative as that which calls the missionary into the moral field, or the mother into the family: as missionary, or as scientist, as sister, or as mother, no woman has the right to lose her individuality. To discuss the question whether women have the capacity for original investigation in science is simply idle until equal opportunity is given them. We cannot overrate the consequences of such lives, whether it be Mrs. Somerville translating Laplace, Harriet Hosmer modeling her statues, Mrs. Browning writing her poems, or Caroline Herschel spending nights under the open canopy; in all it is the devotion to idea, the loyalty to duty, which reaches to all ages.

One of Caroline Herschel's strong characteristics was the carefulness with which everything was done. We are apt to hurry in everything, as if railroad-speed were the law of daily life—as if our hearts did not beat fast enough. She worked slowly, as if she knew that she had ninety-eight years of this life and all eternity in the next. When she worked in the little observatory at Slough, where the first observations were made, she not only worked in every observatory of the world, but she reached to every school for girls.

If what Caroline Herschel did is a lesson and a stimulus to all women, what she did not do is a warning. Has any being a right not to be? When Caroline Herschel so devoted herself to her brother that on his death her own self died, and her life became comparatively useless, she did, all unconsciously, a wrong, and she made the great mistake of her life.

The fault was only in part her fault. She was honored — late in life — as few women have been, by her family, by her sovereign, by the savants of all Europe. It was too late. It seems probable that her gifts were as fully bestowed as those of her brother; she was left uneducated and undeveloped. It was the English way; it is still the way of the world. Living on more than twenty years after his death, she needed for her own comfort pursuits and avocations outside the life that she had given him, and throughout her nearly one hundred years the world needed all that she could do.

When she kept the records, so systematically and so scientifically that after nearly one hundred years they are still valuable, every line that she wrote was an argument for the higher education of women; when she wrapped herself in innumerable wrappings and took care of the body that the mind might do its duty, she gave a lesson which every girl ought to follow.

She showed also the lesson of the usefulness of the unmarried woman. In England much more than in our country the unmarried woman holds a secondary place — unless she has some title. She even enters the dining-room after every married woman. I would in no way underrate the higher value of the wife and the mother and the blessedness of those whom

God has placed in families, but life need not be a failure and a blank when this position is denied. The family is only a larger one; the usefulness is not so intense, but it may be wider spread.

The peculiarity of Caroline Herschel's character, which in the thought of most persons gave the great charm, was her capacity of self-abnegation. She was the sister of a great man; to help him to make his work complete, to see that it was the best work that could be done, that all guards were placed around it to preserve it, was what she believed to be her duty, and she did it. It seems ungenerous to blame at all where we admire so much.

We make close friendships in England, and then we cross the Atlantic and for a few months, perhaps for a few years, letters pass, telling of the life on the different sides of the world; then they grow few and far between. In my case came the dreadful war, and America and Great Britain seemed to be still farther separated.

Engrossed as we all were by the great moral question in our own country, personal ties, except of the closest nature, were subordinated. Letters became fewer and then more concisely stated. I heard that Sir John Herschel suffered from "dreadful coughs" in winter, and before the war was over the letters had ceased altogether. Suddenly one spring came the news that sent a pang to many a heart in America—"Sir John Herschel is dead."

Maria Mitchell.

THE OLD BASCOM PLACE.

BY JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS,

Author of "Days and Nights with Uncle Remus," "Free Joe," etc.

VII.

ALL this was no less the result of Francis Underwood's desire than of the doctor's commands. The old practitioner was noted for his skill throughout the region, and after he had talked with Judge Bascom he gave it as his opinion that the only physic necessary in the case was perfect rest and quiet, and that these could be secured only by allowing the old man to remain undisturbed in the belief that he was once more the owner of the Bascom Place.

"He 'll not trouble you for long," said Dr. Bynum, wiping his spectacles, "and I 've no doubt that whatever expense may be incurred will be settled by his old friends. Oh, Bascom still has friends here," exclaimed the doctor, misunderstanding Underwood's gesture of protest. "He went wrong, badly wrong; but he is a Southerner, sir, to the very core, and in the South we are in the habit of looking after our own. We may differ, sir, but when the pinch comes you 'll find us together."

The doctor's lofty air was wholly lost on his companion.

"My dear sir," said Underwood, laying his hand somewhat heavily on the doctor's shoulder, "what do you take me for? Do you suppose that I intend to set up a hospital here?"

"Oh, by no means, by no means," said Dr. Bynum, soothingly. "Not at all; in fact, quite the contrary. As I say, you shall be reimbursed for all—"

"Dr. Bynum," said Underwood, with some degree of emphasis, "permit me to remind you that Judge Bascom is my guest. There is no question of money except so far as your bill is concerned, and that—"

"Now, now, my *dear* boy," exclaimed the old doctor, holding up both hands in a gesture of expostulation, "don't, *don't* fly up! What is the use? I was only explaining matters; I was only trying to let you know how we Southerners feel. You must have noticed that the poor old Judge has n't been treated very well since his return here. His best friends have avoided him. I was only trying to tell you that they hold him in high esteem, and that they are willing to do all they can for him."

"As a Southerner?" inquired Underwood, "or as a man?"

"Tut, tut!" exclaimed Dr. Bynum. "Don't come running at me with your head down and your horns up. We 've no time to fall into a dispute. You look after the Judge as a Northerner, and I 'll look after him as a Southerner. His daughter must come here. He is very feeble. He has but one irrational idea, and that is that he owns the old Place. In every other particular his mind is sound, and he will give you no trouble. His idea must be humored and even then the collapse will come too soon for that poor girl, his daughter—as lovely a creature, sir, as you ever saw."

This statement was neither information nor news so far as Underwood was concerned. "If

I see her," the old doctor went on, with a somewhat patronizing air, "I 'll try to explain matters; but it is a very delicate undertaking, sir—very delicate."

"No," said Underwood; "there will be no need for explanations. My sister will go for Miss Bascom, and whatever explanations may be necessary she will make at the proper time."

"An admirable arrangement," said Dr. Bynum with a grunt of satisfaction—"an admirable arrangement indeed. Well, my boy, you must do the best you can, and I know that will be all that is necessary. I am sorry for Bascom, very sorry, and I 'm sorrier for his daughter. I 'll call again to-night."

As Dr. Bynum drove down the avenue, Underwood was much gratified to see Jesse coming through the gate. The negro appeared to be much perplexed. He took off his hat as he approached Underwood, and made a display of politeness somewhat unusual, although he was always polite.

"Is you seed Marse Judge Bascom?" he inquired.

"Yes," said Underwood. "He is in the house yonder, resting himself. You seem frightened; what is the trouble?"

"Well, suh, I ain't had no sech worriment sence de Sherman army come 'long. I dunner what got inter Marse Judge Bascom. He been gwine on des like yuther folks, settin' 'roun' en talkin' 'long wid hisse'f, en den all of er sudden he break out en shave en dress hisse'f, en go visitin' whar he ain't never been visitin' befo'. I done year 'im say p'intedly dat he ain't never gwine come yer les'n de Place b'long ter 'im. Do he look downhearted, suh?"

"No," said Underwood, "I can't say that he does. He seems to be very well satisfied. He has called several times for Wesley. I have heard you called Jesse, but perhaps the Judge knows you as Wesley. There are several negroes around here who answer to different names."

"No, suh," said Jesse, scratching his head. "I ain't never been call Wesley sence I been bornded inter de worl'. Dey was er nigger name Wesley what use ter go 'long wid Marse Judge Bascom en wait on 'im when I wuz er little boy, but Wesley done been dead too long ago ter talk about. I dunner what make folks's min' drop back dat away. Look like dey er sorter fumblin' 'roun' tryin' fer ter ketch holt er sump'n ne'r what done been pulled up out'n reach."

"Well," said Underwood, "the Judge is in the house. See if he wants anything; and if he asks about his daughter, tell him she will be here directly."

When Jesse went into the house he found the Judge lying on a lounge in the hall. His eyes were closed, and he seemed to be dozing; but Jesse's movements aroused him.

"Ah! is that you, Wesley? Where is your Miss Mildred?"

"She comin', suh; she comin' right now."

"Very well, very well. You must make yourself at home here," he said to Francis Underwood, who had followed Jesse. "I am somewhat dilapidated myself, but my daughter will entertain you. Wesley, I believe I will go to my room. Lend me your arm."

"Allow me to assist you," said Underwood; and so between the two the old man was carried to the room that had been his own when the house was his. It happened to be Underwood's room, but that made no difference. It belonged once more to the Judge in his disordered fancy, and thither he went.

After a while Miss Sophie came bringing Mildred. Just how she had explained matters to the poor girl no one ever knew, but it must have been in some specially sympathetic way, for when Francis Underwood assisted the ladies from the carriage Miss Bascom appeared to be the less agitated of the two.

"The Judge is as comfortable as possible," Underwood said cheerily. "Jesse is with him, and I think he is asleep. His nervousness has passed away."

"Oh, do you think he is seriously ill?" exclaimed Mildred, clasping her hands together.

"Certainly not, just now," said Francis Underwood. "The doctor has been here, and he has gone away apparently satisfied. Sister, do you take charge of Miss Bascom, and show her how to be at home here."

And so Judge Bascom and his beautiful daughter were installed at the old Place. Mildred, under the circumstances, would rather have been elsewhere, but she was practically under orders. It was necessary to the well-being of her father, so the doctor said, that he should remain where he was; it was necessary that he should be humored in the belief that he was the owner of the old Place. It is only fair to say that Miss Sophie Underwood and her brother were more willing and anxious to enter into this scheme than Mildred appeared to be. She failed to comprehend the situation until after she had talked with her father, and then she was in despair. Judge Bascom was the representative of everything substantial and enduring in his daughter's experience, and when she realized that his mind had been seized by a vagary she received a tremendous shock. But the rough edges of the situation, so to speak, were smoothed and turned by Miss Sophie, who assumed motherly charge of the young girl. Miss Sophie's methods were so sympathetic and so womanly, and she gave to the situation such a matter-of-fact interpretation, that the grief and dismay of the young girl were not as overwhelming as they otherwise would have been.

VIII.

NATURALLY all the facts that have just been set down here were soon known to the inhabitants of Hillsborough. Naturally, too, something more than the facts were also known and talked about. There was the good old doctor ready to shake his head and look mysterious, and there were the negroes ready to give out an exaggerated version of the occurrences that followed Judge Bascom's visit to his old home.

"Well," said Major Jimmy Bass to his wife, with something like a snort, "ef the old Judge is gone there an' took holt of things, like they say, it 's bekaze he 's out'n his mind. I wonder what in the round world could 'a' possessed him?"

"I 'spec' he 's done drapt back into his dolt-age," said farmer Joe-Bob Grissom, who had gone to the major's for the purpose of discussing the matter. "An' yit, they do say that he 's got a clean title to every bit of the prop'ty ef you take into account all that talk about his wife's brother an' sech like."

"Well," remarked the major grimly, "Sarah there ain't got no brother, an' I reckon I 'm sorter pretected from them kind of gwines-on."

"Why, tooby shore you are," said his wife, who was the Sarah referred to; "but I ain't so mighty certain that I would n't be better off if I had a brother to follow you around where the wimmen folks can't go. You 've flung away a many a bright dollar that he might have picked up."

"Who, Sarah?" inquired the major, wincing a little.

"My brother," returned Mrs. Bass.

"Why, you have n't got a brother, Sarah," said Major Bass.

"More 's the pity," exclaimed the major's wife. "I ought to have had one — a great big double-j'inted chap. But you need n't tell me about the old Judge," she went on. "He tried to out-Yankee the Yankees up yonder in Atlanty, and now he 's a-trying to out-Yankee them down here. Lord! You need n't tell me a thing about old Judge Bascom. Show me a man that 's been wrapped up with the Radicals, and I 'll show you a man that ain't got no better sense than to try to chousel somebody. I 'd just as lieve see Underwood have the Bascom Place as the old Judge — every bit and grain."

"Well, I had n't," said the major, emphatically.

"No, ner me nuther," said Mr. Joe-Bob Grissom. "Hit may be right, but hit don't look right. Pap used to say he 'd never be happy ontel the Bascoms come back inter the'r prop'ty."

"Well, he 's dead, ain't he?" inquired Mrs. Bass in a tone that showed she had the best of the argument.

"Yessum," said Mr. Grissom, shifting about in his chair and crossing his legs, as if anxious to dispose of an unpleasant subject — "yessum, pap 's done dead." To this statement, after a somewhat embarrassing silence, he added: "Pap took an' died a long time ago."

"Yes," said Mrs. Bass in a gentler tone, "and I 'll warrant you that when he died he was n't pestered about whether the Bascoms owned the old Place or not. Did he make any complaints?"

"No 'm," replied Mr. Grissom, in a reminiscent way, "I can't say that he did. He jest did n't bother about 'em. Hit looked like they jest natchally slipped outer his mind."

"Why, certainly," said Mrs. Bass, with a little shake of her head; "they slipped outer your pa's mind, and now they say the old Judge has slipped out of his own mind."

"Well, we need n't boast of it, Sarah," remarked the major with a feeble attempt at severity. "Nobody knows the day when some of us may be twisted around. We 've no room to brag."

"No, we ain't," said his wife, bridling up. "I 've trembled for you a many a day when you thought I was thinking about something else — a many a day."

"Now you know mighty well, Sarah, that no good-natured man like me ain't a-gwine to up an' lose their mind, jest dry so," said the major earnestly. "They 've got to have some mighty big trouble."

"Yes," said Mrs. Bass, grimly, "and they have to have mind too, I reckon. Nobody that never had a horse ever lost one."

The major nodded his head at Joe-Bob Grissom, as much as to say that it was only a very able man who could afford to have such a sprightly wife. The mute suggestion, however, was lost on Grissom, who was accustomed to taking life seriously.

"I hear a mighty heap of talk," he said, "but I ain't never been so mighty certain an' shore that the old Judge is lost his mind. There 'd be lots of fun ef it should happen to be that he had the papers all made out in his pocket, an' I 've hearn some hints thataway."

"Well," said the more practical Mrs. Bass, "he ain't got no papers. The minute I laid eyes on him after he come back here, I says to Mr. Bass there, 'Mr. Bass,' says I, 'the old Judge has gone wrong in his upper story.' Ah, you can't fool me. I know a thing when I see it, more especially if I look at it close. I 've seen folks that had to rub the silver off a thrip to tell whether it was passable or not. I might be fooled about the silver in a thrip, but you can't fool me about a grown man."

"Nobody ain't tryin' to fool you, Sarah," said the major, with some show of spirit.

"Well, I reckon not," exclaimed Mrs. Bass, somewhat contemptuously. "I 'd like to see anybody try to fool me right here in my own house and right before my face."

"There ain't no tellin'," said Mr. Joe-Bob Grissom, in his matter-of-fact way, ignoring everything that had been said—"there ain't no tellin' whether the old Judge is got the papers or not. 'T would be hard on Frank Underwood an' his sister, an' they ain't no better folks than them. They don't make no fuss about it, an' they don't hang out no signs, but when you come to a narrer place in the road where you can't go forrerd nor back'ards, an' nuther can you turn 'roun', you may jest count on them Underwoods. They 'll git you out ef you can be got out, an' before you can say thanky-do, they 'll be away off yonder helpin' some yuther poor creetur."

"Well," said Major Bass, with an air of independence, "I 'm at the fust of it. It may be jest as you say, Joe-Bob; but ef so, I 've never knowed it."

"Hit 's jest like I tell you," said Joe-Bob, emphatically.

"Well, the Lord love us!" exclaimed Mrs. Bass, "I hope it 's so — I do from the bottom of my heart. It would be a mighty queer world if it did n't have some tender spots in it, but you need n't be afraid that they 'll ever get as thick as the measles. I reckon you must be renting land on the old Bascom Place," she went on, eying Mr. Grissom somewhat sharply.

"Yessum," said Joe-Bob, moving about uneasily in his chair. "Yessum, I do."

Whereupon Mrs. Bass smiled, and her smile was more significant than anything she could have said. It was disconcerting indeed, and it was not long before Mr. Joe-Bob Grissom made some excuse for depriving Major Jimmy and Mrs. Sarah Bass of his company.

As he was passing the Bascom Place on his way home he saw lights in the house and heard voices on the piazza.

"Ef it warn't for that blamed dog," he thought, "I 'd go up there an' see what they er talkin' about so mighty peart."

IX.

BUT Mr. Grissom's curiosity would not have been satisfied. Judge Bascom was sitting in a large rocking chair, enjoying the pleasant evening air, and the others were sitting near, talking on the most ordinary topics. This situation was one of the doctor's prescriptions, as Miss Sophie said. Those around were to wear a cheerful air, and the Judge was to be humored in the belief that he was once more the proprietor of the Bascom Place. He seemed to respond to this treatment in the most natural way. The old instinct of hospitality rose in him and had its way. He grew garrulous indeed, and sat on the piazza, or walked up and down and talked by the hour. He was full of plans and projects, and some of them were so suggestive that Francis Underwood made a note of them for further consideration. The Judge was the genial host, and while his daughter was full of grief and humiliation at the position in which she was placed, he appeared to draw new life and inspiration from his surroundings. He took a great fancy to Miss Sophie: her observations, which were practical in the extreme, and often unflattering, were highly relished by him. The Judge himself was a good talker, and he gave Miss Sophie an opportunity to vent some of her pet opinions, the most of which were very pronounced.

As for Mildred, in spite of her grief and anxiety, she found her surroundings vastly more pleasant than she had at first imagined they could be. Some instinct or prepossession made her feel at home in the old house, and as she grew more cheerful and more contented she grew more beautiful and more engaging. At least this was the opinion of Francis Underwood.

"Brother," said Miss Sophie one day when they were together, "you are in love."

"I don't know whether to say yes or no," he replied. "What is it to be in love?"

"How should I know?" exclaimed Miss Sophie, reddening a little. "I see you mooning around, and moping. Something has come over you, and if it is n't love, what is it?"

He held up his hands, white and muscular, and looked at them. Then he took off his hat and tousled his hair in an effort to smooth it with his fingers.

"It is something," he said after a while, "but I don't know what. Is love such an everyday affair that it can be called by name as soon as it arrives?"

"Don't be absurd, brother," said Miss Sophie, with a gesture of protest. "You talk as if you were trying to take a census of the affair."

"No," said he; "I am trying to get a special report. I saw Dr. Bynum looking at you over his spectacles yesterday."

Miss Sophie tried to show that this suggestion was an irritating one, but she failed, and then fell to laughing.

"I never knew I was so full of humor before," said Francis Underwood, by way of comment.

"And I never knew you could be so foolish — to me," said Miss Sophie, still laughing. "What is Dr. Bynum to me?"

"Not having his spectacles to look over, how do I know?"

"But," persisted Miss Sophie, "you need no spectacles to look at Mildred. I have seen you looking at her through your fingers."

"And what was she doing?" inquired Underwood, coloring in the most surprising way.

"Oh," said Miss Sophie, "she was pretending not to notice it; but I can sit with my back to you both and tell by the tone of her voice when this and that thing is going on."

"This, then, is courtship," said Underwood.

"Why, brother, how provoking you are!" exclaimed Miss Sophie. "It is nothing of the sort. It is child's play; it is the way the youngsters do at school. I feel as if I never knew you before; you are full of surprises."

"I surprise myself," he said, with something like a sigh, "and that is the trouble; I don't want to be too surprising."

"But in war," said his sister, "the successful general cannot be too full of surprises."

"In war!" he cried. "Why, I was in hopes the war was over."

"I was thinking about the old saying," she explained — "the old saying that all is fair in love and war."

"Well," said Francis Underwood, "it would be hard to say whether you and Dr. Bynum are engaged in war or not. You are both very sly, but I have seen a good deal of skirmishing going on. Will it end in a serious engagement, with casualties on both sides? The doctor is something of a surgeon, and he can attend to his own wounds, but who is going to look after yours?"

"How can you go on so!" cried Miss Sophie, laughing. "Are we to have an epidemic of delusions?"

"Yes, and illusions too," said her brother. "The atmosphere seems to be full of them. Everything is in a tangle."

And yet it was not long after this conversation that Miss Sophie observed her brother and Mildred Bascom sauntering together under the great cedars, and she concluded that he was trying to untangle the tangle.

There were many such walks, and the old Judge, sitting on the piazza in bright weather, would watch the handsome pair, apparently with a contented air. There was something about this busy and practical young man that filled Mildred's imagination. His individuality was prominent enough to be tantalizing. It was of the dominant variety. In him the instinct of control and command, so pleasing to the feminine mind, was thoroughly developed, and he disposed of his affairs with a promptness and decisiveness that left nothing to be desired. Everything seemed to be arranged in his mind beforehand.

Everything, that is to say, except his relations with Mildred Bascom. There was not the slightest detail of his various enterprises, from the simplest to the most complicated, with which he was not thoroughly familiar, but this young girl, simple and unaffected as she was, puzzled him sorely. She presented to Francis Underwood's mind the old problem that is always new, and that has as many phases as there are stars in the sky. Here, before his eyes, was a combination for which there was no warrant in his experience — the wit and tenderness of Rosalind, blended with the self-sacrificing devotion of Cordelia. Here was a combination — a complication — of a nature to attract the young man's attention. Problem, puzzle, what you will, it was a very attractive one for him, and he lost no favorable opportunity of studying it.

FRANCIS UNDERWOOD AND MILDRED.

So the pleasant days came and went. If there were any love passages between the young people, only the stately cedars or the restless poplars were in the secret, and these told it only to the vagrant west winds that crept over the hills when the silence of night fell over all things.

X.

Those were pleasant days and nights at the old Bascom Place, in spite of the malady with which the Judge was afflicted. They were particularly pleasant when he seemed to be brighter and stronger. But one day, when he seemed to be at his best, the beginning of the end came. He was sitting on the piazza, talking with his daughter and with Francis Underwood. Some reference was made to the Place, when the old Judge suddenly rose from his chair, and, shaking his thin white hand at the young man, cried out:

"I tell you it is mine! The Place always has been mine and it always will be mine."

He tottered forward and would have fallen, but Underwood caught him and placed him in his chair. The old man's nerves had lost their tension, his eyes their brightness. He could only murmur indistinctly, "Mine, mine, mine." He seemed suddenly to have shrunk and shriveled away. His head fell to one side, his face was deadly pale, his lips were blue, and his thin hands clutched convulsively at his clothes and at the chair. Mildred was at his side instantly, but he seemed to be beyond the reach of her voice and beyond the limits of her grief, which was distressful to behold. He tried indeed to stroke the beautiful hair that fell loosely over him as his daughter seized him in her despairing arms, but it was in a vague and wandering way.

Judge Bascom's condition was so alarming that Francis Underwood lifted him in his arms and placed him on the nearest bed, where he lay gazing at the ceiling, sometimes smiling and at other times frowning and crying, "Mine, mine, mine!"

He sank slowly but surely. At the last he smiled and whispered "Home," and so passed away.

He was indeed at home. He had come to the end of his long and tiresome journey. He smiled as he lay sleeping, and his rest was pleasant; for there was that in his dead face, white and pinched as it was, that bore witness to the infinite gentleness and mercy of Christ, who is the Lord.

It was an event that touched the hearts of his old neighbors and their children, and they spoke to one another freely and feelingly about the virtues of the old Judge, the beautiful life he had lived, the distinction he had won, and the mark he had made on his generation. Some, who were old enough to remember, told of his charities in the days when prosperity sat at his board; and in discussing these things the people gradually came to realize the fact that Judge Bascom, in spite of his misfortunes, had shed luster on his State and on the village in which he was born, and that his renown was based on a character so perfect, and on results so just and beneficent, that all could share in it.

His old neighbors, watching by him as he lay smiling in his dreamless sleep, shortened the long hours of the night with pleasant reminiscences of the dead. Those who sat near the door could see, in an adjoining room, Mildred Bascom sitting at Miss Sophie Underwood's feet, her arms around the older woman's waist. It was a brief and fleeting panorama, as indeed life itself is, but the two, brought together by grief and sympathy, often sat thus in the years that followed. For Mildred Bascom became the mistress of the Bascom Place; and although she has changed her name, the old name still clings to Underwood's domain.

THE END.

Joel Chandler Harris.

SUNRISE.

ONE rose before the dawn, and stole along
The dull shore waiting for the light to be;
That he, before the unimpatient throng,
Might watch the sunrise on the splendid sea.

And one who cared not for the glorious sight,
But for the joy to come with that first ray,
Ran to his casement to greet there the light
That ushered in for him his wedding-day.

But to the One who gives both sea and shore,
Who from the darkness light and gladness frees,
Rises the sweetest hymn forevermore
Not from the lips of such glad souls as these.

But from the bed where one all night has lain,
Stilling his moans to let his watchers sleep,
Who suddenly across his bed of pain
Sees the faint gray of early morning creep.

He cannot haste with eager eyes to see
Its coming; whether it be dull or fair,—
This day that dawns,—he knows not; it may be
It brings him suffering keener still to bear.

Ah, God! how great the gift that thou hast given,
When those who only know the night is past
Send to thee, in thy far-off, silent heaven,
The gladdest thanks that day has dawned at last!

Alice Wellington Rollins.

THE TRAINING OF THE TEACHER.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS FROM THE NEW YORK COLLEGE FOR THE TRAINING OF TEACHERS.

MODELING MAPS IN PUTTY.

IT is very instructive to study the development of the professional teacher. In earlier times teaching was the duty of the parent, a little later a function of the priest. Hrabanus Maurus himself, who holds the proud title "primus præceptor Germaniæ" even against Melanchthon, could not see that the monk who was to become a teacher needed anything more professional than broad culture, high character, and sound learning.[1] But the training of the teacher, to be adequate, must include professional knowledge and skill in addition to these general and very desirable characteristics. This professional element in the teacher's equipment is to be gained by the study of the history and philosophy of education, which unfold the principles on which education is based and the story of their growth and development; by the study of psychology, which familiarizes the future teacher with the characteristics and qualities of the human mind and the laws of its development; and by the study of the methods of school organization and instruction, by which he is informed of the best results of experience in the field of educational practice. This knowledge is not to be gained by what is vaguely termed intuition, nor by imitation alone.

The absence of any proper and adequate professional training in the past — of over three hundred and twenty-five thousand teachers in the United States, but a small proportion are graduates even of normal schools — has made itself felt not only in the schools of the United States, but in those of Europe as well. The work of the schools, speaking broadly, has been poorly done and the mass of the school population has not even been properly instructed, much less educated. It is not meant by this that the common school, the world over, has accomplished nothing; for the history of Scotland since Knox, of the United States under the Constitution, of Prussia since Jena, and of France under the Republic, tells a far different story. But popular education has not accomplished all the results hoped for, simply because popular education does not as yet exist. The framework, constitutional and administrative, is generally provided, but the proper supply of the necessary agents, thoroughly trained and equipped teachers, is not yet forthcoming. Reasons may doubtless be given why this is so. The teacher's salary is small and his tenure of office is insecure. These obstacles are not easily removed. In the United States the absence of any national system of education makes their removal a matter of extreme difficulty and one involving great loss of time. Public opinion — which, as our latest and kindest critic, Mr. Bryce, says, is not made, but grows in America — must stimulate State, municipal, and district authorities in turn before any appreciable results can be secured. The process is a laborious and uncertain one, for the name of these authorities is legion. Because these obstacles are not removed, the profession of teaching involves a sacrifice which the lawyer, the physician, or the man of business is not called upon to make.

Another consideration, and a very important one, deserves notice. The fact that the universities have very generally neglected to provide instruction in the science of education has had a powerful influence in retarding the

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[1] "Scientiæ plenitudinem, et vitæ rectitudinem, et eruditionis perfectionem."

A CLASS IN DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

progress of the teaching profession. In view of the relation which in any sound system the universities should bear to the schools and to the state at large, this neglect is nothing less than culpable, and the efforts now making to repair it come too late to prevent serious loss to the cause of popular education. At least nine German universities, two Scotch universities, and six of our own institutions of first rank have recognized the claim of the science of education to a place in their calendars. It is only a question of time when the English universities and the older and more conservative of our American colleges will follow their example. What has been lost by the delay is pictured by Professor Laurie when he says, "Had Roger Ascham's college, at Cambridge, founded a lectureship on the first two books of Quintilian and on Ascham's own work, and done nothing more, the whole character of English public education would have been revolutionized more than two hundred years ago. We should have been as great a nation, measured by the standards of imperial power and wealth, but our citizens would have had a better use of their brains, greater love of truth, more open minds, more kindly hearts, more of wisdom, justice, righteousness." Enough has been said to show that while the adequate training of the teacher is not a new subject, yet any general recognition of its importance is new. Indeed it would be concealing the truth not to say that its earnest advocacy is to-day chiefly in the hands of those educationists who are known among their fellows as radicals and progressives.

It seems clear enough that certain fundamental principles of this professional training may be laid down. In the first place, it should follow the secondary education and be wholly distinct from it; and in the second place, it should include the practical work of teaching under competent supervision and criticism, as well as the study of educational theory. These two principles should be examined separately and somewhat carefully.

If the teacher's professional training is to follow his secondary education, it should not be begun before the student is at least eighteen years of age and in possession of what is known as a good high-school or academic education. This is the foundation on which any special education should rest, and on which it must rest if it is to be really valuable. If a college course can be added, so much the better; but the number of those who seem to be able to spare the time and expense for this advanced instruction is not large. It is not easy to see how this position as to the necessity of separating the general education from the special training can be gainsaid, yet the normal schools of this country, almost without exception (there are a few notable ones), violate this principle entirely and plead the force of circumstances as their justification. The result is that too many normal schools are but high schools with a slight infusion of pedagogy in the curriculum of the last year. More often than not students graduate from these schools before they are eighteen years of age, and before it is possible for them to have acquired that necessary general education which should precede any special and professional training whatever. Students thus graduating become at once teachers in the common schools, and at the expense of the education of countless children slowly acquire that "experience" which is to serve as a substitute for the training they have not secured. This is a serious evil and one which is not being very rapidly remedied.

A LESSON IN SLÖJD.

The contention of some normal-school principals that unless the students receive their general education under the normal-school roof it will not be good for anything will not bear examination. An educational system cannot be built up on any such basis as that. Trust, not distrust, must be the motto. The grammar schools and the high schools must be trusted to do their own work properly; the normal school can protect itself by its entrance examination. In teaching elementary or secondary subjects it is leaving its own sphere and entering that of another. The law school does not teach history, nor the medical school reading; neither should the training college give instruction in those branches. It should demand a knowledge of them from candidates for admission, and only refer to them again to discuss their pedagogic relations and for the purpose of explaining how their subject-matters may best be taught.

As to the principle that the professional training of the teacher should include the practical work of the school-room under proper supervision and criticism, there is little difference of opinion. But the practice of normal schools falls far below their professions in this respect. The student teaches in a practice school for a few hours each week or for a few days each month, but this is not sufficient either in quantity or in quality. In some of the German training colleges, certainly in that at Weimar, the student has a subject assigned him which he teaches uninterruptedly for a whole year in the practice school; and careful preparation for this instruction is made. This arrangement is held to be necessary in order that the student may obtain real grasp of his subject and familiarize himself with the special needs of the children whom he instructs. That the German practice in this respect is superior to that common among ourselves is very apparent. It should be that at which we aim.

On these two principles, and on the further one that manual training should be an integral part of the common-school course, the New York College for the Training of Teachers has been founded, and on these principles it will be developed. Its aim is to equip teachers thoroughly for the work of elementary and secondary education and to insist that in that education, and consequently in the equipment of the teacher, manual training must be permitted to occupy that place which history, philosophy, and science unite in saying is its due. This is not the place to discuss the subject of manual training. An unbroken series of successful experiments has rendered further argument unnecessary. It is an established fact; but the College for the Training of Teachers is perhaps the first institution of its kind to accept it as such, with all that such acceptance implies. Inasmuch, however, as manual training is not generally taught in the schools and it would be impossible to insist upon candidates for admission having a thorough knowledge of it, the first principle which we have laid down above must for the time being be violated. The work of the elementary and secondary schools must be supplemented in the training-college course by that instruction in manual training which will shortly be generally given in those schools themselves. When this is the case, the training college will treat the various divisions of manual training precisely as it treats geography and spelling. That is, it will require knowledge of them for entrance; and only discuss their history and educational value and develop the best methods of presenting them to children.

THE SCIENTIFIC LABORATORY.

Candidates for admission to the College for the Training of Teachers are required to be at least eighteen years of age, and either to pass a prescribed examination or to present a certificate of graduation from some approved academy, high school, or college. Pupils of either sex are admitted on equal conditions and are given pretty much the same course of instruction. Under the head of manual training, female students only are prepared to give instruction in sewing and cooking, and male students only, when the necessary arrangements shall have been completed, in metal-working. Both male and female students are prepared to teach drawing and modeling, the Swedish slöjd (pronounced sloyd), which is the most useful form of constructive work for pupils from ten to fourteen years of age, and wood-working. The excellence of the work done in wood by female students has excited no little surprise and some derision. The surprise, however, has been confined to those who have not kept pace with educational progress, and the derision to those who continue to see in manual training not education, but preparation for trades.

Instruction in these various branches of manual training shares with the study of the kindergarten and psychology the larger portion of the first part of the junior year. The careful and systematic study of children, their habits, powers, and peculiarities, is begun at once and is carried on throughout the entire course. In fact, it is principally from this study that the future teacher is to gain at the college that store of information which serves to make up what the world knows as "experience" in handling classes of children and in instructing them. A plan has been perfected by which the method of recording observations of this kind, begun at the Worcester (Massachusetts) Normal School a few years ago, will be extended and made a very prominent feature of the study of the child's mind and its development.

The work in natural science, which has so important a place in the curriculum, is designed to serve two purposes. It trains the students in habits of accurate observation and logical thought, as well as in the methods of experimentation, and also fits them to construct from very simple and accessible materials the apparatus with which to illustrate in the schoolroom various physical, physiological, and mechanical processes. It is intended by the faculty to make, in connection with this science training, a fair test of the assertion of Professor Lintner, State entomologist of New York, that entomology is superior to botany as a means of training the child's power of observation.

Just as natural science is made to serve the teacher's professional purposes, so is history. The teacher needs a highly cultivated imagination and a power of illustration, which the study of the philosophy of history and the progress of civilization can supply. In order to gain this the curriculum contains instruction of this character, and it is carried on in connection with a carefully chosen course of collateral reading.

The science of education — the pädagogik of the Germans — is almost unknown in this country, as is the fact that Paulsen lectures on that subject to three or four hundred students each semester at the University of Berlin. It is to be developed at considerable length at the college by educators who have made it a subject of profound study. It includes a discussion of the philosophical principles underlying the theory of education, such as that given by Waitz and Rosenkranz, and also an examination of the relation of the family and the state to the work of education in the school. The subject of educational values, the relative importance of various subjects of study for the work of mental development, is also included under this head.

Instruction in the methods of teaching, in school organization and discipline, connects itself naturally with the foregoing and constitutes what is known as the art of education. It embraces didactics, discipline and punishment, school hygiene, and kindred topics. The art of education is studied experimentally as it were, for its precepts are to be observed in operation in the school of practice, and, under proper supervision, applied there by the students themselves. In all this mere formalism is to be guarded against, and this saying of Rosmini must be continually borne in mind: "It is true that the teacher, enriched by his own experience, can communicate what he knows to his pupil; but the teacher himself will, if he is wise, make himself the interpreter and disciple of nature, and lead the child's mind to the knowledge of truth by the same gradual steps he would have to follow in gaining the knowledge for himself by the much longer road of experience."

The history of education is an education itself, and contributes largely to the professional training of the teacher. It includes the study of the development of educational institutions as well as that of educational theories, and involves a critical analysis and study of such works as Plato's "Republic," Quintilian's "Institutes," Luther's "Letter to the Burgomasters," Milton's "Tractate," Rousseau's "Émile," and Froebel's "Education of Man." It describes and compares the contemporary educational institutions in various countries; it discusses the gymnasium and the realschule, the lycée and the English board school, the question of technical education and that of electives in colleges, compulsory education laws and national aid to education in the United States.

The student who has in this way compassed the science of education and its history, the art of instruction and its practice, is entitled to his baccalaureate degree in pedagogy. The degrees of master and doctor are reserved for even higher attainments. The degree of bachelor of pedagogy is to be to the teacher what the doctorate of medicine is to the physician — at once an evidence of thorough professional preparation and a license to practice.

A single institution cannot do much directly in so large a country as our own to supply the schools with properly equipped teachers. Even should the number of its graduates reach several hundreds annually, the teachers of the United States are numbered by the hundreds of thousands. Indirectly, however, it can and will accomplish a great deal. It will serve as a stimulus, and, it is hoped, call many similar training colleges into existence. But should this hoped-for result not follow, it will serve to bring home to the teacher a full appreciation of what it is to belong to a profession which boasts a splendid history, a scientific basis, and a classic literature; a profession to which Alcuin and Abelard, Colet and Comenius, Pestalozzi and Froebel, Thomas Arnold and Mark Hopkins belonged; a profession that has counted and still counts among its members some of the truest, noblest, and best men and women who ever lived. It will improve the character of popular education and through it the quality of citizenship, particularly citizenship in that nation which Abraham Lincoln declared to be "conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal."

Nicholas Murray Butler.

MANUAL TRAINING AS A FACTOR IN MODERN EDUCATION.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS FROM THE PHILADELPHIA MANUAL-TRAINING SCHOOL.

IN THE SMITHY DEPARTMENT.

IN modern education the factors may be grouped as industrial, political, social, and moral, each of which is essential to the realization of an harmonious ethical training. An education which discovers the duties men owe to themselves and to society, growing out of their natural or acquired capacities and their position and prospects in life, which trains men to fulfill the ends and aims of their existence, or to know their rights and to perform their duties, is an harmonious ethical training. The results in manual-training schools have been somewhat loosely attributed to the industrial factor alone instead of attributing them to the harmonious coöperation of all the ethical elements involved. The ethics of the modern manual-training school may be expressed in Macaulay's epitome of the philosophy of Bacon — utility and progress.

Education is acquisition and training. The type in modern society which largely determines our civilization is the industrial man; education in the United States must be considered, primarily, in relation to the needs of the masses, and the masses are of the industrial type. Less than three per centum of the boys of this country can hope to make a living by the practice of the professions; the mass of American boys must succeed, if they succeed at all, in industrial occupations. A servile adherence to traditional class interests has forced all minds along a narrow public-school course, and by the exclusion of the industrial factor has kept the curriculum a fragment and has maintained a discrimination against the essential group of industrial rights, duties, and interests into which all men are born. More important than that which may be learned at school is the discipline which comes with the acquisition and the training. To omit industrial discipline in education is to wage war against common sense. The manual-training school is the modern means of acquiring a knowledge of things and of men; its training is a discipline that may be described as having ethical proportions. The new movement is an embodied expostulation against the fatal narrowness of our schools, and there is reason to believe that by the harmonious ethical training realized in manual-training schools some evils now crowding upon society in this country will be remedied.

To the objections that the curriculum of the public schools is already crowded; that the introduction of the industrial factor will only add to present confusion; that the industrial training is technical training, and that the schools of the country are wholly unprepared in faculty or in equipment to add the industrial factor, the reply is the experience of the present manual-training schools: the results reveal that the new education differs from the old chiefly in the administration of educational powers. The time given to manual training might be given to training in language, or mathematics, or philosophy; the question of which training is one of values. Manual training does not mean no training in language, in mathematics, or in philosophy. Given the present condition of society, the capacities of boys and girls and their respective positions and prospects in life, the question is: Shall their education consist of acquisition and training in language, in mathematics, and in philosophy only, or in a sufficient amount of these three, and in industrial training? The question becomes a practical problem in economic administration of educational forces. In academies and in high schools the tendency is to imitate the college. The true function of the academy and of the high school is to help boys and girls prepare for life; too often these schools expend their energies in merely preparing students for college. The manual-training school has for its function the fitting of the young for careers in life appropriate to their characters, their position, and their prospects: it fits boys for college, but first, by its harmonious training, it teaches them to think and fits them for making an honorable living in the world. It is a world school.

Shall a boy know less of Latin, less of Greek, less of French, less of German, less of conic sections or quaternions, less of psychology, and in place thereof know the principles of industrial occupations, the use of tools, the construction of typical forms in the applied arts, and possess both the trained mind and the skilled hand? For the mass of American boys which training is best worth having? Provided that the course in the manual-training school is, to use a current phrase, "sufficiently literary," could not every school introduce the industrial factor into its curriculum, and by harmoniously administering educational powers already possessed, with absolute certainty increase and intensify the benefits accruing to society from educational work?

A manual-training school is composed of several departments in co-relation: science, mathematics, literature, history, economics, engineering, drawing, and manual work. The harmony of the new education is the harmony of instruction and of construction, which may thus be outlined:

Instruction in mathematics, science, drawing	Construction in materials, as wood, metal, etc. Laboratory work; graphic presentations in botany, electricity, chemistry, physics, physiology, etc.; collections and investigations.
Literature, history, and economics, drawing . .	Graphic presentations of historic events; social science; language; biography; economics.
Engineering, drawing . .	Electrical and mechanical laboratories; models; working machines; designs; ornamentation.
Manual work, drawing,	Typical forms in wood and metal; clay modeling; casting; smithing; forging; tool constructions.
Morals	Conduct, daily association; industrial relations; social duties; record of personal qualities and powers; self-knowledge.

Experience in Philadelphia proves that drawing, mathematics, and language underlie all other departments.[1] Drawing is as important in the school as are tools in the arts. It in-

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[1] *Course of Study, Philadelphia Manual-Training School.*

FIRST YEAR.

Studies.	*Hours per week through year.*
Algebra	3
Botany	2
Carpentry and Joinery	5
Drawing, free-hand and mechanical	4

volves the knowledge of things and is the graphic language of facts, forms, and objects. It is a means to an expression of the beautiful and to its conception in science, in literature, and in economics. As the ends of the school are not solely industrial, drawing becomes the means for a graphic presentation of political, industrial, and moral conditions of society. The construction of mechanical units is, educationally, only a method of discipline, and drawing becomes the medium for a logical process. In a working drawing are embodied the facts of form, the appearance of an object to the eye, and the ornamentation incorporating elements of design, beauty, and utility. The results in drawing are: the ability to make out and to interpret working drawings, *e. g.*, machine or house drawings; to produce from drawings the indicated forms in plastic material; the understanding of the phraseology of artistic constructions; and the power to elaborate a proposition. The elaborative faculty has constant use in the school in the construction of machine drawings, tracings, blue-prints, sketches, specifications, drawings to scale, and in the applications of drawing in the work of the various departments. In architectural drawing details from private and from public buildings, plans, elevations, constructions, and graphic problems, such as the combination of use and ornament in a construction, sufficiently test the practical value of the training. In free-hand the boy is fitted to delineate rapidly and accurately the apparent form of objects, models, tools, applications of typical forms in daily life, and to understand the use of light and shade, both natural and artificial. He learns also the properties and the elementary use of colors. He can distinguish between good and bad design, recognize the historical styles of ornament, and analyze or conventionalize plant forms in artistic applications.

Were the applications of drawing and of the principles of art to go no further, the training in the school would differ but slightly from that given in schools of art. Drawing has not been in American schools long, and the greater part of it has been mere school copy work leading to no practical applications. The manual-training school applies drawing in every department. Exercises in wood, metal, smithing, or molding are first drawn to scale, to which the rough material must be reduced according to the blue-print specifications. The first lesson in the metal shop requires the reduction of a block of cast iron, rough from the foundry, to the proportions 4″ × 2″ × 1″. The groove is cut across the rough face with a cope chisel; the whole surface is chipped off with a flat chisel and filed perfectly smooth. Each face is tested mechanically and is reduced to mathematical proportions, according to the blue-print. Successive lessons increase in difficulty as typical forms are composed, and the completion of the last lesson is the embodiment of all preceding lessons. At the completion of the course in the metal shop alone boys are fitted to enter establishments

Studies.	*Hours per week through year.*
English Language, Rhetoric, with classic authors	3
Geology	2
Geometry	2
Metal work (chipping, filing, fitting)	5
Physiology	1

SECOND YEAR.

American History	2
Social and Industrial Drawing, mechanical and free-hand	4
English Literature, classic authors	3
Geometry	3
German	2
Metal work, smithing (iron, tin, brazing, molding, casting)	5
Mechanics	1
Physics	3
Pattern-making, turning	5

THIRD YEAR.

Studies.	*Hours per week through year.*
General History	3
American History, civil and political	2
Chemistry	3
Clay-modeling	1
Drawing, machine, architectural, designing	2
Engineering, electrical and mechanical	3
English Literature	3
German	2
Political Economy	2
Trigonometry	2
Wood-carving	2
Mechanical Constructions	6

THIRD YEAR: Individual work (constructions) in chemical laboratory, electricity, wood-working, ethical studies, depending upon the character of the student.

FOURTH YEAR: Individual work with special professors preparatory for further studies or for practical work.

Distribution of Subjects.

	Years.	*Hours.*
Mathematics, 400 hours	1	200
	2	120
	3	80
Science, 600 hours	1	200
	2	160
	3	240
Language, History, Economics, 880 hours	1	120
	2	280
	3	480
Drawing, 400 hours	1	160
	2	160
	3	80
Manual works, applications, and constructions, 1160 hours	1	400
	2	400
	3	360
Total		3440

In the fourth year, special work in various departments; hours, voluntary.

employing skilled workmen and earn fair wages. In a few instances, such boys have been able to earn wages enough to support themselves.

In the process of transforming rough material into typical forms possessing artistic proportions a boy applies mechanical principles, produces material changes visible to himself and capable of undoubted tests; he acquires the discipline shown in muscular accuracy, perfection of sight and of judgment in the exercise involved. Industrial discipline forms habits of inestimable worth. The finished manual lesson, the construction of a typical form in metal, is an unprejudiced record of the industrial boy. In wood-working, or in forging, the same methods obtain as in the metal shop—the drawing, the instruction, the use of raw material, the reduction to required form. The boy proceeds by various exercises, graded in difficulty, in sawing, planing, squaring, chiseling, mortising, mitering, dove-tailing, and in combinations of these, and learns, during his course, the design, the structure, the use, and the care of tools.

Parallel with the work in wood and in cold metal is a course in the manipulation of hot iron. The boy learns the economy of heat and of material. He draws the design, bends, splits, upsets, punches, shapes, and tempers the iron in the construction of rings, squares, hooks, tongs, and machine tools, each of which is a typical lesson in the art of smithing. The necessity for quick work in forging and the impossibility of testing the accuracy of the strokes while the iron is hot compel a mental concentration peculiarly valuable in any system of education. The smithery is as popular with the boys as any department of the school. All courses in drawing, metal-working, wood-working, forging, tin-smithing, pattern-making, molding, and casting, together with the acquisition and the training from the other departments of the school, prepare for the culmination of the industrial training in a construction. By a construction is meant the making of a mechanical unit, such as a steam-engine, an electric dynamo, a bridge, a turn-table, or some other unit involving the composition of forces and of principles with which the previous training has made the boy familiar. These constructions are models in wood or metal, or in both, and are accompanied by complete drawings.[1]

Were the instruction in the school to end here it might, perhaps, be called a trade-school. The training thus far outlined has been in mechanical principles and their applications, but the course has ethical proportions and it does not merely fit a boy for a special trade. Exercises in manual work alternate with exercises in other departments. The industrial factor in education is but one element in the recognition and the interpretation of types in the world of worths and of forms. Mechanical units can be classified, and the just administration of educational affairs provides for the training, the industrial discipline which comes by the construction of a mechanical unit after an adequate study, in a practical way, of mechanical principles. But the construction takes a far higher significance when it is made by a boy equally well trained in language, in mathematics, and in philosophy.

The more complex the construction the greater familiarity with ethical principles is demanded. All the factors in education are inseparably involved in the manual-training school. The new movement is endangered if manual work alone be made the essential characteristic of the school. Then the school becomes a shop, and the ethical completeness of the education promised by the school is lost. It is difficult to make plain the harmony of mental and manual work realized in the school to those to whom the proposition is new, or who have not examined the school personally. As far as possible, each department of the school is a laboratory. In manual work, in drawing, in chemistry and physics, and in engineering, laboratory methods have been long in use. But in conjunction with the methods of the German "seminar," manual skill has worked a revolution in the study of literature, history, and economics. It is on the so-called "literary side" that manual training displays the power of the new education. Mechanical skill acquired by industrial training in free-hand, machine, and architectural drawing; in tool constructions; in working accurately to specifications; in the composition of constructions; in the power which the boy gains to apply his various acquisitions and training to the solution of a given proposition, is a new factor in ethical training for which there is no substitute and which cannot be eliminated from modern education without defeating the primary purposes of education itself. The new education liberates hand power as brain power and the boy is enabled to express his comprehension of men and of things not only in the traditional manner known to schools, but by a graphic language of sketch, of chart, of diagram, and of illustration which remove the last doubt of his mental obscurity. Practical school men appreciate the worth of a trusty measure of a boy's understanding. If he can give the traditional tests of recitation, examination, and thesis, and, in addition, give a graphic presentation of his own understanding of the problem under investigation, he has attained a condition long sought in the schools and he possesses powers of recognized value among men. The manual-training school teaches a boy to think and trains him how to do; it enables him to understand his own powers.

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[1] The training provided in the school may be outlined as follows: Drawing, free-hand, mechanical, architectural, design; wood-working, pattern-making, carving, turning, joinery; metal-working, chipping, filing, fitting; smithing, iron, tin, brazing, molding, casting; mechanical constructions in wood, metal; electrical and mechanical engineering, motor powers, illumination; modeling and carving; mathematics, arithmetic, geometry, trigonometry, algebra; physics, the study of matter; economic botany; chemistry; physiology and hygiene; the English language and literature (German, French, or Latin); history, general and (specially) American; social science, government, political economy; morals.

As the school is unfettered by traditions it may incorporate all known best educational methods, and in so far as the incorporation is reasonable, the results will be the same as those already realized wherever those methods obtain. But the peculiar feature of the school — the harmonious coöperation of all the factors present — is an educational discovery. Especially has skill of hand supplemented the understanding in the study of history, economics, and literature. Such subjects as rent, taxation, public debts, banking, labor, have, by graphic presentation by the boy, become intelligible to him. Had he pursued these, or kindred topics, in an ordinary high school, he would have probably satisfied conditions by memorizing the pages of a book. By graphic illustration[1] the life and growth of language, the position of literary men, the tendency of historic periods, the co-relation of historic epochs, the distribution of social conditions, the economic status of nations or of communities, the movements of population, and the political condition of men under differing forms of government, are raised from the dead surface of mere verbal description into comparative reality. Graphic methods are not unknown in our best schools, but industrial training alone can impart the manual skill, the mathematical accuracy, and the mental grasp to understand and to elaborate the visible proofs that the boy understands the subject before him so thoroughly as to be able to construct, as it were, a photograph of the impression it has made upon his mind. Not from manual training alone can this power come; the boy must be trained ethically; the whole boy must be put to school.

As the school is an embodiment of the educational tendencies of the present, in addition to other departments which train boys for modern society a department of electrical engineering was organized. Electrical science has become the world's property, and it was thought wise to provide a practical knowledge of a force which, as a motor and as a means for illumination, has become essential to the comfort of man. The study of electricity is put side by side with the study of mechanics, of literature, and of chemistry.

American boys usually leave school before they are fourteen years old. Our public schools, in the higher grades, are chiefly attended by girls. Boys find the utilities lacking in the schools, and they are tempted to leave them as soon as they are able to understand the dominant conditions in society. Less than twenty per cent. of American boys enter high schools and less than half of those who enter complete the course. Those who never enter the high school, or who leave before the completion of the course, outnumber those who graduate more than twenty-fold. The wholesome interest taken by boys in industrial training suggests a remedy for many of the evils which have so long prevailed in the higher public schools. Experience in St. Louis, in Chicago, and in Philadelphia leads to the reasonable belief that by the incorporation of manual training in public schools boys will remain longer in school, and at that critical time, from the fourteenth to the eighteenth year, when the character of subsequent life is so largely determined. Experience at Philadelphia further shows the beneficial effects of the new education in the general condition of school interests. In the manual-training school a boy's growth is wholesome because harmonious. He acquires strength of body and of mind. The healthfulness of manual training is of itself a sufficient reason for its introduction into our schools. Subject to the discipline of a harmonious training boys develop a moral power which carries them over the temptations which too often overcome the school-boy. The discipline of the school is that of an industrious and reasonable household. The reason for so healthful moral condition lies in the nature of the school: it touches life at every point; it deals with realities; the boy sees his world not by means of books alone, but also with the aid of daily wrestling with practical problems. By the addition of the industrial factor the chasm between the subjective and the objective world is practically bridged, and the boy finds a way into the meaning of his daily life. The building of this educational bridge is the departure in modern education; it is still in process of construction, but so near completion that many have already traveled safely across.

In the details of the purposes and methods of the new education those engaged in direct-

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[1] The illustrations for this paper, taken from work done *in cursu* by boys in the Philadelphia Manual Training School, show, to some extent, the harmony of mind training and hand training.

DEPARTMENT OF JOINERY AND PATTERN MAKING.

ing it are not agreed. They agree, however, that all the ethical factors, industrial, political, social, and moral, must harmoniously dominate the movement. They agree that it provides the fittest education for boys.

It is as a public-school problem that manual training has its chief interest. In organizing these schools, whether special schools of high grade as a part of the public system, as in Philadelphia, or with manual training in each grade of school, as in New York, the faculty must consist of trained specialists. The men in charge of the mechanical departments, wood-working, metal shop, forging, constructions, etc., must be men trained for the work by long experience in great industrial establishments, or possess mechanical skill of high order, acquired in special technical training. A man may be a fine mechanic, yet the school cannot use him unless he is also a real teacher. A man may be a real teacher, yet the school cannot use him unless he is also a fine mechanic. The men in charge of drawing, of mathematics, of electrical and of mechanical engineering, of literature, of history, and of economics must be practical teachers, trained at the university, or possessing an equivalent preparation. There is danger that in the haste to equip these schools the men fitted to direct them may be ignored. The success of the new movement demands as a primary condition the coöperation of skilled mechanics, practical educators, and the ablest graduates of scientific and polytechnic schools. Unless qualified men direct these schools, they will be mere shops. In the end the requirements of the new education will be a powerful factor beneficial to the teaching profession, as that profession is more likely hereafter to attract men of the highest type of mind when the possibilities in ethical training are made possible in the schools. Not only must the school be directed by high-minded men, it must also be equipped with adequate material and laboratory facilities.

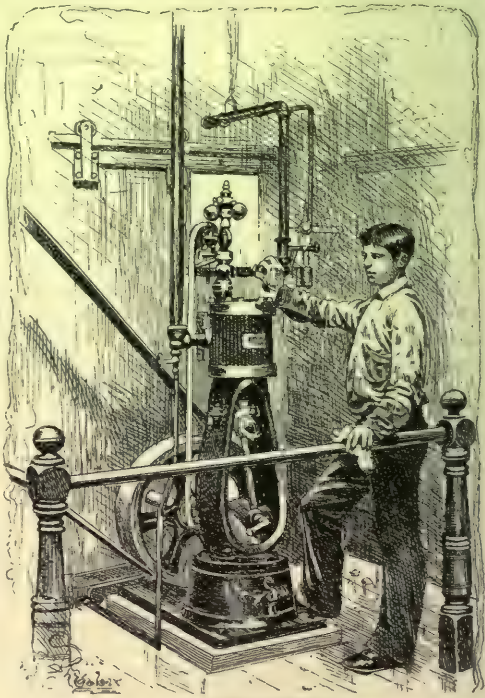
With the training of the new education boys leave school fitted to pursue occupations to which they are adapted. It is a mistake to suppose that those who have completed the courses of the school are found only in shops or factories. As a rule, boys who have been obliged to leave before completing the courses have entered industrial establishments where their already acquired skill has enabled them to earn higher wages than boys who never received such training. The graduates of the school are found in all professions and in many industries. Some are still pursuing higher courses at the universities; some are teachers; others are artisans, architects, engineers, foremen, farmers, business men, and manufacturers. Experience in after life enables them to attest the value of that discipline begun in the school.

IN THE WORKSHOP.

As one happily expressed himself, "I am able to get on in life."

Popular appreciation of the school is well illustrated in Philadelphia. When the manual-training school opened, it was with doubt and hesitation that parents entered their sons. In 1887 there were 130 applicants; in 1888, 250. Of the 58 graduates in 1888, 25 were offered desirable positions before Commencement Day; 20 of whom took scholarships in the University of Pennsylvania, entered college, and before the summer had passed, the remaining boys were at work in various industrial occupations. The average age of the class of 1888 was 18 years.

Manual training is likely to increase both the cost and the efficiency of the public schools, but in a ratio immensely in favor of efficiency. A manual-training school trains boys in actual practice to become familiar with elementary notions, and to acquire a substantial knowledge of the nature of things, and of the rights and duties of men. The limits upon its provision for education can be set only by the actual wants of society as expressed in applications of all knowledge. It is a training needed both by boys and by girls, and is capable of modification suited to the wants of each. The school is a school of things, of principles, of human affairs, opened for the purpose of educating the young naturally, harmoniously, ethically, in order to fit them to enter upon their work in the world without loss of time, without error in choice of activity, and with constant recognition of the gain both to society and to the



AT THE ENGINE.

individual: a manual-training school is, in the wisest sense, a fitting-school for life and for living. Our public schools upon a philosophic basis will quicken the life of society and aid, as they have never yet aided, in the solution of the industrial problems before the country. In conclusion it may be said that the industrial factor in modern education is a permanent factor; that its early effects are already a revelation to educators of the hitherto unknown powers of boyhood, and that the manual-training school is the nearest approach to the world of experience into which American boys have yet come. Whether in city or in country, boys need an education that is ethical in character. Experience will correct the early errors in the new movement, and the twentieth century may be well on its way before manual training is as characteristic of an academic course as literature or mathematics now are; but the economic forces in American society will work out a harmonious system of popular education.

Francis Newton Thorpe.

THE DEMOCRATIC IDEAL IN EDUCATION.

WITH AN ILLUSTRATION FROM THE WORKINGMAN'S SCHOOL AND FREE KINDERGARTEN, NEW YORK.

EDUCATION is a means to an end; the value of means is entirely dependent on the end in view. Therefore, before discussing the relative merits of educational systems it is imperative to inquire into the nature of the end towards which education is proposed as a means. Much of the confusion which characterizes the current controversies on educational topics is due to the neglect of this preliminary inquiry. The contending parties are like a company of travelers who dispute as to the relative advantage of different roads. In the course of the discussion it appears that they are bound for different destinations: no wonder that they could not agree as to the road.

But when we ask what ought to be the aim of education we enter into deep waters. What the Germans call "Weltanschauung," the ideal of life, the conception of the universe and man's place in it, determines the scope and direction of educational systems. The history of these systems is a running commentary on the transformations through which the ideal of life has passed in various periods of history and among various peoples. The Greek education, with the prominence it assigned to the exercises of the palestra, to dietetics, music, etc., reflects the Greek ideal of the Καλὸν Κὰγαθόν. The medieval education was controlled by the transcendental ideal of the Church, which regarded the present life solely as a preparation for the next. To come at once to what is nearest, the common-school system of the United States is the outgrowth of democratic tendencies and democratic ideals. What strikes every one on considering the American common school is its inclusiveness. The multitude pour through its portals; all citizens are alike invited to share its benefits; it is plainly the fruit of institutions based on the assumption that all men are equally entitled to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.

We are concerned in this paper with the democratic ideal and the inferences to be drawn from it respecting the true aim, the matter and method, of elementary education. But at the start it is necessary to distinguish between the lower and the higher democracy. The lower democracy is materialistic. It regards political liberty chiefly as a means of securing to the individual larger opportunities of material well-being. It interprets the "pursuit of happiness" to mean barely more than the pursuit of riches. The public school on this standpoint ought to give its pupils such an education as will enable them to earn a living, also to read the newspapers and to vote with a due appreciation of their private interests on the political issues of the day. As the avenues of commerce are at present overcrowded, and as it is maintained that the public schools are fitting their pupils to become clerks and bookkeepers, and have no outlet in the direction of the industries and mechanic arts, the cry has lately been raised that the schools should include some form of manual training in their curriculum. But this demand is still urged from the same materialistic point of view: it is assumed that the business of the school is to educate its pupils to earn a living. If they cannot earn their living as clerks and bookkeepers, the school should offer them an industrial training, so that thus they may be fitted to earn their living where the field of opportunity is wider.

The higher democracy, on the other hand, is idealistic in character. It looks upon political liberty as a new opportunity for the unfolding of the spiritual life of the nation. So far from regarding culture as the privilege of the few, it declares that the growth of a genuine human culture depends on the coöperation of the masses as a main factor in its development. Society is an organism; a part cannot flourish at the expense of the whole. Each function attains its maximum excellence in the perfect action and interaction of the others. At that grand wedding supper in which the senses are to be married to the soul all men are invited guests, and to each belongs a share in the feast. In taking this position democracy breaks with the traditions of the past. For from the days of Aristotle down two propositions have been accepted almost as self-evident truths — the one that the majority of mankind are too dull to repay any strenuous effort in the line of their intellectual development; the second that, even if this were not so, society is too poor to support more than a few persons in that life of tranquil leisure which is indispensable to the successful pursuit of science and art. The many, one still hears it frequently said, must spend their days in physical toil and the atmosphere of sordid cares in order that the few may dwell exempt in the pure region of contemplation, in the society of immutable courses. The multitude must pass their lives in intellectual night in order that the light of culture may burn brightly at least in a few favored places.

THE MODELING-ROOM.

But the spirit of democracy spurns such pessimistic views as these. To the first proposition, that the masses are too dull to be cultivated, it replies that this damning opinion must be pronounced a prejudice until it shall have been tested by experiment. And this has never been done, never even been attempted, on any adequate scale. On the contrary, democracy ventures to believe that the masses are dull because they have never been cultivated. In answer to the second proposition, that society is too poor to exempt any considerable number of its members from physical drudgery, it points to the vast increase of wealth which has come in the train of labor-saving inventions and to the prospect that a more equable distribution of this wealth will in time place sufficient leisure for continued self-culture within the reach even of the humblest. Admitting that genius and even first-rate talent will always be rare, democracy uses the following argument for the culture of the masses. It is conceded that successful intellectual effort of any kind depends as much on favorable environment as on original endowment. Now the masses of the people constitute the environment, as it were, of the men of genius or talent who appear among them. It is indispensable that the environment — that is, the masses — be rightly influenced to obtain the highest possible results. Thus the rise of a truly national art in America will depend not only on the advent of a few fine souls who shall be capable of expressing the spirit of American life in tone, form, and color, but upon the existence of an educated taste among the American people as a whole, on which the artist may rely to control, inspire, and sustain his efforts. The same is true in regard to American science. The larger the number of persons able to appreciate the best mental work, the greater and more varied the stimulus imparted to those who are capable of doing such work.

And again: the higher the standards of morality which are erected among the people, the more exalted will be the character of the public men of America, the nobler the principles which they confess and to which they conform. Turn in whatever direction we will the same truth meets us, the stream of spiritual endeavor cannot rise higher than its source. And the source is the people, the whole people, in whom is embodied the national life, of which the individual life is but a temporary expression. Thus even if popular culture will not greatly increase the amount of genius in the world,— though some are sanguine enough to believe that it may,— it will supply the basis on which genius must rest for its support, the fertile soil in which the flower of high thinking and fine feeling will flourish as it has never done before. It is the mission of democracy to create a new environment for the grander evolution of the spiritual life.

From this point of view the higher democracy assigns to the public school an altogether new and larger aim. It is the business of the school to cultivate every individual pupil as an individual; to develop, not some particular faculty, but, so far as possible, every one of his faculties; to liberate all the powers of mind and heart latent within him; so to educate him that he may become, not a breadwinner, but a man. The true man will also be an able breadwinner, but he will be much more besides. It is the business of the schools to produce the finest possible specimens of manhood and womanhood, just as the gardener aims to produce fine specimens of fruit or flowers. Elementary education must become a liberal education.

The Workingman's School and Free Kindergarten was established as an experiment in reducing these principles to practice.[1] It is devoted to the democratic ideal in education. It has its place outside the public-school system, but was conceived and is carried on in direct relation to that system. It is designed to become the model of a public school. The points wherein it differs from the ordinary public school appertain to the matter and method of instruction, and may be briefly summarized as follows.

Touching the matter, a scheme of manual training is included in the course of studies. This scheme is planned for children between the ages of six and fourteen. The materials used are clay, pasteboard, wood, and metal, in the order mentioned. The educational objects aimed at are to cultivate the eye and the hand, to develop skill, to call out the active side of the pupil's nature. The series of workshop lessons is carefully graded, and so arranged as to fit in with other branches of instruction, especially geometry and drawing. Upon this organic relation of the school workshop to the classroom the greatest stress is laid. Because it does not satisfy in this particular, the Swedish slöjd is not used. Hand culture, apart from its value *per se*, is a means towards a more effective brain culture; the shop lesson is an advance on the so-called object lesson. The latter is based on the principle that the pupil shall learn the elementary properties of things by observing them; the former, on the principle that the pupil shall learn the properties of things by making the things, by toiling over them.

Modeling in clay, in connection with freehand drawing and designing, is employed to cultivate the taste. The results obtained in this department by children twelve years old, and even younger, are surprising. The artistic capacity of the American people has been likened to the deposits of the precious metals underneath our hills, which remained so long undiscovered but yielded an astonishing return the moment they were systematically mined. The delight in beautiful things, and the feeling for art which we have discovered in a brief experience among some of the poorest children of the tenement-house class of New York, seem to indicate that this comparison is not entirely extravagant. The principle upon which instruction in art is based is essentially the same as that stated above; namely, to cultivate a taste for beautiful objects by the reproduction of those objects.

The teaching of the elements of science fills a larger space than elsewhere in the plan of instruction. The aim of the teacher in this department is to instill a love of nature and to develop the faculty of minute observation. With this end in view what is called "the laboratory method" has been adapted to the requirements of beginners, and is in use for pupils of eleven years and upwards.

A course of unsectarian instruction in morals has been mapped out for the school and will shortly be introduced. In the series of moral lessons thus outlined care has been taken to avoid all disputed points of theology or metaphysics, and to confine attention solely to that important body of moral truths in regard to which all good men are happily agreed.

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[1] This institution was founded in January, 1878. The name Workingman's School implies that it is primarily intended for the children of working people. Instruction is gratuitous, only children whose parents are too poor to pay a tuition fee being admitted. The number of pupils at present is about 350. The school and kindergarten are maintained by a society called the United Relief Works of the Society for Ethical Culture. See an Open Letter in this magazine for June, 1888.

The method of the school is identical in all its branches. Since the main purpose is to give an "all 'round culture," — that is, to develop the faculties of the child harmoniously,— and since a faculty is strengthened by its exercise, the method everywhere is to excite the pupils to self-activity. Hence our anxiety in the science department to make the laboratory method available for elementary instruction. Hence our eagerness to put tools into the hands of the little workmen six years old. Hence in the teaching of history, geography, etc., our determination to exclude as far as possible the use of text-books, to deprive teacher and pupils alike of those props of indolence, to make them construct their text-books as they go along.

It is the mission of the school to convert potential into kinetic mental energy; to build up faculty and ever and only faculty; to be, in the Socratic phrase, "the midwife" of the soul in its process of self-manifestation. It does not attempt to load the memory of its pupils with facts, it is not solicitous about the amount of positive knowledge which they may carry away with them; it is satisfied to train them in such a way that they may be able later on to attain the ends of knowledge and virtue, to whatever degree their nature permits, through their own exertions. The school is a gymnasium of the faculties. This, I think, in a single phrase expresses its character.

The extension of the subject-matter and the change in the method of instruction thus described lead to certain incidental advantages, among which the following may be mentioned: 1. The alternation of manual with mental labor is stimulating. Change of occupation is proverbially almost as refreshing as rest. The pupils pass from the shop to the classroom, and conversely, with new zeal and zest for their tasks in either department. 2. The range of studies, including so much that is concrete and capable of presentation to the senses, affords an excellent choice of subjects for English composition, and constant contact with realities re-acts beneficially on the formation of style. 3. The habits of order, exactness, and perseverance fostered by manual training have an incalculable moral value. 4. Many pupils who seem hopelessly defective on the literary side prove to be "easily first" in the shop, in the modeling-class, etc. Finding that they can do some one thing well their self-respect is restored, and they acquire new confidence and courage to try harder even in those branches in which they have hitherto failed. In this way the shop has been the means of saving souls; that is, of saving children who under the ordinary system would have been regarded, and who gradually would have learned to regard themselves, as hopeless dunces. 5. The variety of educational instruments placed at the disposal of the pedagogue by the new system helps to solve the difficult and delicate problem of the pupil's future vocation. These new educational aids are all so many questions addressed to the child's nature. They help the thoughtful teacher to discover the child's bent, the direction in which it should receive its special training later on. For this is perhaps the gravest charge which can be brought against the prevalent methods, that they take too little account of the specific differences by which human beings are distinguished from one another, and endeavor to fashion all alike upon a preconceived and arbitrary pattern. And this, doubtless, is the highest aim which the educator can set himself: to be not a master but an interpreter of nature, to guide it in the way it would go, to regard every child committed to his charge as a distinct manifestation of the Infinite, and to transform into beneficent reality the divine possibilities of which it is the vehicle.

Felix Adler.

ILLUSIONS.

ILLUSIONS wrap us still, whate'er befall:
The child's illusions, like the gold of dawn,
Fade in the strengthening day, but youth and age
Find fresh illusions at each sequent stage
Of life to fill the lack of those outworn.
Illusions wrap us still, whate'er befall,
Till death, that last illusion, ends them all.

H. S. Sanford, Jr.

WAR DIARY OF A UNION WOMAN IN THE SOUTH.

EDITED BY G. W. CABLE.

[The following diary was originally written in lead pencil and in a book the leaves of which were too soft to take ink legibly. I have it direct from the hands of its writer, a lady whom I have had the honor to know for nearly thirty years. For good reasons the author's name is omitted, and the initials of people and the names of places are sometimes fictitiously given. Many of the persons mentioned were my own acquaintances and friends. When some twenty years afterwards she first resolved to publish it, she brought me a clear, complete copy in ink. It had cost much trouble, she said, for much of the pencil writing had been made under such disadvantages and was so faint that at times she could decipher it only under direct sunlight. She had succeeded, however, in making a copy, *verbatim* except for occasional improvement in the grammatical form of a sentence, or now and then the omission, for brevity's sake, of something unessential. The narrative has since been severely abridged to bring it within magazine limits.

In reading this diary one is much charmed with its constant understatement of romantic and perilous incidents and conditions. But the original penciled pages show that, even in copying, the strong bent of the writer to be brief has often led to the exclusion of facts that enhance the interest of exciting situations, and sometimes the omission robs her own heroism of due emphasis. I have restored one example of this in a footnote following the perilous voyage down the Mississippi.— G. W. CABLE.]

I.

SECESSION.

New Orleans, Dec. 1, 1860.— I understand it now. Keeping journals is for those who can not, or dare not, speak out. So I shall set up a journal, being only a rather lonely young girl in a very small and hated minority. On my return here in November, after a foreign voyage and absence of many months, I found myself behind in knowledge of the political conflict, but heard the dread sounds of disunion and war muttered in threatening tones. Surely no native-born woman loves her country better than I love America. The blood of one of its revolutionary patriots flows in my veins, and it is the Union for which he pledged his "life, fortune, and sacred honor" that I love, not any divided or special section of it. So I have been reading attentively and seeking light from foreigners and natives on all questions at issue. Living from birth in slave countries, both foreign and American, and passing through one slave insurrection in early childhood, the saddest and also the pleasantest features of slavery have been familiar. If the South goes to war for slavery, slavery is doomed in this country. To say so is like opposing one drop to a roaring torrent.

Sunday, Dec.—, 1860.— In this season for peace I had hoped for a lull in the excitement, yet this day has been full of bitterness. "Come, G.," said Mrs. —— at breakfast, "leave *your* church for to-day and come with us to hear Dr. —— on the situation. He will convince you." "It is good to be convinced," I said; "I will go." The church was crowded to suffocation with the élite of New Orleans. The preacher's text was, "Shall we have fellowship with the stool of iniquity which frameth mischief as a law?" . . . The sermon was over at last and then followed a prayer. . . . Forever blessed be the fathers of the Episcopal Church for giving us a fixed liturgy! When we met at dinner Mrs. F. exclaimed, "Now G., you heard him prove from the Bible that slavery is right and that therefore secession is. Were you not convinced?" I said, "I was so busy thinking how completely it proved too that Brigham Young is right about polygamy that it quite weakened the force of the argument for me." This raised a laugh, and covered my retreat.

Jan. 26, 1861.—The solemn boom of cannon to-day announced that the convention have passed the ordinance of secession. We must take a reef in our patriotism and narrow it down to State limits. Mine still sticks out all around the borders of the State. It will be bad if New Orleans should secede from Louisiana and set up for herself. Then indeed I would be "cabined, cribbed, confined." The faces in the house are jubilant to-day. Why is it so easy for them and not for me to "ring out the old, ring in the new"? I am out of place.

Jan. 28, Monday.— Sunday has now got to be a day of special excitement. The gentlemen save all the sensational papers to regale us with at the late Sunday breakfast. Rob opened the battle yesterday morning by saying to me in his most aggressive manner, "G., I believe these are your sentiments"; and then he read aloud an article from the "Journal des Debats" expressing in rather contemptuous terms the fact that France will follow the policy of non-intervention. When I answered: "Well, what do you expect? This is not their quarrel," he raved at me, ending by a declaration that he would willingly pay my passage to foreign parts if I would like to go. "Rob," said his father, "keep cool; don't let that threat excite you. Cotton is king. Just wait till they feel the pinch a little; their tone will change." I went to Trinity Church. Some Union people who are not Episcopalians go there now because the pastor has not so much chance to rail at the Lord when things are not going to suit; but yesterday was a marked Sunday. The usual prayer for the President and Congress was changed to the "governor and people of this commonwealth and their representatives in convention assembled."

The city was very lively and noisy this evening with rockets and lights in honor of secession. Mrs. F., in common with the neighbors, illuminated. We walked out to see the houses of others gleaming amid the dark shrubbery like a fairy scene. The perfect stillness added to the effect, while the moon rose slowly with calm splendor. We hastened home to dress for a soirée, but on the stairs Edith said, "G., first come and help me dress Phœbe and Chloe (the negro servants). There is a ball to-night in aristocratic colored society. This is Chloe's first introduction to New Orleans circles, and Henry Judson, Phœbe's husband, gave five dollars for a ticket for her." Chloe is a recent purchase from Georgia. We superintended their very stylish toilets, and Edith said, "G., run into your room, please, and write a pass for Henry. Put Mr. D.'s name to it." "Why, Henry is free," I said. "That makes no difference; all colored people must have a pass if out late. They choose a master for protection and always carry his pass. Henry chose Mr. D., but he 's lost the pass he had."

II.

THE VOLUNTEERS.—FORT SUMTER.

Feb. 24, 1861.—The toil of the week is ended. Nearly a month has passed since I wrote here. Events have crowded upon one another. On the 4th the cannon boomed in honor of Jefferson Davis's election, and day before yesterday Washington's Birthday was made the occasion of another grand display and illumination, in honor of the birth of a new nation and the breaking of that Union which he labored to cement. We drove to the race-course to see the review of troops. A flag was presented to the Washington Artillery by ladies. Senator Judah Benjamin made an impassioned speech. The banner was orange satin on one side, crimson silk on the other, the pelican and brood embroidered in pale green and gold. Silver crossed cannon surmounted it, orange-colored fringe surrounded it, and crimson tassels drooped from it. It was a brilliant, unreal scene; with military bands clashing triumphant music, elegant vehicles, high-stepping horses, and lovely women richly apparelled.

Wedding cards have been pouring in till the contagion has reached us; Edith will be married next Thursday. The wedding dress is being fashioned, and the bridesmaids and groomsmen have arrived. Edith has requested me to be special mistress of ceremonies on Thursday evening, and I have told this terrible little rebel, who talks nothing but blood and thunder, yet faints at the sight of a worm, that if I fill that office no one shall mention war or politics during the whole evening, on pain of expulsion.

March 10, 1861.—The excitement in this house has risen to fever heat during the past week. The four gentlemen have each a different plan for saving the country, and now that the bridal bouquets have faded, the three ladies have again turned to public affairs; Lincoln's inauguration and the story of the disguise in which he traveled to Washington is a never-ending source of gossip. The family board being the common forum, each gentleman as he appears first unloads his pockets of papers from all the Southern States, and then his overflowing heart to his eager female listeners, who in turn relate, inquire, sympathize, or cheer. If I dare express a doubt that the path to victory will be a flowery one, eyes flash, cheeks burn, and tongues clatter, till all are checked up suddenly by a warning rap for "Order, order!" from the amiable lady presiding. Thus we swallow politics with every meal. We take a mouthful and read a telegram, one eye on table, the other on the paper. One must be made of cool stuff to keep calm and collected, but I say but little. This war fever has banished small talk. Through all the black servants move about quietly, never seeming to notice that this is all about them.

"How can you speak so plainly before them?" I say.

"Why, what matter? They know that we shall keep the whip-handle."

April 13, 1861.—More than a month has passed since the last date here. This afternoon I was seated on the floor covered with loveliest flowers, arranging a floral offering for the fair, when the gentlemen arrived and with papers bearing news of the fall of Fort Sumter, which, at her request, I read to Mrs. F.

April 20.—The last few days have glided away in a halo of beauty. But nobody has time or will to enjoy it. War, war! is the one idea. The children play only with toy cannons and soldiers; the oldest inhabitant goes by every day with his rifle to practice; the public squares are full of companies drilling, and are now the fashionable resorts. We have been told that it is best for women to learn how to shoot too, so as to protect themselves when the men have all gone to battle. Every evening after dinner we adjourn to the back lot and fire at a target with pistols. Yesterday I dined at Uncle Ralph's. Some members of the bar were present and were jubilant about their brand-new Confederacy. It would soon be the grandest government ever known. Uncle Ralph said solemnly, "No, gentlemen; the day we seceded the star of our glory set." The words sunk into my mind like a knell, and made me wonder at the mind that could recognize that and yet adhere to the doctrine of secession.

In the evening I attended a farewell gathering at a friend's whose brothers are to leave this week for Richmond. There was music. No minor chord was permitted.

III.

TRIBULATION.

April 25.—Yesterday I went with Cousin E. to have her picture taken. The picture-galleries are doing a thriving business. Many companies are ordered off to take possession of Fort Pickens (Florida), and all seem to be leaving sweethearts behind them. The crowd was in high spirits; they don't dream that any destinies will be spoiled. When I got home Edith was reading from the daily paper of the dismissal of Miss G. from her place as teacher for expressing abolition sentiments, and that she would be ordered to leave the city. Soon a lady came with a paper setting forth that she has established a "company"—we are nothing if not military—for making lint and getting stores of linen to supply the hospitals.

My name went down. If it had n't, my spirit would have been wounded as with sharp spears before night. Next came a little girl with a subscription paper to get a flag for a certain company. The little girls, especially the pretty ones, are kept busy trotting around with subscription lists. Latest of all came little Guy, Mr. F.'s youngest clerk, the pet of the firm as well as of his home, a mere boy of sixteen. Such senseless sacrifices seem a sin. He chattered brightly, but lingered about, saying good-bye. He got through it bravely until Edith's husband incautiously said, "You did n't kiss your little sweetheart," as he always called Ellie, who had been allowed to sit up. He turned and suddenly broke into agonizing sobs and then ran down the steps.

May 10.—I am tired and ashamed of myself. Last week I attended a meeting of the lint society to hand in the small contribution of linen I had been able to gather. We scraped lint till it was dark. A paper was shown, entitled the "Volunteer's Friend," started by the girls of the high school, and I was asked to help the girls with it. I positively declined. To-day I was pressed into service to make red flannel cartridge-bags for ten-inch columbiads. I basted while Mrs. S. sewed, and I felt ashamed to think that I had not the moral courage to say, "I don't approve of your war and won't help you, particularly in the murderous part of it."

May 27.—This has been a scenic Sabbath. Various companies about to depart for Virginia occupied the prominent churches to have their flags consecrated. The streets were resonant with the clangor of drums and trumpets. E. and myself went to Christ Church because the Washington Artillery were to be there.

June 13.—To-day has been appointed a Fast Day. I spent the morning writing a letter on which I put my first Confederate postage-stamp. It is of a brown color and has a large 5 in the center. To-morrow must be devoted to all my foreign correspondents before the expected blockade cuts us off.

June 29.—I attended a fine luncheon yesterday at one of the public schools. A lady remarked to a school official that the cost of provisions in the Confederacy was getting very high, butter, especially, being scarce and costly. "Never fear, my dear madam," he replied. "Texas alone can furnish butter enough to supply the whole Confederacy; we 'll soon be getting it from there." It 's just as well to have this sublime confidence.

July 15.—The quiet of midsummer reigns, but ripples of excitement break around us as the papers tell of skirmishes and attacks here and there in Virginia. "Rich Mountain" and "Carrick's Ford" were the last. "You see," said Mrs. D. at breakfast to-day, "my prophecy is coming true that Virginia will be the seat of war." "Indeed," I burst out, forgetting my resolution not to argue, "you may think yourselves lucky if this war turns out to have any seat in particular."

So far, no one especially connected with me has gone to fight. How glad I am for his mother's sake that Rob's lameness will keep him at home. Mr. F., Mr. S., and Uncle Ralph are beyond the age for active service, and Edith says Mr. D. can't go now. She is very enthusiastic about other people's husbands being enrolled, and regrets that her Alex is not strong enough to defend his country and his rights.

July 22.—What a day! I feel like one who has been out in a high wind, and cannot get my breath. The news-boys are still shouting with their extras, "Battle of Bull's Run!

List of the killed! Battle of Manassas! List of the wounded!" Tender-hearted Mrs. F. was sobbing so she could not serve the tea; but nobody cared for tea. "O G.!" she said, "three thousand of our own, dear Southern boys are lying out there." "My dear Fannie," spoke Mr. F., "they are heroes now. They died in a glorious cause, and it is not in vain. This will end it. The sacrifice had to be made, but those killed have gained immortal names." Then Rob rushed in with a new extra, reading of the spoils captured, and grief was forgotten. Words cannot paint the excitement. Rob capered about and cheered; Edith danced around ringing the dinner bell and shouting, "Victory!" Mrs. F. waved a small Confederate flag, while she wiped her eyes, and Mr. D. hastened to the piano and in his most brilliant style struck up "Dixie," followed by "My Maryland" and the "Bonnie Blue Flag."

"Do not look so gloomy, G.," whispered Mr. S. "You should be happy to-night; for, as Mr. F. says, now we shall have peace."

"And is that the way you think of the men of your own blood and race?" I replied. But an utter scorn came over me and choked me, and I walked out of the room. What proof is there in this dark hour that they are not right? Only the emphatic answer of my own soul. To-morrow I will pack my trunk and accept the invitation to visit at Uncle Ralph's country-house.

Sept. 25.—When I opened the door of Mrs. F.'s room on my return, the rattle of two sewing-machines and a blaze of color met me.

"Ah! G., you are just in time to help us; these are coats for Jeff Thompson's men. All the cloth in the city is exhausted; these flannel-lined oilcloth table-covers are all we could obtain to make overcoats for Thompson's poor boys. They will be very warm and serviceable."

"Serviceable, yes! The Federal army will fly when they see those coats! I only wish I could be with the regiment when these are shared around." Yet I helped make them.

Seriously, I wonder if any soldiers will ever wear these remarkable coats. The most bewildering combination of brilliant, intense reds, greens, yellows, and blues in big flowers meandering over as vivid grounds; and as no table-cover was large enough to make a coat, the sleeves of each were of a different color and pattern. However, the coats were duly finished. Then we set to work on gray pantaloons, and I have just carried a bundle to an ardent young lady who wishes to assist. A slight gloom is settling down, and the inmates here are not quite so cheerfully confident as in July.

IV.

A BELEAGUERED CITY.

Oct. 22.—When I came to breakfast this morning Rob was capering over another victory — Ball's Bluff. He would read me, "We pitched the Yankees over the bluff," and ask me in the next breath to go to the theater this evening. I turned on the poor fellow: "Don't tell me about your victories. You vowed by all your idols that the blockade would be raised by October 1, and I notice the ships are still serenely anchored below the city."

"G., you are just as pertinacious yourself in championing your opinions. What sustains you when nobody agrees with you?"

Oct. 28.—When I dropped in at Uncle Ralph's last evening to welcome them back, the whole family were busy at a great center-table copying sequestration acts for the Confederate Government. The property of all Northerners and Unionists is to be sequestrated, and Uncle Ralph can hardly get the work done fast enough. My aunt apologized for the rooms looking chilly; she feared to put the carpets down, as the city might be taken and burned by the Federals. "We are living as much packed up as possible. A signal has been agreed upon, and the instant the army approaches we shall be off to the country again."

Great preparations are being made for defense. At several other places where I called the women were almost hysterical. They seemed to look forward to being blown up with shot and shell, finished with cold steel, or whisked off to some Northern prison. When I got home Edith and Mr. D. had just returned also.

"Alex.," said Edith, "I was up at your orange-lots to-day and the sour oranges are dropping to the ground, while they cannot get lemons for our sick soldiers."

"That 's my kind, considerate wife," replied Mr. D. "Why did n't I think of that before? Jim shall fill some barrels to-morrow and take them to the hospitals as a present from you."

Nov. 10.— Surely this year will ever be memorable to me for its perfection of natural beauty. Never was sunshine such pure gold, or moonlight such transparent silver. The beautiful custom prevalent here of decking the graves with flowers on All Saints' day was well fulfilled, so profuse and rich were the blossoms. On All-hallow eve Mrs. S. and myself visited a large cemetery. The chrysanthemums lay like great masses of snow and flame and gold in every garden we passed, and were piled on every costly tomb and lowly grave. The battle of Manassas robed many of our women in mourning, and some of those who had no graves to deck were weeping silently as they walked through the scented avenues.

A few days ago Mrs. E. arrived here. She is a widow, of Natchez, a friend of Mrs. F.'s, and is traveling home with the dead body of her eldest son, killed at Manassas. She stopped two days waiting for a boat, and begged me to share her room and read her to sleep, saying she could n't be alone since he was killed; she feared her mind would give way. So I read all the comforting chapters to be found till she dropped into forgetfulness, but the recollection of those weeping mothers in the cemetery banished sleep for me.

Nov. 26.—The lingering summer is passing into those misty autumn days I love so well, when there is gold and fire above and around us. But the glory of the natural and the gloom of the moral world agree not well together. This morning Mrs. F. came to my room in dire distress. "You see," she said, "cold weather is coming on fast, and our poor fellows are lying out at night with nothing to cover them. There is a wail for blankets, but there is not a blanket in town. I have gathered up all the spare bed-clothing, and now want every available rug or table-cover in the house. Can't I have yours, G.? We must make these small sacrifices of comfort and elegance, you know, to secure independence and freedom."

"Very well," I said, denuding the table. "This may do for a drummer boy."

Dec. 26, 1861.— The foul weather cleared off bright and cool in time for Christmas. There is a midwinter lull in the movement of troops. In the evening we went to the grand bazaar in the St. Louis Hotel, got up to clothe the soldiers. This bazaar has furnished the gayest, most fashionable war-work yet, and has kept social circles in a flutter of pleasant, heroic excitement all through December. Everything beautiful or rare garnered in the homes of the rich was given for exhibition, and in some cases for raffle and sale. There were many fine paintings, statues, bronzes, engravings, gems, laces — in fact, heirlooms and bric-à-brac of all sorts. There were many lovely Creole girls present, in exquisite toilets, passing to and fro through the decorated rooms, listening to the band clash out the Anvil Chorus.

Jan. 2, 1862.— I am glad enough to bid '61 good-bye. Most miserable year of my life! What ages of thought and experience have I not lived in it.

The city authorities have been searching houses for fire-arms. It is a good way to get more guns, and the homes of those men suspected of being Unionists were searched first. Of course, they went to Dr. B.'s. He met them with his own delightful courtesy. "Wish to search for arms? Certainly, gentlemen." He conducted them all through the house with smiling readiness, and after what seemed a very thorough search bowed them politely out. His gun was all the time safely reposing between the canvas folds of a cot-bed which leaned folded up together against the wall, in the very room where they had ransacked the closets. Queerly, the rebel families have been the ones most anxious to conceal all weapons. They have dug graves quietly at night in the back yards, and carefully wrapping the weapons, buried them out of sight. Every man seems to think he will have some private fighting to do to protect his family.

V.

MARRIED.

Friday, Jan. 24, 1862. (On steamboat W., Mississippi River.)— With a changed name I open you once more, my journal. It was a sad time to wed, when one knew not how long the expected conscription would spare the bridegroom. The women-folk knew how to sympathize with a girl expected to prepare for her wedding in three days, in a blockaded city, and about to go far from any base of supplies. They all rallied round me with tokens of love and consideration, and sewed, shopped, mended, and packed, as if sewing soldier clothes. And they decked the whole house and the church with flowers. Music breathed, wine sparkled, friends came and went. It seemed a dream, and comes up now again out of the afternoon sunshine where I sit on deck. The steamboat slowly plows its way through lumps of floating ice,— a novel sight to me,— and I look forward wondering whether the new people I shall meet will be as fierce about the war as those in New Orleans. That past is to be all forgotten and forgiven; I understood thus the kindly acts that sought to brighten the threshold of a new life.

Feb. 15. (Village of X.)—We reached Arkansas Landing at nightfall. Mr. Y., the planter who owns the landing, took us right up to his residence. He ushered me into a large room where a couple of candles gave a dim light, and close to them, and sewing as if on a race with Time, sat Mrs. Y. and a little negro girl, who was so black and sat so stiff and straight she looked like an ebony image. This was a large plantation; the Y.'s knew H. very well, and were very kind and cordial in their welcome and congratulations. Mrs. Y. apologized for continuing her work; the war had pushed them this year in getting the negroes clothed, and she had to sew by dim candles, as they could obtain no more oil. She asked if there were any new fashions in New Orleans.

Next morning we drove over to our home

in this village. It is the county-seat, and was, till now, a good place for the practice of H.'s profession. It lies on the edge of a lovely lake. The adjacent planters count their slaves by the hundreds. Some of them live with a good deal of magnificence, using service of plate, having smoking-rooms for the gentlemen built off the house, and entertaining with great hospitality. The Baptists, Episcopalians, and Methodists hold services on alternate Sundays in the court-house. All the planters and many others, near the lake shore, keep a boat at their landing, and a raft for crossing vehicles and horses. It seemed very piquant at first, this taking our boat to go visiting, and on moonlight nights it was charming. The woods around are lovelier than those in Louisiana, though one misses the moaning of the pines. There is fine fishing and hunting, but these cotton estates are not so pleasant to visit as sugar plantations.

But nothing else has been so delightful as, one morning, my first sight of snow and a wonderful, new, white world.

Feb. 27.—The people here have hardly felt the war yet. There are but two classes. The planters and the professional men form one; the very poor villagers the other. There is no middle class. Ducks and partridges, squirrels and fish, are to be had. H. has bought me a nice pony, and cantering along the shore of the lake in the sunset is a panacea for mental worry.

VI.

HOW IT WAS IN ARKANSAS.

March 11, 1862.—The serpent has entered our Eden. The rancor and excitement of New Orleans have invaded this place. If an incautious word betrays any want of sympathy with popular plans, one is "traitorous," "ungrateful," "crazy." If one remains silent and controlled, then one is "phlegmatic," "cool-blooded," "unpatriotic." Cool-blooded! Heavens! if they only knew. It is very painful to see lovable and intelligent women rave till the blood mounts to face and brain. The immediate cause of this access of war fever has been the battle of Pea Ridge. They scout the idea that Price and Van Dorn have been completely worsted. Those who brought the news were speedily told what they ought to say. "No, it is only a serious check; they must have more men sent forward at once. This country must do its duty." So the women say another company *must* be raised.

We were guests at a dinner-party yesterday. Mrs. A. was very talkative. "Now, ladies, you must all join in with a vim and help equip another company."

"Mrs. L.," she said, turning to me, "are you not going to send your husband? Now use a young bride's influence and persuade him; he would be elected one of the officers." "Mrs. A.," I replied, longing to spring up and throttle her, "the Bible says, 'When a man hath married a new wife, he shall not go to war for one year, but remain at home and cheer up his wife.'" . . .

"Well, H.," I questioned, as we walked home after crossing the lake, "can you stand the pressure, or shall you be forced into volunteering?" "Indeed," he replied, "I will not be bullied into enlisting by women, or by men. I will sooner take my chance of conscription and feel honest about it. You know my attachments, my interests are here; these are my people. I could never fight against them; but my judgment disapproves their course, and the result will inevitably be against us."

This morning the only Irishman left in the village presented himself to H. He has been our wood-sawyer, gardener, and factotum, but having joined the new company, his time recently has been taken up with drilling. H. and Mr. R. feel that an extensive vegetable garden must be prepared while he is here to assist or we shall be short of food, and they sent for him yesterday.

"So, Mike, you are really going to be a soldier?"

"Yes, sor; but faith, Mr. L., I don't see the use of me going to shtop a bullet when sure an' I 'm willin' for it to go where it plazes."

March 18, 1862.—There has been unusual gaiety in this little village the past few days. The ladies from the surrounding plantations went to work to get up a festival to equip the new company. As Annie and myself are both brides recently from the city, requisition was made upon us for engravings, costumes, music, garlands, and so forth. Annie's heart was in the work; not so with me. Nevertheless, my pretty things were captured, and shone with just as good a grace last evening as if willingly lent. The ball was a merry one. One of the songs sung was "Nellie Gray," in which the most distressing feature of slavery is bewailed so pitifully. To sing this at a festival for raising money to clothe soldiers fighting to perpetuate that very thing was strange.

March 20, 1862.—A man professing to act by General Hindman's orders is going through the country impressing horses and mules. The overseer of a certain estate came to inquire of H. if he had not a legal right to protect the property from seizure. Mr. L. said yes, unless the agent could show some better credentials than his bare word. This answer soon spread about, and the overseer returned to report that it excited great indignation, especially among the company of new volunteers. H. was pronounced a traitor, and they declared that no one so untrue to the Confederacy should live there. When H. related the circumstance at dinner, his partner, Mr. R., became very angry, being ignorant of H.'s real opinions. He jumped up in a rage and marched away to the village thoroughfare. There he met a batch of the volunteers, and said, "We know what you have said of us, and I have come to tell you that you are liars, and you know where to find us."

Of course I expected a difficulty; but the evening passed, and we retired undisturbed. Not long afterward a series of indescribable sounds broke the stillness of the night, and the tramp of feet was heard outside the house. Mr. R. called out, "It 's a serenade, H. Get up and bring out all the wine you have." Annie and I peeped through the parlor window, and lo! it was the company of volunteers and a diabolical band composed of bones and broken-winded brass instruments. They piped and clattered and whined for some time, and then swarmed in, while we ladies retreated and listened to the clink of glasses.

March 22.— H., Mr. R., and Mike have been very busy the last few days getting the acre of kitchen-garden plowed and planted. The stay-law has stopped all legal business, and they have welcomed this work. But to-day a thunderbolt fell in our household. Mr. R. came in and announced that he has agreed to join the company of volunteers. Annie's Confederate principles would not permit her to make much resistance, and she has been sewing and mending as fast as possible to get his clothes ready, stopping now and then to wipe her eyes. Poor Annie! She and Max have been married only a few months longer than we have; but a noble sense of duty animates and sustains her.

VII.

THE FIGHT FOR FOOD AND CLOTHING.

April 1.— The last ten days have brought changes in the house. Max R. left with the company to be mustered in, leaving with us his weeping Annie. Hardly were her spirits somewhat composed when her brother arrived from Natchez to take her home. This morning he, Annie, and Reeney, the black handmaiden, posted off. Out of seven of us only H., myself, and Aunt Judy are left. The absence of Reeney will be not the least noted. She was as precious an imp as any Topsy ever was. Her tricks were endless and her innocence of them amazing. When sent out to bring in eggs she would take them from nests where hens were hatching, and embryo chickens would be served up at breakfast, while Reeney stood by grinning to see them opened; but when accused she was imperturbable. "Laws, Mis' L., I nebber dun bin nigh dem hens. Mis' Annie, you can go count dem dere eggs." That when counted they were found minus the number she had brought had no effect on her stolid denial. H. has plenty to do finishing the garden all by himself, but the time rather drags for me.

April 13, 1862.— This morning I was sewing up a rent in H.'s garden-coat, when Aunt Judy rushed in.

"Laws! Mis' L., here 's Mr. Max and Mis' Annie done come back!" A buggy was coming up with Max, Annie, and Reeney.

"Well, is the war over?" I asked.

"Oh, I got sick!" replied our returned soldier, getting slowly out of the buggy.

He was very thin and pale, and explained that he took a severe cold almost at once, had a mild attack of pneumonia, and the surgeon got him his discharge as unfit for service. He succeeded in reaching Annie, and a few days of good care made him strong enough to travel back home.

"I suppose, H., you 've heard that Island No. 10 is gone?"

Yes, we had heard that much, but Max had the particulars, and an exciting talk followed. At night H. said to me, "G., New Orleans will be the next to go, you 'll see, and I want to get there first; this stagnation here will kill me."

April 28.— This evening has been very lovely, but full of a sad disappointment. H. invited me to drive. As we turned homeward he said:

"Well, my arrangements are completed. You can begin to pack your trunks to-morrow, and I shall have a talk with Max."

Mr. R. and Annie were sitting on the gallery as I ran up the steps.

"Heard the news?" they cried.

"No! What news?"

"New Orleans is taken! All the boats have been run up the river to save them. No more mails."

How little they knew what plans of ours this dashed away. But our disappointment is truly an infinitesimal drop in the great waves of triumph and despair surging to-night in thousands of hearts.

April 30.— The last two weeks have glided quietly away without incident except the arrival of new neighbors — Dr. Y., his wife, two children, and servants. That a professional man prospering in Vicksburg should come now to settle in this retired place looks queer. Max said:

"H., that man has come here to hide from the conscript officers. He has brought no end of provisions, and is here for the war. He has chosen well, for this county is so cleaned of men it won't pay to send the conscript officers here."

Our stores are diminishing and cannot be replenished from without; ingenuity and labor must evoke them. We have a fine garden in growth, plenty of chickens, and hives of bees to furnish honey in lieu of sugar. A good deal of salt meat has been stored in the smoke-house, and, with fish from the lake, we expect to keep the wolf from the door. The season for game is about over, but an occasional squirrel or duck comes to the larder, though the question of ammunition has to be considered. What we have may be all we can have, if the war lasts five years longer; and they say they are prepared to hold out till the crack of doom. Food, however, is not the only want. I never realized before the varied needs of civilization. Every day something is *out*. Last week but two bars of soap remained, so we began to save bones and ashes. Annie said: "Now, if we only had some chinaberry trees here we should n't need any other grease. They are making splendid soap at Vicksburg with china-balls. They just put the berries into the lye and it eats them right up and makes a fine soap." I did long for some china-berries to make this experiment. H. had laid in what seemed a good supply of kerosene, but it is nearly gone, and we are down to two candles kept for an emergency. Annie brought a receipt from Natchez for making candles of rosin and wax, and with great forethought brought also the wick and rosin. So yesterday we tried making candles. We had no molds, but Annie said the latest style in Natchez was to make a waxen rope by dipping, then wrap it round a corn-cob. But H. cut smooth blocks of wood about four inches square, into which he set a polished cylinder about four inches high. The waxen ropes were coiled round the cylinder like a serpent, with the head raised about two inches; as the light burned down to the cylinder, more of the rope was unwound. To-day the vinegar was found to be all gone and we have started to make some. For tyros we succeed pretty well.

VIII.

DROWNED OUT AND STARVED OUT.

May 9.— A great misfortune has come upon us all. For several days every one has been uneasy about the unusual rise of the Mississippi and about a rumor that the Federal forces had cut levees above to swamp the country. There is a slight levee back of the village, and H. went yesterday to examine it. It looked strong and we hoped for the best. About dawn this morning a strange gurgle woke me. It had a pleasing, lulling effect. I could not fully rouse at first, but curiosity conquered at last, and I called H.

"Listen to that running water; what is it?"

He sprung up, listened a second, and shouted: "Max, get up! The water is on us!" They both rushed off to the lake for the skiff. The levee had not broken. The water was running clean over it and through the garden fence so rapidly that by the time I dressed and got outside Max was paddling the pirogue they had brought in among the pea-vines, gathering all the ripe peas left above the water. We had enjoyed one mess and he vowed we should have another.

H. was busy nailing a raft together while he had a dry place to stand on. Annie and I, with Reeney, had to secure the chickens, and the back piazza was given up to them. By the time a hasty breakfast was eaten the water was in the kitchen. The stove and everything there had to be put up in the dining-room. Aunt Judy and Reeney had likewise to move into the house, their floor also being covered with water. The raft had to be floated to the storehouse and a platform built, on which everything was elevated. At evening we looked round and counted the cost. The garden was utterly gone. Last evening we had walked round the strawberry beds that fringed the whole acre and tasted a few just ripe. The hives were swamped. Many of the chickens were drowned. Sancho had been sent to high ground where he could get grass. In the village every green thing was swept away. Yet we were better off than many others; for this house, being raised, we have escaped the water indoors. It just laves the edge of the galleries.

May 26.— During the past week we have lived somewhat like Venetians, with a boat at front steps and a raft at the back. Sunday H. and I took skiff to church. The clergyman, who is also tutor at a planter's across the lake, preached to the few who had arrived in skiffs. We shall not try it again, it is so troublesome getting in and out at the court-house steps. The imprisonment is hard to endure. It threatened to make me really ill, so every evening H. lays a thick wrap in the pirogue, I sit on it and we row off to the ridge of dry land running along the lake-shore and branching off to a strip of woods also out of water. Here we disembark and march up and down till dusk. A great deal of the wood got wet and has to be laid out to dry on the galleries, with clothing, and everything that must be dried. One's own trials are intensified by the worse suffering around that we can do nothing to relieve.

Max has a puppy named after General Price. The gentlemen had both gone up town yesterday in the skiff when Annie and I heard little Price's despairing cries from under the house, and we got on the raft to find and save him. We wore light morning dresses and slippers, for shoes are becoming precious. Annie donned a Shaker and I a broad hat. We got the raft pushed out to the center of the grounds opposite the house and could see Price clinging to a post; the next move must be to navigate the raft up to the side of the house and reach for Price. It sounds easy; but poke around with our poles as wildly or as scientifically as we might, the raft would not budge. The noonday sun was blazing right overhead and the muddy water running all over slippered feet and dainty dresses. How long we staid praying for rescue, yet wincing already at the laugh that would come with it, I shall never know. It seemed like a day before the welcome boat and the "Ha, ha!" of H. and Max were heard. The confinement tells severely on all the animal life about us. Half the chickens are dead and the other half sick.

The days drag slowly. We have to depend mainly on books to relieve the tedium, for we have no piano; none of us like cards; we are very poor chess-players, and the chess-set is incomplete. When we gather round the one lamp — we dare not light any more — each one exchanges the gems of thought or mirthful ideas he finds. Frequently the gnats and the mosquitoes are so bad we cannot read at all. This evening, till a strong breeze blew them away, they were intolerable. Aunt Judy goes about in a dignified silence, too full for words, only asking two or three times, "W'at I dun tole you fum de fust?" The food is a trial. This evening the snaky candles lighted the glass and silver on the supper-table with a pale gleam and disclosed a frugal supper indeed — tea without milk (for all the cows are gone), honey, and bread. A faint ray twinkled on the water swishing against the house and stretching away into the dark woods. It looked like civilization and barbarism met together. Just as we sat down to it, some one passing in a boat shouted that Confederates and Federals were fighting at Vicksburg.

Monday, June 2.— On last Friday morning, just three weeks from the day the water rose, signs of its falling began. Yesterday the ground appeared, and a hard rain coming down at the same time washed off much of the unwholesome débris. To-day is fine, and we went out without a boat for a long walk.

June 13.— Since the water ran off, we have, of course, been attacked by swamp fever. H. succumbed first, then Annie, Max next, and then I. Luckily, the new Dr. Y. had brought quinine with him, and we took heroic doses. Such fever never burned in my veins before or sapped strength so rapidly, though probably the want of good food was a factor. The two or three other professional men have left. Dr. Y. alone remains. The roads now being dry enough, H. and Max started on horseback, in different directions, to make an exhaustive search for food supplies. H. got back this evening with no supplies.

June 15.— Max got back to-day. He started right off again to cross the lake and interview the planters on that side, for they had not suffered from overflow.

June 16.— Max got back this morning. H. and he were in the parlor talking and examining maps together till dinner-time. When that was over they laid the matter before us. To buy provisions had proved impossible. The planters across the lake had decided to issue rations of corn-meal and pease to the villagers whose men had all gone to war, but they utterly refused to sell anything. "They told me," said Max, "'We will not see your family starve, Mr. R.; but with such numbers of slaves and the village poor to feed, we can spare nothing for sale.'" "Well, of course," said H., "we do not purpose to stay here and live on charity rations. We must leave the place at all hazards. We have studied out every route and made inquiries everywhere we went. We shall have to go down the Mississippi in an open boat as far as Fetler's Landing (on the eastern bank). There we can cross by land and put the boat into Steele's Bayou, pass thence to the Yazoo River, from there to Chickasaw Bayou, into McNutt's Lake, and land near my uncle's in Warren County."

June 20.—As soon as our intended departure was announced, we were besieged by requests for all sorts of things wanted in every family — pins, matches, gunpowder, and ink. One of the last cases H. and Max had before the stay-law stopped legal business was the settlement of an estate that included a country store. The heirs had paid in chattels of the store. These had remained packed in the office. The main contents of the cases were hardware; but we found treasure indeed — a keg of powder, a case of matches, a paper of pins, a bottle of ink. Red ink is now made out of pokeberries. Pins are made by capping thorns with sealing-wax, or using them as nature made them. These were articles money could not get for us. We would give our friends a few matches to save for the hour of tribulation. The paper of pins we divided evenly, and filled a bank-box each with the matches. H. filled a tight tin case apiece with powder for Max and himself and sold the rest, as we could not carry any more on such a trip. Those who did not hear of this in time offered fabulous prices afterwards for a single pound. But money has not its old attractions. Our preparations were delayed by Aunt Judy falling sick of swamp fever.

Friday, June 27.—As soon as the cook was up again, we resumed preparations. We put all the clothing in order and had it nicely done up with the last of the soap and starch. "I wonder," said Annie, "when I shall ever have nicely starched clothes after these? They had no starch in Natchez or Vicksburg when I was there." We are now furbishing up dresses suitable for such rough summer travel. While we sat at work yesterday the quiet of the clear, calm noon was broken by a low, continuous roar like distant thunder. To-day we are told it was probably cannon at Vicksburg. This is a great distance, I think, to have heard it — over a hundred miles.

H. and Max have bought a large yawl and are busy on the lake bank repairing it and fitting it with lockers. Aunt Judy's master has been notified when to send for her; a home for the cat Jeff has been engaged; Price is dead, and Sancho sold. Nearly all the furniture is disposed of, except things valued from association, which will be packed in H.'s office and left with some one likely to stay through the war. It is hardest to leave the books.

Tuesday, July 8.— We start to-morrow. Packing the trunks was a problem. Annie and I are allowed one large trunk apiece, the gentlemen a smaller one each, and we a light carpet-sack apiece for toilet articles. I arrived with six trunks and leave with one! We went over everything carefully twice, rejecting, trying to shake off the bonds of custom and get down to primitive needs. At last we made a judicious selection. Everything old or worn was left; everything merely ornamental, except good lace, which was light. Gossamer evening dresses were all left. I calculated on taking two or three books that would bear the most reading if we were again shut up where none could be had, and so, of course, took Shakspere first. Here I was interrupted to go and pay a farewell visit, and when we returned Max had packed and nailed the cases of books to be left. Chance thus limited my choice to those that happened to be in my room — "Paradise Lost," the "Arabian Nights," a volume of Macaulay's History I was reading, and my prayer-book. To-day the provisions for the trip were cooked: the last of the flour was made into large loaves of bread; a ham and several dozen eggs were boiled; the few chickens that have survived the overflow were fried; the last of the coffee was parched and ground; and the modicum of the tea was well corked up. Our friends across the lake added a jar of butter and two of preserves. H. rode off to X. after dinner to conclude some business there, and I sat down before a table to tie bundles of things to be left. The sunset glowed and faded and the quiet evening came on calm and starry. I sat by the window till evening deepened into night, and as the moon rose I still looked a reluctant farewell to the lovely lake and the grand woods, till the sound of H.'s horse at the gate broke the spell.

IX.

HOMELESS AND SHELTERLESS.

Thursday, July 10. (—— *Plantation.*)—Yesterday about four o'clock we walked to the lake and embarked. Provisions and utensils were packed in the lockers, and a large trunk was stowed at each end. The blankets and cushions were placed against one of them, and Annie and I sat on them Turkish fashion. Near the center the two smaller trunks made a place for Reeney. Max and H. were to take turns at the rudder and oars. The last word was a fervent God-speed from Mr. E., who is left in charge of all our affairs. We believe him to be a Union man, but have never spoken of it to him. We were gloomy enough crossing the lake, for it was evident the heavily laden boat would be difficult to manage. Last night we staid at this plantation, and from the window of my room I see the men unloading the boat to place it on the cart, which a team of oxen will haul to the river. These hospitable people are kindness itself, till you mention the war.

Saturday, July 12. (*Under a cotton-shed on the bank of the Mississippi River.*)— Thursday was a lovely day, and the sight of the broad river exhilarating. The negroes launched and reloaded the boat, and when we had paid them and spoken good-bye to them we felt we were really off. Every one had said that if we kept in the current the boat would almost go of itself, but in fact the current seemed to throw it about, and hard pulling was necessary. The heat of the sun was very severe, and it proved impossible to use an umbrella or any kind of shade, as it made steering more difficult. Snags and floating timbers were very troublesome. Twice we hurried up to the bank out of the way of passing gunboats, but they took no notice of us. When we got thirsty, it was found that Max had set the jug of water in the shade of a tree and left it there. We must dip up the river water or go without. When it got too dark to travel safely we disembarked. Reeney gathered wood, made a fire and some tea, and we had a good supper. We then divided, H. and I remaining to watch the boat, Max and Annie on shore. She hung up a mosquito-bar to the trees and went to bed comfortably. In the boat the mosquitoes were horrible, but I fell asleep and slept till voices on the bank woke me. Annie was wandering disconsolate round her bed, and when I asked the trouble, said, "Oh, I can't sleep there! I found a toad and a lizard in the bed." When dropping off again, H. woke me to say he was very sick; he thought it was from drinking the river water. With difficulty I got a trunk opened to find some medicine. While doing so a gunboat loomed up vast and gloomy, and we gave each other a good fright. Our voices doubtless reached her, for instantly every one of her lights disappeared and she ran for a few minutes along the opposite bank. We momently expected a shell as a feeler.

At dawn next morning we made coffee and a hasty breakfast, fixed up as well as we could in our sylvan dressing-rooms, and pushed on, for it is settled that traveling between eleven and two will have to be given up unless we want to be roasted alive. H. grew worse. He suffered terribly, and the rest of us as much to see him pulling in such a state of exhaustion. Max would not trust either of us to steer. About eleven we reached the landing of a plantation. Max walked up to the house and returned with the owner, an old gentleman living alone with his slaves. The housekeeper, a young colored girl, could not be surpassed in her graceful efforts to make us comfortable and anticipate every want. I was so anxious about H. that I remember nothing except that the cold drinking-water taken from a cistern beneath the building, into which only the winter rains were allowed to fall, was like an elixir. They offered luscious peaches that, with such water, were nectar and ambrosia to our parched lips. At night the housekeeper said she was sorry they had no mosquito-bars ready and hoped the mosquitoes would not be thick, but they came out in legions. I knew that on sleep that night depended recovery or illness for H. and all possibility of proceeding next day. So I sat up fanning away mosquitoes that he might sleep, toppling over now and then on the pillows till roused by his stirring. I contrived to keep this up till, as the chill before dawn came, they abated and I got a short sleep. Then, with the aid of cold water, a fresh toilet, and a good breakfast, I braced up for another day's baking in the boat.

If I had been well and strong as usual the discomforts of such a journey would not have seemed so much to me; but I was still weak from the effects of the fever, and annoyed by a worrying toothache which there had been no dentist to rid me of in our village.

Having paid and dismissed the boat's watchman, we started and traveled till eleven to-day, when we stopped at this cotton-shed. When our dais was spread and lunch laid out in the cool breeze, it seemed a blessed spot. A good many negroes came offering chickens and milk in exchange for tobacco, which we had not. We bought some milk with money.

A United States transport just now steamed by and the men on the guards cheered and waved to us. We all replied but Annie. Even Max was surprised into an answering cheer, and I waved my handkerchief with a very full heart as the dear old flag we have not seen for so long floated by; but Annie turned her back.

Sunday, July 13. (*Under a tree on the east bank of the Mississippi.*)—Late on Saturday evening we reached a plantation whose owner invited us to spend the night at his house. What a delightful thing is courtesy! The first tone of our host's welcome indicated the true gentleman. We never leave the oars with the watchman; Max takes those, Annie and I each take a band-box, H. takes my carpet-sack, and Reeney brings up the rear with Annie's. It is a funny procession. Mr. B.'s family were absent, and as we sat on the gallery talking it needed only a few minutes to show this was a "Union man." His home was elegant and tasteful, but even here there was neither tea nor coffee.

About eleven we stopped here in this shady place. While eating lunch the negroes again came imploring for tobacco. Soon an invitation came from the house for us to come and rest. We gratefully accepted, but found their idea of rest for warm, tired travelers was to sit in the parlor on stiff chairs while the whole family trooped in, cool and clean in fresh toilets, to stare and question. We soon returned to the trees; however they kindly offered corn-meal pound-cake and beer, which were excellent.

Eight gunboats and one transport have passed us. Getting out of their way has been troublesome. Our gentlemen's hands are badly blistered.

Tuesday, July 15.—Sunday night about ten we reached the place where, according to our map, Steele's Bayou comes nearest to the Mississippi, and where the landing should be, but when we climbed the steep bank there was no sign of habitation. Max walked off into the woods on a search, and was gone so long we feared he had lost his way. He could find no road. H. suggested shouting and both began. At last a distant halloo replied, and by cries the answerer was guided to us. A negro came forward and said that was the right place, his master kept the landing, and he would watch the boat for five dollars. He showed the road, and said his master's house was one mile off and another house two miles. We mistook, and went to the one two miles off. At one o'clock we reached Mr. Fetler's, who was pleasant, and said we should have the best he had. The bed into whose grateful softness I sank was piled with mattresses to within two or three feet of the ceiling, and with no step-ladder getting in and out was a problem. This morning we noticed the high-water mark, four feet above the lower floor. Mrs. Fetler said they had lived upstairs several weeks.

X.

FRIGHTS AND PERILS IN STEELE'S BAYOU.

Wednesday, July 16. (*Under a tree on the bank of Steele's Bayou.*)—Early this morning our boat was taken out of the Mississippi and put on Mr. Fetler's ox-cart. After breakfast we followed on foot. The walk in the woods was so delightful that all were disappointed when a silvery gleam through the trees showed the bayou sweeping along, full to the banks, with dense forest trees almost meeting over it. The boat was launched, calked, and reloaded, and we were off again. Towards noon the sound of distant cannon began to echo around, probably from Vicksburg again. About the same time we began to encounter rafts. To get around them required us to push through brush so thick that we had to lie down in the boat. The banks were steep and the land on each side a bog. About one o'clock we reached this clear space with dry shelving banks and disembarked to eat lunch. To our surprise a neatly dressed woman came tripping down the declivity bringing a basket. She said she lived above and had seen our boat. Her husband was in the army, and we were the first white people she had talked to for a long while. She offered some corn-meal pound-cake and beer, and as she climbed back told us to "look out for the rapids." H. is putting the boat in order for our start and says she is waving good-bye from the bluff above.

Thursday, July 17. (*On a raft in Steele's Bayou.*)—Yesterday we went on nicely awhile and at afternoon came to a strange region of rafts, extending about three miles, on which persons were living. Many saluted us, saying they had run away from Vicksburg at the first attempt of the fleet to shell it. On one of these rafts, about twelve feet square,[1] bagging had been hung up to form three sides of a tent. A bed was in one corner, and on a low chair, with her provisions in jars and boxes grouped round her, sat an old woman feeding a lot of chickens.

Having moonlight, we had intended to travel till late. But about ten o'clock, the boat beginning to go with great speed, H., who was steering, called to Max:

"Don't row so fast; we may run against something."

"I 'm hardly pulling at all."

"Then we 're in what she called the rapids!"

The stream seemed indeed to slope downward, and in a minute a dark line was visible ahead. Max tried to turn, but could not, and in a second more we dashed against this immense raft, only saved from breaking up by the men's quickness. We got out upon it and ate supper. Then, as the boat was leaking and the current swinging it against the raft, H. and Max thought it safer to watch all night, but told us to go to sleep. It was a strange spot to sleep in—a raft in the middle of a boiling stream, with a wilderness stretching on either side. The moon made ghostly shadows and showed H., sitting still as a ghost, in the stern of the boat, while mingled with the gurgle of the water round the raft beneath was the boom of cannon in the air, solemnly breaking the silence of night. It drizzled now and then, and the mosquitoes swarmed over us. My fan and umbrella had been knocked overboard, so I had no weapon against them. Fatigue, however, overcomes everything, and I contrived to sleep.

H. roused us at dawn. Reeney found light-wood enough on the raft to make a good fire for coffee, which never tasted better. Then all hands assisted in unloading; a rope was fastened to the boat, Max got in, H. held the rope on the raft, and, by much pulling and pushing, it was forced through a narrow passage to the farther side. Here it had to be calked, and while that was being done we improvised a dressing-room in the shadow of our big trunks. During the trip I had to keep the time, therefore properly to secure belt and watch was always an anxious part of my toilet. The boat is now repacked, and while Annie and Reeney are washing cups I have scribbled, wishing much that mine were the hand of an artist.

Friday morn, July 18. (*House of Colonel K., on Yazoo River.*)—After leaving the raft yesterday all went well till noon, when we came to a narrow place where an immense tree lay clear across the stream. It seemed the insurmountable obstacle at last. We sat despairing what to do, when a man appeared beside us in a pirogue. So sudden, so silent was his arrival that we were thrilled with surprise. He said if we had a hatchet he could help us. His fairy bark floated in among the branches like a bubble, and he soon chopped a path for us, and was delighted to get some matches in return. He said the cannon we heard yesterday were in an engagement with the ram *Arkansas*, which ran out of the Yazoo that morning. We did not stop for dinner to-day, but ate a hasty lunch in the boat, after which nothing but a small piece of bread was left. About two we reached the forks, one of which ran to the Yazoo, the other to the Old River. Max said the right fork was our road; H. said the left, that there was an error in Max's map; but Max steered into the right fork. After pulling about three miles he admitted his mistake and turned back; but I shall never forget Old River. It was the vision of a drowned world, an illimitable waste of dead waters, stretching into a great, silent, desolate forest.

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[1] More likely twelve yards.—G. W. C.

Just as we turned into the right way, down came the rain so hard and fast we had to stop on the bank. It defied trees or umbrellas and nearly took away the breath. The boat began to fill, and all five of us had to bail as fast as possible for the half-hour the sheet of water was pouring down. As it abated a cold breeze sprung up that, striking our wet clothes, chilled us to the bone. All were shivering and blue — no, I was green. Before leaving Mr. Fetler's Wednesday morning I had donned a dark-green calico. I wiped my face with a handkerchief out of my pocket, and face and hands were all dyed a deep green. When Annie turned round and looked at me she screamed and I realized how I looked; but she was not much better, for of all dejected things wet feathers are the worst, and the plumes in her hat were painful.

About five we reached Colonel K.'s house, right where Steele's Bayou empties into the Yazoo. We had both to be fairly dragged out of the boat, so cramped and weighted were we by wet skirts. The family were absent, and the house was headquarters for a squad of Confederate cavalry, which was also absent. The old colored housekeeper received us kindly and lighted fires in our rooms to dry the clothing. My trunk had got cracked on top, and all the clothing to be got at was wet. H. had dropped his in the river while lifting it out, and his clothes were wet. A spoonful of brandy apiece was left in the little flask, and I felt that mine saved me from being ill. Warm blankets and the brandy revived us, and by supper-time we got into some dry clothes.

Just then the squad of cavalry returned; they were only a dozen, but they made much uproar, being in great excitement. Some of them were known to Max and H., who learned from them that a gunboat was coming to shell them out of this house. Then ensued a clatter such as twelve men surely never made before — rattling about the halls and galleries in heavy boots and spurs, feeding horses, calling for supper, clanking swords, buckling and unbuckling belts and pistols. At last supper was dispatched, and they mounted and were gone like the wind. We had a quiet supper and good night's rest in spite of the expected shells, and did not wake till ten to-day to realize we were not killed. About eleven breakfast was furnished. Now we are waiting till the rest of our things are dried to start on our last day of travel by water.

Sunday, July 20.— A little way down the Yazoo on Friday we ran into McNutt's Lake, thence into Chickasaw Bayou, and at dark landed at Mrs. C.'s farm, the nearest neighbors of H.'s uncle. The house was full of Confederate sick, friends from Vicksburg, and while we ate supper all present poured out the story of the shelling and all that was to be done at Vicksburg. Then our stuff was taken from the boat, and we finally abandoned the stanch little craft that had carried us for over one hundred and twenty-five miles in a trip occupying nine days. The luggage in a wagon, and ourselves packed in a buggy, were driven for four or five miles, over the roughest road I ever traveled, to the farm of Mr. B., H.'s uncle, where we arrived at midnight and hastened to hide in bed the utter exhaustion of mind and body. Yesterday we were too tired to think, or to do anything but eat peaches.

XI.

WILD TIMES IN MISSISSIPPI.

THIS morning there was a most painful scene. Annie's father came into Vicksburg, ten miles from here, and learned of our arrival from Mrs. C.'s messenger. He sent out a carriage to bring Annie and Max to town that they might go home with him, and with it came a letter for me from friends on the Jackson Railroad, written many weeks before. They had heard that our village home was under water, and invited us to visit them. The letter had been sent to Annie's people to forward, and thus had reached us. This decided H., as the place was near New Orleans, to go there and wait the chance of getting into that city. Max, when he heard this from H., lost all self-control and cried like a baby. He stalked about the garden in the most tragic manner, exclaiming:

" Oh! my soul's brother from youth up is a traitor! A traitor to his country!"

Then H. got angry and said, " Max, don't be a fool."

"Who has done this?" bawled Max. "You felt with the South at first; who has changed you?"

" Of course I feel *for* the South now, and nobody has changed me but the logic of events, though the twenty-negro law has intensified my opinions. I can't see why I, who have no slaves, must go to fight for them, while every man who has twenty may stay at home."

I, also, tried to reason with Max and pour oil on his wound. " Max, what interest has a man like you, without slaves, in a war for slavery? Even if you had them, they would not be your best property. That lies in your country and its resources. Nearly all the world has given up slavery; why can't the South do the same and end the struggle. It has shown you what the South needs, and if all went to work with united hands the South would soon be the greatest country on earth. You have no right to call H. a traitor; it is we who are the true patriots and lovers of the South."

This had to come, but it has upset us both. H. is deeply attached to Max, and I can't bear to see a cloud between them. Max, with Annie and Reeney, drove off an hour ago, Annie so glad at the prospect of again seeing her mother that nothing could cloud her day. And so the close companionship of six months, and of dangers, trials, and pleasures shared together, is over.

Oak Ridge, July 26, Saturday.— It was not till Wednesday that H. could get into Vicksburg, ten miles distant, for a passport, without which we could not go on the cars. We started Thursday morning. I had to ride seven miles on a hard-trotting horse to the nearest station. The day was burning at white heat. When the station was reached my hair was down, my hat on my neck, and my feelings were indescribable.

On the train one seemed to be right in the stream of war, among officers, soldiers, sick men and cripples, adieus, tears, laughter, constant chatter, and, strangest of all, sentinels posted at the locked car-doors demanding passports. There was no train south from Jackson that day, so we put up at the Bowman House. The excitement was indescribable. All the world appeared to be traveling through Jackson. People were besieging the two hotels, offering enormous prices for the privilege of sleeping anywhere under a roof. There were many refugees from New Orleans, among them some acquaintances of mine. The peculiar styles of [women's] dress necessitated by the exigencies of war gave the crowd a very striking appearance. In single suits I saw sleeves of one color, the waist of another, the skirt of another; scarlet jackets and gray skirts; black waists and blue skirts; black skirts and gray waists; the trimming chiefly gold braid and buttons, to give a military air. The gray and gold uniforms of the officers, glittering between, made up a carnival of color. Every moment we saw strange meetings and partings of people from all over the South. Conditions of time, space, locality, and estate were all loosened; everybody seemed floating he knew not whither, but determined to be jolly, and keep up an excitement. At supper we had tough steak, heavy, dirty-looking bread, Confederate coffee. The coffee was made of either parched rye or corn-meal, or of sweet potatoes cut in small cubes and roasted. This was the favorite. When flavored with "coffee essence," sweetened with sorghum, and tinctured with chalky milk, it made a curious beverage, which, after tasting, I preferred not to drink. Every one else was drinking it, and an acquaintance said, "Oh, you 'll get bravely over that. I used to be a Jewess about pork, but now we just kill a hog and eat it, and kill another and do the same. It 's all we have."

Friday morning we took the down train for the station near my friend's house. At every station we had to go through the examination of passes, as if in a foreign country.

The conscript camp was at Brookhaven, and every man had been ordered to report there or to be treated as a deserter. At every station I shivered mentally, expecting H. to be dragged off. Brookhaven was also the station for dinner. I choked mine down, feeling the sword hanging over me by a single hair. At sunset we reached our station. The landlady was pouring tea when we took our seats and I expected a treat, but when I tasted it was sassafras tea, the very odor of which sickens me. There was a general surprise when I asked to exchange it for a glass of water; every one was drinking it as if it were nectar. This morning we drove out here.

My friend's little nest is calm in contrast to the tumult not far off. Yet the trials of war are here too. Having no matches, they keep fire, carefully covering it at night, for Mr. G. has no powder, and cannot flash the gun into combustibles as some do. One day they had to go with the children to the village, and the servant let the fire go out. When they returned at nightfall, wet and hungry, there was neither fire nor food. Mr. G. had to saddle the tired mule and ride three miles for a pan of coals, and blow them, all the way back, to keep them alight. Crockery has gradually been broken and tin-cups rusted out, and a visitor told me they had made tumblers out of clear glass bottles by cutting them smooth with a heated wire, and that they had nothing else to drink from.

Aug. 11.—We cannot get to New Orleans. A special passport must be shown, and we are told that to apply for it would render H. very likely to be conscripted. I begged him not to try; and as we hear that active hostilities have ceased at Vicksburg, he left me this morning to return to his uncle's and see what the prospects are there. I shall be in misery about conscription till he returns.

Sunday, Sept. 7. (*Vicksburg, Washington Hotel.*)—H. did not return for three weeks. An epidemic disease broke out in his uncle's family and two children died. He staid to assist them in their trouble. Tuesday evening he returned for me and we reached Vicksburg yesterday. It was my first sight of the "Gibraltar of the South." Looking at it from a slight elevation suggests the idea that the fragments left from world-building had tumbled into a confused mass of hills, hollows, hillocks, banks, ditches, and ravines, and that the houses had rained down afterwards. Over all there was dust impossible to conceive. The bombardment has done little injury. People have returned and resumed business. A gentleman asked H. if he knew of a nice girl for sale. I asked if he did not think it impolitic to buy slaves now.

"Oh, not young ones. Old ones might run off when the enemy's lines approach ours, but with young ones there is no danger."

We had not been many hours in town before a position was offered to H. which seemed providential. The chief of a certain department was in ill-health and wanted a deputy. It secures him from conscription, requires no oath, and pays a good salary. A mountain seemed lifted off my heart.

Thursday, Sept. 18. (*Thanksgiving Day.*) —We staid three days at the Washington Hotel; then a friend of H.'s called and told him to come to his house till he could find a home. Boarding-houses have all been broken up, and the army has occupied the few houses that were for rent. To-day H. secured a vacant room for two weeks in the only boarding-house.

Oak Haven, Oct. 3.—To get a house in V. proved impossible, so we agreed to part for a time till H. could find one. A friend recommended this quiet farm, six miles from —— [a station on the Jackson Railroad]. On last Saturday H. came with me as far as Jackson and put me on the other train for the station.

On my way hither a lady, whom I judged to be a Confederate "blockade runner," told me of the tricks resorted to to get things out of New Orleans, including this: A very large doll was emptied of its bran, filled with quinine, and elaborately dressed. When the owner's trunk was opened, she declared with tears that the doll was for a poor crippled girl, and it was passed.

This farm of Mr. W.'s[1] is kept with about forty negroes. Mr. W., nearly sixty, is the only white man on it. He seems to have been wiser in the beginning than most others, and curtailed his cotton to make room for rye, rice, and corn. There is a large vegetable garden and orchard; he has bought plenty of stock for beef and mutton, and laid in a large supply of sugar. He must also have plenty of ammunition, for a man is kept hunting and supplies the table with delicious wild turkeys and other game. There is abundance of milk and butter, hives for honey, and no end of pigs. Chickens seem to be kept like game in parks, for I never see any, but the hunter shoots them, and eggs are plentiful. We have chicken for breakfast, dinner, and supper, fried, stewed, broiled, and in soup, and there is a family of ten. Luckily I never tire of it. They make starch out of corn-meal by washing the meal repeatedly, pouring off the water and drying the sediment. Truly the uses of corn in the Confederacy are varied. It makes coffee, beer, whisky, starch, cake, bread. The only privations here are the lack of coffee, tea, salt, matches, and good candles. Mr. W. is now having the dirt-floor of his smoke-house dug up and boiling from it the salt that has dripped into it for years. To-day Mrs. W. made tea out of dried blackberry leaves, but no one liked it. The beds, made out of equal parts of cotton and corn-shucks, are the most elastic I ever slept in. The servants are dressed in gray homespun. Hester, the chambermaid, has a gray gown so pretty that I covet one like it. Mrs. W. is now arranging dyes for the thread to be woven into dresses for herself and the girls. Sometimes her hands are a curiosity.

The school at the nearest town is broken up and Mrs. W. says the children are growing up heathens. Mr. W. has offered me a liberal price to give the children lessons in English and French, and I have accepted transiently.

Oct. 28.— It is a month to-day since I came here. I only wish H. could share these benefits — the nourishing food, the pure aromatic air, the sound sleep away from the fevered life of Vicksburg. He sends me all the papers he can get hold of, and we both watch carefully the movements reported lest an army should get between us. The days are full of useful work, and in the lovely afternoons I take long walks with a big dog for company. The girls do not care for walking. In the evening Mr. W. begs me to read aloud all the war news. He is fond of the "Memphis Appeal," which has moved from town to town so much that they call it the "Moving Appeal." I sit in a low chair by the fire, as we have no other light to read by. Sometimes traveling soldiers stop here, but that is rare.

Oct. 31.— Mr. W. said last night the farmers felt uneasy about the "Emancipation Proclamation" to take effect in December. The slaves have found it out, though it had been carefully kept from them.

"Do yours know it?" I asked.

"Oh, yes. Finding it to be known elsewhere, I told it to mine with fair warning what to expect if they tried to run away. The hounds are not far off."

The need of clothing for their armies is worrying them too. I never saw Mrs. W. so excited as on last evening. She said the provost-marshal at the next town had ordered the women to knit so many pairs of socks.

"Just let him try to enforce it and they will cow-hide him. He 'll get none from me. I 'll take care of my own friends without an order from him."

"Well," said Mr. W., "if the South is defeated and the slaves set free, the Southern people will all become atheists, for the Bible justifies slavery and says it shall be perpetual."

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[1] On this plantation, and in this domestic circle, I myself afterward sojourned, and from them enlisted in the army. The initials are fictitious, but the description is perfect.— G. W. C.

"You mean, if the Lord does not agree with you, you'll repudiate him."

"Well, we'll feel it's no use to believe in anything."

At night the large sitting-room makes a striking picture. Mr. W., spare, erect, gray-headed, patriarchal, sits in his big chair by the odorous fire of pine logs and knots roaring up the vast fireplace. His driver brings to him the report of the day's picking and a basket of snowy cotton for the spinning. The hunter brings in the game. I sit on the other side to read. The great spinning wheels stand at the other end of the room, and Mrs. W. and her black satellites, the elderly women their heads in bright bandanas, are hard at work. Slender and auburn-haired, she steps back and forth out of shadow into shine following the thread with graceful movements. Some card the cotton, some reel it into hanks. Over all the firelight glances, now touching the golden curls of little John toddling about, now the brown heads of the girls stooping over their books, now the shadowy figure of little Jule, the girl whose duty it is to supply the fire with rich pine to keep up the vivid light. If they would only let the child sit down! But that is not allowed, and she gets sleepy and stumbles and knocks her head against the wall and then straightens up again. When that happens often it drives me off. Sometimes while I read the bright room fades and a vision rises of figures clad in gray and blue lying pale and stiff on the blood-sprinkled ground.

Nov. 15.—Yesterday a letter was handed me from H. Grant's army was moving, he wrote, steadily down the Mississippi Central and might cut the road at Jackson. He has a house and will meet me in Jackson to-morrow.

Nov. 20. (*Vicksburg.*)—A fair morning for my journey back to Vicksburg. On the train was the gentleman who in New Orleans had told us we should have all the butter we wanted from Texas. On the cars, as elsewhere, the question of food alternated with news of the war.

When we ran into the Jackson station H. was on the platform, and I gladly learned that we could go right on. A runaway negro, an old man, ashy colored from fright and exhaustion, with his hands chained, was being dragged along by a common-looking man. Just as we started out of Jackson the conductor led in a young woman sobbing in a heart-broken manner. Her grief seemed so overpowering, and she was so young and helpless, that every one was interested. Her husband went into the army in the opening of the war, just after their marriage, and she had never heard from him since. After months of weary searching she learned he had been heard of at Jackson, and came full of hope, but found no clue. The sudden breaking down of her hope was terrible. The conductor placed her in care of a gentleman going her way and left her sobbing. At the next station the conductor came to ask her about her baggage. She raised her head to try and answer. "Don't cry so, you'll find him yet." She gave a start, jumped from her seat with arms flung out and eyes staring. "There he is now!" she cried. Her husband stood before her.

The gentleman beside her yielded his seat, and as hand grasped hand a hysterical gurgle gave place to a look like Heaven's peace. The low murmur of their talk began, and when I looked round at the next station they had bought pies and were eating them together like happy children.

Midway between Jackson and Vicksburg we reached the station near where Annie's parents were staying. I looked out, and there stood Annie with a little sister on each side of her, brightly smiling at us. Max had written to H., but we had not seen them since our parting. There was only time for a word and the train flashed away.

XII.

VICKSBURG.

[Here follow in the manuscript the writer's thrilling experiences in and throughout the siege of Vicksburg, as already printed in this magazine for September, 1885. It is just after the fall of Vicksburg that she resumes.]

Aug. 20.—Sitting in my easy chair to-day, looking out upon a grassy slope of the hill in the rear of this house, I have looked over this journal as if in a dream; for since the last date sickness and sorrow have been with me. I feel as if an angry wave had passed over me bearing away strength and treasure. For on one day there came to me from New Orleans the news of Mrs. B.'s death, a friend whom no tie of blood could have made nearer. The next day my beautiful boy ended his brief life of ten days and died in my arms. My own illness caused him to perish; the fatal cold in the cave was the last straw that broke down strength. The colonel's sweet wife has come, and I do not lack now for womanly companionship. She says that with such a pre-natal experience perhaps death was the best for him. I try to think so, and to be glad that H. has not been ill, though I see the effects. This book is exhausted, and I wonder whether there will be more adventures by flood and field to cause me to begin another.

TO A DOG'S MEMORY.

THE gusty morns are here,
When all the reeds ride low with level spear;
And on such nights as lured us far of yore,
The Hound-star and the pagan Hunter shine
Down rocky alleys yet, and through the pine:
But I and thou, ah, field-fellow of mine,
Together roam no more!

The world, all grass and air,
Somehow hath lost thee; and the roadsides wear
A heavy silence since thy welcomes fail
Bonfires, and fiddles, and the van we knew
Gleaming with gypsies, and the bear that drew
Thy kindled eye, the sulky dancer through
Our leafy Auburndale.

Soft showers go laden now
With odors of the sappy orchard bough,
And brooks, bewitched, begin a madder march;
The late frost smokes from hollow sedges high;
The finch is come, the flame-blue dragon-fly,
The cowslip's outcast gold that children spy,
The plume upon the larch.

There is a music fills
The oaks of Belmont and the Wayland hills
Southward to Dewing's little bubbly stream—
The heavenly weather's call! Oh, who alive
Hastes not to start, delays not to arrive,
Having free feet that never felt a gyve
Weigh, even in a dream?

But thou, instead, hast found
The sunless April uplands underground;
And still, wherever thou art, I must be.
My beautiful! Arise in might and mirth
(For we were tameless travelers from our birth)—
Arise against thy narrow door of earth,
And keep the watch for me!

Louise Imogen Guiney.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

History and Current Politics.

THE LATE PROFESSOR ALEXANDER JOHNSTON.

WE recall to our readers with sorrow their loss and ours in the untimely death on the 20th of July last of Professor Alexander Johnston of Princeton College. He had been for a few years past a frequent and acceptable contributor to this department of THE CENTURY, and those who have found in his acute discussion of current themes an impulse to deeper interest in contemporary history, and a help to the more accurate knowledge and juster appreciation of the great social and political movements of their fellow-citizens, will find a sad interest in a short account of his work. He was born in Brooklyn forty years ago, on the 29th of April, fitted for college in the preparatory schools of that city, and graduated with the highest honors from Rutgers in the class of 1870. The direction of his studies up to that time was exclusively along the old-fashioned college course, and he excelled in the classics, winning the more important prizes in that department. For the next five years his time was divided between teaching and the study of law, and in 1875 he was admitted to the bar of New Jersey. Not long afterwards he removed to Norwalk, Connecticut, where he founded a classical school, still in existence, and began his literary career. His success as an author brought him in 1884 a call to the chair of jurisprudence and political economy in the College of New Jersey. He carried to his new field enthusiasm and ripe scholarship, the disposition and experience of the teacher, and enjoyed for the short but illustrious remnant of his life such unbroken success and increasing popularity as only genius and goodness can command.

The list of his published works is a long one for a life comparatively so short, and argues not only untiring industry but the possession of the literary gift in a high degree. He wrote for Lalor's "Cyclopædia of Political Science" the articles over his signature on American political history; the article on American history in the American Supplement to the Philadelphia edition of the "Encyclopædia Britannica"; "The Genesis of a New England State," No. 12 of the Johns Hopkins Historical Series; edited the three volumes of "Representative American Orations," and wrote for the periods into which the selections are divided a series of comprehensive and charming summaries; Chapter VII. of Winsor's "Narrative and Critical History of America," that on Political Parties, is by him; the splendid account of our history in Vol. XXIII. of the "Britannica," itself a volume of perhaps four hundred pages; and several other articles in the same encyclopædia, notably that on Washington, are also from his pen. His separate and independent publications are his well-known "History of American Politics," a school "History of the United States," and the volume on "Connecticut" in the American Commonwealths Series. Much of his most original research, moreover, was printed from time to time in reviews and periodicals. All this work is characterized by thoroughness and sincerity. He was the first to correct, and acknowledge, as he discovered them, the few errors in fact or judgment which he made. With such powers it is no wonder that his reputation had crossed the sea, and that the editors of the great "Encyclopædia Britannica" found him the fittest guide for their public as for ours in matters of American history. "The Pall Mall Gazette" playfully remarked, in reviewing the "History of American Politics," that with such a handbook the British editor would thereafter put aside his too well-known habit of blundering over American politics, and in the absence of a similar guide to the story of English parties disport himself in ignorance of his native land.

It was therefore from the hand of the lawyer, the scholar, the author, the professor, that came the terse, incisive, and intelligent criticisms of current politics which we were happy to lay so often before our readers. Professor Johnston's mind was eminently practical, and his success in the class-room, aside from his gracious manner and warm interest in his pupils, was, we hear, largely due to the concreteness of his teaching. It was his habit to make concise statements of principles and then flood them with a mass of adequate illustrations from the everyday world which enthralled his hearers and fixed his instruction in their mind, showing as it did the immediate value of correct theory. The same characteristics marked his editorial work in this department. He had learned in his studies the basis and development of American institutions, and was therefore little affected by modern sciolism. He valued above all else the old-fashioned idea of personal freedom with its corollary of personal initiative and responsibility, emphasized at all times the essential character of local rights and government, and the subservience of political theory to historical induction. Add to this the high ethical plane on which his mind worked, his keen scent for reforms and judicial appreciation of their value, and we have such an outline of his character as it is permitted a friendly co-worker to draw. It seems to us that the moral of his life is to be found in the words at the head of this notice—the value to a sane, practical mind of the study of history not merely for the construction of a science of politics, but for the formation of sound opinions about daily life and about politics as a discipline and an art.

Disasters.

ONE of the dreadful aspects of such recurring horrors as the flood at Johnstown and the burning of Seattle and Spokane Falls, which, with the hurricane of Samoa, will probably be the extraordinary events of the year's annals, is the easy facility with which, after all, the public mind is disposed to deal with them. The Pennsylvania misfortune seems to have lacked none of the tints necessary for the darkest of pictures. The population of a whole mountain region is put into imminent peril of life and limb; death carries off about as many as it claimed during any of the great battles of the civil war; and the scenes of pathos or despair, by day and night, from flood and flame, seem to have made our newspapers a mass of harrowing details for the possible instruction of posterity. Apart from the loss of life, the fate of the Northwestern cities seems to have had its own dramatic elements. The region is one where but a few years ago the poet found synonyms for desolation in the long roll of the solitary river, but where the enterprise, industry, and thrift of American men and women have established civilization, have built up new States like magic, and have endowed them with rich and splendid cities whose names are still hardly familiar to the rest of the country. It reads like a mockery of history that the burning of a single city in this new region should already entail losses such as, fifty years ago, constituted the "great fire" of our great commercial city. The popular impulse is the same in either case. The response of the popular heart is as instant as electricity. Money, material aid, personal assistance, are hurried to the point of need; for some time no one can think or talk of anything else; a few lessons from the pulpit or the press serve to point a moral of one sort or other; and then the débris is removed and the usual struggle for existence is renewed until, perhaps, it is interrupted by another case of the kind.

And yet there are lessons which should be scored into the popular intelligence by every new case of the kind. One is that we must no longer expect that such calamities, if they are to occur, are likely to be small ones; it is one of the penalties for our growth of population that they are now increasingly likely to be dire misfortunes. The great earthquake of 1811 has left its transient marks in a few swamps and lakes along the Mississippi and in some wild stories of the early settlers; but such an event could not occur in the denser population of our times without reviving and strengthening our memories of the overthrow of Charleston. We see the ancient track plowed by the meteorite through earth and rock: what if such a visitant should have its billet to some great house and distinguished audience in one of our modern cities? It is but in the nature of things that those natural calamities which must be reckoned with as non-preventable and inevitable should nevertheless find more and more shining marks as the surface of the country swarms more thickly with population, industry, and wealth.

But this impossibility of obviating the growing peril of modern life from inevitable natural calamities only adds a keener point to the growing necessity for care in guarding against the results of preventable events. In the case of many of these events responsibility is already fixed and measured by law; but there is still danger enough that the judicial conception of this measure of responsibility will continue to be limited by the smaller facts of the past, and will not grow, as it should, with the growth of the attendant perils. The fool who flings about firebrands and death, and says, "Am I not in sport?" becomes a greater and still greater offender with the passage of every year and the consequent development of more important human interests which may fall indirect victims to his folly. The theory of progressive culpability is one in which public opinion may furnish the best stimulus for the judicial conscience, so that the law's perception may not stand still, or wait for statutory enactment which is likely to be weighted with obsolete circumstances.

But there remain other fields, perhaps of less definite limitation, but of probably greater public importance, in which still greater service may be done by a trained public opinion. If it be admitted, as it surely must be, that both the avoidable and the unavoidable perils to human life and property are increasing with the density of population, that fact should be enough of itself to establish a rising standard of municipal care and forethought. Indeed, the standard should rise faster than population increases, for the dangers increase more rapidly. Why, for example, should that heathen abomination the fire-cracker be tolerated in one of our growing American cities for even a single additional year? The increase of the danger from this source over last year or ten years ago is not merely in the ratio of the intervening growth of population, but very much greater.

It is not enough, then, that public opinion should rest content with public benevolence, or that it should write off its responsibility as the last car-load of supplies is shipped to the scene of disaster. Every such recurrent event is a warning to other centers of population that it is time for public opinion to push the standard of municipal care yet a little higher. In many of our cities there are still hordes of men who lay hungry claim, as political rewards, to offices for whose duties they are not competent. The disasters of this year are a new and louder warning to every such city to bar out such applicants more strenuously, and to announce more definitely and clearly that it can no longer take such risks or afford to permit its offices to serve as political rewards. The question is no longer one of money, or of taxes, or of the formation of an "office-holding class"; it has taken the more fundamental shape of the increased, the immeasurable, extent to which disasters of every grade may be multiplied beyond their natural limits, by incapacity or carelessness in the occupant of even the minor administrative offices of our modern cities. In this and innumerable relations of the kind public opinion may find its most cheering work in the regeneration of our cities; and by raising the standard of municipal management and municipal civil service it may defeat some disasters altogether and reduce and hold down the evils even of those which are inevitable.

A New College for Women.

THERE have been three distinctly marked stages in the higher education of women in America: co-education, pure and simple, first tested at Oberlin, in 1833; then separate colleges for women, in which line Vassar, in 1865, made the first departure; and last the "annex" plan, marked by the opening of the Harvard Annex in 1879. In England, on the other hand, the first effort to give collegiate training to women came from colleges open exclusively to women (Queen's, 1848), and in 1869 Girton made the first trial of the annex plan. No important co-educational scheme, as we understand co-education, has been tried in England.

The most popular and widely known women's colleges in England are Newnham and Girton, "annexed" to the University of Cambridge. That is, the students of these colleges perform the same work as the university men, but in their own college building. There is no co-education such as is in operation at Cornell and Ann Arbor. The Newnham women are satisfied so long as they attain the standard of excellence prescribed by the university, and it is a matter of slight importance to them whether or not they receive instruction at the same hour, and in the same room, with their brothers.

There is unquestionably a prejudice in America against annexes. At the Woman's International Congress at Washington one delegate protested in the following terms: "Those bright, enthusiastic, large-framed, and big-hearted young women of the West, those young women who have in their eyes the distant horizon of their prairie homes, will have nothing to do with annexes." Possibly the prejudice is due wholly to unfortunate associations with the word itself. It is certainly difficult to respect the word in its educational significance, when we have annexes to hotels, to shops, and to ferryboats! The English expression for the objectionable term is "affiliated college," a description certainly more dignified.

A new affiliated college opens in October in New York City. It is new in that it is the first woman's college situated in the heart of a great city, and, again, it is new in being the first affiliated college whose graduates are entitled to a university degree. The students of Newnham, Girton, Somerville, Lady Margaret, and the Harvard Annex must content themselves with what is called a "degree certificate," testifying that the candidate's scholarship would have entitled her to a degree if she had been a man.

The new college, affiliated to Columbia College, will bear the name Barnard, a name made eminent by one of the most far-sighted and advanced educators of America — the late president of Columbia College. Barnard College is situated at 343 Madison Avenue, five blocks from Columbia College. A student of Barnard College will do the same work as a student of Columbia, will have the same instructors, and will take the same examinations. Barnard College opens with a school of arts only, but in time she hopes to offer the broadest opportunity for scientific training.

The college will receive for the first year a freshman class only; consequently, its first graduates will receive their degrees in 1893. It is to be hoped that Barnard College will meet a support which will enable her to keep ahead of the present movement at Columbia towards encouraging and providing for graduate work.

OPEN LETTERS.

A View of the Confederacy from the Inside.[1]

A LETTER FROM JUDGE JOHN A. CAMPBELL, FORMERLY ASSISTANT SECRETARY OF WAR, C. S. A.

FORT PULASKI, GEORGIA, 20th July, 1865.

MY DEAR SIR: I learn that you have interfered in my behalf to obtain my release from arrest and confinement. I am obliged by your interposition, and appreciate it the more because that the war has made no change in my feelings toward yourself.

You are aware that I was not a patron or friend of the secession movement. My condemnation of it and my continuance in the Supreme Court were regarded as acts for which there could be no tolerance. When I returned to Alabama in May, 1861, it was to receive coldness, aversion, or contumely from the secession population. I did not agree to recant what I had said, or to explain what I had done; and thus, instead of appeasing my opponents, I aggravated my offense. This was still more aggravated by my opinion that cotton was not king; that privateering would not expel Northern commerce from the ocean, but would affront European opinion, and that privateering and slavery would prevent recognition, and that the war would be long and implacable; that the Northern people were a proud and powerful people that would not endure the supposed insults they have suffered, and that their "pocket nerve" was not their most sensitive nerve. Messrs. Toombs and Benjamin were promising peace before the winter. I had no connection with the Confederate Government in 1861, nor until the last of October, 1862. General Randolph, whom I scarcely knew, asked me to be Assistant Secretary of War, with an apology for doing so.

The war had then assumed gigantic proportions: confiscation acts and emancipation proclamations, and the administration of government in New Orleans and North Alabama, seemed to place a new face upon the war. It appeared to be a war upon political and civil society and government within the Confederate States.

The Southern country had greatly suffered: I had spent much time with the sick and wounded, and had witnessed bereavement, distress, destitution, suffering, as well as devotion and fortitude. The civil institutions were debilitated. Much of the business and feeling of the country centered in the War Department, and there was a want of some controlling mind in regulating its civil and judicial business. The conscription brought all persons of military age under its jurisdiction; impressments affected property, military domination very often infracted personal liberty and private right. There had been delay and vexation in the transaction of business.

I did not desire a conspicuous place, and every overture to place me in Mr. Davis's cabinet had been discountenanced with emphasis. I declined to go abroad. My wish was to be of use in mitigating the evils there were upon the country. I cannot make you feel how large they were.

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[1] The original of this letter, here printed for the first time, is in the possession of Charles P. Greenough, Esq., of Boston. When Judge Campbell was imprisoned in Fort Pulaski his former associates on the Supreme Bench, Judges Curtis and Nelson, both wrote to President Johnson, and finally succeeded in getting Judge Campbell released. This letter was written when Judge Campbell learned that Judge Curtis was making efforts in his behalf. The text of the original letter has been carefully followed.— EDITOR.

I never labored more. I do not know that any one man has suffered from any act of mine any aggravation of his calamity. I do know of large classes that experienced sympathy and assistance. When my arrest was known the leading member of the Society of Friends called on Mrs. Campbell to say that every member of the society in the district would petition for my release, and he actually carried to Washington City such a paper.

There are other testimonials equally grateful to my feelings. I resigned twice and attempted to do so at other times. But there were considerations that would not allow me to press the offer. I did not hold to the office from avarice, for the annual salary was never worth $500 in specie, and became at last just $100. When I entered the office I supposed I might become useful in the settlement of a peace if I were connected with the Government. There was no opportunity for this in 1863, and not until 1864 had nearly expired could the subject be broached with any advantage.

There were discontents with Mr. Davis, and those who desired to weaken him made use of the desire for peace to effect the object. They represented him as averse to peace and that negotiations would bring peace. None spoke of union as a basis of peace; all repudiated a disposition for peace on that basis. In 1864 I became satisfied that the resources of the Confederacy for another campaign were exhausted. The finances, recruiting of soldiers, commissariat, transportation, ordnance and ammunition, and medical supplies had all failed. None were adequate for another campaign. The Secretary of the Treasury did not make a fair and candid report in November, 1864. The unanswered requisitions amounted to $170,000,000, and he had no means to answer them. He had issued (nearly) to the maximum limit, treasury notes, and they were at the time thirty to one as compared with specie. But his failure to supply these requisitions, and his inability to do so, prevented the making of requisitions for $250,000,000, which were also due. This was not regarded in his report nor provided for in his estimates or budget. I brought this matter to the attention of the Secretaries of War and Treasury and the truth was admitted. It became finally to be seen that the finances were in hopeless ruin. Treasury notes to $400,000,000 had been issued; these were selling as sixty to one for specie at the treasury. The supply of specie 15th February was $750,000; bonds and certificates of deposit were not salable, taxes were difficult of collection, and irritation and discontent existed because the outstanding indebtedness was not liquidated. The estimates of the year for the War Department were $1,337,000,000 in Confederate bills and the restriction on issues not taken off.

The condition as to men was nearly as bad. In April, 1862, conscription embraced those between 18 and 35; in October, 1862, those between 35 and 40 were added; in July, 1863, those of 40 and 45 were added; in February, 1864, those between 17 and 50 were added; all men who had placed substitutes in service were called for and exemptions were curtailed. During the war there had been exemptions and details for civil and industrial service. Manufactories, mechanical and agricultural employments, were sustained by details, but in October, 1864, a sweeping order of revocation was made. This order evinced extreme weakness; it carried despondency and dismay among the people. It did not serve to recruit the army — the supply of men was exhausted.

The army was reduced by desertions, and these now became more numerous and from a better class of men. The difficulties of the time led to desertions from the workshops and manufacturing establishments. The commissariat experienced the pressure of the time earliest among the bureaux. Supplies were hoarded. Sales were refused for bonds, and certificates and bills could not be had. Impressment could not be relied on. The army was for most of the time on half-rations, and the largest supply at Richmond and Petersburg during the whole winter was a supply of six days.

The transportation was almost exhausted. The Piedmont road, through Danville and Greensborough, North Carolina, became the principal channel of communication. Its entire capacity was 192 tons daily, and the daily demand of the army was 120 tons. The road was put out of repair three days during the winter by rains, and we had to ask the citizens of Richmond for flour from their reduced family supplies, and the 1000 barrels obtained cost $650,000. In the same woful condition was the transportation by animals. The facts in regard to arms, ammunition, medical supplies, etc. disclose a similar condition of ruin.

You would suppose there could be no difficulty in convincing men under such circumstances that a peace was required. But when I look back upon the events of the winter, I find that I was incessantly employed in making these facts known and to no result.

A committee of Congress was appointed to examine the state of the commissariat; was informed of it and did not report. The President was called upon to afford knowledge of finances, recruiting, etc.,— in a word, the state of the Confederacy,— and did not answer. Letters were addressed on single portions of the deficiency and no heed was taken of them.

In December I wrote to Judge Nelson a letter inviting an interview with him, and asking that Messrs. Ewing, Stanton, or yourself might come. I obtained a license to write this letter and to have this communication.

There were for discussion, as the issue of the war, the questions of union, slavery, confiscation, pains and penalties, forfeitures for taxes, limits of western Virginia — in fact, all civil society in the Confederacy was involved. I supposed that with these intelligent and sober-minded men the embarrassments and perils of the condition could be mitigated. I was then fully disposed for peace. I have never had a reply to the letter, though I was told there was one. In lieu of this there came Francis P. Blair.

He duped Mr. Davis with the belief that President Lincoln regarded the condition of Mexico with more concern than the war; that he would be willing to make a suspension of hostilities under some sort of collusive contract, and to unite Southern and Northern troops on the Rio Grande for the invasion of Mexico, and that after matters were assured in Mexico affairs might be adjusted here. This was the business at Hampton Roads. I was incredulous, Mr. Hunter did not have faith. Mr. Stephens supposed Blair to be "the mentor of the Administration and Republican party."

We learned in five minutes that the assurances to

Mr. Davis were a delusion, and that union was the condition of peace. I had always supposed this to be the case, and had refused all discussions on the subject of negotiation unless that condition was first admitted. I had never regarded a peace on that basis as inadmissible; but, on the contrary, was firmly persuaded that the programme of independence had failed with the loss of the Chesapeake Bay, Mississippi, Tennessee, and Cumberland rivers, and the coasts of the Carolinas.

The change in the conditions of the war by the confiscation acts and proclamation unquestionably prolonged it. When I came from Hampton Roads I recommended the return of our commission or another commission to adjust a peace. I believed that one could be made upon the concession of union and the surrender of slavery, upon suitable arrangements. I so advised my colleagues. I wrote to Governor Graham of North Carolina a careful letter explaining all my views, for exhibition to his brother senators. A committee was raised to wait on Mr. Davis (Graham, Hunter, Orr) and conversations were had with him. This failed. I then wrote a careful review of all the conditions of the military service and of the financial and political state of the country, and recommended a negotiation for peace on the basis of union, as necessary. This was addressed to General Breckinridge. It was submitted to General Lee, and reports from the Commissary-General, Quartermaster-General, and Chief of Ordnance obtained, and the whole placed before Mr. Davis. This led him to ask Congress to repeal their resolution to adjourn. He submitted these in a secret message, without note, comment, or exposition, and at the same time submitted a public message, scolding Congress for delay and inattention and urging a vigorous prosecution of the war and the adoption of the following measures:

1. Suspension of habeas corpus. 2. Organization of militia. 3. To raise $3,000,000 in gold. 4. To impress without cash payments. 5. To modify the law as to the use of detailed men. 6. Arm slaves.

The four last were granted, and could not have affected, and did not affect, our condition in the slightest measure.

No notice was taken of the secret message. The Congress replied with tartness to the charges as to delays and inattention, and retorted the charges. Governor Graham was ready with resolutions for negotiations, but the conduct of Mr. Davis indisposed others to consider them.

There seemed to be a superstitious dread of any approach to the one important question of settlement by negotiation. Mr. Davis, with the air of a sage, declared that the Constitution did not allow him to treat for his own suicide. All that he could do would be to receive resolutions and submit them to the sovereign States; that his personal honor did not permit him to take any steps to make such a settlement as was proposed. The result is, that each citizen of the Confederacy is making his separate treaty on the basis of President Johnson's merciful amnesty proclamation.

I have stated to you the facts. I do not pretend to have done more than to accept conditions that were inexorable, and to endeavor to stop the effusion of blood, and to husband the remnants of the resources that had not been consumed by the war. This I did with more urgency, and a more consistent and definite purpose than any other, I believe. The idiosyncrasy of one man defeated the design. It would not be proper to speak of Mr. Davis in his present circumstances with any harshness. I do not believe for a moment that he participated in the plot to destroy Mr. Lincoln. His humanity, pride, sense of his own reputation and character, tenacious observance of the rules he esteems important, not to take into account his religious and moral principles of action, forbid me to believe this without strong and direct proof. But he was unfitted to manage a revolution or to conduct an administration. Slow, procrastinating, obstructive, filled with petty scruples and doubts, and wanting in a clear, strong, intrepid judgment, a vigorous resolution, and a generous and self-sacrificing nature, he became in the closing part of the war an incubus and a mischief.

I decided to abide the fate of Richmond — an inevitable fate; General Lee could neither hold it nor move away from it. His ruin was sealed, and with that the fate of the Confederacy. This I stated in the letter referred to; I told the Secretary of War I should remain, and should take an opportunity to see Mr. Lincoln, if possible. I would like to have his authority to do so, but should do so without it.

The United States troops entered Richmond the morning of the 3d of April. The evacuation took place the night previously. There was only wanting a licentious soldiery to make the scene appalling, but the United States soldiers behaved with propriety. There was conflagration, plunder, explosions of arsenals, magazines, gun-boats, and terror and confusion.

Mr. Lincoln came to Richmond the 4th of April. I had an interview with him. I told him that the war was virtually ended, that General Lee could not hold his army together, that the public men in Virginia would aid him to restore the Union, and that he might rely on this. I urged him to adopt a course of leniency and moderation —"That when lenity and cruelty play for a kingdom the gentler gamester is the soonest winner"; that I had regarded this war as one between communities, the one contending for independence, the other for continued union; that the successful party in any event should have made his success as little aggravating to the other as possible; that were independence to be won, still a close union was anticipated to be formed. I stated to him my position — that I had remained because I knew that the war was virtually over, and to perform my duty to the country.

It so happened that I was the only person who had occupied any position of prominence that did remain, and so I had to speak for Virginia what would have been more appropriate for a Virginian. I noticed this to Mr. Lincoln.

He concluded to remain until the next morning to have another interview. He made no reply to what I said at this time. The next morning I met him on the *Malvern*, Mr. G. A. Myers, an established member of the bar of Richmond, going with me, and General Weitzel being present.

Mr. Lincoln had reduced to writing his terms of peace. There were three indispensable conditions: 1. Recognition of the national authority. 2. No cessation of hostilities till this was entirely done. 3. No receding by the Executive in reference to slavery, as manifested in his proclamation and other official papers. All other questions to be settled on terms of sincere liberality.

He agreed to release all confiscations to those States that would forthwith recognize the national authority, and proposed to charge those for the continued expenses that rejected this offer. He handed me this paper after explaining it. He spoke of pains and penalties. He said that it would not be proper to offer a pardon to Mr. Davis,— whom we familiarly call Jeff. Davis,— who says he will not take one, but that almost any one could have anything of the kind for the asking.

I replied to his remarks by urging the suspension of hostilities to treat.

I told him that the effect of such a measure would be peace on his own terms; that General Lee could not hold his army together under such circumstances; that our trouble had been to find the man or men who would take upon themselves the responsibility of action. Mr. Davis objected that he could not constitutionally make peace and destroy himself. General Lee had said that he could only make military conventions; Congress had been unwilling to act without Mr. Davis and General Lee; but that now there would be no hesitation, because the military situation was more critical and the necessity more urgent.

I submitted to him the draft of a convention I had drawn and placed before General Breckinridge and Mr. Davis as a mode to make peace on the basis of union. He assented to the existence of the difficulty, took my paper for consideration, and said he had been considering of a plan to call the Virginia legislature together that they might restore the State to the Union. He said that it was important for that legislature to do so, that they were in the condition of a tenant between two contending landlords, that the tenant should attorn to the successful party who had established his right. He said he had a government in northern Virginia, but that its margin was small and that he did not desire to enlarge it. He learned from Mr. Myers the condition of the legislature and whether it could be convened, and declared that he would make known his conclusion when he got to City Point.

In this conversation there was no effort to mystify or to overreach. I knew that General Lee's army would fall apart, or suffer a great disaster. The stores at Richmond were lost in the evacuation; there were no magazines in the country, and I did not believe that the stock saved in Petersburg could sustain his army five days if all were saved. But the fact was that he lost his supplies at Petersburg, and that his capture was compelled by the disorganized state of his army in consequence of a loss of his provisions. This had been made known as a probable consequence a month previously.

Three days after my conversation the capture of General Lee took place. In the intervening period commenced the work of fulfilling Mr. Lincoln's wishes. He consented in a letter to General Weitzel to the call of the Virginia legislature, but upon the capture of General Lee revoked the call, and the newspapers, with their usual and characteristic disposition to censure, have charged upon General Weitzel and myself some impropriety. The charge against me is that of having circumvented Mr. Lincoln.

Undoubtedly the capture of Lee made the use of the machinery I have suggested as unnecessary for the purpose of securing peace, and I have not complained of Mr. Lincoln. Whether a better plan to secure a prompt, cheerful, and complete pacification could have been suggested or has been adopted remains to be seen. I desired that the men who could control opinion and who commanded the public confidence, and who were ready to abide by the Union, should not be discarded or disfranchised, but their coöperation and aid should be received with cordiality. But I do not place any stumbling-block in the way of any other policy, and am content to have peace and pacification as they may be awarded by the conquering powers.

You are well aware that I was not a fanatical proslavery man; I had voluntarily liberated all of my slaves before the war some years. In 1847 I had, in a review on slavery in the "Southern Quarterly Review," advocated as a duty the amelioration of the law of slavery and proposed the establishment of the legal relations of slaves in the family on a firm foundation, and the removal of restraints on voluntary emancipations, on education, and to abolish all sales under legal or judicial orders or process. In articles on the same subject, and in conversation, I agreed that amelioration was a duty and necessity. In 1860-61 some of the Southern papers called me an abolitionist.

I agree too that President Lincoln's proclamation was one of that class of measures that determine the policy of a people for weal or woe. In the state of the world's opinion there could not be a step backward. Mr. Lincoln felt this, and one of his conditions of peace was "no receding by the Executive" from his position, and his explanation was his promise never to recede.

We have now to test the wisdom of the measure. In regarding the subject of slavery in former years, I have esteemed as the greatest calamity that could befall the country the introduction of emancipation except through the agency of the State governments; that the conditions of the society should be ameliorated by the society itself. I have uniformly admitted that there was a fatal error in supposing that the perils of the South were to be obviated by political or party arrangements at Washington. The remedy was in a social amelioration at home, commencing in the manner indicated in the article in the "Review" and others of a similar nature.

But the precise evil before us is emancipation by the armed force of States not holding slaves and who have enlisted in their armies probably one-sixth of the virile population of slaves as auxiliaries.

Whether prosperity will follow from this disturbance of the society is the difficult problem before us, and surely it is one that will task all the faculties of our peoples and the best qualities of their nature. It does seem to me it is a sufficient burden, and that the conquest is sufficiently embarrassing without the enforcement of the laws that Mr. Seward stated to me at Hampton Roads were the offspring of the most vehement passion in time of war. Mr. Burke, in his tract on the Policy of the Allies, has exposed with his characteristic clearness the rules by which statesmen may compose the elements of a state torn by revolutionary factions and plunged in the worst excesses of civil war. In his speech on Conciliation of America he developed counsels for enlightened patrial statesmen, who would soothe the discontents in an empire and to preserve it from war. I should rejoice to see these adopted in the present crisis.

I was arrested the 22d of May, at 10 P.M., under a short, abrupt order from the War Department. I was at home, where I had been since the evacuation of Richmond, and expected no evil and thought none. I remained on the gunboat (*Mosswood*) in James River before Richmond a few days, and after an hour's notice was sent to this fort. I saw in the report of the military court a letter that had an indorsement of mine. I supposed it possible that this had something to do with my arrest. I addressed General Ord, commanding at Richmond, a letter of explanation, and requested that copies might be sent to Mr. Stanton and Mr. Holt. But I am still here. The officers are courteous and considerate and I suffer no indignity. But I should be glad to know why I am arrested and detained.

My affairs greatly need attention. Without any fault my fortune has been nearly exhausted. An explosion that took place at Mobile has put in ruins that upon which I depended to support my family. I earnestly desire to labor in their behalf. With kind remembrance to your daughter,

I am your friend,

J. A. Campbell.

HON. B. R. CURTIS, BOSTON, MASS.

Maria Mitchell.

WHATEVER is most characteristic and strongest in the New England type was perceived at once in Maria Mitchell. To those who are not well acquainted with that type she would have appeared perhaps a little hard and brusque. But in the genuine New England character there is always a depth of tenderness which can be depended on to appear when most wanted, and that quality was not lacking in her. She was especially fond of children, and a welcome friend to them, because at once they felt in her the sincerity which was the keynote of her whole being. Those who had only reverenced and respected her learned to love her after seeing her with children. Respect she always commanded, not only from those who knew her, but from strangers. I remember being impressed with this power when I heard her rebuke a rough man who undertook to smoke in an omnibus; the absolute fearlessness, the plain straightforward telling of the truth that he had no right to do this and that he infringed on the rights of others, and his instant obedience to her request, made an impression upon me which never can be forgotten.

The New England characteristics were perhaps intensified in her by the Quaker training and home influence. Those who were at Vassar during the first years of the college must all remember the silent "grace" at table, which was a tribute of respect to the old father brought to live there by his daughter as one condition of her accepting the call to a professorship. The bond between her and her father was unusually strong, and the two had a happy home together in the observatory building till the old man died. After that time Miss Mitchell still lived there, having some one of her students as a companion, so that her life was, whenever she chose to make it so, quiet and solitary in the company of her telescope and surrounded by her professional work. The special students in astronomy were never very many, but her influence was not confined to them. She took her meals in the large hall and was familiar with all the students, and wherever she appeared there blew a fresh breeze of genuine life. Clear and strong and pure as the sea breeze over the south shore of her native island, her personality made itself felt, sweeping away all tendency to the sickly sentimentality which is apt to be found where many girls are congregated, and to the flattery of which so many women teachers weakly yield. Her absolute truthfulness of character never failed to find and fortify the honest intent, never missed striking and banishing all affectation. No girl could come before her without being self-judged. Such a presence is of inestimable value in a college like Vassar.

Nothing was more characteristic of her than the way in which she accepted the position and the salary offered her, without ever thinking to inquire whether the salary was the same as that given to the other professors. It was the chance to work that she wanted, the chance for influence in one of the first colleges for women. The money she was to receive was a minor consideration, and quite as characteristic was her indignation when, after being there for a considerable time, her attention was at last called to the fact that she, a mature woman, with a European fame, was receiving a salary less than that paid to some of the professors who were young men, almost entirely without experience, and quite destitute of reputation. The indignant protest, which then called for an equal salary, was not a personal affair. She flamed out in behalf of all women, and of abstract justice, with a glow which forced an immediate increase in salary. The excuse for this injustice must be found first in the fact that, at the time when Vassar College was established, women had not proved what they can do in professional lines, and, second, in the very conservative influences which guided the policy of the institution. In her religious belief Maria Mitchell was attached to one of the so-called most liberal sects. The children of the old Quaker families of Nantucket generally went over to the Unitarians if they departed from the strict faith of their fathers, so that in this matter also she was almost if not quite alone at Vassar. But she was appointed on the ground of her reputation as an astronomer, and fortunate was it for the college that the question of her religious belief was not raised till after her appointment.

The absolute truth which, as I have said, was the keynote of her character, could not fail to make her teaching thorough, for a love of truth is one and the same, whether in the intellectual or the moral sphere. But, as with all true teachers, it was the force of her personal character that acted most upon the young women with whom she came in contact. No one of them but was lifted and strengthened by her strength, sincerity, and single-heartedness. It was difficult for her to use diplomacy in never so small a degree, and what skill in it she did gain was the outcome of long years of experience, and she never employed it without a mental protest. She gave the New England stamp to whatever work she touched, and the lines of influence she has left on many characters are as indelible as those on the rock surfaces of New England's granite hills.

Anna C. Brackett.

The Single Tax on Land Values.

In your issue for July you publish, under the title "Confiscation no Remedy," a letter from W. M. Dickson of Cincinnati, Ohio. Pray grant me the opportunity to answer briefly the objections raised.

Your correspondent says: "In his book Henry George clamors boldly for the confiscation of the land; for its seizure by the state without compensation to the owner. But of late, in his paper and speeches, he would reach this confiscation indirectly, by imposing upon land the whole weight of taxation."

Far from having advocated any such measures in "Progress and Poverty" as those here attributed to him, Henry George expressly protests against them. In Book VIII., Chapter II., on page 364, he gives the keynote of his theory: "I do not propose either to purchase or to confiscate private right to property in land. The first would be unjust, the second needless. Let the individuals who now hold it still retain, if they want to, possession of what they are pleased to call *their* land. Let them continue to call it *their* land. Let them buy and sell, and bequeath and devise it. We may safely leave them the shell, if we take the kernel. It is not necessary to confiscate land; it is only necessary to confiscate rent." No further comment is needed.

Next your correspondent states that at present the land in Ohio, his native State, pays about one-third the taxes, and improvements and personal property two-thirds; that to place this whole burden of taxation on land would greatly decrease its value and throw such of it as was not worth the tax on the market. The single tax on land values would undoubtedly act just as described — and *that is its object.* But your correspondent jumps at the conclusion that, this being so, the farmers would be most injured and would enlist in a body against the tax on land values; and probably knowing that the farmers constitute fifty per cent. of our population, he continues: "Hence, whatever its theoretic merits may be, George's plan is outside of practical politics. It is simply impossible."

This is a statement, but not an argument. The farmer is as good as any other citizen, but no better, and he is entitled to no special consideration, or special legislation. Nor is land in the country, whether under cultivation or not, any different, economically considered, from land in the city used for building sites. Land is land, and the taxation on its value will fall no heavier on the farmer than upon the manufacturer, or importer, or other citizen. On the contrary, being on land *values*, most of the tax will be paid where the value is highest — in cities, in mining districts, and upon land held under franchises. But your correspondent having from sentimental reasons selected the farmers (of Ohio) as a standard by which to test the justice of the measure, let us examine the effect the introduction of the single tax upon land values would have upon their condition.

There are three kinds of farmers in Ohio, as elsewhere:

First. Those who lease their farms and pay rent, in money or in produce.

Second. Those who fondly believe they own their farms, but who have them mortgaged.

Third. Those who own their farms free from all incumbrances.

The first class may be dismissed at once, for they have everything to gain and nothing to lose. They would pay their rent to the state in place of paying the landlord, and would be relieved of all the direct personal taxes and the indirect revenue and tariff taxes that they now pay upon everything they consume, from lumber, salt, and woolens through the whole category down to the Bible.

The second class is really part of the first class; for if their farms are mortgaged they do not own them to that extent, but are actually paying rent, and so far belong to the first class, and would enjoy the same advantages under the single tax. Another great and direct gain would be, that to start in life they would not be compelled to invest a large sum of money to buy a farm, but could lease it from the state for a moderate sum annually, and enjoy the same security of tenure as now under private ownership of land. The temptation to buy more land than they can cultivate, for speculative purposes only, thus making themselves land-poor, would also be removed. Insomuch as they own their land clear of all incumbrance, they would belong to the third class.

This third class, holding their land free of all incumbrance, would of course, with the rest of the community, be relieved of all the direct and indirect taxes. Then it should be remembered that they now pay an annual tax not only on their land but also on their improvements. This tax, which now increases every year the more they improve their property, would be entirely removed. And, finally, consider the following:

In the census of 1880 these figures are given for the State of Ohio: Assessed valuation of real estate, $1,093,677,705. And in another part of the same census: (Real) value of farms in Ohio, including land, fences, and buildings, $1,127,497,353.

It will be seen from these figures that *all* the real estate of the State of Ohio was *assessed* at less than the *real* value of all the *farms* and their improvements, leaving out all city lands and mining lands, which are by far the more valuable. Two reasons or explanations exist for this: first, the undervaluation of improved property, which is practiced everywhere more or less, but especially in the large cities; and, secondly, the entire absence from or nominal valuation upon the tax-lists of tracts of unimproved farm lands. These two facts are notorious, and result in the shifting upon the shoulders of the working farmer of taxes that should be paid or shared by land speculators, city property holders, and corporations.

We therefore confidently assert that, by taking all taxes from improvements, by removing all existing direct and indirect taxes, by assessing all land at its full value, whether improved or unimproved, and by taxing all land values to the extent of their rental value, the taxes of the farmers of the third class also would be less than they are at present, and that they would for the first time get the full return of their labor. This is self-evident when we consider that under the single tax upon land values the farmer would pay *no* taxes whatever except the rent of his bare land, and that being based upon the natural advantages he enjoyed, he could *always afford* to pay. All this is more ably discussed in "Progress and Poverty," Book IX., Chapter III.

As to believing that the single tax is a cure for all ills that flesh is heir to, Henry George does not assert, nor has he ever asserted, it. He does believe that the land monopoly is the greatest of all monopolies, and that it should be the first attacked; but the social benefits to be derived from an introduction of the single tax are so numerous and so far-reaching that even a partial enumeration of them seems indeed like setting up a claim for a panacea.

And here is Mr. Dickson's solution of the social question: "The remedy is restraint, pruning, regulation, not confiscation." But this, instead of being a remedy, is exactly what we have been doing for centuries. No! decidedly other measures are necessary.

First of all, we must stop the restraining, pruning, regulating work of those unjust laws which take from one to give to another; which in violation of the spirit of our Constitution create a privileged class. And after that we must give all the same opportunity to that element *land*, which is as much a matter of necessity to man as air. This will be doing justice; and this the single tax on land values will accomplish, by killing land speculation and practically restoring the land to the people, without disturbing security of titles or tenure.

William S. Kahnweiler.

NEW YORK.

Country Roads.

THE average country road as at present maintained and repaired is a constant source of unnecessary expense to taxpayers and an almost constant vexation to travelers. At its best the dirt road is good for only a few months in the year, and those months the time when the farmer — the man most interested in good country roads — is using his horses on the farm. In the fall, winter, and early spring, when the great bulk of teaming is to be done, the roads are in bad shape, except when kind Providence sends a snow that makes "good sleddin'." Bad roads mean small loads, and small loads mean to the farmer proportionately small profits. I know many and many a farm where the saving in time from hauling larger loads, the saving in wear and tear of horseflesh, wagons, and harness, would over and over again pay for the increased initial cost of a good macadam road.

Made of the best dirt obtainable, applied under intelligent supervision, and kept in order with proper road-making tools, the dirt road never is entirely satisfactory. What, then, can be expected of the quality of roads made of the material most easily obtained, applied by men ignorant of the first principle of road-making, working without proper tools, and supervised either by men equally ignorant, or not at all?

The true remedy for poor dirt roads is good macadam; but with no greater expenditure of money than now, the present roads might be vastly improved. The road tax should be paid in cash: the system of loafing out the tax under pretense of "working the roads" should be abolished. This money should be expended under the immediate supervision of one man for each township, selected for a knowledge of road-making, and put under bonds for the faithful performance of his duties. This would introduce into the system the element of responsibility, which is sadly lacking at present, and to the lack of which are due many of the abuses of the present methods. One man hiring his labor where he pleased, and paying cash for a day's work, would get considerably more done for the money than a dozen or fifteen roadmasters working out the tax in conjunction with their neighbors and fellow-farmers.

Proper tools should be provided to work with. Road-scrapers are almost unknown in many country districts, and plows and shovels are the tools most commonly used. Very good road-scrapers can be bought to-day for only two or three times the cost of a good plow, and two men, two horses, and a road-scraper will do the work of an equal number of horses and ten men with plows and shovels, and do it better.

Only the best obtainable materials should be used in repairing the roads — gravel when possible, and when not, the dirt most nearly approaching it in quality. The use of "gutter-wash," sods, and stones larger than two inches in diameter should be forbidden. I have seen roads, "mended" with sods, that were for weeks impassable at any gait faster than a walk, and I have seen holes in the road-bed filled with large stones that were a nuisance for years.

The roads should be worked at proper times. The need of the dirt road is little repairs often made. The common practice is to do almost all the work just after "corn-planting." This is wrong, for two reasons: it is too late for the best results, and too much is done at one time. Six inches of earth or gravel will make a far better road if put on in layers of, say, two inches at intervals of a month or so, than will the entire amount applied at once. Just as soon as the roads are settled in the spring, and before they have become dry and hard, the scraper should be put to work leveling and filling the ruts worn during the winter, and slightly rounding the road-bed towards the center. The ground being still moist, and not compact as at the usual time of doing this, the work can be done more easily and rapidly and the road will pack better. Later, a light coat of earth or gravel, to be followed by another when the first becomes packed hard, and this in turn by a third if possible. Lastly, in the fall the entire road should be gone over to see that all gutters and bridges are free, that the road may not be washed out by winter storms and spring rains. All mudholes of course should be filled promptly at all times so that no water may stand in the road, and loose stones should be removed at least once a month.

The usual time for cutting brush — August — seems right, but some reform is needed in the way of doing it. The brush should be cut close down to the ground, and not, as often is the case, cut a foot or more above it, leaving long unsightly stubs to sprout the ensuing spring. It should be piled at once, and burned when sufficiently dry. Under the present system I have seen brush cut, left as cut, the next year's growth cut over the top of that, and the resulting tangle abandoned the third year.

With some such system as this I have sketched, the application to the road work of the business rules which govern every progressive farmer in the conduct of his farm, with the work done under the supervision of a responsible man, done at the proper times instead of whenever convenient, with the proper tools and with a proper quality of earth, by men who were compelled to give a day's work for a day's pay, the dirt road could be made not good, but vastly better than it is. But at its best the dirt road is a costly one to repair:

its only redeeming feature is its comparative initial cheapness, and in the long run repairs even this up. Country communities are apt to complain of the first cost of the macadam road, while annually spending millions of dollars and moving countless tons of earth, without having good permanent roads.

R. A. Learned.

The Iowa Experiment.

"How is prohibition working in your State?" is the question oftenest asked the Iowa man abroad. The inquirer as he listens to the story his question invites usually wears upon his face a peculiar expression which translated into words would read, "I acquit this man of intent to mislead, but my private opinion is, he 's romancing." A rather skeptical acquaintance of mine in the East recently said to me, "Your story of empty jails, flourishing schools, and homes of thrift and comfort that were not there before, sounds like one of Washington Gladden's fascinating dreams of an ideal 'Christian League'; but don't you think you 'd find it rather difficult to verify your statements with facts and figures drawn from official sources?"

Leaving to others the picturesque features of the subject, let me lay before the readers of THE CENTURY a few suggestive "facts and figures drawn from official sources"—some of the results of an investigation suggested by my practical friend's inquiry.

Permit me to say, in passing, that Iowa, far from being "a commonwealth of temperance cranks," as an Eastern journal has it, is a commonwealth of "plain people"—to borrow a phrase from Lincoln; people who do their own thinking, and have their own way of doing, and are daring enough to believe that some things can be done which the wisdom of the conservative East pronounces impossible. Taking advantage of the fact that we have no great centers of population to dictate our policies and load us down, we of Iowa have applied to the State as a whole the identical theory for handling the social evil known as the saloon which Georgia and Illinois apply to counties, and which New York applies to townships; namely, the theory that the majority shall determine whether the evil shall be tolerated and controlled, or prohibited. At a non-partisan election held in the summer of 1882, the question of prohibition *vs.* toleration was submitted to the people, and the voters of Iowa, by thirty thousand majority, declared they had no longer any use for the saloon. But the constitutional amendment which then carried had not been properly submitted, and was by our Supreme Court declared invalid. A disappointed majority then turned to the State legislature for relief, and in the spring of 1884 a prohibitory law was passed. The legislatures of 1886 and 1888 sustained the law and strengthened it by amendments. Thus steadfastly have the people sustained the prohibition, anti-toleration method of handling the saloon.

"But you will not deny the fact that there have been saloons in Iowa during all these years of prohibition? You cannot truthfully say there are no saloons in your State at the present time?"

The outlawed saloon does still linger on our borders; still maintains a precarious, characterless, hole-in-the-wall existence in many of our cities; but its social and political prestige is gone, and in at least 70 of the 99 counties in the State there cannot be found an open saloon.

Seven years have elapsed since the voters of Iowa formally withdrew their sanction from the saloon. Five years have passed since the voters of Iowa, through their representatives, outlawed the saloon. Is there anything in the present situation to warrant a return to the toleration policy? Let us turn to the figures and see what they say on the subject.

I am indebted to Hon. Frank D. Jackson, Secretary of State, for advance sheets of the "Official Register of Iowa" for 1889. From this source, and by comparison with reports of other years, I discover that the total expense of the counties of Iowa, "on account of criminal prosecutions," was in 1882, the year in which the prohibitory amendment carried, $401,431.18. In 1883 the total expense of criminal prosecutions was reduced to $361,173.78. In 1884, presidential year, there was a slight increase in criminal expenses. In 1885 and 1886, years marked by the return of the outlawed saloon and a consequent reign of lawlessness, there was a large increase, the total in the year last named being $421,024.31. In 1887, the year following the passage of the Clark (enforcement) law, the criminal expenses were reduced to $282,877.66; and in 1888 they aggregated $300,424.06 for ten months.

Compare the record of "leading crimes" in 1888 with the same in 1882. In 1888 there were 94 convictions for assault, 13 for breaking and entering, 47 for burglary, 13 for forgery, 13 for gambling, 42 for keeping a gambling-house, 148 for larceny, 9 for murder, 6 for manslaughter, 190 for keeping a nuisance, 59 for selling intoxicating liquors; total, 634. In 1882 there were 188 convictions for assault, 18 for breaking and entering, 78 for burglary, 30 for forgery, 14 for gambling, 41 for keeping a gambling-house, 215 for larceny, 14 for murder, 1 for manslaughter, 658 for keeping a nuisance, 25 for unlawfully selling intoxicants; total, 1282—more than double that of 1888.

A few weeks ago I met Warden Barr, of the Anamosa Penitentiary, on his way to Fort Madison with a carload of prisoners, under orders from Governor Larrabee to take these men from the State quarries to the State shops. I learned that the transfer was ordered in response to a loud call from Warden Crossley, of the Fort Madison Penitentiary, for more hands to enable him to comply with certain contracts for labor into which the State had entered with certain manufacturers. The circumstance led me to write Governor Larrabee for information as to the comparative number of prisoners in our penitentiaries this year and in previous years. From our chief executive I learn that the monthly average of prisoners in the two penitentiaries in 1886 was 696; in 1887 it was 667, and in 1888 it was 607. On the last day of September, 1888, the end of the fiscal year, there were but 535 prisoners in both penitentiaries. I am informed by those who have investigated the subject that no other State in the Union, unless it is Vermont, has as small a percentage of convicts as has Iowa at the present time.

But, going back to the counties, what say our judges? Here is a small pamphlet containing the answers of forty-one district and superior-court judges to a number of questions put to them by Governor Larrabee, one of the inquiries being as to the expediency of repealing the prohibitory law. I find that of the forty-one, 4 favored repeal, 9 were non-committal, and 28 were of the opinion that the law should stay. Let me quote several specially significant passages from these letters.

Judge Traverse, Bloomfield: "My experience is that, wherever saloons are closed, crime is diminished."

Judge Harvey, Leon: "It has reduced crime at least one-half, and the criminal expenses in like ratio."

Judge Lewis, Sioux City: "The law is as well enforced as any other, and has decreased criminal expenses at least two-thirds."

Judge Deemer, Red Oak: "In many of the counties the jail is getting to be almost an unnecessary building, and in the last three counties I visited there was not an occupant."

Judge Carson, Council Bluffs: "When in the senate I favored local option, but I am now satisfied the statute should stand."

Judge Thornell, Sidney: "I should regard its repeal as a calamity."

Judge Bank, Keokuk: "This was the first and only term in my recollection that there was no criminal business transacted in court."

Judge Wilson, Creston: "I was not in favor of the law, thinking that high license would work better. I have carefully watched its workings and am convinced that I was wrong."

Judge Wakefield, Sioux City: "As the saloons were driven out, other business came in to occupy the vacant places."

Judge Wilkinson, Winterset: "Crime and criminal expenses have been lessened."

Judge Johnson, Oskaloosa: "The effect of the prohibitory law has been to reduce very materially crime and criminal expenses in this district."

Judge Kavanaugh, Des Moines: "It has decreased crime over 50 per cent. and added largely to individual happiness."

Judge Granger, Waukon (now of the Supreme Bench): "The closing of the front door of the saloon, whereby it is destroyed as a place of social resort, has canceled nine-tenths of the drunkenness. . . . Our grand juries have comparatively nothing to do. . . . Our criminal expenses since the closing of the saloons have been comparatively nominal."

But roving correspondents for journals in the large cities about us inform their readers that prohibition is killing, or has killed, Iowa. Let us see for ourselves.

The census of 1880 gave our State a population of 1,624,615. The State census of 1885 put the population at 1,753,980 — an increase of 129,365. The fact that there has been a decided increase in population since the last census (in 1885) is shown by comparison of the vote of 1884 with that of 1888. The total vote of Iowa in 1884 was 377,153, while that of 1888 was 404,130; an increase of 26,977 — an estimated increase of 134,885 in four years.

Iowa years ago won, and has never since lost, the honor of having less illiteracy in proportion to population than any other State in the Union. But note the educational progress she has made during these six years of prohibition. In 1883 there were 11,789 school-houses in Iowa; in 1884, 11,975; in 1885, 12,285; in 1886, 12,444. The value of these school-houses was, in 1883, $10,473,147; in 1886, $11,360,472. State Superintendent Sabin's report to the last Iowa legislature begins thus: "It is gratifying to be able to report a most satisfactory and prosperous condition of education throughout the State. The past two years have been years of increased interest, activity, and growth. . . . The number of school-houses has been increased by about 500, and their aggregate value by more than $550,000. The number of teachers is increased by about 500, while our school population is 10,000 greater than the same as reported two years ago."

Another index of Iowa's increasing prosperity is the showing made by our savings-banks. The reports made to our Auditor of State show that the "total assets and liabilities" of Iowa's savings-banks were, in 1883, $8,419,739.83; in 1885, $9,618,866.97; in 1887, $12,666,347.72. Auditor Lyons informs me that on June 30, 1888, the total assets, etc., of the savings-banks had increased to $14,625,024.84. These figures show that since the adoption of prohibition the resources of these depositories of the poor man's surplus earnings have increased over six million dollars, or over 73 per cent.

Johnson Brigham.

A Tenor Farm.

We are a conservative people in New England and there is plenty of idle money among us awaiting safe investment. Flaming prospectuses of riotously rich Western farm lands attract only after insistent iteration; even then, I fancy, they draw comparatively few of the hoarded dollars which have escaped the depression in "C. B. and Q." and "Atchison and Topeka." I have a plan for using these dollars on a Western farm. It is this. Let a company of capitalists buy the most fertile five hundred acres in Dakota, Kansas, or Southern California, anywhere thereabouts where land is good and the climate equable. Let them erect thereupon a set of dwellings and school-buildings, obeying in the process every sanitary law; also gymnasium, theater, and concert-hall. They should thoroughly fence their property with barbed wire. Now to people it. Let agents be sent throughout the United States in search of tenor voices, behind which are robust bodies and good average minds. Contract with the parents or guardians of these voices and bodies for their time and keep for a term of years, say six. After selecting competent agriculturists to run the farm, and a teacher of physical science,— for the farm and the gymnasium are to furnish the before-mentioned voices and bodies with healthy, normal, and discreet exercise,— get a good corps of teachers of the voice, who know their business (alas! alas! our scheme may fail at this point), another to teach music, and set them to the task of developing these voices and bodies into manly and beautiful singers. It can be done. It will pay a large dividend. Why? Because in this country there is a great cry for tenors. Twenty oratorio societies, ten societies giving high-class instrumental concerts, and scores of vocal clubs would keep the product of this tenor farm continually employed eight months out of every twelve, at from two hundred dollars to four hundred dollars per individual per engagement.

There is not one great American tenor singer. There is only one in England who is kindred to us on account of the language he speaks. Our concert audiences yearn to hear a good tenor. Look at a file of Boston Symphony or New York Philharmonic programmes for the season of 1887–88; how many tenors are numbered thereon? One in Boston, where twenty-four concerts were given; none in New York. And the Boston singer was a *German!* Why is this? Because the right kind of tenors do not exist. Scores of puny, pretty, and weak voices arise to the parlor and church-quartet state of the vocal art, but for some reason go no further. The great need of the country to-day is tenors. Our tenor farm would easily pay twenty per cent.

G. H. Wilson.

Irish Estates.

IN the valuable and interesting article "The Temperance Question in India," published in the July number of THE CENTURY MAGAZINE, on page 445 there is drawn a comparison between the tenants of "Out Stills" in India and an agent over an Irish estate which is calculated to convey a wrong impression of the management of properties in Ireland. The author says:

> He [viz., the highest bidder] has farmed the job, just as a man farms the rents of a landlord holding an Irish estate, and it is his interest to get all the money out of it he can.

Such an arrangement is certainly not the custom in Ireland; and even had it been, it would now be impossible to carry it out, since the tenants have the right to have their rents judicially fixed.

George W. Ruxton,
DUBLIN, IRELAND. *J. P. County Louth, Ireland.*

BRIC-À-BRAC.

When Polly Goes By.

'TIS but poorly I 'm lodged in a little side-street,
Which is seldom disturbed by the hurry of feet,
For the flood-tide of life long ago ebbed away
From its homely old houses, rain-beaten and gray;
And I sit with my pipe in the window and sigh
At the buffets of fortune — till Polly goes by.

There 's a flaunting of ribbons, a flurry of lace,
And a rose in the bonnet above a bright face,
A glance from two eyes so deliciously blue
The midsummer seas scarcely rival their hue;
And once in a while, if the wind 's blowing high,
The sound of soft laughter as Polly goes by.

Then up jumps my heart and begins to beat fast.
"She 's coming!" it whispers. "She 's here! She has passed!"
While I throw up the sash and lean breathlessly down
To catch the last glimpse of her vanishing gown,
Excited, delighted, yet wondering why
My senses desert me if Polly goes by.

Ah! she must be a witch, and the magical spell
She has woven about me has done its work well,
For the morning grows brighter, and gayer the air
That my landlady sings as she sweeps down the stair,
And my poor lonely garret, up close to the sky,
Seems something like heaven when Polly goes by!

M. E. W.

The Elder Galvanism.

A PARABLE FOR NOVELISTS.

I, PAULUS, who love science more than money,
  Self, woman, fame, or art,
Dissect a certain sleek, tame household bunny
  And galvanize its heart.

Comes Paula, liking science less than habit,
  Wit, beauty, youth, and flowers:
Storms — calls me monster — wants her old live rabbit,
  Whose heart beats — beats — like ours!

Dora Read Goodale.

BY THE SEA.

OLD SALT. "I jes want ter give ye a pointer, young man. With that ther net sot as it is and them durned scoop nets you 're a-handlin' you 'll never catch a fish around yere in a thousand years."

Reflections.

THE mischief of opinions formed under irritation is that men feel obliged to maintain them even after the irritation is gone.

VOTES should not be counted, but weighed.

THE small writer gives his readers what they wish, the great writer what they want.

To be content with littleness is already a stride towards greatness.

MEN are equally misunderstood, from their speech as well as from their silence; but with this difference: their silence does not represent them; their speech misrepresents them.

J. A. Macon.

Ol' Pickett's Nell.

Feel more 'an ever like a fool
Sence Pickett's Nell come back from school.
She oncet wuz twelve 'nd me eighteen
('Nd better friends you never seen);
But now — oh, my!
She 's dressed so fine, 'nd growed so tall,
'Nd l'arnin' — she jes knows it all.
She 's eighteen now, but I 'm so slow
I 'm whar I wuz six year ago.

Six year! Waal, waal! doan't seem a week
Sence we rode Dolly to th' creek,
'Nd fetched th' cattle home at night,
Her hangin' to my jacket tight.
But now — oh, my!
She rides in Pickett's new coopay
Jes like she 'd be'n brung up thet way,
'Nd lookin' like a reg'lar queen —
Th' mostest like *I* ever seen.

She uster tease, 'nd tease, 'nd tease
Me fer to take her on my knees;
Then tired me out 'ith Marge'y Daw,
'Nd laffin' tell my throat wuz raw.
But now — oh, my!
She sets up this way — kinder proud,
'Nd never noways laughs out loud.
You w'u'd n't hardly think thet she
Hed ever see-sawed on *my* knee.

'Nd sometimes, ef at noon I 'd choose
To find a shady place 'nd snooze,
I 'd wake with burdocks in my hair
'Nd elderberries in my ear.
But now — oh, my!
Somebody said ('t wuz yesterday):
"Let 's hev some fun w'ile Ned 's away;
Let 's turn his jacket inside out!"
But Nell — she 'd jes turn red 'nd pout.

'Nd oncet when I wuz dreamin'-like,
A-throwin' akerns in th' dike,
She put her arms clean round my head,
'Nd whispered soft, "I like you, Ned";
But now — oh, my!
She curteseyed so stiff 'nd grand,
'Nd never oncet held out her hand,
'Nd called me "Mister Edward!" Laws!
Thet ain't my name, 'nd never wuz.

'Nd them 'at knowed 'er years ago
Jes laughed t' see 'er put on so;
Coz it wuz often talked, 'nd said,
"Nell Pickett 's jes cut out fer Ned."
But now — oh, my!
She held her purty head so high,
'Nd skasely saw me goin' by —
I w'u'd n't dast (afore last night)
A-purposely come near her sight.

Last night! — Ez I wuz startin' out
To git th' cows, I heerd a shout;
'Nd, sure ez ghostses, she wuz thar,
A-settin' on ol' Pickett's mar';
'Nd then — oh, my!
She said she 'd cried fer all th' week
To take th' ol' ride to th' creek;
Then talked about ol' times, 'nd said,
"Them days wuz happy, wa'n't they, Ned?"
Th' folks wuz talkin' ev'rywhars
'Bout her a-puttin' on sech airs,
'Nd seemed t' me like they wuz right,
Afore th' cows come home last night.
But now — oh, my!

. . . .

Mather Dean Kimball.

The Dialect Tale.

We have had it in Irish and Dutch,
From the east, from the north, from the south;
The spelling is generally such
As to twist the most classical mouth.
We have meekly submitted for long,
We have patiently tried to pronounce
This language of story and song,
But there comes to each pound a last ounce.

O brothers, we pray and beseech,
If you have a "short story" to tell,
Put it into your everyday speech,
And spell as the spelling-books spell!
If you find it devoid of all wit,
If it lacketh both humor and sense,
If it aimeth and faileth to hit,
Spare, spare us the final offense!

Has the reader no rights of his own?
Must he read his once-loved magazines
In language which makes him to groan
With struggles to guess what it means,
While, haunted by similar tales,
He tries to compare and collate,
Till overtaxed memory fails,
And he yields to bewildering fate?

"Take care of the sense," we are told,
"And the sounds will take care of themselves."
It is time to return to the fold,
O fillers of library shelves!
If man is a savage at heart,
Conventions may suddenly fail,
And an *auto da fe* in the mart
Be the end of the dialect tale!

Margaret Vandegrift.

Teddy.

Teddy 's been to seek his fortune,
Been a long, long way;
Weary, foot-sore, and disheartened,
He 'll be home to-day.

Handsome, winsome, lazy Teddy!
Boys and girls and old crones say
With ne'er a penny in his pocket
He 'll be home to-day.

'T was for my sake that he wanted
Store of wealth without delay,
'T is for my sake that he 's coming,
Coming home to-day.

Shall I frown upon poor Teddy?
Let his luck his worth outweigh?
Sure he needs a smile, I 'm thinking —
I 'll give him one to-day.

William Zachary Gladwin.

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